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COLLECTION

OF VICTORIAN BOOKS

AT

BRIGHAM YOUNG

UNIVERSITY

Fieschi's Attempt to Murder the King of the French and his Family on the 28th of July 1835.

THE

# WORLD OF FASHION

AND

# Continental Feuilletons,

## A Monthly Publication.

Dedicated to

High Life, Fashionables, Fashions, Polite Literature, Fine Arts, The Operas, Theatres, Embellished with London & Parisian Fashions, and Costumes of all Nations, &c. &c. &c.

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# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

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## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CXLII. LONDON, JANUARY 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A BEAUTIFULLY-ENGRAVED REPRESENTATION OF FIESCHI'S ATTEMPT TO MURDER THE KING OF THE FRENCH AND HIS FAMILY, ON THE 28TH OF JULY, 1835.
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—FOUR MORNING AND OPERA COSTUMES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

### FIESCHI AND THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

Our present number is embellished with a picturesque representation of the attempt to destroy the King of the French, in July last (for which the villain Fieschi is on the eve of being tried) and which we consider likely to interest our readers. Our engraving is from a drawing taken upon the spot, and may be, therefore, depended upon for its accuracy. Indeed, the hasty and imperfect representations of this frightful scene (which will occupy a most important page in history) hitherto published, rendered a more correct resemblance necessary, and this we have taken pains to accomplish. The circumstances of this calamity are so fresh in the memory of the public, that there is no necessity for our repeating any of them here.

### THE OPENING OF THE YEAR.

"'Tis he! the two-faced Janus comes in view;
Wild hyacinths his robe adorn,
And snow-drops, rivals of the morn,
He spurns the goat aside,
But smiles upon the new
Emerging year with pride;
And now unlocks, with agate key,
The ruby locks of orient day."

At the commencement of a *new year*, and of a *new volume*, of our fashionable and popular magazine, we may be expected to offer a few words concerning both the past and the future. We readily fulfil the expectations of our subscribers, and in expressing our grateful sense of past favours, and representing our intentions for the future numbers of our magazine, we trust that we shall convince those subscribers, of our unceasing efforts to render the "World of Fashion" still the leading work of its class—that we wear upon our brows the verdure of immortal youth—and that though the bright and the beautiful perish around us, we maintain all our pristine glory, with increased and increasing attractions. The numbers of the "World of Fashion" for the past year have, we trust, fully borne out the promises made by us at its commencement. The additional favours which the *variety*, *spirit*, and *piquancy* of our Literature, and the *splendour* and *quantity* of our Embellishments, have caused us to receive, are strong inducements for us to continue in such a successful course. *Variety* is our motto, *Gaiety* and *Grace* our guides. In our arrangement of Original Tales, we have taken pains to harmonize the whole of the contents of a number, and by a *judicious* combination of "the grave, the gay, the lively and severe," present a collection of literary beauties, which, like the gems in a diadem, shine the brighter the more judiciously they are set out. This, the most important and difficult of editorial duties, we trust that we have fully and satisfactorily performed, and we feel proud of the praises which we have received. In our last number, indeed, the "Annuals," and an accidental error, somewhat interrupted our plan of arrangement and classification, and gave a rather heavy appearance to the number, yet the quality of our articles, we trust, were good, and our readers must have been gratified by our epitome of the chief contents of the Annual publications, a thing which no one had before attempted. Our admission of this slight defect, will show our anxiety to preserve the high character which the "World of Fashion" possesses. Our exertions shall be unceasing; our Embellishments, as well as our Literature, shall be of the first order; so that the "World of Fashion," as it is the only Work of Authority, shall also be the very best of its kind. All that we ask is:—

"Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove."

And now, a happy new year to you, Readers! and may the next twelve months increase the happiness of each, and all! Who can see a new year open upon him, we exclaim with a modern author, without being better for the prospect? Every First of January that we arrive at, is an imaginary mile-stone on the turnpike tract of human life; at once a resting-place for thought and meditation, and a starting-point for fresh exertion in the performance of our journey. They who do not at least *propose* to themselves to be better this year than they were last, must be either very good or very bad indeed. Only to propose to be better is something: if nothing else, it is an acknowledgment of our need to be so, which is the

first step towards amendment. Hail, to thee, January! — all hail! cold and wintry as thou art, if it be but in virtue of thy first day, *the* day, as the French call it, *par excellence*, "*le jour de l'an!*"

But, besides this, there are "Twelfth-Day," and twenty-nine other days, which are equally agreeable because of their visitings, balls, and greetings, and gifts and "many happy returns;" their plum-puddings, twelfth-cakes and mince pies; and ah, though last, not least, the thousand happy looking children gathering around us, in those days, with their glad faces, and their new-nothings, "the absence of a relish for which is but ill-supplied in after-life by that feverish lingering and thirsting excitement which usurp but without filling its place!" Oh! scenes of childhood, of happiness, of innocence and peace! what would man give for the power to retrace his steps, and flee from the world of strife to that miniature Paradise, his childhood! Once into manhood, and we tread the vale of care.

The tree must mourn its falling leaf,
And autumn winds bewail its bloom:
And friends must heave the sigh of grief,
O'er those who sleep within the tomb.
The dews of night must fall from Heaven,
Upon the *withered* roses bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead;
The sea doth on the desert shore,
Lament each trace it bears away.
The lonely heart its griefs must pour,
O'er cherished friendship's fast decay!

But away with sentiment: we sat down to write of lively — aye, and lovely matters. We would talk of Christmas—its festivities—the new year and its delights, now opening upon us. Christmas is the most happy period of the year. It was formerly the custom on Twelfth-Day for itinerant minstrels to bear a bowl of spiced wine to the houses of the gentry and others, from whom they experienced a favourable reception, and calling their bowl a wassail bowl, to drink "wassail" to their entertainers. These merry sounds of mirth and music are not yet extinct. There are still places wherein the wandering blower of a clarionet, and the poor scraper of as poor a fiddle, charms the rustic from his dwelling, and drinks to him from a jug of spiced ale. We wish these good old customs were better preserved. In some parts of Devonshire, it is the custom on twelfth night for the farmer and his servants to proceed with a large jug of cider to the orchard, and there encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink a toast in honour of it; this done, they return to the house, the doors of which are bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them until some one has guessed what is on the spit. The evening is then spent in rejoicing.

But, although these customs are gradually growing into disuse, it is gratifying to see that hospitality and festivity still hold their twin reign at Christmas time. Our KING and QUEEN set examples to the nobles and gentles of the land, and we are most happy to see that the festivities at the Pavilion are rivalled by those to which the mansions of the great are devoted. It is not necessary for us to describe the families who are entertaining company at this moment; we need only state the fact, and recommend the enjoyment. We love Christmas, not only for its mirth and gladness, but even for its frost and snows; there is a sociability about it, which is not experienced at other times: it has its flowers, too, as well as May, and a beautiful snow-drop exhibiting itself before us, at this moment, induces us to tax an esteemed poetess, and concludes our opening address with a song:—

THE CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

Thou beautiful new comer,
With white and maiden brow,
Thou fairy gift from summer,
Why art thou blooming now?
No sweet companion pledges,
Thy health as dew-drops pass,
No rose is on the hedges,
No violet in the grass;
Thou art watching and thou only,
Above the earth's snow tomb;
Thus lovely and thus lonely,
We bless thee for thy bloom!

*Eve of the New Year.*

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## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY, DURING THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

Resolved to guard, and faithful to maintain
Law's temple—Learning's bower—Religion's fare!
'Tis that, amid the toilsome cares of State,
The thousand troubles that on grandeur wait,
Thou like thy sire on us art pleased to bend
Thy gracious looks of patron, father, friend.
Till in thy cheering smile consoled we see,
Another GEORGE—our loved—our lost, in thee.

THEIR MAJESTIES remain in the same quiet and unostentatious course of enjoyment and hospitality, which we last month adverted to with so much pleasure. We have, nothing, therefore, of particular novelty to notice in the lives of those illustrious personages, whose benevolence, generosity, and kindness of heart are manifested in every action of their lives, and of which we have again to offer our admiration and praise. Long may the reputation of the Court of England continue to be thus upheld! Her MAJESTY has been suffering from a severe cold, but we are happy to add that a perfect restoration to health has been effected. A gentleman who has invented what he calls "the musical language," has had the honour of explaining and illustrating his theory to THEIR MAJESTIES at the Pavilion. The pupil of the professor was placed in an adjoining room, when HER MAJESTY was pleased to give, in writing, the first phrase, "*Je vous souhaite succès.*" The professor, a M. Sudrie, transmitted this sentence to his pupil through the agency of the violin. The pupil immediately repeated the sentence aloud, to the admiration of THEIR MAJESTIES and the whole Court. The Queen continued to write several other sentences, amongst which, were "*Je suis surprise!*" "*Cette invention vous fait beaucoup d'honneur,*" and which were all repeated by the pupil with as much celerity as precision. THEIR MAJESTIES expressed much gratification.

The Pavilion has just been enriched by the addition of a splendid loo table and sideboard of Chinese manufacture. They are *chef d'œuvres* of Chinese cabinet work. The top of the table is composed of a very rare and beautifully grained wood, called knot wood, in China, with a gold and ebony rim inlaid with mother-o'-pearl, and stands on a richly carved solid ebony pedestal, ten inches thick. These splendid

articles are the first specimens of Chinese cabinet-work ever imported into this country; the Chinese never having until lately, advanced further in this art, than the making of trifling articles, such as writing-desks, &c.

The Christmas festivities are being held upon a very magnificent scale at the Pavilion, and we rejoice at being able to add that THEIR MAJESTIES' health permits the full enjoyment of them.

The Margravine of HESSE HOMBERG has made some very beautiful drawings since her visit to this country. Her decorations at Frogmore Lodge, when Princess ELIZABETH, exhibit her taste in the fine arts and are objects of much admiration.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of KENT and the Princess VICTORIA are in the enjoyment of good health: the recent tour of those illustrious individuals has proved of great advantage in this respect. HIS MAJESTY has directed several improvements to be made in Kensington Palace for the greater convenience of the Duchess and the Princess.

The Duke of CUMBERLAND's return to England is expected at the commencement of the new year. We understand that no hopes are entertained of the preservation of the sight of Prince GEORGE. This young Prince has recently manifested musical talents of a most agreeable character.

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## ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

" ——————— Lively and gossipping
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world;
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."
*The Courier.—A Comedy.*

LONDON AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW YEAR.—The New Year opens, and let us take a glance at fashionable London, its people, parties, pastimes, plays, and pleasantries. The New Year, however, never opens *well*: fashionable folks are all enjoying the festivities of Christmas, over the hills and far away; and the few stragglers in London, can only amuse themselves by dropping into the theatres, or at some accidental concert, which may start up as it were for no other purpose than that of preventing their death from *ennui*. Fashionable houses are still, for the most part, closed; nothing is to be seen outside but the eternal French grey shutters with gilt mouldings, at windows where we are accustomed to catch the merry smile of Lady A—— G———, or behold the finely-polished brow and rosy cheek of the Countess of E———; Lady M——'s swan-like neck is not seen above the balustrade of her mansion, her eyes gazing upon the groupes of *elegáns* caracolling in the Park, nor do we see the beautiful raven-tresses of Lady E—— C———, waving in the breeze, among the choice plants in her veranda, which choice plants by the way, are safely housed, until the spring and Lady Emily return to call them to life and loveliness again. The Court being at Brighton, those of the fashionable world that are not enjoying the hospitalities of their friends at country mansions, are located near their Sovereign; but as the Court breaks up at the end of this month, we anticipate London becoming gay again at the commencement of February, when the beaux and belles will return to the enlivenment of our fashionable circles. There are preparations for them in all quarters. Almack's is to open with increased brilliancy. BRAHAM is to put forth some extraordinary novelties; concerts are to be given upon a more splendid scale than usual; and we are given to understand, that some of the leading men of *ton* have determined upon giving a series of entertainments that shall surpass every thing of the kind. The success of the *Bachelor's Fête*, on the banks of the Thames, last year, has inspired some noble *célebitaires* with the idea of other entertainments upon an enlarged scale; so that the bachelors will shew that, although neglected by the fair, they bear no malice, and will be useful to society, notwithstanding the slights they receive. Preparations have commenced for opening the Opera. LAPORTE has made some capital engagements, and NADAUD and DESHAYES, the leader of the ballet, and the ballet master, are arrived from France to superintend the arrangements. The time fixed for opening is the first week in February.

LOVE AND MUSIC.—A most amusing occurrence in high life is just now the subject of much pleasant conversation. An adventurer, possessing a favourable exterior and "polished manners" (these *adventurers* are always *handsome* and *polished*) and who represented himself to be a Polish emigrant, recently obtained an engagement, *to teach music* in a family not a hundred miles from B——— square. Monsieur was a most persevering *master of his art;* his attentions to his pupil (a graceful girl of nineteen) were most devoted, indeed, it was thought that his visits were more frequent than it was necessary that they should be for the instruction of the young lady. At length, this modest professor of the guitar, declared his passion for his charming pupil in a letter, which the young lady with that good sense which does not always prevail in similar situations, placed before her family, and of course, Monsieur received an immediate dismissal. On the following day, however, while the ladies were out in their carriage, the guitarist called at the house and requested permission to fetch from the drawing-room, some music books which he had left there. This was granted, and when the family returned they found the following sentence written on a piece of paper, in pencil, "*C'est ainsi qu'en partant je vous fais mes adieux.*" A valuable gold watch is missing!

THE MARQUISATE AND EARLDOM, &C., OF ANNANDALE.—We understand that vigorous steps are about to be pursued during the next session of Parliament in order that the titles and estates of the ancient and noble House of Annandale may be restored to the rightful heir. The competitors, who at one time amounted to so many as six or seven, are now reduced to three.

THE HEIRESS.—We are most happy in being able to state that the greatest harmony existed between Sir COLQUHOUN GRANT, his fair daughter and her husband, up to the day of the worthy General's death, which occurred on the 20th ult. Mr. FRANK SHERIDAN, brother to Mr. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, has been appointed gentleman of the chamber to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, vice G. YORKE, Esq., resigned.

NEW VISITORS.—Duke Ferdinand and his father, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, are expected in England. Viscount and Viscountess Sydney are expected to winter in Paris, and will proceed early in the spring to Italy, Sir Augustus and Lady Clifford are expected to accompany the Duke of Devonshire to Paris.

Earl de Grey.—This nobleman will eventually be one of the wealthiest peers of England. When his father, however, was elevated to the peerage by George the Third, his Majesty made some difficulty as to the amount of his property, which, in the King's opinion, was too small for the maintenance of his rank. Earl de Grey derived a great part of his present wealth from Miss Laurence, of Studley Park; he also succeeded to the titles and estates of the venerable Countess de Grey.

A Return.—Young Lord ——, whose puppyism is remarkable, recently made a declaration to one of the prettiest stars of fashion, Miss A—— R——. We do not undertake to say what the terms of the letter were which *young scapegrace* sent to the lady, but judging from his characteristic arrogance and vanity, we imagine it was a bold one. However, the offer was rejected, and a day or two afterwards, some waggish friend sent to the poor young Lord, in the lady's name, a very handsome foolscap and bells, which we hope his Lordship may long enjoy!

A Curious Fact.—Lady E——, who is never so well as when she is ill (a paradox which her physician could explain in a moment) is always free from complaint at Christmas! During the holidays she can exist without a prescription! This is a curious fact. Are there not many like poor Lady E———, who make maladies for themselves, and to whom the idea of pleasure is of more efficacy than all the physic in the apothecary's shop? Now, here is Lady E———, who is continually pouring down her throat unpleasant draughts, and who gulps down more bolusses in one year than Lord E——— uses shot, is always well at Christmas, because she likes merry-making, and she knows that Lord E——— is such an affectionate *hubby*, that he would not have the voice of mirth heard in his establishment, if he thought her ladyship in ill health.

Lablache.—We understand that this *great* singer will appear as the representative of *Sir John Falstaff*, next year, at the King's Theatre. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is being translated into "choice Italian," and set to music expressly for him. It will be one of the earliest novelties.

D'O——y's Beaver.—We understood that D'O——y's *hat* is the subject of much grave disputation in the boudoir of Lady B———n. Her Ladyship, with her characteristic good taste, objects to her friend and relation wearing anything so ugly. D'O——y, on the other hand, contends that his beaver is a beauty, and manfully declares that he would rather part with his whiskers than part with his peculiar hat! D'——y is, however, in the wrong; and as he is noted for being a *gallant* man, we submit to him the propriety of acquiescing in the views of Lady B———n. He should allow her Ladyship to give his hatter an order for him.

EPIGRAM ON MISS SHIRREFF.

You wish'd for fortune and for fame,
So entered the profession;
And then, like others of your name,
You *seized* and *kept possession*.

A Hint to Gourmands.—Prince Talleyrand, who has lived to such a good old age, only eats once in twenty-four hours, and that is at dinner. We wonder if Sir George W——, or Lord S—— *could* make up their minds to imitate his example?

A New Order of Knighthood.—Sir James South, the celebrated astronomer, has been dubbed by the wits of the day, *the star-light (k)night!*

The King of Diamonds.—The celebrated diamond, known as the Sancy diamond, has fallen into the possession of the Emperor of Russia. Lately it was the property of the Duchess of B———, who has sold it to the Russian emperor for the sum of five hundred thousand roubles. The history of this great diamond is very remarkable, and as it is not generally known, we present it to our readers. The diamond came originally from India, and has remained in Europe for the last four centuries. The Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, was its first owner, and he wore it on his helmet at the battle of Nancy, in which he lost his life. A Swiss soldier found it, and sold it to a priest for a florin. In 1489 it came into the possession of the King of Portugal, who, being in want of money, sold it to a French Gentleman for 100,000 francs. Nicholas Harley Sancy, who gave it his name, had it afterwards by succession. At the time of his embassy at Soleure, Henry the Third enjoined him to send him the diamond in order to pledge it; the servant that had been entrusted with it having been attacked by robbers swallowed it, and was murdered. Sancy ordered the body to be opened, and the diamond was found in the stomach. James the Second of England possessed this diamond in 1688, when he came to France; it came afterwards into the possession of Louis XIV., and Louis XV. wore it in his crown at his coronation. The diamond has the shape of a pear; it is of the most beautiful water, and weighs 53½ carats. It is surely worth more than half a million of roubles.

The Two Politicians.—It is amusing to see the dowagers, Lady C———, and Lady F———, sitting with their noses together, in company, discussing with great ardour some knotty point. We understand that these interesting dowagers are great politicians, and that whenever they meet they sit down directly to chat about the business of the nation, and it is a work of no small difficulty to separate them. The other evening some slight difference of opinion arose between them, and Lady C———, not being the mildest of tempers, elevated her voice beyond the ordinary pitch, and made such hostile motions with a cup of hot tea which she happened, unfortunately, to have in her hand, that the other worthy lady, who is as mild as milk, taking the alarm, beat a retreat, but not without casting many a look behind, in evident fear of being followed by something *warmer* than argument, and more *cutting* than rebuke!

A Scapegrace.—We hear that a dashing M. P. has been round to his creditors, and told them that his father has consented to pay ten shillings in the pound! What a pity, that a young man of so good a family, should have reduced himself to such a pass.

A Hint to Lord D——.—Lord D—— who seems to wish for a matrimonial alliance with a certain family where there are not less than *four* daughters to be married, does not proceed the right way. Does he not know that nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery? If you flatter all the company you please none; if you flatter only one, you affront all the rest. A word to the wise is enough.

Criticism.—The best criticism on bad acting and Sheridan was from Olympus one night, at a certain great theatre, when a miserable mirth-maker was doing his possible to perform the part of *Acres* in the *Rivals*. The critic had paid his shilling in the expectation of being amused, but finding *Acres* remarkably dull, he cried out, "Come, come, I say, be funny can't you, Bob Acres *ought* to be funny!"

Prince Esterhazy.—Hopes are entertained that the Prince Esterhazy's affairs will be arranged early in the next year, and that we may expect his Highness in England in March next.

Recollections of the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury.—The sudden and fearful death of this lamented lady, has created a sensation in all classes, which will not soon be allayed. Among those persons more particularly who enjoyed the pleasure of her ladyship's acquaintance, the calamity has occasioned the most poignant anguish; society has lost a valued member, her friends an inestimable companion; the poor a benefactress! The circumstances attending the death of the noble lady, and all the particulars relating to the fire at Hatfield House, which has reduced a great portion of that fine building to ashes, have been fully detailed in the public journals, and we only intend here to give a few hasty recollections of the departed. The Dowager Lady Salisbury was one of the most remarkable women of her time; in her early life she was one of the brightest stars of fashion, the elegance of her assemblies, and the undaunted spirit which her ladyship possessed, being the themes of universal admiration. She was one of the finest equestrians, and delighted in hunting and other sports of daring. It was really delightful to behold her command of her horse, and her performances, for so we must call them, might have been taken as models by the artist and sculptor, for nothing could be more elegant aud graceful. She was attached to equestrian recreations to the day of her death, and was frequently to be seen in the Parks—the scenes of her former glory; and when the weather was unfavourable, her ladyship rode in the King's Mews at Pimlico. Many, very many can speak of the benevolence of the Dowager Marchioness. An old farmer, who resides a few miles from Hatfield, and who is somewhat of a sportsman himself, speaks with delight of the days when the Marchioness used to arrive in her carriage at a place near his cottage for the purpose of taking horse, and sharing, as she was wont to do, in the sports of the field. He had a daughter, at the time five or six years old, who from his account, was a great favourite, and regularly attended the Marchioness while she was adjusting her dress. To this child she paid the most benevolent attention, always inquiring with interest whether she was advancing in her education, and never leaving the house without some pecuniary present to purchase books or some other little necessaries. Since the recent calamity occurred, this child, now a woman and married, never mentions the Marchioness without tears, and speaks of the time when she used to lay her hand fondly upon her head, and express a wish that she was old enough to come and live with her. Little anecdotes of a similar kind, which are told about that part of the country, particularly in the immediate neighbourhood of Hatfield, may appear trifling; but it is only from the local history of the great and the wealthy, as told by the poor and humble in their immediate neighbourhood, that, perhaps, the most valuable incidents of their lives, at least the kindness and goodness of their hearts, can be ascertained. The Dowager Marchioness was much attached to, and generally wore a profusion of jewellery. She usually had on her fingers *fourteen or fifteen rings*, set with most costly stones. Her jewellery was of immense value, and consisted of several splendid and costly ruby, pearl and diamond suites. The whole of these had been brought from her ladyships town house but a few days before the fire, as they were to have been worn on the occasion of the first route for the season which the Marchioness of Salisbury intended giving on the Tuesday following the eventful night of the fire.

The House of Beaufort.—The death of the noble Duke of Beaufort may cause some interesting particulars relative to his family to be read at this moment with great interest. The Beaufort family springs from the Royal House of Plantagenet, being lineally descended from John of Gaunt, third son of Edward the Third, who caused all his children by Catherine Swinford, daughter of Sir Payn Roet, *alias* Guyn, King of Arms, and widow of Sir Otes Swinford (to whom he was eventually married) to be called Beaufort, from the castle of that name in the county of Anjou, the place of their nativity, which castle came, in the year 1276, to the House of Lancaster, by the marriage of Blanch, daughter of Robert, the first Count of Artois and widow of Henry I., King of Navarre, with Edmund, surnamed Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, second son of King Henry III. of England. John of Gaunt had three sons born before marriage of Catherine Swinford. The second son of these was the celebrated Cardinal Beaufort, Lord Chancellor of England; and the eldest son, John Beaufort, created Marquis of Dorset and Duke of Somerset in 1398, was the founder of the present Noble family. Charles Somerset, the second son of this Nobleman, was created Earl of Worcester in reward for his extraordinary services as a diplomatist on several missions of the highest importance. Since this period the line has been uninterrupted in descent to the present Duke, and numbers on its roll many names of which England may well be proud.

Lytton Bulwer and Lady Blessington.——The writer of the following, met Lytton Bulwer for the first time at one of Lady Blessington's *soirees*. Towards twelve o'clock Mr. Bulwer was announced, and in came the author of Pelham. I had made up my mind how he *should* look, and between prints and descriptions thought I could scarcely be mistaken in my idea of his person. No two things could be more unlike, however, than the ideal Mr. Bulwer in my mind, and the real Mr. Bulwer who followed the announcement. I liked his manners extremely. He ran up to Lady Blessington with the joyous heartiness of a boy let out of school; and the "How d'ye, Bulwer?" went round as he shook hands with everybody in the style of welcome usually given to "the best fellow in the world." As I had brought a letter of introduction to him from a friend in Italy, Lady Blessington introduced me particularly, and we had a long conversation about Naples and its pleasant society. Bulwer's head is phrenologically a fine one. His forehead retreats very much, but is very broad and well marked, and the whole air is that of decided mental superiority. His nose is aquiline. His complexion is fair, his hair profuse, curly, and of a light auburn. A more good-natured, habitually-smiling expression could hardly be imagined. Perhaps my impression is an imperfect one, as he was in the highest spirits, and was not serious the whole evening for a minute. But it is strictly and faithfully my impression. I can imagine no style of conversation calculated to be more agreeable than Bulwer's. Gay, quick, various, half-satirical, and always fresh, he infected everybody with his spirits. I cannot give even the substance of it, for it was in a great measure local or personal. Bulwer's voice, like his brother's, is exceedingly lover-like and sweet. His playful tones are quite delicious, and his clear laugh is the soul of sincere and careless merriment.

THE TEA DRINKERS.—Of all the tea-drinkers upon this earth, there are none can beat those regular twaddling *dowagers*, Lady C———, Lady M———, and Sir GEORGE W——. They are the greatest patrons of the "barbarian-eye"-Emperor, in Christendom. Oh! the rivers of "best hyson," that are poured down their throats! One evening we heard this illustrious trio, with a parcel more tea-drinking tabbies, singing the following characteristic chorus to well-known time:—

The tea, the tea! the beautiful tea,
The pure, the crisp, the black bohea!
Without sloe-leaves, without birch-broom,
It spreadeth around its rich perfume;
It brews in the pot, it fills the cup,
And we, good creatures, do drink it up!
We're at our tea—we're at our tea,
We are where we would ever be,
With the black in this, and the green in that,
With muffins and twaddle, and slandering chat:
If a brute should come to disturb our tea,
We'll kick the bold rebel right into the sea!

CHRISTMAS SOUVENIR.—At a period when the social sympathies are most predominant, and the genial influence of "HOME" is felt in the highest degree—more especially by "*My young missis*," just arrived to spend her vacation at the "Old Hall," the most appropriate present becomes the first subject of consideration; a merely useful one can afford no evidence of taste, while a present possessing no claims to utility, shows a want of judgment. To combine these requisites, we can hardly suggest a more fitting souvenir than ROWLAND'S Toilet Articles, the "MACASSAR," "KALYDOR," and "ODONTO," which, from their *beautifying effects on the hair, complexion, and teeth*, are calculated to preserve a grateful recollection of the donor.

FRENCH NOTIONS OF ENGLISH MANNERS AND MORALS.—At the Théatre de la Gaieté a melo-drama, from the pen of M. Léon d'Abrantes, has lately made its appearance. The author of this curious specimen of the taste and intelligence of Parisian dramatists is the inheritor of a great name, of which he is not very likely to increase the reputation by his literary crudities. He has, however, taken

"———— wondrous pains
"To publish to the world his want of brains,"

and has fully succeeded in so doing. The plot of this curious *morceau* is a labyrinth of nonsense, which can only be threaded by as indefatigable a blockhead as he by whom it has been contrived. The following outline may, however, enable readers of common sense to wonder at the ignorance, though scarcely to comprehend the foolery, of MM. Laforêt et Léon d'Abrantes. Lord Murray, an old British naval officer (a character which a Frenchman might be expeeted to respect, though not to love) marries a lady much younger than himself, who is in love with Lord Mortimer. Lord Murray becomes acquainted with the criminal passion of Lady Murray, and adopts, from some motive or other, which does not clearly appear, the expedient of taking himself off to bed, whilst Lady Murray entertains her friends with a ball. Lord Murray, after sufficient time has been given to the company to ask what has become of him, appears in person to answer the question. He becomes an improvement on Shakspeare's Lady Macbeth; he walks and talks in his sleep, and discovers not his own criminality to the assembly, but gives a detailed account of the loves of Lady Murray and Lord Mortimer. The auditors awaken him, his dishonour becomes the theme of public conversation, and by way of removing the stigma occasioned by his treacherous somniloquency, "*il devient fou*" (most persons would have thought him one already) and voluntarily suffers himself to be shut up in a private madhouse, the keeper of which is fortunately his particular friend. Lady Murray and Lord Mortimer amuse themselves very pleasantly during his retirement, till it is at length intimated to him that, until his unfortunate disclosure at the ball, their intimacy had been purely Platonic; upon this he emerges from his retreat apparently as perfectly "*fou*" as he entered, surprises the lovers in a situation too unequivocal to admit of further doubts, in a village near London, and whilst his friend and keeper, who seems to be quite as great a "*fou*" as himself, engages Lord Mortimer in mortal combat, puts Lady Murray to death. A constable most likely a new policeman, very properly takes him into custody, but on his friends exclaiming, "*Cet homme est fou, il m'appartient!*" very politely withdraws his detainer. So much for MM. Laforêt et Léon d'Abrantes, and the accurate estimate of English society of the visiters to the Théatre de la Gaieté.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"My every living hope is thine,
Affection with my being grew;
Thy heart is as a home and shrine,
Familiar, and yet sacred too!
How often do I watch the spot,
On which thy step has only moved;
My memory remembers not,
The hour when thou wert not beloved!"

L.E.L. *adapted.*

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There is something peculiarly beautiful in the love of women, it is altogether spiritual; it has nothing of this earth about it; and where we find it in its purity, we may consider the object in whom it is inspired, the connecting link in the chain of being, between man and angels! Man's love, intense and true as it may be, is nevertheless of a different character; man may love with wild and withering passion; he may make an idol of the object of his affections, and worship it, he may throw fortune—nay, indeed life at her feet—but there is, still, an interested motive at the bottom of his devotion—he loves *to be loved again;* he gives, that he may receive with interest;—he throws the pearl at the feet of her he loves, only that he may receive a diamond in return. But how different—how widely different—is the disinterested love of woman! She, in sickness and in sorrow, as in health and happiness, irradiates her home with the undying glory of her love, and though she be made even to taste that "last, worst poison of the cup, *neglect*," and he who has sworn to be her protector—her staff and support in her pilgrimage through life's vale of tears—should desert her—still she twines her deathless affection, like the ivy, round the one possessor of her heart—that heart her only home!

She prays for that heart's hopes when her's are gone,
Nor lets its after coldness chill her own;
She holds that one, with every fault, more dear
Than all who whisper kindness in her ear

Such is woman's love! But, alas! there are few who estimate it according to its worth—few treat it as it should be treated—a spirit is given to man for his happiness, and he treats the precious gift too often with coldness and neglect! Let us now describe the marriages that have occurred since our last. The train of happy ones at Hymen's shrine, is led by THOMAS GEORGE SHAW, Esq., of Woburn Place, and the fair MARY, eldest daughter of J. RYLE, Esq., of Carshalton, and niece to J. RYLE, Esq., M.P. for Macclesfield. Following this rejoicing pair, appear ROBERT BOTELIER, Esq., of the Royal Engineers, youngest son of the late W. BOTELIER, Esq., of Brook House, East Kent, and his bride, MARIA ANNE, only daughter of the Rev. Dr. CASBERD, Vicar of Penmark, and one of the prebendaries of Llandaff. Next we behold approaching, the Hon. CECILIA DE ROOS, sister of Lord DE ROOS, and the Hon. JOHN BOYLE, eldest surviving son of the Earl of CORK, whose union was solemnised at St. Nicholas Church, Brighton. After the ceremony, the wedded pair returned to Lady JANE PEEL'S, where they partook of a *dejeuner* with a numerous and fashionable company, immediately after which they took their departure for Lord DE ROOS'S cottage, Regent's Park, where they are passsing the honey-moon.

We must also mention the marriages of the Lady JANE PARSONS, eldest daughter of Lord ROSSE, with A. E. KNOX, Esq., of the 2nd Life Guards;—of JANE MARY ANNE, only daughter of J. B. BELL, ESQ., of Craven-street, with G. B. MANSEL, Esq., of the Inner Temple, at St. Martin's church, on the 14th; and of CHARLOTTE, eldest daughter of F. VAN ZELLER, Esq., with J. T. BARROS, second son of the late Viscount de SANTAREM, at Marylebone-Church, on the 17th ult.

The melancholy death of the Dowager Marchioness of SALISBURY is still a subject of deep and painful interest. Death is awful under ordinary circumstances, but under those attending the loss of this venerable lady, it is doubly so. The only remains of her Ladyship that have been discovered in the ruins of Hatfield House are a few bones, and these were so burnt that it was difficult to say that they belonged to a human being. The jaw bone was recognized by her Ladyship's medical attendant, in consequence of its peculiar formation. Near the spot where these remains were found, some rings and trinkets which her Ladyship had on the day of the fire, have also been discovered. The last person who saw her Ladyship was ELIZABETH NUTLEY, one of the housemaids of the establishment. She had occasion to go to her Ladyship's room a short time before the fire broke out; her Ladyship was then writing at a table; two candles were burning on the table, and, by her Ladyship's desire, another was brought. It is supposed that her Ladyship fell asleep, and that some part of her dress took fire. Much of the jewellery remains in the ruins: among the articles undiscovered is a necklace which was originally presented to the Cecil family by CHARLES the Second, and came into the possession of the Marchioness. It was stolen some time back from Hatfield House, and could not be found for a considerable time. About two years after the theft, it was seen on the neck of a lady, an acquaintance of the Marchioness, into whose possession it had come by purchase. It was thus recovered. The awful death of the Dowager Marchioness has thrown many noble families into mourning; upon hearing of the melancholy event, his Majesty immediately postponed some parties that were to have been held at the Pavilion.

We have, furthermore, the painful task of recording the decease of his Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT, and also the death of the respected ANN CAROLINE FITZROY, daughter of the late Hon. HENRY FITZROY, brother of the late Lord SOUTHAMPTON. We have to state that the avenger of the death of the gallant NELSON is now a tenant of the tomb. This brave man, Commander F. E. COLLINGWOOD, was Midshipman on board the *Victory*, at the battle of Trafalgar, and shot the man who inflicted the death-wound on the immortal NELSON. He died at Tralee, on the 15th ult. Sir W. INGLIS, K. C. B., the Hon. W. SCOTT, only son of Lord STOWELL, the Baroness HOWE, and Lieut.-General Lord HARTLAND, are among the great of whom society has been deprived in the course of the past month.

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## THE DRAMA.

"The playhouse; Ay, 'tis within that gilded round
I've sat and conned lessons divine,
Have learned most ably to discharge
My duties to my fellow men,
Have wept o'er other's woes, been moved
To pity and to terror, sorrow, joy,
But now the scene is changed! The theatre
Was once a school—it is a school no more.—LLOYD.

SHAKSPEARE says that the purport of the stage is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own image, scorn her own feature, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure." The stage might have been so in SHAKSPEARE'S time, but the times are sadly changed since then, virtue no longer shews her image, and the mirror is only held up to the *stable*, at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, which we rank first among our dramatic establishments, because the performers there are dignified by the title of His Majesty's servants! There has been nothing worth looking at done throughout the month. The tedious opera, called *The Siege* of *Rochelle*, and the empty show called *The Jewess*, have been crammed down the threats of the public with all the pomp and circumstance of play-bill puffs, advertisements in the papers, and other trumpetings extraordinary, which the lessee of this theatre is so celebrated for calling into requisition. VANDENHOFF has gnashed his teeth in the *Jew*, and ELLEN TREE has been cauldronized in the *Jewess* every night, to the great diversion of the ladies and gentlemen who obtained *free* admissions to the theatre, while the few who paid for their seats, were more amused by the enjoyment of the other part of the audience, than by the stage performances. MACREADY and the *Drama* are completely shelved. When they will re-appear it is quite impossible to say.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Nothing but rubbish here: a great deal of the old muck of the Surrey theatre has been set before the audience, which the latter have disrelished exceedingly. A new drama taken from Miss FERRIER'S novel, and called *Inheritance*, has been produced, but it had but a brief life, and now reposes in the "tomb of the Capulets." The story is not worth describing: whatever merit the novel may possess, there was none apparent in the play, which was, in fact, one of the dullest things we ever sat out; the performers never rising for a moment above their author. *The Bronze Horse*, a

translation from the French, has also been produced, and with some little success, the music, by AUBER, is pretty, and there is some effective scenery in the piece, which caused it to go off tolerably. BUNN has also announced a *Bronze Horse*, but he does not seem to have it ready for production; by the time he brings it out the subject will be utterly destitute of interest. Mr. C. KEMBLE has commenced another engagement here, but he will play *tragedy*, which he is not equal to. Kemble is a fine comedian, but we cannot endure him upon the stilts: his *Hamlet* is horrible, he has neither the voice, the look, the action, the passion of *Hamlet*! his speeches are so many pieces of correct elocution, but nothing more, a well tutored schoolboy might deliver them as well; the flippant colloquial style in which he commences the grand philosophical soliloquy, "To be, or not to be, is absolutely ridiculous. Mr. KEMBLE has also played *Macbeth*, and other tragic characters, but with indifferent success. He should remain constant to the comic muse. His *Marabel*, *Archer*, *Benedick*, and a thousand others, are inimitable. We should like to see him in *Mercutio* and *Faulconbridge* again, but there is no one at Covent Garden that could play *Romeo*, or *King John*. Mrs. GORE'S *King O'Neil* is but an indifferent play.

LYCEUM.—This theatre, after having reduced its prices to the lowest possible scale, without deriving much benefit from the change, has partially increased them again, and the performances are continued under the management of Mr. RAYNER, a clever actor of the tragedy of humble life. His delineation of suffering, in a drama of the mediocre order, called *The Poacher and his Dog*, is fine and impressive. The company is not a very strong one.

Mr. BRAHAM'S THEATRE.—This splendid establishment is now open. Mr. BRAHAM has called it, as we anticipated, the *St. James's Theatre*, and it promises to become a popular place of public amusement. It is quite a novelty of itself, there being no other theatre in London to which it can be resembled. The interior, which is something less in size than the English Opera House, comprises two tiers of boxes under the gallery, with what are known as "slips" on each side of it. The dress-circle, consisting of sixteen boxes, is kept considerably lower than in any other theatre, so as to place the spectator as near with the level of the stage as possible. The decorations, after the beautiful style of Louis Quatorze, are of the most splendid and costly description, and are, as regards theatres, unique. The ceiling, encircled by a carved cornice, on which rest six groups of children in bas relief, is composed of rich spreading foliage, branching out from the centre into six enriched pannels, from which are suspended richly carved drops of fruit and flowers. The ceiling terminates in a cove formed into twelve arches, in the spandrils of which are paintings of Sylph-like figures, emblematical of music, and is supported by Caryatides on gilded plinths. The gallery front is arranged in a series of panels in a form peculiar to the style adopted, intersected by circular ones formed of twining palm, in which are paintings of children, playing on various instruments, symbolical of the purpose to which the theatre is principally devoted. The first circle is also arranged in a series of panels, but varying much in their form from the above, being much richer and flowing in their outline. These contain highly finished paintings, after the manner of Watteau, relating to the origin of the Italian drama and pantomine, and between them are smaller panels of gilt trellis work. Over this circle is a carved canopy, supported by eight higly ornamented pilasters. The front of the dress circle, which is formed with a bold swell, is embellished with a carved foliage in high relief, and of most tasteful design, on which the light, owing to its peculiar form, strikes with great splendour. This circle has also its canopy and pilasters, but more splendid; from the latter spring handsome girandoles, each bearing three wax-lights, in addition to a magnificent central chandelier. The proscenium is quite novel in its decoration, having no drapery at top, but a richly carved undulating line instead. In the three arches above the stage, which form part of the twelve we have described as belonging to the ceiling, are introduced three beautifully executed paintings. The lower part of the proscenium consists of a rich entablature, ornamented with flowers, supported by fluted columns, with intersecting enrichments and splendid gilt capitals resting on richly carved pedestals. A foliage of palm, terminating against the entablature, is the decoration of the upper box, the lower one is formed by a richly carved canopy. The box front is a trellis panel, containing a mask surrounded by rich foliage, with frill and shell work in burnished gold. The whole of these splendid ornaments on a white ground, which is the prevailing colour of the interior, must strike every spectator as having a most chaste and pleasing effect. The interior of the boxes is a rich crimson. The exterior is not completed, but from its present appearance, we are led to expect that, when finished, it will be one of the chief ornaments of the west end. The performances of the opening night were a grand opera called *Agnes Sorel*, the music by a daughter of Mr. GLOSSOP, and two new farces. The plot and words of the opera are of a very insignificant character, but the music is pleasing and effective, and highly creditable to the talents of a young lady who is scarcely yet out of her teens. She has availed herself occasionally of the works of some of the Italian masters, but in the selection and arrangement of the pieces, she has displayed much taste, while in the portions that are strictly original, she gives much promise. BRAHAM sustained the principal character; his voice is breaking, and he is by no means the singer that he was; but, still, some of his notes are clear and powerful, and he is heard to advantage in his little theatre. Mr. BARKER, from Edinburgh, made a most successful *debût*. His voice is very similar to IVANOFF'S, and his singing was not less admired than Mr. BRAHAM'S. Miss GLOSSIP, a sister of the composer, also made her *debût* in this opera; her voice is thin, and occasionally harsh, but she manifested science and power. The opera was well received, and at its conclusion, Mr. BRAHAM, Mr. BARKER, and Miss GLOSSOP, were summoned to appear before the curtain, to receive the extra plaudits of the audience. The new farces did not possess much merit, one of them, indeed was a very poor affair.

ADELPHI.—This theatre is well attended, and the management is conducted with spirit. Several novelties have been produced, and with complete success. Mrs. NISBETT has concluded her engagement, and returned to the Queen's theatre, which has been re-opened by Mr. LAURENT. BUCKSTONE'S *Dream at Sea* is a preposterous affair, and his burlesque on the Drury-lane *Jewess* is exceedingly vulgar. SELBY'S new farce, called *The Widow's Victim*, is a whimsical affair, admirably supported by Mrs. HONEY and WRENCH, and JERROLD'S *Doves in a Cage* is also worthy of decided praise. The Christmas pantomines are of the average merit.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.


Charlotte

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A promenade dress (*en rédingote*) of mauve silk; the fronts and pelerine trimmed with a ribbon *rûche en suite*; very full sleeves, the fulness drawn into upright gathers above the cuffs. White cambric collar reversed, and edged with Mechlin lace. Black velvet bonnet, coming very low on the cheek, edged with a gold-colour rouleau, and ornamented with a sprig of little gold-colour flowers, and black velvet leaves; the ribbon is a black brocaded satin. Primrose gloves. Light cloth boots, with kid fronts.

Fig. 2.—A dinner-dress of white satin, stamped in a light pattern of coloured flowers; pointed *corsage*, draped across the bosom; and blond lace *Sevigné* cape, forming a stomacher; *sabot* short sleeves, and lace ruffles, looped up with bows of figured green ribbon; similar ornaments on each shoulder, and the centre of the *corsage;* blond lace cap, trimmed with pink and white gauze ribbon; a demi wreath of rose-buds next the face; pearl necklace; white kid gloves; and gold bracelets.

Fig. 3.—A dress of white *organdie*, trimmed with robings, made in rosettes of the same; a rose inside each, and pink satin leaves; *corsage à la Paysanne*, laced with pink ribbon; girdle of the same; very short sleeves, entirely covered by separate falls of blond lace; little black velvet *colleret*, and gold cross suspended to it; gold ear-rings; and a wreath of wheat ears, placed high in front, like a diadem; the hair in antique braids.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Evening dress of white satin, vandyked blond cape, pointed on the bosom. *Etole* scarf of pink satin, trimmed with swans-down. The hair in full ringlets on the temples, the tufts crowned with roses; front hair parted.

2.—Front view of the same *coiffure*.

3.—*Demi negligé*, a white *organdie* dress and *tulle* collar, edged with blond; rose-color velvet colleret, and green velvet bonnet, very much *évasé* in front.

4.—Reversed view of the third whole-length. The dress is here represented in blue, and the rosettes formed in blue ribbon.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

### MORNING AND OPERA COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—Juvenile costume. A lilac French merino robe, green rep silk apron, white cambric trowsers, and green boots. A falling collar of white muslin is partly covered by a little green handkerchief tied in front. The hair is left in long ringlets.

Fig. 2.—Boudoir dress of canary colour silk, stamped with Bengal roses, the foliage black. The *pélerine* draped in a novel style across the bosom, and half covered by a worked muslin cape. The cap is of muslin; the crown rather high, crossed by a band of blue ribbon, blue rosettes on the temples, and the hair in braids. Black silk mittens and yellow slippers.

Fig. 3.—An opera dress. A jonquil satin skirt, and over it a mantle of fine white *organdie*, embroidered round in white *chenille*, and lined with jonquil sarsenet. Very large hanging sleeves, looped up with yellow bows; tight *corsage*, and blond lace mantilla cape, terminating in a point at the waist, girdle of ribbon fastened in a rosette with long ends in front; an eastern turban of white diaphane gauze separates into three compartments, each crowned with a heron's feather; in front of the head-dress, a beautiful ornament of gold and rubies. Brooch and ear-rings *en suite*.

4.—Another opera dress. A black *tulle* embroidered in *chenille* with China roses and foliage; a black satin skirt worn underneath. Pointed *corsage* draped across the bosom; a large gold *agraffe* in the centre. Very short full sleeves, without any ornament. Mantle of green brocaded satin lined with blue; the cape green velvet. Andalusian hat, and bird of Paradise plume. White kid gloves; black satin slippers.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Reversed view of the third whole-length. The turban appears in pink cashmere, and the robe in white satin.

2.—*Reversé* view of the fourth whole-length. The opera cloak, brown velvet.

5.—A *demi negligé*. French cap; the front formed by a garland of yellow roses; very small crown placed far back on the head. Embroidered muslin cape, worn over a mantle.

6.—A similar cap trimmed with pink. The dress is a lilac merino. The cape crosses over the bosom, and is edged with a muslin *rûche*.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

### EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A white satin robe, the *corsage* plaited *en gerbe*; *béret* sleeves, very short, and ornamented with blue bows; blue waistband, with a rosette and long ends; a large cameo set in gold, marks the centre of the *corsage*. The hair is dressed in full ringlets on the temples, pink flowers on the left, and a garland of the same, twined round a spiral braid behind; white gloves and slippers; white and gold fan.

Fig. 2.—A ball-dress of white satin with a deep flounce of the same round the skirt; a pink *rouleau* at both edges; on the upper one, large moss roses are placed at intervals; the *corsage* is pointed at the waist, and arranged in plaits over the bosom, a narrow tucker of blond being worn at the top; the sleeves are double *sabots*, with roses on each shoulder and between the falls; the hair is most charmingly dressed in Gabrielle ringlets; a gold pendant being fixed to a bandeau of black velvet and pearls, is also placed above the curls upon

the right side; the necklace, clasp, ear-rings and brooch, assimilate with the ornament for the head.

Fig. 3.—A robe of gold-colour Cashmere, trimmed round the skirt with *bouillons* of satin the same colour; plain *corsage*, with folds of satin crossing the whole width to the shoulders; the sleeves are almost tight, with double ruffles made of the satin, and nearly reaching the elbow, while blond epaulettes, fixed under the plaited cape, are surmounted by three small bows; the hair is very simply parted, and adorned with a *résille* of green narrow velvet, surrounded by roses; gold neck chain, and ear-rings; ivory fan, and white kid gloves.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1. Reversed view of the above elegant costume; the dress is described in white satin, and a garland of vine leaves worn instead of the *résille*.

2. Reversed view of the second whole-length; the dress is pink, and no jewellery worn with it.

3. Reversed view of the first whole-length; variegated flowers instead of the pink ones, and a gauze scarf thrown over the shoulders.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A dress of primrose satin brocaded in black, and trimmed round the skirt with Vandyke points of black net, terminated by bows and narrow bands of yellow satin ribbon. The *corsage* is tight, with a black lace *Sevigné*, the same material forms ruffles to the short sleeves; on each shoulder are bows of satin ribbon, and a wreath formed of ribbon, passes from the hair behind to the rosettes on each temple.

Fig. 2.—A front view of the same costume, represented in pink brocade satin. The ribbons *en suite*.

Fig. 3.—A *demi-negligé* of green rep silk, trimmed down the fronts with large leaves formed in the same material: half-high *corsage*, tight, and ornamented to correspond; very full long sleeves, unconfined, except by a narrow cuff; white lace collar thrown open on the neck: hat of mauve velvet, with one white feather drooping over the crown. Primrose gloves and black kid boots.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A white cambric dress; the pelerine cape pointed and crossing on the bosom; a pink bow in the centre; black velvet colleret and French cap trimmed with narrow black velvet bands, and pink ribbon.

2.—An evening mantle of brown velvet with Capuchin hood, lined and trimmed with light blue. The sleeves tight at the wrist and of extreme fulness above, open in the Spanish style to give room to the sleeve of the dress; a pointed cape forms a stomacher, and is ornamented with blue satin bows.

3.—A reversed view of the first half-length shows the mode of placing the black velvet bands upon the cap.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESSES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

Fig. 1.—A plaid merino mantle (lilac, chequed with green and black) the body is drawn in full gathers, tight to the shape, and confined by a green girdle; the hanging sleeves are very long, the collar square, and reversed; a pink silk bonnet, the crown high and narrow, is trimmed with bows of the same material; the *brides* hanging loose; primrose gloves, and stone colour boots, with black kid fronts.

Fig. 2.—Another mantle of blue cashmere, stamped with black flowers; the front is trimmed with points, *en tablier;* the hanging sleeves are rounded, like a deep cape; and a square double collar is sloped away, to show the *corsage:* a black velvet bonnet, very simply trimmed, and tied with blue ribbons under the chin, completes this elegant costume.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A white cambric *negligé*, and white cashmere scarf; the hair drawn into a Grecian plait behind, the front parted, with two narrow black velvet bands, terminating in a bow of the same material on each temple.

2.—A white satin dress, with blond epaulettes; the hair covered by a *résille* of pearls; green satin bows on the temples, another behind; pearl ear-drops, *à l'antique*.

3.—A french cap, open on the crown, shows the tufts of hair above; it is trimmed with pink ribbons, and a garland of roses.

4 and 5.—Front and *reversé* of a French cap, *à la reine clotilde*, pointed very high in front, and trimmed with rose-colour. A muslin *chemisette*, having the *rûche* full round the throat, is partially covered by the epaulette cape of a pale citron-colour silk dress. The reversed figure is dressed in white.

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

1.—A pink velvet bonnet, the brim rather large, with a beautiful pink feather waving over the crown.

2.—A blue silk bonnet of still larger dimensions, a white lace fall attached to the edge, and a sprig of lilac convolvoli on the crown, which is drawn in the *capote* style.

3.—A French cap trimmed with bands and bows of blue satin. The crown of this cap is high, and the front quite flattened.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

A New Year! The more dark the sky, the more cold the atmosphere, so much the more brilliant our costumes, and gay our *salons;* beauty never looks so bright as when the rest of nature frowns; smiles never warm our heart so delightfully as when an east wind has chilled it.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—With regard to pelisses, no very evident change has taken place; they are made either in dark rich-tinted velvets, trimmed with fur, or in some of the numerous tribe of Cashmere or silks, with velvet trimmings. Pelerine capes are universally added; they come very deep on the shoulders, with an upper collar reversed, the points in front rounded below the waist, which behind, the pelerine just reaches. The full sleeves are set into a tight cuff, and the gathers drawn about two inches above it; a loose cuff of fur may be worn occasionally. The Palatines are frequently worn with this style of dress, and give a charming effect to it; for morning visits these tippets have a recommendation in the facility with which they can be thrown aside in a warm room. The Capuchin tippet is likewise very fashionable; it assumes the form of a deep cape

with a hood, is usually made in black silk, lined with deep rose or crimson, and trimmed with black lace. The same simplicity of style which has of late characterized all morning dresses still prevails. An infinite variety of materials invite by their warmth of texture and agreeable union of colours. Over these boudoir dresses a mantle or wrapping cloak is thrown, which completely envelopes the figure, but being drawn at the waist does not disguise it. Amongst the most admired material for *negligé* dress is the Segovia stuff, pliant and very warm, the dark grounds admit of very rich stamped patterns.

New and Fashionable Materials for Making and Trimming Winter Dresses.—Turkish velvets, the surface *rayé* like damask satin; this material surpasses all others in its splendid effect for ladies whose height and figure can bear so distinguished a dress. The Amy Robsart satin: a white ground, with white flowers traced in gold thread, or pale-coloured ones in silver. Embroidered French Cashmere: the pattern adjusted to the shape—a charming demi-toilette—white crape and *organdie*, embroidered, or if worn plain, trimmed with bias folds of black or coloured velvet. The Andalusian silks: very rich, and brocaded in black. The satin *à mille raies:* a pearl grey ground, the rays brown or black; rose-colour ribbons lighten the effect, and are usually chosen to trim these dresses. The Aboukir muslin: a material for ball-dresses and turbans; the pattern is a mosaic of various hues, mingled with gold leaves: this material ranks next to the gold brocades. Coloured *tulles* of all kinds, worked in silk or *chenille*, are pretty dresses for very young ladies. So long as the skirts of dresses are worn of their present excessive amplitude, very little trimming can be introduced round them; nevertheless ingenuity has been at work to ornament such as are of simple white satin, crape or *tulle*, and a very beautiful *rûche* is made of ostrich feathers, white or tinted, in delicate hues; this rouleau has a most *recherché* effect. In full dress, jewelled *agraffes* are likewise used to loop up the drapery of the robe, while a *volant* is shown on the silk or satin skirt beneath.

Ensemble of Evening Costume.—The *rédingote* form is this season admitted as full dress, and the most costly materials enhance its graceful effect, the skirts of evening robes are rather longer than we have lately seen them, and equally full; the sleeves are most frequently full, short *sabots*, covered with long ones of beautiful *blond* or *tulle*, long sleeves of any other kind are always made tight above the wrist by upright gathers; the *corsage* is moderately high in front, but drawn off the shoulders, from which point the drapery crosses over the bosom: a blond *Sevigné* completes this elegant style. We shall enlighten the minds of our fair readers by a description of the most decidedly fashionable dresses, which they will do well to imitate and adopt without loss of time. A *rédingote* of blue satin *à la reine*, bordered with velvet the same tint; white satin hat, and plume of white feathers in the Spanish style; blond lace *mantilla*, fastened with turquoise *agraffes*. A *mauve*-colour spotted velvet, with half-high *corsage*, draped across the fronts of the skirt, fastened by bows of satin ribbon; the *coiffure*—a little brim of emerald-colour velvet, ornamented with white feathers. Apropos—we observe that these elegant *bords* have superseded the velvet and pearl *résille* which latterly became so common in Paris. One of the most admired dresses this season has been just sent to Brighton; it is a rich brown Turkish velvet; a half-high *corsage* shows underneath a *colleret* of beautiful white lace, thrown open on the neck; a hat of celestial blue velvet—(the crown bent rather backward) is adorned with four heads of white ostrich feathers, white *brides* of blond form a little cap under the brim.

Hats and Bonnets.—The same universal mode which decided last summer in favour of rice straw, now advocates black velvet; scarcely any other material is seen in *négligé*, though the form may differ; coloured ribbons (and by a curious caprice of fashion, very light colours) are used to trim the morning bonnet, and an elegant feather or bouquet of French flowers placed in more dress ones. The most admired ribbon is the Swiss gauze, a very stiff texture, black ground, with a light green and orange wave. The French bonnets are this month extremely close at the side and *évasé* in the centre; the blond lace inside, meets under the chin, and very little trimming is added to the *rûche*; bonnets *en capote* of black velvet, myrtle green, and scabieuse, are frequently trimmed with fringed ribbons, and are particularly elegant in *négligé*. The following examples may be considered as perfectly *récherchés*. A carriage hat of blue velvet; the edge turned back the width of a finger; over it a beautiful white lace veil, and one long blue feather drooping on the left side. A promenade hat of Ramona velvet, trimmed with ruby color ribbons, the brim coming quite close to the check and rising in front. A black silk bonnet, lined with black velvet, a blond *rûche* plaited *en coques* partially shews on each side a crimson rose without buds or foliage. (This style is more fashionable than the little garland worn under the bonnets last month.) Feathers are so generally adopted in half-dress hats, that care should be taken in placing them with a distinguished air.

Furs.—Ermine, of late rather disgraced, is now restored to favour; the most stylish muffs and boas are of this delicate fur; the brown sable ranks next, though the black is chosen for trimming coloured tippets and palatines. Martin and grey squirrel are likewise very much worn.

Boots and Shoes.—For promenade, the fashionable boot is black velvet lined with fur, and buttoned at the side with little gold studs. Morocco leather trimmed in a similar manner is also worn. Morning slippers are made either in velvet or fancy stuffs, also in plaid rep silk. For evening costume, nothing is seen but black satin shoes. Though *on dit* that boots of white satin, fastened with coloured stones will be worn in full dress; they have been seen in Paris.

Aprons are still adopted as the appropriate finish to a *négligé* costume; the most fashionable are of *tulle*, lined with satin, and trimmed with a narrow lace: myrtle green is a favourite colour. We have seen some very elegant black ones, encircled with an embroidered border of little red roses and the forget-me-not.

Capes and Collars.—These are worked in a more simple style than when they were intended to be worn over light coloured pelisses or shawls; a waving line of leaves, or open work, close above the hem, is quite sufficient ornament; they are cut square behind, and rather smaller than last month.

Scarfs and Mantillas.—The novelty of the month is the cashmere boa, formed in this delicate and most comfortable material. The cashmere boa assumes an infinite variety of well-assorted hues, and though called a morning tippet, is frequently seen at the theatre and evening re-union. Rich embroidery is frequently added to heighten the effect; the favourite colours are blue and white, rose and white, rose and green, and a delicate lilac. The *Etole* scarf, so peculiarly

adapted to youth, is still in favour; swan's-down most commonly trims these scarfs, though, we have lately seen several with dark sable borders; stamped satin is not so much in vogue for the *Etole* as plain. Satin mantillas, lined with flannel, are very generally worn at the theatre: these also are trimmed with fur; *cérise*, with dark sable, is the most becoming mixture; blond mantillas have not altered in form since the last month, a bow of ribbon usually closes them across the bosom, the same ornament being repeated on the shoulders.

Hair-dressing.—The becoming is still, we are happy to see, more thought of than the fashionable, and thanks to this rational decree, a thousand graceful fancies meet the eye and charm the imagination; wreaths of flowers (which must always be a chief ornament for full-dress *coiffures*) are now worn divided, one part twining round the upper part of the head and rather raised behind, the other brought over the division of front hair and terminating on each temple. Another favourite style consists of two bouquets, the one rising with a coquettish air above the side ringlets, a similar one placed amongst them close to the cheek. No ornaments are so appropriate as pearls when the hair is arranged low; they are disposed in the most becoming manner on velvet *bandeaux*, and the antique velvet caps. For very young ladies, a narrow *bandeau* of coloured ribbon, ending on the left side in a bow, is sufficient ornament; a row of peals and bouquet of roses worn in the same manner is sometimes prefered. We seldom see those heavy flat braids next the cheek, and the general effect should be full, and at the same time extremely light. A very elegant head-dress may be formed by drawing the long hair under a gold net fixed by an arrow on a knot of gold ribbon, the front hair hanging in ringlets.

Jewellery.—Long chains, of curious antique workmanship, as well as the more simple kind, are extremely fashionable. The eye-glass, or casolette, is suspended to them, while the watch, displayed with the same care which was lately used to hide it, appears fixed to the girdle by a shorter and thicker chain. Emeralds and turquoises are the favorite stones, set in wrought gold, they are frequently embellished with diamonds; ear-rings, are still worn very long; the Turkish pattern is a novelty, the gold being chiselled, in imitation of arabesques; *agraffes* are very generally worn, to mark the centre of the *corsage*, a pendant being attached to the upper one; paste bouquets are so highly ornamented, that we must notice them in the jewellery department. Some we have seen, most truly beautiful, having cameos set in the centre, or flowers formed in colored stones; a basket form is now preferred to that of the *corna copia*.

Prevailing Colors for the Month.—*Cerise*, approaching to crimson; myrtle green; *scabieuse*; Haytien blue; two shades of rich brown, and gold color: for linings, rose color and emerald green.

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## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The decided *season* in Paris at the present moment, calls for every aid that taste and fashion can suggest, as the most distinguished costumes, which have already been admired by every judge of true good taste, will soon be appreciated with us; a short notice of these dresses may prove acceptable. A robe of blue velvet, adorned with an *échelle* of ribbons, *en tablier*; flat *corsage*, and blond lace mantilla cape; very full short sleeves, and upper ones of blond, full to the wrist; bows on each shoulder: to complete this *récherché* costume, a white crape hat, raised on the left side, with two white feathers, while mingling amidst the curls on the right appeared a white moss rose and two buds; at the same party we noticed a very young lady who wore a beautiful dress, composed of *rayé* white satin, stamped in a pattern imitating coral, and traced in black; above the hem of the skirt, was a garland of leaves, cut in red satin; the *corsage* was draped, and the centre marked by *agraffes* of coral and gold; short Grecian sleeves, looped up with a *torsade* of red ribbon, fixed to a similar *agraffe* on each shoulder. This lady's hair was dressed in the antique style, with a gold bandeau, and coral ornament, in the centre, the long hair confined at top by a gold arrow.

Admired Parisian Hats.—A *scabieuse* velvet, trimmed with satin ribbons *en suite*, and a wreath of Bengal roses, the crimson tint; two bouquets of the same adorning the side curls. A black satin hat, ornamented with ribbons of the new colour, called *flamme samnite*. A *solitaire* velvet, the ribbons edged with blue, the feathers partaking the same elegant mixture. *Malgré* all the rich and beautiful fancy materials now exhibiting in Paris, black velvet maintains its supremacy, both for morning and evening dresses. Velvet pelisses trimmed with rich furs are among the most decided favourites. The present mode of dressing hair is *à l'Anglaise*, that is, in long ringlets at the side, has partly banished the exuberant ornaments which were worn above the shorter tufts of hair. *Bandeaux*, however, are still placed across the forehead, and meet the side curls, where one large flower encircled by blond, or a *coque* of ribbon, sufficiently lightens the effect of black velvet to the countenance. Two of the most distinguished *élégantes* have lately appeared in the following head-dressess. Madame St. A——, a very small white velvet hat, the Andalusian front, trimmed with a row of pearls, and inclining to the left and a drooping white feather on the right. The Countess M—— wore a cashmere turban, red and white, the rich folds confined by gold bracelets, interspersed with various coloured stones. Evening caps in Paris are now almost entirely formed by the flower which ornament them; the blond or sylphide gauze of the thinnest texture, and flat in front, consequently the effect resembles a *coiffure en cheveux*. A novelty has just appeared for morning caps: it consists in embroidering white or colored *tulle* in the same manner as muslin, and some of the patterns are quite beautiful; the cap should be very simply trimmed. Barbes are the distinguishing mark of good taste in a morning cap. They hang quite *dégagé*, while a third is drawn up into a pretty bow on one side.

Parisian Shawls.—There is at the present moment a richer display of Cashmere than for several winters past: they seem to have come expressly to raise emulation in our French looms, and defy our powers: *nous verrons;* meanwhile, envy shall not render us unjust to their merit; the colours are exquisite, and some new designs very beautiful. Three long ones have attracted peculiar notice: the one green with a sumptuous border at each end; a black, with palms traced in real gold; and a bright blue, with various coloured treillage at the ends. Several French Cashmere's retain the plaid patterns, softened by the beautiful texture of the shawl to a becoming harmony of hue. Large satin shawls, lined throughout with fur, are in request for the opera.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXVIII.—English Earls.

### EARL NELSON.

"England! isle of free and brave,
Safely guarded by the wave;
Though we seek the fairest land,
That the south-wind ever fanned,
Never may we hope to see,
Homes so holy as in thee!"

LADY BLESSINGTON.

The name of NELSON will live, imperishable, in the annals of our country. In all the civilized parts of the globe that name is known and honoured. It is a name of which Englishmen will, to latest ages, be proud; and the example of him who obtained the first honours, by his great and glorious achievements, will continue to be held up as an incentive to the youth of Britain, who may devote themselves to the service of their country. It is not necessary to trace the lineage of NELSON; the glory with which the great HORATIO covered himself, was equal in brightness to that of the oldest peerage in existence; and we need, therefore, only say, that the Rev. EDMUND NELSON, rector of Burnham Thorpe, was the father of the naval hero. HORATIO NELSON, was born on the 29th of September, 1758. In his early boyhood, he evinced that boldness of spirit which characterized his after-career. He once stayed from home for so long a time, as to alarm the family of his grandmother, with whom he was residing, and was found ruminating by the side of a brook. When brought back, the old lady expressed her wonder that fear and hunger had not occasioned his return; to which he replied, "Fear! fear, grandmama!—What is fear! I never saw such a thing in my life!" His uncle, Captain SUCKLING, obtained for him a situation under Captain LUTERIDGE, in Captain PHIPPS' North-West voyage of discovery (to which we last month alluded, in our history of the MULGRAVE family); he was then only fifteen, and one night, while they were among the ice, he and a companion availed themselves of the darkness to leave the ship and go in pursuit of a bear. After a long time had elapsed, the Captain beheld the daring fellows at some distance, fighting with an enormously-sized bear! The signal for return was immediately made, but young NELSON turned a deaf ear to the mandate. A chasm in the ice divided him from the bear, at which he was aiming a tremendous blow with the butt-end of his musket, his stock of ammunition being exhausted. To preserve his brave young favourite, the Captain fired again, which caused the bear to retreat, and the boy reluctantly walked to the ship; and when asked the motive of his conduct, he said, "I wished to kill the bear, that I might carry home the skin to my father."

In his subsequent service, his courage and abilities more fully manifested themselves. In 1777, he was appointed second Lieutenant of the Lowestoff frigate, and in 1779, he was raised to the rank of Post-Captain. In 1780, NELSON was employed to capture Fort St. Juan, on the river of that name, which flows from Lake Nicarague into the Atlantic. None of his men, however, had ever been up the river, or knew the distance of any fortification from its mouth. But NELSON resolved not to abandon the enterprise. About two hundred men embarked in a shore craft, and in two boats, and, after dreadful contests with shoals and sand banks, currents and rapids, the difficulties of which were almost insurmountable, they reached an island on the river, called St. Bartolomeo, with a battery. NELSON leaped on the beach, followed by a few of his seamen; it was deep mud into which he sprung, and extricating himself with some difficulty, and with the loss of his shoes, he went boldly on, and stormed the battery, soon after the capture of which, the castle of St. Juan surrendered.

While cruising on the Canada station, NELSON captured a fishing schooner, the cargo of which was all the possessions of her master, who had a large family depending upon him for support. NELSON employed him as a pilot for a short time, and then dismissed him, without taking the least portion of his property, and with a certificate to secure him against being captured by any other vessel. This man afterwards risked his life to convey to NELSON a present of sheep and poultry, a gift, at the time, of inestimable value. The generosity of NELSON was so deeply felt, that the Bostonians preserved the certificate, and it is still preserved as an invaluable relic.

Soon after this, NELSON was introduced to Prince WILLIAM HENRY, (his present Majesty). The young Prince described his new acquaintance as the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full-laced uniform, an old fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length, making, altogether, so remarkable a figure, that the Prince was not a little puzzled about his new acquaintance. At Quebec, Nelson fell in love, but as he had not the means of keeping a wife, he departed quickly, and returning to Europe settled for a time at St. Omers; but another pair of fine eyes here ensnared his heart, and to escape from which he applied to the Admiralty for employment, and went to sea again.

It is impossible to particularize in our brief limits, the brilliant actions in which NELSON figured. In 1787 he was married to Mrs. NISBETT, the widow of a physician, and then in her eighteenth year. His present Majesty gave away the fair bride.

The career of NELSON was a glorious one. After fighting the great battle in Aboukir Bay, on the 1st of August, 1798, successfully, he rose to the summit of glory. Congratulations, rewards, and honours, were showered upon him by all states, and Princes, and powers, to whom his victory gave a respite. The Turkish Sultan presented him with a sable pelisse, valued

at 5,100 dollars, and a diamond aigrette valued at 18,000 dollars; the mother of the Sultan sent him a box set with diamonds, valued at one thousand pounds. The Czar, PAUL, of Russia, gave him his portrait set in diamonds in a gold box. Other sovereigns also made him presents, and at home he was created Baron NELSON of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, and had a pension of 2,000*l.* granted to him. Ten thousand pounds were also voted to him by the East India Company; the Turkish Company gave him a costly piece of plate, and a handsome sword was presented to him by the City of London.

Shortly after this, the unfortunate connection between Lady HAMILTON and himself commenced, which embittered all his after-life, and sullied his most brilliant reputation. It is not our intention to enter further upon this melancholy subject, nor to comment upon the extraordinary punishment of the aged CARACCIOLI; they are matters which we hurry over, and pass rapidly by to the final scene of this great man's life, off Cape Trafalgar, on the 21st of October, 1805. Throughout the action in which he received his death wound, he seemed to have a consciousness that his life was about to terminate. Early in the morning, it was remarked, that though his spirits were well sustained, he had none of the excitation which the near approach of battle was wont to occasion in him. There was about him rather the calmness of resignation than the exulting buoyancy of the hero. In the very heat of the action, a ball struck NELSON in the left shoulder, and he fell. He immediately exclaimed to his friend, HARDY, who stood beside him, "They have done for me at last!" He lingered for three hours, after having received the wound—lived to hear that the victory was his—that the fleets of France and Spain were utterly destroyed—and then, with the flag of victory waving over his head, this mighty hero sunk into the arms of death! His remains were brought to England, and magnificently interred in St. Paul's cathedral, on the 9th of June, 1806, where a monument is erected to his memory.

As he died without issue, his original peerage became extinct; but a second barony, that of Baron NELSON, of Hilborough, in the county of Norfolk, devolved upon his brother, the Rev. WILLIAM NELSON. We should have stated that NELSON has also been created Duke of BRONTE, by the King of the Two Sicilies.

His successor, the above-mentioned Rev. WILLIAM NELSON, D.D. was a distinguished member of the Church. He was born on the 20th of April, 1757, and was united

"In that mysterious union which doth last
'Till life goes out, with love,"

on the 9th of November, 1786, to SARAH, daughter of the Reverend HENRY YONGE. One daughter only resulted from this marriage, CHARLOTTE MARY, who was born in September, 1787, and was married, in 1810, to SAMUEL, Lord BRIDPORT. On the 20th of November, 1805, his Lordship was created Viscount MERTON and TRAFALGAR, of Merton, in the county of Surrey, and Earl of NELSON. Upon the death of his Lordship, which occurred but a few months ago, the son of his Lordship's deceased sister (SUSANNAH, wife of THOMAS BOLTON, Esq.),

THOMAS BOLTON, Esq. succeeded to the titles. His Lordship enjoyed them but a brief period, and died on the 1st of November, 1835, at his residence, Brukworth House, near Salisbury. The Noble Earl was in the forty-ninth year of his age. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son (now in the thirteenth year of his age) HORATIO,

Earl NELSON, of Merton and Trafalgar; Viscount MERTON and TRAFALGAR, of Merton, Surrey, and Baron NELSON of the Nile and Hillsborough. His arms are as follows: *or.*, on a cross flory, *sa.*, surmounted by a beud, *gu.*, thereon another, engr. *or.*, charged with three bombs, *sa.*, fired ppr. over all, on a fesse wavy, *az.*, the word *Trafalgar*, in gold letters; on a chief undulated, *ar*, the waves of the sea, from which a palm tree issuant, between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruined battery on the sinister, all ppr. *Crests.* First, on a naval crown *or*, the chelengk, or plume of triumph, presented to the great NELSON by the Grand Seignior; second, the stem of a Spanish line of battle ship, flotant upon waves, all ppr. inscribed under the gallery, *San Josef.* *Motto*, over the last crest, "*Faith and Works.*" Supporters, dexter, a sailor, sustaining with his exterior hand a ship's pennant, and with his interior, a palm branch, all ppr.; sinister, a lion rampant, regardant, holding in its mouth and trampling upon the tricoloured flag, and the Spanish flag, holding in the dexter paw, a palm branch, all ppr. Motto: "Palmam qui meruit ferat." May his young Lordship live to become as popular and great as his predecessors!

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## THE GIPSEY.

In the autumn of the year 1785, as the sun by its lengthening shadows marked the close of day, two persons were observed pursuing their weary way in Dove Dale, at some distance from Ashbourn.

They were both women, and of the wandering tribe of gipsies; by their appearance they seemed to be mother and daughter, as one of them was somewhat advanced in years, whilst the other could scarce have reckoned seventeen summers to have passed away. The elder of the two bore all the distinguishing marks of her tribe, a deep swarthy complexion, with hair and eyes of the blackest shade, whilst the youngest had much more the air of being sun-burnt by constant exposure, than the hereditary look of her mother: her hair was not of the same raven black, but of the darkest brown, and her eyes of hazel: a checquered handkerchief, of which red was the predominating colour, was tied round the face, the knot beneath the chin being fastened with some pretensions to neatness; her height was scarcely above the middle stature, and the pure natural symmetry of her form needed no aid to shew it off to the greatest advantage. A gown of dark stuff, made to fit exactly to the figure, and a short cloak, worn in common with the tribe, were alone distinguishable from the mother by its tasty arrangement.

They had been pursuing their course for some time in silence, the elder leading the way, and the younger following, with much appearance of fatigue, until a sudden turn brought them to a wide expansive view of the country. The mother looked around for a moment, as if in search of some object, but after a short time she ascended an acclivity, and her daughter, who still continued to follow, threw herself tired and listlessly on the ground at her feet.

The keen glances of the mother swept along the view, until they became fixed upon some object, and her quick breathings shewed it was not without emotion she looked upon the spot. Her gaze was so long in the same direction, that the daughter too looked up, but could perceive nothing but a gentleman's mansion, elegant in truth, but not sufficient to call forth remark from a foot-sore wanderer.

"What is there mother that should so fix your attention on yonder house?"

"Much! much! for to me it speaks of days gone-by, and the dark spirit of evil reminds me of times of sorrow when I look upon it."

"And yet, mother, many years have passed since you have looked upon it, for in all our wanderings we have not rested here."

"Never! that thy young remembrance can call to mind, but to me it seems as if it were but yesterday. Look Naomi, and see how proud it stands, how beautiful is all around, and bethink thee of the vast wealth of him that owns it, for he is great, and rich, and powerful."

"Ah! mother, he must, indeed, be happy, and little heeds what it is to be tired and weary. Why is it Jabeth tarries so long with the tents, for I am worn with fatigue."

"Did'st say happy, child—happy! No, no! he cannot know what happiness is, there is a cankering sorrow at his heart night and day; it must be before him when he wakes, and his sleep be troubled with his grief; he is proud, and would hide his feelings from the world; but can he shut out from himself the hideous uncertain thought that must drive him almost to madness?"

"Then, mother, I do not envy him with all his wealth; and tired and weary, I am happier without aught to make me sad than if I had the cares that riches bring."

"But it is not that wealth and power made him unhappy, he had those and yet tasted happiness in its purest state; but a dark cloud came across him and all was desolation: his riches, had they been ten times told, could not purchase back what he has lost."

"And has he no companion to assuage his grief?"

"Such as a wife may be whose sorrow is even greater than his own; for she, like a woman, cannot hide her feelings from the world, but as a flower crushed suddenly to the earth by some rude weight, she lives, but cannot regain her former state."

"And is their grief from the same cause?"

"The same blow struck them together."

"Alas! I pity them."

"Pity them!—for the woman I may at times feel, knowing from sad experience what she must suffer; but for him, I can curse him—vent all my maledictions against him."

"Mother, why should you be thus angered with him?"

"Deep and loud shall my curses still be against you, proud Luke Bradley."

"Bradley!"

"Aye, for that is his detested name."

"Bradley! mother; why is it that name sounds to me as one I have heard before."

"It may be some place we have cast our tents against, and you recal it to your mind."

"No, mother, it is not so—for it seems to me a confused idea of something I cannot well remember; the sound is familiar, and yet I know not when or how I heard it."

"Thou hast dreamt perhaps of something, and the name perchance is thus fixed on your remembrance."

"Well, mother, it does seem as if it were a dream; and yet it cannot be, for I almost think I do remember—"

"Do not tell me your dreams, I am in no humour to listen to them now."

"Nay, it is not a dream, for I do think that I remember me that with the name I can recall something of—"

"Naomi, cease this idle nonsense, and look if you see Jabeth with the tents, for we shall rest here."

"I see him in the distance; what can make him loiter thus?"

"I know not, but tell me, mother, more of this Luke Bradley, for I know not why, yet I feel I could listen to you for hours, if you would speak about him. What is the cause of his grief?"

"I know not—I have told you all I know."

"But you said, the same sorrow affected his poor wife, tell me then of her."

"I know nothing of either of them. I told you but what report told me."

"But why curse him?"

"He has been a bitter enemy to our race, and for that I do and ever shall curse him."

"But there are many that have been thus bitter against us, and you have not cursed them as you have done this Luke Bradley."

"Naomi, my child, your questions weary me, for I am tired like yourself, and would rest awhile."

Naomi forebore to press her mother further; but as she continued to recline on the ground, she leant her head upon her hand, and remained gazing intently on the mansion; it was like many she had seen in her wanderings, and from the doors of which she had been rudely thrust, with either an ill-timed jest, or an angry threat; there was nothing in it that should fix her attention, and yet she felt a pleasure in looking at it, in vain did she endeavour to remember when or how she had heard this name of Bradley, for she could find no clue to it, and she briefly ran over in her mind the history of her life; but in this there was little to remark, it was one course of wanderings from place to place, and few eventful circumstances; she had been treated by her mother and Jabeth with the greatest kindness, and brought up with more than the usual care bestowed upon children of their race. That Jabeth was not her father, she knew, since he had been with her mother after their fashion, only within her remembrance, and her father had died when she was a child, and she remembered him not.

Her mother, except at the general meetings of the tribe, was little with those of her kind, she wandered with Jabeth and herself, and seemed to avoid encamping with any others she met in her way; there were times when she was much oppressed with grief for some loss sustained in early life, and when the dark spirit was on her, she seemed to avoid even the presence of her child, whom she, however, always treated in the fondest manner. It occurred to Naomi, that once when she had lain awake unable to sleep, her mother had risen from the tent, and gone forth into the open air, much troubled in spirit, and she seemed wailing for her loss; after a pause of a few minutes, her complainings were changed to deep maledictions and she was convinced that her mother had more than once mentioned the name of Bradley. Of this she had thought but little at the time, but now it was recalled with all the freshness of yesterday. Who, or what, could this Bradley be, or how had he injured her? She could remember, that on the night she had first heard the name spoken by her mother, it sounded familiar to her, but could think of no reason why it should be so; and even now was there the same indistinctness.

She saw that any further questions to her mother would only make her angry, as her recollection of the spot had

worked upon the feelings, and she would remain for some time in one of her wild moods. Neither Naomi nor her mother exchanged a word until the arrival of Jabeth, when the tents were fixed, a hasty meal prepared and eaten in silence, save a few words spoken by Jabeth and Naomi. Thamar arranged the small tent occupied by her daughter and retired to her own, without breaking the silence, and Naomi soon forgot in a deep sleep the conjectures she had been so busied about.

On the following morning Naomi accompained her mother, as she took her course beside the Dove, down the vale; she had not asked her whither they were going, since she knew it could not be far distant, as the tents were to remain where they had been placed for some days. Thamar spoke not, for she had scarce done so during the morning, and Naomi followed in silence, the beauty of the scene, in some degree, attractiog her attention, for it was, indeed, a lovely spot, but to her mother it seemed not so, for she scarce looked upon it; and if she did, it was with an air of sorrow. After some time they left the river, beside which they had been hitherto pursuing their way, and turning to the left, stopt before a mansion which Naomi thought was the one she had seen in the distance, the gate was open, as intruders were rarely found in that remote spot, and they entered; before them was a beautiful lawn which fronted the house, and on which a gentleman and lady were walking, amusing themselves with the gambols of a couple of spaniels playing together on the grass.

The age of the gentleman might be about forty-five, and despite an air of melancholy that was stamped upon his features, still a handsome man; his wife was some years younger, and bore the appearance of one who had been really beautiful; but sorrow had evidently done much to weigh her down; it seemed as if a saddened expression was on her features which time had made habitual. Once or twice she smiled as the animals sported around her, but it was faintly and as if the heart had not responded.

The gentleman happening to look towards the gate, perceived Thamar and her daughter, who had entered; at the sight of them his anger seemed suddenly aroused, for turning furiously towards them, he said,

"What vile hags have we here?"

"They are gypsies Luke, doubtless come to beg."

"Lady," said Thamar, "I came not to beg."

"Then to steal," said the gentleman.

"I came not to steal," again replied Thamar.

"Ye had best be gone, ye and your cursed tribe, or I will have you set in the stocks, to brood over your wickedness."

"Nay, Luke, be not harsh with them; hear at least what they have to say."

"Lady, I thank you for your kind word, though I did not much heed his angry threat."

"Speak woman at once, and say what you want, since you come not to beg or steal."

"Luke Bradley, I come humbly to pray you to listen to me —"

"Well, well—"

"Will you give me back my poor boy!"

"Your boy, what boy does the woman mean?"

"The child you took from me, now fifteen years ago; oh! give him to me again."

"I know not what you mean."

"The child your cruel laws took from me and forced far, far away, where I could not follow him,"

"Your child robbed me and was justly punished."

"'Tis false, he never robbed you, he was innocent; oh, Luke Bradley, give him to me again, let me see him once more, for now he must be grown to manhood, and he was like to me as child could be; oh, if you but knew what it is to yearn for a child you have not seen for years, and know not what may be its fate, you could not have it in your heart to refuse me."

Mrs. Bradley buried her face in her hands and turned away; the recollection of something painfully recuring to her. Her husband seemed moved, for he answered in a husky voice.

"Woman, woman, I have not your child."

"But you took him from me, and that which ye have taken ye can give back."

"Oh, Luke, let the woman have her child, for she must deeply feel its loss."

"Mary, if it were in my power, she should not ask in vain."

"Oh! Man, man, you can give him to me if you would; why could not his tender years save him from your ruthless laws, for he was scarcely more than eight years old, and barely knew right from wrong; he was not a fit subject for vengeance even had he done what you alleged against him, and which I swear he did not."

"The case was clear against him, but I thought not his sentence would have been so severe."

"What matters your thoughts when they were too late; you should have stayed your hand, and forborne to press against one so young. Did you not think of the mother's anguish when you tore from her her child? No, you knew not; you cared not, for her feelings, for she was a despised thing, an outcast, a houseless wanderer; and yet she loved her child more than those of gentler blood, for she had borne and watched it amidst sufferings and sorrow, ye dreamt not of; it was to her a daily, hourly solace; and, oh! how fondly she did look at it in its growth, aud think how like it was to herself, the same stamp of countenance and complexion, the same raven-hair, the same dark eyes, all, all her very counterpart, and yet you tore him from her arms, sent him far away, and, from that time, she has not looked upon him again. In that hour, Luke Bradley, I prayed to curse you—to wither up your heart's glad feelings—and to place grief and sorrow in their stead.—It has come to pass. Now, if you will give me back my boy, I will pray again: my prayer may be listened to—you may forget your sorrow, and be happy again. Luke Bradley, will you give me back my boy?"

"Woman, woman, I am troubled for you; and, were it in my power, would do as you wish!"

"It is in your power ———."

"Would it were so, you should not suffer longer."

"Tell me, my good woman," said Mrs. Bradley, "is that your child?"

"She is!"

"I have looked long at her, and yet she bears no traces of thine."

"Then, she is like her father."

"How know I that?"

"Because you have my word for it, which is all you ever can have."

"Woman, I grieve to see one like her brought up in thy wild way of life; I feel for her an interest; why, I know not—but still I do feel drawn towards her, and if you will consent that she shall stay with me, she shall be cared for, as kindly even as you could wish."

"Why should I part with my child?"

"You shall have money!"

"Can gold wipe out the ties of flesh and blood?—or do you think because you are rich and powerful, you can buy the affection of a mother for her child?"

"Have you no wish to see her well placed in the world beyond the chance of want?"

"She is happy as she is, and covets not more."

"Tell me, girl, would you stay with me?"

"My mother has been ever kind to me."

"And so will I."

"But not as a mother."

"Yes, all a mother can be."

"Lady, there is a tie that links us in our wild way of life ye know not of; it is more than the affection ye bear towards your children, because ———."

"Girl! I have no children."

"Then, Lady, you know not what a mother feels for her child."

"Oh! that I had never known it; and I might have been spared long years of suffering."

"I am sorry, Lady, your child is dead, for you speak kindly, and I think must have grieved much at its death."

"Alas! alas! she did not die."

"And yet you mourn for her, lady."

"Oh, my poor Jane! you were the sweetest child that ever a mother's eyes looked upon; and now, oh! heavens, what may be your lot! I cannot bear the thought."

"Lady," said Thamar, "since you feel thus for the loss of your child, think with pity upon me; plead for me with your husband to give me back my poor boy, and I will pray, after our form, that your child may be restored to you. Lady, there may be more in my beseechings than in thine—you may again be happy; plead for me lady—plead for me!"

"Woman, I will do all for you I can."

"Then, Lady, I will bless you."

"You will not leave your child with me."

"She is all that calls me mother."

"Think of what you refuse."

"Think, Lady, of my lonely wanderings without her I love. How sad all things will be to me wanting her I have so long cherished! what a blank life will then be to me!"

"But you can remain near her; you shall want for nothing."

"Lady, the wide world is my home, and the shelter of a house suits me not; we have our habits as you have yours, and we cannot break from them and assume others more than you can reconcile yourself to ours—it cannot be. Come Naomi, let us to our tents, for Jabeth awaits us; Lady, we shall soon meet again, and the time may come that I shall speak to thee more of what you would wish to hear—I shall not forget you meant me kindly."

Naomi and her mother turned away, and slowly took the road towards their encampment, Thamar resuming her former silence, which was not broken till they arrived at the tents.

Thamar had caused much wonder to her daughter by pleading to Bradley for her son; it was the first time Naomi had ever heard there had been another of her race who called Thamar mother, and she now found some clue, though an imperfect one, to the bitter hatred borne towards the name of Bradley; but whilst she could, in some degree, perceive the reason of her mother's feelings, there was much she could not understand, nor could she imagine why she had thus been kept in ignorance of circumstances so nearly relating to herself.

The cause of Thamar's bitter hatred has been partly explained, but it will be better understood by a brief sketch of the object of her hostility.

Mr. Bradley was a gentleman of great wealth, living near Ashbourn, in Derbyshire, and the mansion in which he resided had passed from father to son for many generations: they were looked upon as one of the oldest families in the county, in addition to their possessing considerable influence from the immense landed property which they had been constantly increasing. The present possessor of the family property had married early in life, adding to his vast wealth by so doing. He had the character of being somewhat proud and stern, arising, perhaps, from the early indulgence of one born to share so largely in the world's favours, but this was not apparent save to those who knew him but little, since it soon wore off by intimacy. He was devotedly attached to his wife, who returned his affection to the utmost, and life seemed to promise all that happiness could bestow.

Mr. Bradley had hoped that his eldest child should prove a son, but it was willed otherwise, it was a girl: though this was some disappointment to his hopes he loved it with all the affection a father could feel for his first and only child, and watched it with the same anxious solicitude as its mother; it was a sure passport to his good graces for any one to remark how like the child was to him, for in truth it did give early tokens of future resemblance, at times he might regret for a moment that it had not been a boy, but this soon passed away, and he forgot in the infant playfulness of his pretty Jane that he had ever wished it other than it was. When the child was about two years old it chanced that some gipsies had fixed their encampment in Dove Dale, not far from the residence of Mr. Bradley; for a time they were harmless enough, and allowed to remain in peace, but this soon wore away, and the farmers began to complain loudly of the loss of poultry and other triffes about the farm yards, which were considered to find their way into the iron kettles of the wanderers, and whose absence therefore was considered as very desirable. The gentry, too, began to find fault, in concert with their tenants, as they missed sundry articles in the shape of plate, and things of value that were portable, yet so cleverly was it managed, that the delinquent always contrived to evade detection, until one unlucky rascal of a boy was found trotting towards the tents with something beneath his jacket which he strove to conceal, and on being searched part of the contents of Mr. Bradley's plate chest was found upon him.

As this was the only one they were enabled to catch under any suspicious circumstances, it was determined to make him an example to the rest: in vain the mother besought Mr. Bradley to spare her child and not appear against him, but he replied that the nuisance had become so great that some one must be punished. The mother replied that her child had been the dupe of some older party, and was too young to know the consequence of an act which she was even sure he had not committed, though it might seem against him.

The boy, however, was tried, Mr. Bradley appearing against him, and sentenced to be transported for life, a private intimation being at the time conveyed to Mr. Bradley, that in consequence of his tender years the sentence would not be rigorously enforced, but he would be separated from his tribe, taught some honest trade, and if his conduct merited it at a future day, receive a pardon.

The mother considered Mr. Bradley as the author of her misery, and vowed the most bitter vengeance against him, which, however, was little heeded. The gipsies almost immediately afterwards removed from the neighbourhood, and nothing further was heard of them.

The circumstance was altogether forgotten, for in fact it had been scarcely thought of, save by the mother, and the farmers again felt that their poultry yards were safe from the intruders.

Mrs. Bradley was one summer's day, shortly after this, playing with her child on the lawn before the house, looking at it with a mother's fondness, as it tumbled upon the grass, when her attention was called to something taking place in the house, and she left the child for a few minutes to itself. On her return to the lawn, which was almost immediately, to her great surprise, the little girl was no where to be seen; she thought, at first, it might have strayed into the plantations, and these she examined in the most rigid manner; but without finding the object of her search, and despite the persevering and almost unceasing efforts that were made to discover whither it could have wandered, no clue could be found to afford the least hope.

Rewards were offered by the distracted parents to those who could give any information that might to lead to its discovery, but in vain, for no one came to claim them, and all the endeavours of the servants and neighbours, persevered in for many days, were fruitless, for the child was never found.

Neither Mr. Bradley, nor his wife from that time ever regained their usual state of mind, they had no other children to reconcile them to their loss, and were ever recurring to their "pretty Jane," and thinking whether it were dead or living, and, if alive, what might be its fate. The cause, or means of its disappearance remained altogether a mystery. Mr. Bradley, in addition to his grief, at finding himself childless, saw, with sorrow, that his wife was ever accusing herself for the loss of her child, and but for her negligence, it might still have been with her. It was in vain he strove to console her, and shewed that she was not to blame; it prayed daily and hourly on her spirits, and though she felt his kindness in framing excuses, she could not forgive herself.

Mrs. Bradley had been much moved by Thamar's earnest supplication for her son to be restored to her, since it forcibly recalled the loss of her own child, and she felt for her as a mother, promising that if aught could be done, she would assist her. Her husband, in compliance with her wish, wrote to the Secretary of State, who did not long allow a person of Mr. Bradley's influence in the county to remain without an answer, he informed him that the last returns had stated the boy (now grown to manhood) was going on well, and had been taught a trade which he might, if he wished, follow with advantage; and since Mr. Bradley had interested himself in his behalf, the Secretary had inclosed his pardon, and orders had been sent out to furnish him a passage home."

Thamar had remained for some days in Dove Dale, where they had fixed their tents, loth to leave, and yet scarce knowing why she stopt; there were associations connected with the spot which though they reminded her of the cause of her unhappiness, yet recalled to her moments when she had been happy. The country around seemed familiar to her, and she felt more contented than she had been for years, perhaps, too, there was a lingering hope that something might be done by Bradley, to restore her son, and this idea, which she could not divest herself of, kept her from removing.

It might have been a fortnight they had remained thus in the Dale, though each day passed so like to one another, that time was scarcely marked, when Thamar, who was busied without the tent, observed a carriage stop at some short distance from the spot where she was—a lady descended, and seemed coming towards them; as she looked more intently she thought she could recognize the figure of Mrs. Bradley, and a few minutes confirmed her suspicions.

As Mrs. Bradley approached, Thamar strove to think what could be the object of her visit, since she was assured it was to herself, and she felt convinced in her own mind that she was come to renew her offers to take Naomi under her protection, and she as quickly determined to refuse her.

"Woman," said Mrs. Bradley, "you have not been lately to us: I had thought to see you again."

"What should I seek? I would not beg, no, nor steal from you—what cause had I then to go amongst you?"

"You would have found kindness from us."

"Kindness from Luke Bradley?"

"Yes, woman," said Mrs. Bradley, somewhat sternly "from my husband you might have found it."

"But not towards myself, and yet, for the sake of others, perhaps, I might—it is but little, however, I have to expect from him."

"The temper of your mind causes you to see things with an ill-favoured aspect."

"Lady, it may be so—he took from me what, as a mother, I prized more than all the world. I besought—I prayed to him to spare my child, to think of its tender years—all, all that a mother could say I did; and he would not listen to me; my boy was torn from me—and from that hour to this I have not looked upon him again, and yet, Lady, you think I should expect kindness from Luke Bradley—to you he may be good and kind; I cannot gainsay it; but towards a poor wretched being like myself, the very sight of whom is loathsome to him, what is there to expect? You have seen life only on its brightest side, and know not what such as I have to bear; our feelings are as quick and as keen as yours, but there are none to heed them, and we must suffer in silence where we are wronged."

"Woman, your opinions are at variance with the world; the difference of right and wrong is not properly considered by you, and when you suffer for want of its due observance, you blame those against whom you have raised your hands."

"Lady, my boy was innocent."

"I hope he was so."

"Indeed, indeed, he was."

"It is of little use now to consider whether or not he was so, the law deemed him otherwise, and he suffered perhaps, as you say, innocently. My husband, unkind as he may have appeared to you, thought his sentence far too severe, and has applied for, and obtained his pardon—here it is."

"His pardon, Lady! do I hear you rightly, and shall I see my boy again—my own dear Nemah: methinks I see him now, dark and beautiful beyond all his race, his long black hair falling around, his wild eyes, his form light and active: oh! what must he have grown to as a man? Lady, Lady, I have not felt as I do now for many a long year; may He that you look to in your hour of need never refuse to listen to your entreaties."

"You will also find that orders have been sent to give him a passage home."

"Lady, it is to you I owe all this; I cannot say how

deeply I feel what you have done for me: and this will set him free again; what does it say? for to me it is all a blank, I cannot tell the meaning of these characters: Lady, I beseech you, read them to me, that I may hear what they say."

"Mrs. Bradley opened the paper and read the contents, whilst Thamar listened with the deepest attention.

"And he is free to wander with me once more; to be my companion, my own Nemah. Oh, Lady! I had never thought to be so happy: my dear, dear child, we shall meet again: but, Lady, you seem in sorrow, your eyes are filled with tears."

"It is the thought of something your words have brought to my recollection."

"And you are truly sad."

"It will pass away."

"Lady, I feel for you, for something seems to weigh very heavy on your mind."

"There is, indeed, a heavy sorrow on my mind."

"And is there nothing, Lady, could assuage this grief?"

"Alas! I fear me not; but, woman, question me no further, for there is a sadness on my spirits that will not let me dwell upon its cause."

Thamar passed her hand across her brow, and seemed for a few moments much agitated, once or twice her lips moved as about to speak, but she checked herself.

"What is it, woman, moves you thus?" said Mrs. Bradley.

"Lady, there is a conflict of feelings within my breast urging me different ways. I would do what is right, but there is something clinging round my heart that will not let me—a moment and I shall be myself again—the struggle for mastery will be over. Naomi," she said, placing her hand upon her forehead, and gazing intently in her face, "let me look upon those features; you have not my wild eye—nor raven hair—nor dark complexion; nor aught that doth resemble me, and yet do I love you as though you were my very image."

"Mother, you have ever been to me all that kindness could be."

"Yes, Naomi, our wanderings have been together, our resting place ever the same—our joys, our grief—no, not that, for you have not yet known sorrow, and may you never do so; but in all else, we have shared together what the world brought forth, and never have you looked to the future in hopes of better days."

"Mother, what could I look for; there is nothing I have desired."

"Oh! Naomi, I have loved you but too well; nay, look not so, for I am not in anger. You know I never spoke unkindly to you, and would not do so now."

"Nay, mother, I am sure you would not."

"Jabeth, put together the tents that we may leave this spot, our course now lies far away."

"Woman, before you go I would have you listen to me."

"Lady, I know what you would say."

"And you will not consent?"

"Let me reflect awhile—I owe you much, and would repay your kindness, but you know not what it costs me."

"You shall have whatever you desire, all that wealth can purchase,"

"Your kindness has done what all your riches never could—nay, had your wealth been ten times greater even than it is, it would have been the same to me, for poor as I am you could not have purchased my affection; but you have found the only way to move me: listen, and with patience, for you will need it."

Thamar paused awhile, as if in hesitation, looking at the same time with much fondness on Naomi. After a few moments she turned towards Mr. Bradley.

"When my poor boy was taken from me, I looked to your husband as the cause of all my sorrow. I was childless; for he had taken from me my only child, and, Lady, you know not in our wild life what are our affections, nor how I mourned my loss. Deep and bitter vengeance did I vow against him, and all belonging to him, and many a sleepless night did I pass, thinking how one so humble as myself could strike a blow that should be felt. I had remarked, that in your arms you bore a child, on whom you looked with all a mother's fondness for her first-born. I saw you press it to your lips as it stretched out its little arms towards you, and I perceived how anxiously its father watched as it played about, fearful, at each moment, lest it should fall. I saw how he loved it, even as I had done my own poor boy, and then I knew he was in my power. My tribe had left, seeking a far distant scene; but I went not with them. I lurked about the grounds in your neighbourhood avoiding the sight of all, and watching for my opportunity. It came at last. I saw the child one day playing on the lawn, its mother had left it for a moment, and none were near to watch it. I sprang from my concealment, seized it in my arms, and flew, rather than ran, with my prize. I knew the bye-ways and paths about, and before night, was many miles away. Lady, I know not how it was, but I thought I should have hated that child, even as I had done its father; and yet I grew to love it almost as I had done my own. I watched and cherished it with as much kindness as its mother could have done; for its sake I forsook my tribe, since I would not that it should be amongst those who had ruined my poor boy, and I have wandered with none, save Jabeth, from that time.

"And the girl!" exclaimed, Mrs. Bradley, in a frantic manner, "does it live?"

"It does."

"Tell me, woman, in Heaven's name, I beseech you, what have you done with it?"

"Lady, she stands before you: did not your heart tell you so?"

"It did, it did!" said Mrs. Bradley, pressing her daughter to her bosom. "I felt drawn towards you from the first moment we met: and are you thus restored to me, my own dear Jane, after so many sad years have past? and now I look, there are your father's features, for you ever promised to be like him."

"Lady, said I not she was like her father?"

"You did—and she is beautiful;" said Mrs. Bradley, as her eye beamed with proud satisfaction.

"I know not if you wish them," said Thamar, "but here are the clothes she wore when I took her from you, I have kept them ever since, you may remember them; and now lady we part for ever."

"No, no! do not go, stay with us; you and your husband shall be placed far beyond the reach of want, so you will remain; your time shall be past as you like; you shall not be controled, but do not leave us."

"Lady, I say again, the wide world is my home, and I must wander as I have ever done. My habits and customs forbid me to do otherwise; you, lady, may be happy now you have found your daughter, and may you love her as I have done. Naomi, let me press you to my heart, it is the last time I ever shall do so, for in time you will forget me!"

"No, Thamar, that time will never come!"

"And you will think of me sometimes."

"Oh! Thamar, do not leave us, let me join my mother in her intreaties that you will stay with us!

"Naomi, it is the only thing I ever did refuse you, and it is the last. Fare thee well my sweet girl, and may you never know the sorrows of the world. Come, Jabeth, let us onward, our resting place is far away. Come, come:" and she turned away to hide her emotion, which the altered tones of her voice had almost betrayed: they descended from the rising ground on which the tents had been fixed, and as the winding path was about to hide them from the sight of Mrs. Bradley and her daughter, Thamar turned once more toward them, and waving her hands as if to say farewell, followed the path, and was lost to their view.

Jane Bradley remained gazing on the spot where she had last seen Thamar for some minutes. "Thamar!" she exclaimed, "Thamar!" and hiding her face in her mother's bosom gave free vent to her feelings.

"Weep not, my child," said Mrs. Bradley, "for though you have lost one, who has been ever kind to you: where are those will love and cherish you with all the affection a parent can feel? Think of the bright prospect that is opening to you, and though you may not forget the past, you will soon learn to remember it but as a dream of youth."

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## THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOVE;

### OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN—A BACHELOR.

"I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away;
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me—it was sure to die!"

I have been enamoured a great many times. My heart is very susceptible—very. When I was sixteen I felt an attachment. I was heart-stricken by the eyes of one of the most glorious pieces of woman-kind that ever deigned to tread the earth. I thought that she was attached to me. How I used to think and dream of her! I was sixteen, she was seven-and-twenty, but she was so kind to me, and used to make so free with me! I thought myself in Paradise when her kind sunny looks fell upon me. But, death to my hopes! one morning I heard that she had gone into the country to be married, and had left a present for "*Master Tommy*"—that was *me!*

She had treated me then, only as a child! I was ill for six days afterwards. I vowed endless hatred to the whole sex; but in six months afterwards I saw Arabella! Such a beauty! A beautiful blonde, gay, graceful, and only seventeen. I attached myself to her; we talked and walked together; by day we would wander in shady groves, and by moonlight on the sea-shore. I used to plight my troth to her every day, and she so kindly received my vows! But at last—would you believe it! at last—after all my suing and sighing for eighteen months, or more, Arabella went off to Gretna Green with a blundering Irish captain, with moustachios, who unfortunately happened to bear that she had a fortune, at her own disposal, of ten thousand pounds in the three per cents.!

Was I not unfortunate! But 'twas my destiny. I was marked out for misfortune in love-matters, and though after my despair at the loss of Arabella had given place to resignation—that calm and blessed state of mind which is so called—and I had thrown away my affections upon a female philosopher, a being without a heart—determined to have a wife at any rate—the grim fate tore away my beloved, and, to make sure of her, sealed her up in a mad-house! Sophonisba had studied so deeply that she brought herself into what the poets call the most deplorable state of human suffering! I did not much grieve at this. I consoled myself with the reflection that it was a great comfort Sophonisba had gone mad *before* marriage!

And just at that moment, luckily enough, my old friend and schoolfellow, Horace Bond, introduced me to his lovely sister, who had recently finished her education in Paris. The hearts of Belinda Bond and myself seemed to have been made for each other; we loved at first sight. In the first half hour I was deep in admiration and adoration, and Belinda afterwards acknowledged that she had experienced similar delightful sensations. How I wished that Horace would absent himself for ten minutes only, that I might have the opportunity of opening my bursting heart! But he wouldn't go—he didn't go, and I went home with a throbbing heart and a burning head. I was in love, deeper in love than I had ever been before.

But an opportunity occured! I disclosed my passion; delighted Belinda, and heard from her bewitching lips that her affections inclined unto me! O! days of rapture that ensued! We seemed made for each other. We talked of marriage, of happiness, of the world of joy in store for us. We poetized and sat and sang together:—

O love of loves!—to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key;
Thine are the joyous hours of winter's even,
When the babes cling around their fathers knee;
And thine the voice that on the midnight sea
Melts the rude mariner with thoughts of home,
Peopling the gloom with all he longs to see.
Spirit! I've built a shrine, and thou hast come,
And on its altar closed—for ever closed thy plume.

Alas! I was not to know the blessing of a connubial partner—my hearth and home were to be desolate! Belinda was remarkably jealous. It was extraordinary what trifles her love would take alarm at. I sacrificed my well-sustained character for gallantry, because she did not like to see me attentive to anybody but herself. She said I was all the world to her, and that she was all the world to me, and I said yes, and exerted myself strenuously to check the green-eyed monster, but to no purpose. I once happened to dance with an ugly little snub-nosed young lady, whom I thought no female on earth could possibly be jealous of, and death to my hopes—the next day Belinda vanished into the country, and bade me farewell for ever! She would not hear my defence, and I am still left in this wide, wide world—still a lonely bachelor—still in search of that young gentleman's best companion—a wife!

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## THE BRIGAND'S CHILD;

### OR, AN ADVENTURE IN THE APENNINES.

"O, Nature, thou art ever true unto thyself!"—SHERIDAN.

I was journeying among some of the rugged and romantic scenery of Italy, when my guide suddenly stopped, and by his amazed looks plainly indicated the presence of danger.

It was past mid-day, and we were impatient to reach our destination ere nightfall. I had scarcely asked the postillions what had occasioned the stoppage, when a bullet whizzed past us, and looking in the direction whence it came, I saw half-a-dozen or more fierce-looking fellows with presented rifles, taking aim at us. Perceiving death to be so near, and desirous of averting it, if possible, I signified to the brigands my perfect readiness to give up all that I possessed, and only required the preservation of our lives. My words had the effect of arresting the brigands' purpose, and they came down from their position, informing us, however, that we must accompany them to their commander, who had solemnly sworn to kill every Englishman that fell into his power, in order to revenge the death of his brother, who had fallen in an action with a party of Englishmen some days before. This was not pleasant intelligence; my life seemed only spared for a few moments, for the brigands' assured me that their chief was implacable, and my guide had previously entertained me with some narratives of the ferocity of Michael Barossini, the recollection of which served to corroborate the testimony of the robbers. I afterwards learned that this savage chief had ordered his men to bring every Englishman they found on the road before him, that he might have the luxury of putting them to death himself, and that two days before he had sacrificed a fellow-countryman of mine to his revenge. I was blindfolded, and conducted through glades and ravines for some considerable time, and when the handkerchief was taken from my eyes, I found myself in the presence of the dreaded brigand, Michael Barossini. He was a man of Herculian proportions, with large dark eyes, and matted locks, thickly falling over his sun burnt cheeks. He eyed me with savage ferocity, but there was still something noble in his appearance which led me to expect that my appeal to his mercy would not be ineffectual. But the death of his brother was too young in his memory, and all my words were of no avail. "The Englishman's blood must be shed," he cried, "to satisfy my murdered brother."

Entreaties were of no avail; he was firm and resolute, and having given me a few moments for preparation, he turned away to fondle his child, a boy of about three years old, who came running towards him. I thought it strange that after deciding upon such an atrocious act, and with the expectation of slaughtering a fellow-creature in his mind, he could caress his child, and display so much of human emotion. At length, putting the little boy from him, he turned savagely towards me, and ordered his men to conduct me to the place of execution.

This was the brink of a precipice, which it was fearful to look down from. "Gracious Heaven!" I cried, "you are not going to dash me down this precipice. "Not alive," growled one of the banditti; "you will fall down when the Captain has nicked you, and spare us the trouble." The few moments that ensued were solemn and awful. I stood upon the brink of eternity; the savage herculean brigand was preparing his rifle for the death shot, and the brigands were gathering round him anxious for the horrid sight that was to ensue. At length, every thing was ready; Michaél Barossini took up his position, and ordered his men to stand away from him; the rifle was uplifted, and the savage eyes of the brigand were taking aim at my heart; at that moment the brigand's child, who had no knowledge of the dreadful proceedings that were going on, came dancing up towards me. A thought struck me that this child might be made the instrument of my preservation. I darted forward, snatched the boy in my arms, and then cried out to the brigand to fire!

The rifle fell from Barossini's hand, and he was coming towards me as if for the purpose of tearing the child from my breast. But I drew towards the precipice and holding the boy stretched over it, I demanded my life as the condition of the safety of the boy.

Barossini, stung to the quick, seized upon his rifle, and was presenting it again, when his wife rushed upon him, held his arm, and besought him to save her child.

The scene was solemn and striking. The natural feelings of the man were combatting with the savage ferocity of the brigand. Barossini remained with his eyes fixed upon me, and his child, who still remained suspended over the precipice, and crying aloud for his father to save him. The mother hung upon the brigand's arm, and tearfully endeavoured to move him from his purpose. Nature triumphed, and he cried, "Give me my child, and go."

"And what security shall I have for my safety?" I enquired.

"The brigand's honour," was Barossini's reply.

Seeing that I hesitated, he continued, "You do not know me. You have not heard of Michael Barossini, or you would have known that, brigand though he be, his word has never yet been broken. But here, stranger, he continued, throwing a dagger towards me, "Take that and the boy with you, till my men shall have placed you in safety."

The nobleness of this action was in striking contrast with his previous conduct. I took the dagger, and gave my honour that the boy should be returned in safety. "I expect it," Barossini replied, "so long as the boy is safe, you are safe also." He looked at the boy as if wishing to embrace him, but evidently thinking that the action might make me suspicious, he mastered his feelings. But the mother could not assume such heroism. She saw the boy in my one hand, while the other held the brigand's dagger, and she came towards me, beseeching me that I would permit her to kiss her child!

The look, the tone, the action of the woman were all so touching, that whatever little heroism I may have possessed forsook me, and placing the trembling boy in his mother's arms, I cried, "Barossini, I will not take away your child!" The brigand's features relaxed not; but after regarding me for some seconds, he remarked: "You shall not lose any thing, Englishman, by your humanity, and your respect for the feelings of the mother of my child;" and then turning towards his men he gave them some directions, and as they departed, he entreated me to remain with him a few moments. "I am glad to see you have so much confidence in an enemy," he said. "You have won my admiration. For your sake I make peace with all your countrymen." The brigands now returned, and Barossini informed me that they were ready to conduct me to the road, and that they should attend me so far as there might be the least danger of falling in with the brigands of his party. I thanked him, and asked one favour, that he would return some miniatures which were among the property the brigands had captured. They will return them to you, was Barossini's reply. "Farewell." I kissed the little urchin that had been the instrument of my preservation, and departed. On my arrival in the road, I found the chaise exactly on the spot where it had been

stopped, with the guide and postillions in waiting. But what surprised me most of all, was to find that not an article of my property was missing. The brigand had restored the whole.

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## THE BEAUX OF THE DAY.

A SATIRE.

Shew me your lions. What sort of things are these.
*Old Play.*

Up with the curtain! Let us see the throng
Of dandy beaux, who ride and dash along,
Vain butterflies! Light, beautiful and gay.
They live, the pretty bubbles of the day,
Club, cab, and coterie, their thoughts possess;
The ladies, tigers, Crockford's, park and dress.
Gentle as gay, they innocently glide,
Like the bright ripples of the sunny tide;
Fiddle and faddle through their lingering time.
Expire like painted moths, "and make no sign."
Who would not live in pleasant hours like these,
When all possess the happy art to please?
When taste may reign above all common laws,
For what is common meets with no applause.
The rose at Christmas is a charming thing,
Unfit to wear and vulgar in the spring;
The beau upon its scent, *mid frost*, will doat,
In *April* he would tear it from his coat!
Behold Lord Fanny rise, at noon, from bed,
Feeble, unessenced, and the rouge quite fled,
Thinking, with feelings of entire delight,
On D'Orsay's jokes at Crocks, the previous night.
The coffee drunk, Lafleur perfumes the hair,
The cane is ready, and he takes the air:
Now, through the Park, cabs, tigers, coaches go,
Belle follows belle, and beau succeeds to beau,
Along the well-filled, dusty, Rotten-row!
The horses pace it, in a gentle train,
For fear to hurt their tender master's brain;
Or, lest some curl that, turned with anxious care,
Should fall and fail to captivate the fair.
Perched on his chestnut, gallant glad and gay,
There, smiling, rides the lordling C——tl——h!
A compound strange, as any in the Row,
The politician and the perfumed beau!
And now behold the graceless lord in curls,
Staring impertinent! He twists and twirls
Himself about, in very vain delight,
As if, forsooth, he was a handsome sight!
And all the ladies loved his airs and grace,
His vulgar impudence and brazen face!
But see, a simpler beau comes trotting on,
He comes from Crockford's—all his money's gone.
Poor T——! with empty pocket forced to march,
And hide his sorrow with his huge moustache.
And now see S——, the essenced and the gay,
At two o'clock commencing of his day,
Close is his cab, lest too much dust should fly,
Fix on his coat, or settle in his eye.
But who can paint their eloquence of tongue?
A theme more worthy has been never sung!
A theme that might enliven Homer's song,
And raise the muses on so gay a throng;
The heedless fair nought intercepts their chat,
Important, they declaim on this and that:
Now they discuss what shape their dress should bear,
(For dress is ever dandy's greatest care)
What colour will their pretty figure grace,
Or give the liveliest colour to their face.
Shoes of what make can best their feet adorn,
And in what robe to hail the rising morn.
Should among these, some letter'd youth appear,
With modest diffidence, and air severe,
Would greatness raise his meritorious name;
Would greatness raise a statue to his fame.
No! as he lived, neglected, he might die,
Not once protected by great Fashions' eye.
Had he but riches flowing at his nod.
His wit's all piercing, and himself a God!
The mighty monarch of the world is *gold*—
Magician, making young men of the old!
Smoothing down wrinkles by unerring rule,
Creating wise men out of every fool.
Such are the wonders of the day: and while
We see such things, we look on them; and smile.

*May-Fair* * * *

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## LA BOUDOIR;

OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"——I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."
*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

Marriage Matters.—They manage marriage-matters very differently abroad to what we do at home. Among the peasants of Livonia, the house of the bride is surmounted by a huge plume of feathers and ribbons of every form and hue, and her door is arched round with branches and flowers. These humble people have a great deal of taste in such matters. When the time arrives to go to church, a relation of the bride gives the signal by taking down the bunch of feathers and ribbons, and mounting with it on horse-back. In this state he leads the procession, and the destined bride follows with her female friends, in a carriage borrowed for the occasion. The bride is usually dressed in the French fashion. The cavalcade visits in this way, the lord of the manor, and other wealthy neighbours; to all of whom the bride offers a pair of gloves, stockings, or some such trifle, receiving in return a present of money. After the ceremony is performed, the procession returns in the same order, celebrating the event by shouting and firing pistols. The whole party then repair to the bridegroom's house, where they sit down to the feast, and spend the day in hilarity.

A Good Idea.—We understand that a certain nobleman, famous for the quantity of hair that he wears about his face, has been applied to by the managers of Covent Garden to act *Orson*, the wild man, at their theatre! We hope his Lordship may comply.

Cowper's Love.—All who read Cowper's poetry must admire it, and it must be interesting to those to know that the effect of his poetry and attachment to Theodora, the lady of his choice, was durable. Neither time nor absence diminished her attachment to the object of her first and only love. The poems which, while their intercourse continued, he had transcribed for her as they were composed, she carefully preserved during many years, and then, for reasons known only to herself, she sent them in a sealed packet to a lady, her particular friend, with directions, not to be opened till after her death. The death of the poet, perhaps, or the hopeless state into which he had sunk, rendered the sight of these relics too painful.

A Hit.—We are told that certain young dandies have lately adopted the fashion of having their clothes made *without pockets*, and, as a witty friend imagines, for the best possible reason! What say *you*, Count D——?

LIFE.

The sail on the horizon's verge,
Doth like a spirit seem,
A shadow on a sea of light;
The passing of a dream.

A moment more and it is gone,
We know not how—we know not where—
It came—an instant stay'd—and then
It vanished into air.

Such are we all! We sail awhile
In joy, or life's fair summer sea
A moment, and our bark is gone
Into eternity.

Modern Authors.—A gentleman among a party in a private box at one of our theatres, after attempting to discover a modicum of wit in one of the new pieces, exclaimed—"Dear me! Talk of Sheridan! Sheridan was a fool to the author of this play! Could Sheridan have got through five acts without one symptom of plot or character! Could he write two or three hours' worth of words without a single meaning? Trust me, Sheridan is a fool to P———!"

A Palatable Con.—If you (U) were invited to the Pavilion next week, why would U arrive late? Because U would come after T (tea).

The "Fashionable" Showman.—"Pray is that W——, whom I see exhibiting himself at the playhouses, so frequently, adorned in *curls*, any relation to W——, the showman?" inquired a lady, at the Countess of B———'s, one night. "In good truth," replied the person addressed, "I fancy he's the *show-man* himself."

A Note in Music.—Why is Lord C——— like a note in music?—Because he's A *flat*.

Braham's Rival.—A very arrogant little gentleman, who rejoices in the name of *Ham*, was one evening boreing a company with his roulades and flourishes, *a la Rubini;* but instead of making harmony, his singing was horrible discord. At length, with insufferable affectation, he inquired "if the company had heard Mr. *Bra-ham* sing lately?" "No," quoth an irritable gentleman present, "but I think we have all heard Mr. Ham-*bray!*"

Tom and his Duns.—"I have met Tom D———, driving a fine pair of duns just now in the Park," said a Crockfordian to D'O——, in St. James's street, "I am glad to hear it," said the gay foreigner, "for hitherto the *duns* have driven *Tommy*!"

Music and its Charms.—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," says Congreve. The inquiry into first causes, though always amusing, does not always contribute to advance the dignity of things. In war, for instance, bravery may be traced to various sources—in some to virtue, here to fool-hardiness, there to fear; but a French philosopher, M. Chenier, has just discovered that all the courageous exploits of the French army have originated in its military music. The clarionets were victorious on the plains of Jemappes, the trombones forced the passage of the Alps, octave flutes delivered Belgium from Austriau tyranny; in short, give him but a tune, and the Frenchman dances to conquest or to death with as hearty good will as he would lead out his mistress for a waltz at the village *fête*. What heavy sins have those *virtuosi* to answer for who, by puffing through a tube of wood or through M. Chenier's observation on the psychological influences of the clarionet, amateur professors of that war-inspiring instrument find posts and employment in the conservatorio of Paris, while the poor innocent old contra-bass hardly finds employment for a single teacher.

Venice as it is.—Venice does not lose but gain by inspection; although on inspection it is found to be but the outlines of a great city, filled up with meanness, and dirt, and famine. We enter her ruined palaces with a catching of the breath, and a trembling of the heart; and when we see her inhabitants crouching in rags and hunger in their marble halls, we do but breathe the harder, and tremble the more. The effect is *increased* by the contrast; for Venice is a tale of the past, a city of the dead. The Rialto is still crowded with the shapes of history and romance; the Giant's Steps still echo to the ducal tread; and, mingling with the slaves and wantons who meet on the Sunday evenings to laugh at the rattle of their chains in the Piazza di San Marco, we see gliding, scornful and sad, the merchant-kings of the Adriatic.

LOVE'S HOME.

It is not in the monntains nor the splendid halls of pride,
That Love, the fairy wanderer, contented will abide:
In meek and humble bosoms his truest home is found,
As the lark that sings at Heaven's gate, builds his nest upon the ground!
His cradle is the lily, by the breath of summer stirred,
And often is he shaken by a lightly whispered word;
His smile is in the sunshine, and his voice is in the glades,
Alas! that winter e'er should come to drive him to the shades!

A Pretty Answer.—Lady A. P——, on being asked, the other day, if it were true that she were about to destroy the hopes of the twenty worshippers at her beauty's shrine, by taking one for life, made answer thus: "Yes, I am thinking seriously of exchanging my twenty shillings for a sovereign—*one* solid piece of gold!"

Locality.—"Were you hurt near the vertebræ?" said old Lady J—— to her aged footman, who had met with an accident, while on a mission for her Ladyship in the city. "Oh, no, my Lady," was the poor fellows reply, "it was near St. Paul's!"

THE EVE OF ABSENCE.

Thou sittest silent amidst strangers, dear,
And I am going far from thy young heart;
Thy cheeks are pale, and in thine eyes a tear
Starts, and its orbed world is dim with sorrow,
For thou art musing on a blank *to-morrow!*

A Theatrical Con.—Why is a sudden twist like an actor?—Because its a *Wrench*.

Greek Beauties.—The Greek women of Asia are *chef-d'œuvres* of creation; imagination and grace sparkle in their eyes. The female Greeks of the Morea and the Isles have fresh-looking but hard features, and their eyes, dark and fiery, want the sweet languishing expression which bespeaks mildness and sensibility. The eyes of the one race may be likened to ardent coals; those of the other to a lambent flame veiled by humid vapours.

THE FORSAKEN.

(*Written in pencil, by Lady M—— J——, in the Album of a distinguished Lady, and published by permission.*)

Can I forget the false one. Ah,
In vain the effort now I make;
My grief is more than I can bear,
My heart—my heart will break!
I move amid a glittering throng,
Gay smiling faces there I see;
But other's gladness only brings
Despair to me!

A New Goose.—"I can stand upon one leg for ten minutes at a time," said Lord D——, the Duke of ——'s *funny* heir, at a fashionable party recently. "So can a *goose*," was Lady G——'s reply. Lord D—— looked *sheepish*.

THE TEAR.

Sweet tribute of the parting hour,
Twin sister of the word—farewell!
Thy honied nectar has a power
Beyond what human tongues can tell.

Hardships of Bachelors.—It is miserable for a *bachelor* to pay a country visit. It may be all well enough for married people, who, from the mere fact of being married, are always entitled to certain consideration, put, *par example*, into a bedroom a little larger than a dog-kennel, and accommodated with a looking-glass that does not distort one's features like a paralytic. But *single men* suffer a plurality of evils and hardships in entrusting themselves to the casualties of rural hospitality. They are thrust up into any attic repository, exposed to the mercy of rats, and the incursions of swallows. Their lavations are performed in a cracked basin, and they are so far removed from human assistance, that their very bells sink into silence before they reach down stairs. Oh, the hardships of a single man are beyond conception, and what is worse, the misfortune of being single deprives them of all sympathy. "A single man can do this, and a single man ought to do that, and a single man may be put here, and a single man may be sent there," are maxims that we are in the habit of hearing constantly inculcated, and so far from the treatment of bachelors being considered coarse in all matters, they have at last grown to be all matters in course!

The Fair Sex.—The late Mr. Boys, whose property became the subject of discussion in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, was connected in business with the late Mr. Thwaytes, the grocer, in Fenchurch-street. He was so passionately fond of the fair sex, that, in order to continue in their recollection after his death, he requested that when he ceased to exist his bones should be vitrified, and his flesh manufactured into essential salts, and be given to his female friends. He wrote to Dr. Campbell a letter on this subject in December, 1831, in which he stated—"Are you now disposed (without burking) to accomplish my wish, when my breath or spirit shall have ceased to animate my frame, to perform the operation of vitrifying my bones, and sublimating the rest, thereby cheating the devil of his due, according to the ideas of some devotees among Christians? And that I may not offend the delicate olfactory nerves of my female friends with a mass of putridity, if it be possible, let me rather fill a few little bottles of essential salts therefrom, and revive their drooping spirits. It may be irksome to you to superintend the business, but, perhaps, you have knowledge of some rising genius, or geniuses, who may be glad of a subject without paying for it. Let them slash, and cut, and divide, as best please 'em." In his will, which was dated in June last, he stated—"Eliza Morgan knows that thirty years ago I agreed with Dr. Hector Campbell that he should have my body, for chymical and anatomical experiments, to be by him performed upon it, if he could prevail on her to give it to him. Doubting her compliance, I will trouble my head no more about it. The world may think this to be from a spirit of singularity or whim in me: be this as it may. I have always had a mortal aversion to funeral pomp and expense, and therefore trust she will avoid it, and had rather be given away, with the sum a funeral would cost, for the the purposes of dissection and chymical experiments."—The ladies will, assuredly, be delighted at such an instance of gallantry and devotion. Portraits of this interesting personage will adorn every boudoir, while his essence enriches every toilette! The ladies will be anxious to secure the possession of a bottle of Boys, to raise their drooping spirits. How will the example of Boys be imitated! Hopeless swains, who "die for love," may leave their "spirits" to their mistresses! Instead of being inconsolable for a lover, a lady may have a portion of him bottled up for her comfort: in a family scene, he will still be near to assist in reviving her, and she will be able at all times to put a stopper on his volatility! What charming ideas! *The* Boys must be immortal!

THE MISER.

A poor man went to hang himself,
But treasure chanced to find;
He pocketed the miser's pelf,
And left the rope behind.

His money gone, the miser tied
Himself up in despair,
Thus each the other's wants supplied,
And that was only fair!

Origin of the Italian Opera.—About the year 1694, three young gentlemen, allied by the similarity of their tastes and studies no less than by friendship, and who were all exceedingly fond of poetry and music, conceived the idea of reviving the old custom of declamatory chaunting which prevailed with the Greeks. Their first step was to get the poet Rimeccini to compose a drama, called *The History of Daphne*, for which music was arranged by Pesi, the most celebrated composer of that period. Count Corsi, simply an amateur, was at the same time a very good musician, and assisted in the production. This piece, when complete, as well as *The Mask of Comus*, was represented in private at the Palace of the Count. The actors and singers were the author and his friends, and the orchestra of the first Italian opera consisted only of four instruments, namely, a pianoforte, a harp, a violoncello, and a lute. There were no airs in this opera, and the recitative, if such it could be called, was nothing more than a species of measured intonation, which would at the present time be thought very monotonous and fatiguing.

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POPULAR MUSICIANS.

*1. Rubini. 2. Donzelli 3. Lablache.*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CXLIII. LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—THREE PORTRAITS:—1. RUBINI.—2. DONZELLI.—3. LABLACHE.
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—EVENING DRESSES, A WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURE AND SEVEN HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES AND FANCY COSTUME, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## FAVOURITES OF THE OPERA.

1. Rubini.—2. Donzelli.—3. Lablache.

"I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour fourth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower,
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain,
I mourn and sigh till they wake again."

Shelly.

Among the embellishments which enrich the present number of the *World of Fashion*, is a group of three portraits of the most distinguished vocalists of the London Opera. Rubini, Donzelli and Lablache. The first of these is probably the greatest tenor singer in Europe: his voice is clear, sweet and expressive, and his falsetto is inexpressibly beautiful. He has made his way to his present eminence solely by the greatness of his abilities, for in early life his fortune was cast among the humblest of mankind. He has been a member of the Italian company in London for several years, and has gone on increasing in the estimation of the public. The celebrated composer Bellini, had so high an opinion of him, that he wrote his opera of *Il Pirata* expressly for him, and, moreover, when employed to write the *Sonnambula* for Madame Pasta, he constructed the character of *Elvino* expressly for the talents of Rubini, whose success therein has been extraordinarily great. We cannot imagine a more perfect or grander piece of musical expression than his share of the exquisite duetto in the first act, commencing "*D'un Pensiero.*" The utter despair and heart-breaking anguish of the disapointed lover, is depicted with electrical effect. In the *Puritani*, Rubini has also distinguished himself. He will return to London about Easter.

Donzelli has been absent from the London Opera for some years; we are ignorant of the cause of his absence; though inferior to Rubini, he is nevertheless a vocalist of more than ordinary talent, and his performances never failed to win "golden opinions."

Like the world-surrounding air, his song
Flows on and fills all things with melody,
Now is his voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one entranced, upborne,
Secure on rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn,
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which when the starry waters sleep
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

Lablache, if not the greatest singer of the three, is absolutely the greatest *man*. He is about to play *Falstaff*, without stuffing, and that will give the reader a good opinion of his *size*. His voice is like his person, large and full; it rolls from his lips like the mighty ocean, wave succeeds to wave, in majestic harmony. He is not so classical a singer as Tamburini, but he is heard with as much pleasure, and in the heavy parts (fathers and guardians, &c.) he is preferable to Tamburini, whose chivalrous person and style are more suited to the lighter characters. In *Marino Faliero*, and the *Puritani*, the talents of Lablache were displayed last season to great advantage. We have not heard whether Laporte has retained him for the ensuing season.

## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY, DURING THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

The flowers are fairer, the streams more bright,
The woods are of richer green,
There is everywhere beauty and everywhere light,
Where the face of our sovereign is seen.

Since Christmas, the health of the illustrious personages who preside on the British throne, has been such as to gratify their loyal subjects. The characteristic hospitality of our sovereign has been fully displayed in the elegant banquets, and the interesting little parties given at the Pavilion, whereat the *élite* of the fashionable world have enjoyed the feast of reason and the flow of soul, together with the additional

charms of the luxuries of the table. At the commencement of the month, the illustrious sisters of our sovereign, the Princess AUGUSTA and the Duchess of GLOUCESTER, were confined to their apartments with severe colds, but it gives us pleasure to add that those Royal ladies are now convalescent, and again in the Court circle. THEIR MAJESTIES have been in public almost daily, and upon Sundays have attended divine service in the Palace chapel with their Royal suite and household. Constant in their attendance at divine worship, THEIR MAJESTIES cannot fail to secure the admiration of the wise and good.

In the early part of the month, the Brighton Madrigal Society had the honour of performing before THEIR MAJESTIES. The most flattering success attended their efforts: they having been *encored* in not less than three madrigals. At the end of each madrigal and glee they received the congratulations of Sir ANDREW BARNARD, a distinguished amateur, and also of HER MAJESTY'S private band.

A concert has also been given at the Pavilion, which proved one of the most charming entertainments of the season.

The KING has held one or two Councils at Brighton. The Earl and Countess of MAYO have arrived at the Palace, the latter as Lady in Waiting on the Queen. The Marchioness of WELLESLEY has been confined to her apartment by indisposition since the expiration of her duty as Lady in Waiting.

THEIR MAJESTIES are expected in town daily, but they will return to Brighton soon after the opening of Parliament and remain until the commencement of his Majesty's levees.

The Duchess of KENT and the Princess VICTORIA returned to Kensington on the 13th. Their Royal Highnesses left Ramsgate about 10 o'clock the same day, attended by Sir JOHN CONROY, Lady FLORA HASTINGS, and other ladies of their suite; and on their starting from Albion House, a royal salute was fired from the guns on the Pier. By command of their Royal Highnesses the carriages were driven at a foot pace through the streets, which were thronged with the inhabitants, who with unfeigned regret, witnessed the departure of the illustrious visitors. The health of the Princess of VICTORIA appears to be much improved. The Princess and her Royal Mother have taken exercise in the Parks daily since their return.

The Duke of CUMBERLAND'S apartments in St. James's Palace, and his Royal Highnesses residence at Kew, are in a state of readiness for the reception of the royal Duke who is daily expected to arrive from Berlin. The Duchess and Prince GEORGE will remain abroad.

The Duchess of CAMBRIDGE has been seriously indisposed at Hanover, but we rejoice to say that her royal Highness is approaching to convalesence.

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## A RAMBLE IN THE NEW PALACE,

### IN ITS FURNISHED STATE.

We have already had the pleasure of accompanying our readers through part of the new palace in St. James's Park, which it is highly probable that their Majesties will inhabit in the course of the ensuing Spring; and we will now set before them some description of the principal rooms as they appear in their finished, and truly splendid state.

THE GRAND STAIRCASE.—This gorgeous part of the royal edifice is composed of statuary marble from the first landing branching right and left, and reaching the State apartments. The railing is of scroll foliage, executed in mosaic gold, with massive mahogany hand-rails. The four corners of the staircase are prepared to receive statues, above which is a frieze, consisting of figures in bold relief, the whole of which is lit by an extensive dome of richly cut glass of grand design of figures and foliage. From the centre is suspended a richly gilt chandelier.

THE SALOON.—This is one of the choicest parts of the structure. The walls are hung with green silk tabinet, interspersed with pilasters; the window-curtains of green and gold figured silk, with drapery and rich bullion fringe, with carved and gilt cornices; the two chimney-pieces of statuary marble, with female figures terminating in foliage. In the centre of the frieze is a crown surmounted with a wreath. The chimney-glasses are very large. The chairs and sofas are richly carved and gilt, and covered to correspond with the curtains; the tables are of ebony and gold, of new design, and beautifully finished. At each end of the room are two magnificent ebony cabinets, inlaid with precious stones, originally belonging to Carlton House. The ceiling is ornamented in white and gold, from which are suspended three costly lustres. The floor of the balcony, upon which the windows open, and which command a fine prospect through the triumphal arch down the avenue of trees in the park, is of marble, nearly forty feet square.

THE THRONE-ROOM.—The ceiling of this is of the richest description. The frieze is composed of various subjects from English history. The entrance to the recess for the throne consists of rich pilasters, supporting massive trusses, from the foliage of which start out female figures, supporting wreaths bearing a medallion, with the initials of George the Fourth. The walls are covered with crimson silk tabinet, divided into compartments by richly-ornamented pilasters, the which, as well as the ceiling, is richly gilt. The doorway leading to the saloon is composed of statuary marble, of massive design, with ornamented cornice, bearing the bust of his present Majesty, and enriched with various trophies. The two chimney-pieces are of statuary marble, the pilasters of which are sculptured in warlike trophies and frieze representing two figures of Fame. The grates are enriched with fire-dogs, representing dragons, of magnificent design and exquisite workmanship, and fenders and fire-irons to correspond. The chimney-glasses are of a large size, in massive carved and gilt frames, the centres of the frames of which represent a shield supporting a crown. The window cornices are carved and gilt, and correspond with the glass frames; the curtains and draperies are of crimson silk velvet, lined with gold silk gymp, and deep fringe; the chairs, which are carved and gilt, are covered with crimson; the sofas, which are also carved and gilt, are likewise covered with crimson velvet. In the rear, intended for the throne, is placed a splendid buhl cabinet, inlaid with precious stones of large dimensions, supported by carved figures standing on a rich buhl plinth. The furniture in this room is chiefly of buhl work.

THE GRAND DRAWING-ROOM.—This occupies the centre of the building. It has a splendid dome, and a ceiling divided into lozenge panels, formed by circular lines, radiated from the centre, and which are enriched with the rose, thistle, and shamrock. At the four corners are the British arms emblazoned. At three sides of the room above the cornice are groups of figures, enriched with foliage; the cornice,

which is particularly gorgeous, is supported by lapis lazuli columns with gilt Corinthian imitation caps. On each side of the room are two recesses, with semicircular tops, the backs of which are composed of looking-glass, round which is a light gold enrichment. The two chimney-glasses are made to correspond. The grates, fire-irons, and fenders are of rich design, executed in polished steel, and covered with gilt ornaments. The carved and gilt semicircular cornices for the five windows correspond with the tops of the glasses; the curtains and draperies are of crimson silk velvet, trimmed with gold-coloured silk gymp and fringe; in the centre of the bay window stands a magnificent table manufactured of china, on the top of which are represented the heads of the Cæsars, and various subjects relative to their history, formerly the property of Napoleon; on each side carved and gilt tripods and candelebras stand. In each recess are carved and gilt sofas, covered with crimson silk damask, and chairs to correspond. In the centre of this room is an Amboyna and gold loo-table of beautiful design and exquisite workmanship, and there are through the room smaller tables to correspond. The floor is composed of various inlaid fancy woods. From the centre of the dome is suspended a magnificent lustre.

South Drawing-room.—The walls are covered with rich gold and white silk damask, with carved and gilt border mouldings. The window cornices and draperies are made to correspond with the curtains and draperies of gold-coloured silk damask. Very massive commodes, enriched with or-molu buhl cabinets, fill the various recesses; the carved and gilt sofas and chairs are covered to correspond with the curtains; the loo and other tables exhibit the finest specimens of Amboyna wood, with carved and gilt pillars and feet; tripod and other stands, carved and gilt, are placed in various parts of the room.

The State Dining-room.—The walls are covered with brown and white figured silk damask; at the south end is a deep recess, in which is fixed a handsome mahogany sideboard, nearly 20 feet in length, supported on four beautifully carved and bronzed sphynxes of exquisite workmanship; underneath are two mahogany cellerets; the opening of the recess is enriched with Sienna marble pilasters and statuary marble caps and bases. There are two statuary marble chimney-pieces, frieze enriched with rose, thistle, and shamrock, the pilasters having deep panels filled with bold sculptured emblematical figures; the grates, fire-irons, and fenders of suitable design. The door and architraves are of statuary marble, with sunk pannels filled with or-molu oak leaves and acorns, the doors of which are of the finest Spanish mahogany, enriched with mosaic gold ornaments and mouldings, consisting of one principal panel of looking-glass, above which is an elaborately enriched panel, the centre of it representing a crown; the whole of the doors of the state apartments are of the same rich design and beautifully manufactured; the sashes and window-shutters are of fine mahogany, enriched with mosaic gold mouldings; the window-cornices, are carved and gilt. The curtains and draperies are of rich crimson silk damask, trimmed with gymp and deep silk fringe; those, together with the window cornices, produce a grand effect. Over these three windows are three other windows of a circular form, each composed of one piece of cut glass, bearing the initials W.R., and a crown surrounded with a laurel branch. The side tables are on richly carved standards; the mahogany dining-tables are about 60 feet long, of the finest species of wood, on carved legs; the mahogany chairs are covered with crimson morocco; the floor is of oak, with a rich scroll foliage border of variegated woods.

The North Drawing-Room.—The furnishing and decorations of this room are the same as those of the south drawing-room, with the exception of a second fire-place, over which is placed a superb mirror; the carpet of this, as well as the carpets of the whole of the State apartments, are of Axminster manufacture.

The Queen's Sitting-Room.—The walls are covered with crimson flock paper, with an enriched gilt bordered moulding. The window cornices are made to correspond with curtains and draperies of gold and white silk damask, trimmed with gymp and silk fringe, the draperies being particularly magnificent. A pair of couches and the chairs are richly carved and gilt, and covered *en suite* with the curtains. The tables and cabinets are of rich buhl work.

The Queen's Dressing-Room.—The walls are covered with green flock paper. The window cornice is carved and gilt, and the curtains and draperies are decorated with deep silk fringe. The chimney-piece is of statuary marble, inlaid with Sienna. The furniture is principally of fine mahogany and buhl.

The State Bed-Room.—The walls correspond with the dressing-room. At the end of this room is a recess, in which is placed the State bed, of fine mahogany, surrounded with curtains on brass poles, commodes, and wardrobes, of rich tortoise-shell, ebony, and brass buhl-work. The rest of the apartments are furnished in a corresponding style of magnificence, and, altogether, the Palace may be pronounced one of finest in the world. It is expected that their Majesties will inhabit it immediately on their return to town, as fires have been ordered for some time past, throughout the building.

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## ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

" ———— Lively and gossipping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."

*The Courtier.—A Comedy.*

The Court of St. James's. — Fashion is, at length, returning to its metropolitan home: the belles and beaux of the gay world again take "their places," and London resumes its brightest characteristics. The best indication of this improved state of things, is the notice that has been issued by the Queen's Lord Chamberlain for a series of Drawing-Rooms, to be held at St. James's, and which w have much pleasure in submitting to our Subscribers.

*Office of the Lord Chamberlain to the Quem*

Notice is hereby given, that it is the Queen's intention hold Drawing-Rooms on the following days, viz.:—

Wednesday, February 24. Being for the celebration Majesty's Birth-day.

Tuesday, March 24.

Thursday, April 21.

Thursday, May 5.

Saturday, May 28. Being for the celebration of hi jesty's Birth-day.

No presentations can take place on those days appointed for the celebration of their Majesties' Birth-days.

It is expected that these DRAWING-ROOMS will be the most brilliant that have occurred since the accession of THEIR MAJESTIES. Although the present stated intention is to hold them at the old and battered house, dignified with the name of Palace, at the bottom of Pall-mall, it is highly probable that some, if not the whole of them, will be held at the New Palace in St. James's Park, which is quite ready for their Majesties' reception. We have heard that the King entertains a decided aversion to this New Palace, and would defer its occupation; but, since her Majesty is pleased with it, and is, indeed, anxious to remove into it, it is most probable that the King will, with his wonted gallantry, forbear to oppose his prejudices to the Queen's wishes. While upon the subject of Drawing-Rooms, we may be permitted to offer a few observations upon the style and manner of the *costume* worn at Court at the present day, and we are the more strongly tempted to this by a much-advertised, but very empty article in a contemporaneous journal (which pretends to much fashionable knowledge). We have long beheld with regret the style of costume worn both by the Ladies and Lords of the Court of St. James's, and have been expecting a rebuke from the well-known taste and discrimination of the Queen. We apprehend that her Majesty has been induced to silence upon the subject, by the expectation that a matter so ludicrous must correct itself in the course of time, and, indeed, we have ourselves expected, the gentlemen more particularly, to become ashamed of their *outré* costume. But we witness no indications of improvement; and while all the rest of the European Courts are distinguished for the *taste* and *elegance* of their countries' costume, the Lords of St. James's continue to do the genteel in the actual livery of the grooms of the chamber in France! Why do these noble personages continue to wear such livery? Is taste fled from England? Is the Court of St. James's, which for polished manners and intellectual excellence stands first in rank among the Courts of Europe, to remain in a costume which would occasion its courtiers to be taken, out of doors, for mountebanks of a country fair?

The empty article in the contemporaneous print to which we have referred, suggests an "improvement" which would be no improvement at all. The author, who presumes to a very refined taste, would have the ladies assume the *hoops* of their grandmothers, and, very likely, the mountains of grease and powder upon their heads, which were fashionable in the old times, and which Sir Joshua Reynolds has immortalized for the amusement and laughter of posterity. Why, what graceless *Lady* "*Guys*" would the beauties of England resemble, dressed in this *outré* fashion! No, no: the *hoops* and *hair mountains* will never be re-established in the Court of England.

What *torture* it must have been for the ladies of the old time to get through a drawing-room! What a crash of *hoops* there must have been in a crowd! What a many frowns upon the fair faces of the *belles*, when some clumsy *beau* deranged the propriety of the hoop! or, in the press of the gaze and glittering throng, destroyed the work of many weary hours, and sent the beauty before her Queen in a mere *bundle* of satin or silk, its arrangement disturbed and broken, and the dress *bagging* about the fair one's feet! What a Goth our contemporary must be to wish for the restoration of such a state of things as this!

No: it would be impossible for the ladies of England to look more elegant than in their present costume, if they were only to discard that indelicate and trumpery style of arrangement which the unprincipled, artful, and immodest French dress-makers would persuade them into the general adoption of. There are many noble ladies, we regret to say, whose intellects are so very shallow, that they cannot see through the duplicity and wickedness of these abandoned Frenchwomen, who would destroy the purity and true elegance of the British lady's character, and substitute their own brazen immodesty. These Frenchwomen are so very impudent that they assume the dictatorial tone in speaking even with the highest ladies in the land, and very many of them have come from garrats in Paris—they were mere beggarly adventurers, when they came to England; but by their impudence, and the easy credulity of English ladies, are making their fortunes! They not merely suggest their infamous style of dress, but declare that it would be impossible for the customer to look like a lady if they were not to adopt it, and many silly ladies believe all that they say, and are disfigured and most immodestly clad, accordingly. Now, the English dress-maker consults the figure of the lady she has to adorn, and all her exertions are to preserve the natural delicacy of the English character. We trust, therefore, that every noble lady whom we have the honour to address, will see the importance of employing their countrywomen, instead of arrogant and impudent foreigners, and thereby be enabled to appear at the Drawing Rooms of their Queen, in that becoming and beautiful style of costume which none so well as Englishwomen can manufacture. The French may originate *ideas*, and for that purpose they may be consulted, but what are the ideas of the French until *improved* by *English taste?* The French has more *invention* than the English, but the English have far more elegance.

It is not our province to speak of the dress of the gentlemen, but we may observe that many of them in their present court costume, are perfect *figures of fun*. How droll Lord S—— looks in his snuff-brown, and ruffles; and how strenuously M——, that "little bit of a nobleman," as Lady C—— G—— used to call him, endeavours to *cut a figure!* It is moreover highly ludicrous to see the *heroic* gestures of that young gentleman of pomp and pedigree, C—— R——, in his court livery; indeed, they are all quite farcical.

The truth is, our great fashionables do not think so much of fashion as they ought to do, and as the great thought of it in the olden times. It is really most interesting to read the accounts of the splendour of the appearances of the Courts of the former sovereigns of England. We are afraid that the *gaming-table* causes many of our "fashionables" to make their present beggarly and mean appearance; sure we are, that the money lost at C——'s, would enable the English gentleman to be the *fine* English gentleman still. We read in the Harleian manuscripts, an account of the luxurious magnificence of the great Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in the time of Charles the First, which we are tempted to transfer to this article, not merely for the sake of those whose costume we would improve, but also for that of the *Seftons* and WARRENDERS, who will certainly be delighted with the *cookery* part of the display. The MS referred to, is entitled "Account of the vastly rich clothes of the Duke of Buckingham, when he went to Paris to bring over Queen Henrietta Maria:"—"His Grace had twentie-seven rich suits embroidered, and laced with silk and silver plushes, besides

one rich white satin uncut velvet suit, set all over, both suit and cloke, with diamonds; the value whereof is 40,000*l.*, besides a feather made with great diamonds, with sword, girdle, hatband, and spurs, set with diamonds: another rich suit is of purple satin, embroidered all over with rich orient pearls, the cloke made after the Spanish fashion; the value whereof is 20,000*l.* His other suits are all rich as invention can frame, or art fashion. His suit for the wedding is crymson and gold. The number of his servants are 20 privy gentlemen, seven grooms of the chamber, 30 chief yeomen, 10 master cooks, 25 second cooks, 14 yeomen of the second rank, 17 grooms to them, 45 labourers belonging to the kitchen, 12 pages, 24 footmen, 12 grooms, 16 huntsmen, six riders, and eight stable fellows. There are eight horses to each coach, eight score musicians, 22 watermen."

The only dress that we have knowledge of at the present day, which can be at all resembled to the dresses of the above-mentioned Duke of Buckingham, is the Court costume of Prince ESTERHAZY, valued at a million! It is said that one hundred pounds worth of diamonds and pearls is lost from this splendid dress, each time of wearing, from which an idea of its magnificence may be inferred!

We trust that these observations may have effect upon some of the courtiers of St. James's, and that the splendour of the series of Drawing Rooms we have announced, may be increased accordingly.

THE MARRIAGE MATTERS IN MAY FAIR.—Oh, matrimony, matrimony! what a cloak art thou! Thus we exclaimed when we heard of the strange events in May Fair, which have set the fashionable world wondering. What enactment shall there be made to insure the fidelity of married gentlemen? All laws at present are ineffectual. Oh, that man should make a lovely wife unhappy! Oh, that married men should—— but we will spare our breath—of what use is railing? Such things are, and will be, until man becomes better than he is—and woman also is improved. Since the days of Blue Beard, curiosity has been the characteristic of lovely woman. Since the time when the monster of many wives intended to cut off the head of her who dared to pry into his secret method of disposing of the rest, woman has made her *curiosity* a constant source of anguish and affliction. We don't mean to say that the lady of May Fair, whose afflictions we are now referring to, was not justified in opening her husband's desk, and inspecting the *letters* she found there; we would only observe that it might have been better had the lady remained unaware of the proceedings therein disclosed. But the lady seems to have been particularly anxious to make her discoveries a perpetual source of annoyance to herself; for although her husband gave his solemn promise to sever all connection with parties obnoxious to her Ladyship, on condition that she restored to him all the letters abstracted from his desk, it seems that copies were taken, and thus the matter will always remain alive, and be a constant annoyance to both. Why are ladies so foolish? They should have more confidence in those to whom they are linked for life. It is understood that when the desk was opened, and the epistles therein contained disclosed, Lady —— found that to be a Countess is not necessarily to monopolize the affections of an Earl; and that a man who has taken a wife is not invariably of opinion that he has married the only woman in the world. The letters, strange to say, were some of them from *her* friends—from her intimates—from those she esteemed and confided in. And this letter—this dear delicate epistle—in the very look of it there is something that denotes it to be more precious than the rest. This must be unfolded. Can it be? Oh, yes—but too certain—this is no forgery. It is the very hand, the very signature, of—we cannot say a "*Widow never vexed;*" for the pretty writer is vexed exceedingly at the warmth and ardour of the flame she has kindled—she fears it will consume her—she will endeavour to quench it with her tears; and hopes that her sighs may not tend to fan it into fierceness. She is, in short, shocked at the passion she has excited, wishes that he who owns it was a widower, or any thing but what he is—but, above all, wishes that she could persuade herself not to respond to it half so fervently as she does. And no wonder that she so wishes; for she doubtless anticipates (as afterwards falls out) that her grandmamma, in her matronly austerity and pride of virtue, will immediately renounce her! This *must* have been seen from the beginning.

A MATTER OF COURSE.—"When W—— took his last sea-trip, what did he wear?" asked D—— of C——. "A *monkey*-jacket, of course," was the reply.

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## THE DRAMA.

"The drama is the most perfect pleasure of a polished people."

"Where the offence is let the great ax fall!"

SHAKSPEARE.

Whatever may be the sayings of persons interested in theatrical property, it is a positive fact that there exists at present as much regard for theatrical amusements—as great a partiality for the theatre—as ever there was in the high and palmy days of the stage, when the great poets wrote, and actors of mind embodied their conceptions. It is false to say the drama has declined, the decline is only in the character of the persons entrusted with the guardianship of the drama: and they are neglected because of the mere rubbish which they set before the public. Would parents send their children to a school where, instead of being taught what it is necessary for them to know, the pupils are only entertained with a book of showy pictures, gaudily coloured and bedizened with tinsel and finery? No, indeed; and such a school would be only a type of our theatres, where we see "great Faustus lay the god of wit," and pantomime and foolery occupy the stage to the exclusion of wit, pathos, poetry and passion. When anything really good and great is produced, the public flock in crowds to see the novelty. Why is the Italian opera patronised? Because we there hear the most beautiful music performed in a style of excellence. The effusions of the musician's genius are there delivered by performers whose creative powers add new charms thereto, and the effect is consequently grand. We were barbarians not to patronize the Italian opera. The English theatres are not deserted when anything possesssing a corresponding degree of merit is produced there. KNOWLES'S *Hunchback* saved Covent Garden theatre from ruin. FANNY KEMBLE played to crowded houses every night. But the town will not go to see mere exhibitions of dresses and horse-riding, in a theatre royal. Mr. BUNN'S *Jewess* and his *Bronze Horse* are in themselves most wretched and miserable compositions, but the scene-painter and the machinist have made them remarkably showy; people, however, do not pay seven shillings to see a mere show; they require something more substantial

in exchange for their money, and if it is not proffered, they very wisely keep their money in their pockets. Respecting the *Bronze Horse* which has been produced since our last publication, we have only to say that it is a most trumpery and senseless affair. The plot is one of those fairy impossibilities which, from time to time, appear upon our stage, but it is quite destitute of the point and humour which have made previous extravaganzas diverting. The plot is not worth describing. AUBER'S music is pretty, but certainly not equal to his music in *Massaniello* or *Gustavus;* nor is it likely to be heard after the present season. It is tolerably sung by the vocalists; but without the vulgar show and foolery, the piece would scarcely have been endured for half-a-dozen nights.

It is discovered that Mr. BALFE is not entitled to all the merits of the *Siege of Rochelle.* It is an imitation of an opera by RICCI, and PHILLIPS'S pretty ballad is represented by a contemporaneous publication as a plagiarism of a composition by BAYLY, published seven or eight years ago! So much for the newest "new original."

The show-loving manager of Drury, finding that, with all his exertions, he cannot draw people to his house, has hit upon the project of giving three long pieces every night, and, for some time past, the *Siege of Rochelle*, the *Jewess* and the *Pantomime*, or the *Pantomime*, the *Jewess* and the *Bronze Horse* have been all played upon one evening to the fatigue of the few silly people that have visited the theatre.

No other novelties have been produced; the manager we suppose being too busily occupied in writing orders.

COVENT-GARDEN.—Miss HELEN FAUCIT, the daughter of Mrs. FAUCIT, of Drury-Lane, has made a rather successful *debût* at this house in the character of *Julia* in Mr. KNOWLES'S play of the *Hunchback.* Miss FAUCIT is a talented young lady, and as times go, a fair representative of the character she essayed her dramatic abilities in. But she is an actress of art; there is little or no nature in her performance. She is either too busy, or too inactive; there is no happy medium in her acting, its loudness is not the loudness of passion; and her quietness is the mere drawl of the school. But she has talent, and some of the passages were delivered by her with force and feeling. In the scene where *Helen* is speaking in disparagement of her lover, and *Julia* cries, "Helen! I hate you!" Miss FAUCIT was fine, and obtained much and well-deserved applause. Mr. KEMBLE was the *Clifford*, and as correct and gentlemanly as ever. O, that time should make such ravages upon his person! Mr. KNOWLES himself sustained the *Hunchback* for a night or two, but it is now played by Mr. G. BENNETT in a praiseworthy style. With the exception of Miss TAYLOR'S *Helen* the rest of the characters are mangled and massacred most completely. RICHARDSON'S strollers are intellectual giants compared with the general company at this Theatre Royal. The rest of the performances at that house during the month may be described in the comprehensive word of a weekly contemporary—"muck."

The MINORS are the most attractive houses: their spectacles are quite as good as those of their larger rivals, and the general acting is superior. The ADELPHI takes the lead, but there the performances have lately been rather inferior to the usual character. A piece by Mr. SERLE is quite unworthy of that gentleman's reputation. We are very sorry to see him descend to mere buffoonery and vulgar jests. We once had high expectations of Mr. SERLE, and regret to find ourselves disappointed. A drama, by Mr. SOANE, called *Luke Somerton*, is another unfortunate production. Mr. SOANE belongs to the old school; his pieces are too far-fetched and extravagant to suit the taste of the moderns. *Luke Somerton* is an old story, which Mr. SOANE had already dramatised in another shape; it was very dull and tedious in the performance, and but for a procession of horse and foot in the third act, and the acting of WEBSTER in the character of a negro servant, it would not have been patiently listened to by the audience. In a burletta, called the *Elfin Queen*, Mrs. HONEY introduces an imitation of GRISI in the *Sonnambula*, which is one of the most successful things of the kind we ever heard. The musical talents of Mrs. HONEY are of a high order.

OLYMPIC.—Young MATHEWS is clever, but he is not a first-class actor. His performances are lively, and supported by those of Madame VESTRIS and the old stager, LISTON, they go off pleasantly. A new piece has been produced, bearing the title of *One Hour; or, The Carnival Ball.* Its plot is told almost in a sentence. *Charles Swiftly*, a young volatile Englishman at Naples, is a prey to a devouring flame for one of two sisters, *Fanny* and *Julia Dalston*, who happens to have been married clandestinely, while he has scarcely bestowed a glance on her who is at once fair and a spinster. *Fanny* is as much annoyed at the passion she has inspired as *Julia* is mortified at the neglect of her charms. She, on her part, strongly fancies the young Lothario, and feels convinced that if she could but gain his attention for a short time, she would win him from her cold and repelling sister. She obtains her wish, on his begging for "one hour's" interview with the object of his sighs. She takes her sister's place—he finds it necessary to tolerate her, and to show her some attention. Gradually he is piqued by her liveliness and beauty, and finding her in every way congenial to his own disposition, he, within the "one hour," acknowledges his new victor. An Irish servant to the ladies, and who had been once his groom, informs him of the secret marriage, but leaves the impression on his mind that the wife is his last *innamorata.* This misconception is, however, cleared up at a carnival ball, in which all the parties appear, and the affair ends as usual.

ST. JAMES'S.—We regret to find Mr. BRAHAM'S beautiful theatre devoted to a most worthless and vulgar class of performances. Mr. BRAHAM seems to have employed some poor scribbler to write for him at a cheap rate; we cannot otherwise account for the production of such utter nonsense and foolery as *Rasselas*, *Brown's Horse*, and some of the other novelties at his theatre. We had thought that Mr. BRAHAM intended his establishment to be the resort of people of elegance and fashion, and are at a loss to guess why he has preferred to cater for a much inferior class. We are afraid that he will suffer by such preference. The only creditable piece that has been submitted to the public since the opening is a one-act burletta, translated from the French, and entitled *Monsieur Jaques*, in which Mr. BARNETT personates a poor old insane Frenchman, with a great deal of genuine pathos and effect.

STRAND.—This elegant little establishment having obtained a license, was opened by a Mr. MACFARREN, with a lively and pleasant description of entertainments, and with the best prospects of success. But a message from the Lord Chamberlain's office compelled him to close his doors. The severity of this proceeding becomes the greater when it is considered that the license granted by the magistrates is precisely similar to those of most of the other minor theatres.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE has laid himself open to a charge of cruelty and oppression, but we fancy that some under-strapper acting in the Duke's name has incurred this odium.

QUEEN'S.—Mrs. NISBETT has returned to this theatre, which is again prospering under her excellent management. A piece called *Flowers of Loveliness*, taken from Lady BLESSINGTON's work, and in which the fair manager enacts "the *Rose*" is highly attractive. Some other successful novelties have been produced, in which Mrs. NISBETT and her sisters, and some other talented performers, have delighted numerous audiences.

BRAHAM and YATES have dissolved partnership. BRAHAM gave his partner a thousand pounds to cancel the articles. YATES has gone upon a provincial tour, some say, as the agent of Mr. BUNN.

A *new tragedy* is forthcoming at DRURY-LANE, written by a friend of Mr. MACREADY. Is it Sergeant TALFOURD's *Ion?*

JOHN REEVE has disappointed the Americans. He is not so popular in New York as in London.

WRENCH has been dismissed by the Adelphi management for refusing a part which he disliked.

It is BRAHAM's intention to give a series of concerts upon a very grand scale at the Colosseum in the spring.

The OPERA will open on the 13th of February. LAPORTE has secured an excellent company.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE.

"Life is a summer's day of cloud and sun!"
TEMPLE.

Of the sunny part of human life we have first to speak; and in the brightest spot stands the fair ELIZABETH JOCELYN, the Earl of RODEN's eldest daughter, and the accomplished Lord Viscount POWERSCOURT, who were united on the 19th by special license, at St. George's, Hanover-square. Viscount POWERSCOURT was the ward of Lord RODEN, and had attained his majority on the day before his union. Lady POWERSCOURT is in her 23d year. She was given away at the altar by her noble father. After an elegant *dejeuner*, the bride and bridegroom set out for Hyde Hall, Herts, the ancient seat of the Earl of RODEN. In life's sunshine also appear the gallant FREDERICK BERKELEY ST. JOHN, second son of General the Hon. F. ST. JOHN, and his fair bride, HENRIETTA LOUISA MARY, third daughter of the Rev. T. JEPHSON, of Armagh. The third marriage that we have to speak of in terms of rejoicing, is that of the Lady CHARLOTTE BUTLER, sister of the Earl of GLENGALL, with C. R. M. TALBOT, Esq., of Morgan, Glamorganshire. They are spending the honeymoon at Mount Shannon, the seat of the Earl of CLARE. Again the merry bells tell us of a wedding, and we see the gallant Captain and Hon. HENRY JOHN ROUS, R.N., second son of the late, and brother of the present Earl of STRADBRROKE, leading to the altar SOPHIA, the only surviving daughter of the late J. R. CUTHBERT, Esq., of Grosvenor-square. The Lady HARRIET PRIMROSE, eldest daughter of the Earl of ROSEBERRY, has given her hand to JOHN DUNLOP, Esq. M.P., for Ayre.

We now pass to the cloudy part of human life, and will mention the illustrious dead who have quitted this world during the past month. Firstly, then, let us state that the Lady CHARLOTTE LANE FOX no longer adorns the circle of fashion. Her ladyship was in her thirty-fifth year. She was the daughter of the Duke of LEEDS, and wife of SACKVILLE LANE FOX, Esq. Her ladyship's decease occurred at Hornby Castle. The Dowager Lady BLUNT, widow of the late Sir CHARLES W. BLUNT, of Heathfield Park, has also departed to her last home. Her ladyship was in her 91st year. One of the most distinguished men in the county of Devon has also expired since our last. We allude to Sir JOHN KENNAWAY, of Escot Lodge, Devon. He performed great services in the Bengal war, during the invasion of Hyder Ali. Towards the close of the last century he concluded with the Nizane, a treaty of alliance, for which service his Majesty created him a Baronet. In 1792, he was appointed, by Lord CORNWALLIS, Commissioner to adjust, in concert with agents of the Nizane and the Mahrattas, a preliminary and definitive treaty of peace with the Commissioners of Tippoo Sultan, by which the latter Prince ceded half his dominions, and agreed to the payment of three millions three hundred thousand pounds to the three allied powers, for the expenses of the war, and to deliver up two of his sons as hostages for the due performance of the treaty. His health having suffered by his residence in India, Sir J. KENNAWAY returned to England, on furlough, in 1794, was promoted to be Major, and, subsequently, Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet in his Majesty's service in India. The East India Company, in 1796, conferred upon the gallant officer, as a reward for his services, a pension of 500*l.* per annum. Sir JOHN KENNAWAY was at the period of his decease in his 78th year; and has left, by CHARLOTTE, his wife, second daughter of JAMES AMYATT, Esq., M.P., four sons and five daughters. The eldest of the former, the present Sir JOHN KENNAWAY, Bart., married, in 1831, EMILY FRANCES, daughter of THOMAS KINGSCOTE, Esq., of Kingscote, in Gloucestershire. His family is also connected by marriage with the WHITTERS of Colhampton, Devon.

The death of the Lady FANNY PONSONBY is an event which cannot be passed over without the expression of our sincerest grief. Her Ladyship was daughter to Lord DURHAM, who has seen his children pass to early tombs! She had not long been married to the Hon. Mr. PONSONBY, Lord DUNCANNON's son. It was intended that the funeral of her Ladyship should be conducted privately, but no arrangement could prevent hundreds of an attached tenantry, including many of the most respectable in the neighbourhood, from paying the last testimonial of respect to one who, for the brief period of her sojourn at Besborough, won the esteem and affection of all.

Sir THOMAS HARVEY FARQUHAR Bart., is among those whose loss to society we deplore. The respected baronet was partner in the banking establishment of Herries and Co., in St. James's-street. He was brother of the late Sir ROBERT FARQUHAR, Bart., formerly Governor of the Mauritius, and eldest son of Sir WALTER FARQUHAR, who, attaining the highest eminence in the medical profession, was created a baronet, March 1796, and appointed physician to his late Majesty, when Prince Regent. The deceased Baronet, who at the period of his decease had completed his 60th year, married, in 1809, SYBILLA, daughter and heiress of the Rev. MORTON ROCKLIFFE, of Woodford, and has left, besides his successor, now Sir WALTER ROCKLIFFE FARQUHAR, two other sons and four daughters: one of the latter recently entered the matrimonial state.

Thus pass the great and the good from the world's theatre: rapidly they succeed each other. The venerable and worthy Mrs. COPLEY, the mother of Lord LYNDHURST is also dead. She lived to see her son arrive, by the force of his splendid talents, at the highest eminence his ambition aspired to, and became "observed of all observers." She was in her 91st. year. The Baron DE SAMPAYO, who is in some measure connected with the English fashionables by his residence among them, claims a word from us, "the light of his life has gone out," and he no longer frequents the haunts of men. The Baron DE SAMPAYO was formerly one of the contractors to the British army in the Peninsula. When Don MIGUEL reigned in Portugal, SAMPAYO was his Ambassador in England. His vast property has been distributed among his relations and friends. It is said to amount in this country to upwards of 180,000*l.*, and on the Continent it is stated to exceed 400,000*l.* The following singular trait exhibits the fidelity and attachment with which he clung to the cause of Don MIGUEL:—Upon the morning of his death he could not be persuaded to take the medicine handed to him by his physician: there were then present in the room Dr. GOMEZ (his physician), ALEXANDER SAMPAYO (his brother), and the Chevalier SALVADOR DE SE; one of them, sitting at the bed-side of the dying partisan, said to him, "Let us drink Don Miguel's health;" at the instant, although rapidly sinking, he motioned for the glass, which he seized and drained to the dregs. He expired within a brief space. The name of Mrs. CLEMENTS, the widow of Lieut. Col. the Hon. T. CLEMENTS is also among those of the departed. This lady was grand-daughter of MARCUS, Earl of TYRONE, and sister of JOHN CLAUDIUS BERESFORD, a gentleman of great notoriety in the political circles of Ireland a few years ago. She was allied to the chief families of her native country; and of her uncles, the eldest, GEORGE, became first Marquess of WATERFORD, and the youngest, WILLIAM, Archbishop of TUAM, was created Baron DECIES. The family of the Rev. G. A. THURSBY is in mourning for that respected gentleman. He was Rector of Abingdon, in Northamptonshire, and Vicar of Penn, in Staffordshire. He was the youngest son of Captain Walter Thursby, of Shrewsbury, by Dorothy, daughter of William Pigott, Esq., of Edgement, and grandson of John Harvey, Esq., M.P., who, upon inheriting Abington Abbey and the other estates of the Thursby's family, assumed, by Act of Parliament, their surname and arms. The family, from which the deceased derived his descent, claims a Saxon origin, and boasts of many distinguished members.

Some curious historical recollections are associated with the name of FRANCIS JOHN GIFFARD, Esq., nephew of the late Earl of DEVON, whose death has also occurred. The ancestor of the family settled in England at the conquest. He was called Osborne de Gyffarde, and he was nearly related to the Norman Count Longueville. During the perils which attended the Stuarts, Peter Giffard, Esq., the then representative of the family, attached himself to the royalists, and remained firm to their cause. His family assisted Charles in his flight after the disastrous battle of Worcester. Boscobel was a lodge of the Giffards, the Pendrels being merely housekeepers, and the tried loyalty of that celebrated family ought rather to be attributed to their attachment to their landlords and feudal superiors, than to any abstract sense of duty to the King.

The brother of the Earl of AWAN, the Hon. Colonel W. J. GORE, expired on the 15th ult., in his 69th year. He was married, in 1798, to CAROLINE, daughter of the late Sir THOMAS PYM HALES, Bart., and has left five sons and three daughters. His eldest son, P. Y. GORE, Esq., is Secretary of Legation at Rio de la Plata. He is also heir presumptive to the Earldom of AWAN, the present Earl having no issue. One of the daughters of the late Colonel GORE is married to G. LINDSAY, Esq., the Bishop of Kildare's son.

Sir HENRY RUSSELL, a distinguished legal functionary, is also dead. He was formerly Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Bengal. He was twice married: first to ANNE, daughter of JOHN SKINNER, Esq., of Lydd, by whom she had no issue; and secondly, to ANNA BARBARA, sister to the late Earl of Whitworth, the eminent diplomatist, by whom he has left five sons and four daughters; CAROLINE, married to HENRY FORTESCUE, Esq.; CATHARINE, to HENRY JONES, Esq., of Stapleton; HENRIETTA, to THOMAS GREEN, Esq., of Slyne, M.P.; and ROSE, to HENRY PORTER, Esq.

The respected Sir W. H. COOPER, Bart., has enjoyed his honours but for a brief period, it is scarcely a month since he became a baronet, and now he is with the silent dead. His lady was ANNE, daughter of CHARLES K. TYNTE, Esq., M.P. Having no issue the baronetcy devolves upon his uncle, Sir FRED. G. COOPER, Bart., son of the Right Hon. Sir G. COOPER. The sudden death of the Hon. LIONEL ASHLEY, fourth son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who was present at the Royal entertainment at the Tuileries, in perfect health and high spirits, only a few nights previous to his decease, has occasioned considerable sensation in Paris.

Let us now turn from these dark and gloomy matters and see what prospeots there are of future brightness. A host of projected marriages is submitted to us, and we have much pleasure in laying the list before our readers. Miss ALICIA SPOTTISWOODE, the only unmarried daughter of JOHN SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., of Spottiswoode, is about to be married to Lord JOHN SCOTT, M.P. for Roxburghshire. A marriage is on the *tapis* between HENRY HOARE, Esq., of Staplehurst, and Lady MARY MARSHAM, third daughter of the Earl of Romney. The contemplated marriage between Lady SUSAN HAY, and Lord RAMSAY, son of the Earl of Dalhousie, will take place at Yester House, Haddington, the seat of the Marquess of Tweeddale, father of the bride elect. A marriage is on the *tapis* between Viscount DEERHURST (son of the Earl of COVENTRY) and Miss COCKERELL, the lovely and accomplished daughter of Sir CHARLES COCKERELL. The preliminaries of a marriage are adjusted between GEORGE HOPE, Esq., eldest surviving son of the Honourable Lieut.-General Sir ALEXANDER HOPE, G. C. B., and the Honourable CAROLINE MONTAGUE, daughter of Lord MONTAGUE. The rumour is revived that the Russian Count PAUL DEMIDOFF, is about to be united to a French Lady of great beauty and accomplishments at Paris, provided he can obtain the consent of his Emperor to the union. The Honourable JOHN DUTTON, the second son of Lord SHERBORNE will lead to the hymeneal altar, early this month, the beautiful Miss LAVINIA PARKER, youngest daughter of the Honourable Colonel PARKER, brother of the Earl of MACCLESFIELD. The marriage of Lord COLCHESTER with the Honourable Miss LAW, daughter of the Dowager Lady ELLENBOROUGH, is to take place this month. The eldest daughter of BARON DE ROTHSCHILD will shortly bestow her hand on her cousin, Mr. N. ROTHSCHILD, one of the Foreign partners of that wealthy house.

*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.*

The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Morning Dress. & Fashionable Head Dresses.

*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Evening Dresses.*


The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

### EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—An opera-dress of crimson brocaded satin, worn over a white dress. The collar is reversed, and formed of velvet. The sleeves, Venetian, shewing white ones underneath. The hair is dressed *à la torsade;* a beautiful mosaic comb in front of the twists, and a bouquet of clove carnations under it.

Fig. 2.—A white crape robe; the skirt edged with lace; above the border a green ribbon drawn in; draped *corsage*, edged with lace, and over it a green satin mantilla, stamped in an *arabesque* pattern, and bordered all round with swan's-down. The hair is adorned with coques of green ribbon, and drawn into high bows behind. Pearl ear-rings. White kid gloves; and white satin slippers.

Fig. 3.—A dinner-dress of pearl-grey *glacé* satin, spotted with red roses and black leaves; two flounces of black lace, headed with rose-colour bands, adorn the skirt: the lower part of the *corsage* tight; the upper draped *à la Sevigné*, with rose-colour bows in the centre. Double *sabot* sleeves, with black lace epaulettes, and pink bows dividing the fullness. Pearl necklace, with a rich gold clasp. The hair presenting a front view of the *coiffure* described in the 1st whole length. White gloves, edged with a satin *rûche*; ivory fan; and white satin slippers.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A white satin robe, and white seraphine gauze scarf. The hair, *à la Grecque*, a crown of gold wheat-ears encircling it.

2.—A reversed view of the mantilla described in the 2d whole length. It is here represented in pale citron-colour, and the hair ornamented with gold bands, and a wreath of apple-blossoms.

3.—A front view of the Grecian *coiffure*, with wheat-ears. The white satin robe confined on the shoulder by *agraffes* of gold. A similar ornament in the centre of the bosom.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of pale citron-colour satin, trimmed down the front with papillon bows of the same, increasing in size from the waist: tight *corsage*, the upper part covered with a new style of cape, formed in tight plaits of white gauze, very short sleeves and white gauze ones over them, open in the Spanish fashion, and fastened with bows of the satin. Neck-chain and brooch of Mosaic and gold. Small Andalusian hat of pink velvet extremely *evasé*, and displaying underneath the brim a bandeau of pearls; two pink and white feathers droop gracefully over the crown; antique gold fan; white kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

Fig. 2.—A morning dress of rich blue Cashmere, over it a black corded silk mantilla cloak, trimmed with black lace; it fastens at the throat with a cord and tassel, and is surmounted by a *tulle* ruff. White silk bonnet trimmed *en suite*, two white ostrich feathers placed on the right side, and two pink roses under the brim.

Fig. 3.—An vening dress of striped pink and white Ephesian gauze, the *corsage* draped *en cœur*, with a blond edging, and pink bows down the centre; double *sabot* short sleeves, bows on each shoulder, and between the fullness of the *sabots*. The skirt is ornamented with a deep blond lace flounce, headed by a very narrow one, having pink roses placed at intervals upon it; the hair is arranged in full curls on each temple, and braided behind; roses are placed as supporters to the tuft thus formed; white kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—The above dress, represented in blue, with a primrose scarf over the neck. The hair, ornamented with *coques* of white satin ribbon and blue roses.

2.—*Reversé* of the second whole-length shews the form of the mantilla cloak behind. The bonnet is represented as pink velvet, with a white ostrich plume.

3.—A side view of the first whole-length described, in satin. The Spanish hat, in green velvet.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

### EVENING DRESSES.—A WHOLE-LENGTH FIGURE.

A *rédingote* dress of sea-green silk, stamped with black flowers, tight *corsage* pointed *en cœur;* epaulette cape, diminishing to a point in the centre of the bosom; *gigot* long sleeves, a second epaulette fixed to them (both these ornaments are trimmed with white lace, as is likewise the opening on one side of the skirt, to this is added a bow with long fringed ends); a black velvet Spanish hat, rising on the right side, has, drooping towards the left, two white ostrich feathers; next the face appears a little garland of green and white foliage, the hair simply parted in front; gold ear-rings, pearl necklace, and white kid gloves.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A dinner dress of pale citron-colour satin, *corsage* draped in the middle, full short sleeves gathered tight and flat on the shoulders. Arab turban, composed of blue Cashmere gauze, pearl bandeau, and a gold arrow placed on one side; long white gloves, gold ear-rings, and a double row of pearls round the neck.

2.—A white satin dress, tight *corsage*, epaulette cape, and long sleeves; a pink scarf thrown over the neck, pink *toque* with a gold arrow, gold ear-rings not very long.

3.—A blue satin dress, short sleeves, pointed cape over a tight *corsage*; the hair *à la Sévigné*, blue roses placed over each tuft of ringlets, and a bouquet of the same, rising from the braids behind; pearl bandeau and necklace.

4.—White satin dress, the *corsage* draped in a new mode and trimmed with pearls; short sleeves (not very full) little pink roses winding round them; diadem wreath of the same; gold ear-rings, white kid gloves.

5.—A white muslin dress; the hair in full ringlets and crowned with roses; green scarf and pearl necklace.

6.—Reversed view of the 4th half-length, the dress represented in pale pink and trimmed with the pearls.

7.—A new style of cap, showing the hair above, as described in our London Fashions.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

### EVENING DRESSES AND FANCY BALL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—A pink satin robe finished by a blond lace flounce, at the top of which is a *tulle rûche*, looped up at intervals with pink satin rosettes; *corsage, à la Gabrielle, sabot* short sleeves, quite flat upon the shoulders, and covered with longer ones of blond, just reaching the elbow; girdle of pink and black brocaded satin ribbon tied in a rosette and long ends, two similar bows on each sleeve; small black velvet hat, the Spanish style, with two pink feathers drooping over the crown, and pink ribbons under the brim. Necklace and ear-rings of mosaics and gold, white kid gloves, black satin slippers.

Fig. 2.—An open robe of jonquil satin, the shirt rounded off in front, and gathered into very full equal plaits, displays a white satin petticoat, plain in front and plaited very full on each side; pointed *corsage*, and white gauze *Sévigne* plaits, looped down with a twisted satin ribbon, ending in a small rosette at the point of the waist; triple *sabot* sleeves, lined with white satin and moderately full; on each shoulder, and in the centre of the bosom, bouquets of the crimson China rose; similar ones down the open fronts of the robe. The hair is dressed in long soft ringlets at each side and gathered into bows behind; wreaths of pearl twined amongst them, one row being fixed behind and brought like a collar round the throat, diadem of roses in front; white kid gloves, trimmed at the top with white roses; white satin shoes.

Fig. 3.—Grecian costume. Short tunic of rich white silk, flowered, lined with rose-colour; the sleeves looped up with gold *agraffes*—the fulness confined round the waist by a crimson and green scarf, tied negligently in front; the undermost dress is white muslin, bordered with gold. The hair flows loosely down to the shoulders, and from thence is braided in four parts. Small Grecian cap of green velvet, embroidered with gold; on the left temple a bouquet of crimson roses. Broad gold bracelets, and feather fan, the handle gold.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Reversed view of the second whole-length: the dress represented in light green silk; the diadem wreath of white roses; similar bouquets adorn the dress.

2.—*Demi-negligé* of dove-colour silk, stamped in black: *palatine* of blue plush, thrown open at the throat, reversed collar of worked muslin, edged with lace; blue satin girdle, a cord and tassel hanging in front. French mob cap of fine *tulle*, tied and trimmed with light blue ribbons.

3.—An evening dress of pale amber silk, tight *corsage*, and *sabot* short sleeves; boa tippet of blue feathers; the hair in full curls on the temples, and dressed in bows behind. The ornaments, sprigs of moss roses.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of white satin; trimmed with a semicircular wreath, composed of blue satin bows and sprigs of "forget-me-not;" tight *corsage*, and *Sévigné* drapery of blond lace attached to double bands of blue ribbon, crossing to the left side, and tied with a bow and two long ends; rosettes on the shoulders, and one in the centre of the bosom; the hair in full ringlets, coronet wreath of small green leaves, a large jewel in the front, and a gold arrow piercing the braids behind; green gauze scarf; pearl necklace and ear-rings.

Fig. 2.—A green silk pelisse, opening on the left side, bound and tied down with pink and black ribbon; tight body and pelerine cape, pointed to the waist, and edged with narrow pink bands, three small bows mark the centre; the girdle is likewise pink; and a little pink colleret, edged with white lace, is tied loosely round the throat; *gigot* sleeves, the fulness diminishing to the size of a cuff, trimmed with narrow lace; drawn pink silk bonnet, tied closely down, and trimmed *en suite;* primrose kid gloves; stone-colour silk boots, with black kid fronts.

Fig. 3.—A robe of pink satin *glacé*, trimmed round the bottom and down the left side with a waving garland of Bengal roses; tight *corsage*, and plaited epaulettes, edged with a narrower garland, and diminishing to a point at the waist; three rose-colour bows mark the centre of the *corsage;* a similar one, with long ends, in front of the girdle; double *sabot* sleeves, not very full; the hair parted in front, ringlets on the temples, and a Cynthia wreath of pink coming to a crescent-point in front, and passing just under the bows behind, a bouquet of roses rising from it.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

The season has commenced earlier, more brilliant, and probably more prolonged than of late years. The various samples of taste and fashion are already lighted by the smile of conscious beauty, and every exertion that art or ingenuity can devise is devoted to the service of the goddess, who, however, alighted for a while, and brings back her votaries to their duty.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—As yet the *rédingote* style prevails for all dresses worn under cloaks and mantles; the fullness of the long sleeves no longer appears at the shoulder, but is fixed by plaits or gathers: the opening of the skirt is usually on the left side instead of the centre. The pelerines are worn just to the point of the waist behind, and rounded deep upon the shoulders; in front they assume the palatine form, or cross just under the girdle in a point. The fashionable materials combine richness with a pliant texture: cashmeres, merinos, and rep silks of infinite variety, are rival candidates for favour; a new velvet is also frequently made up for morning dresses; it is figured, and has satin spots. These dresses are often wadded, or lined with plush as carriage pelisses; bias folds of silk or satin, fur, cut plush, and chenille embroidery, are the most approved ornaments for morning dresses.

New and Distinguished Materials for Evening Dresses. — The *semiramide* worked in silver wreaths or *arabesques*, on rose, blue, and white grounds; the blue and silver is most desired, and for Court dresses, nothing can be superior; the velvet *de Medicis*, resembling, in some degree, the velvet *épinglé*, usually a running pattern of flowers, the tint rather darker than the ground, with variegated stems. Stamped satins of every variety. The *Aragonese* (expressly manufactured for evening robes opening in front); the pattern is in large stripes, with bouquets of coloured flowers between. The *Clementine* is a very beautiful and appropriate material for young ladies' ball-dresses; the colours are brilliant, and the price more moderate than usual. The Peruvian muslins, likewise adapted to the young and gay, on a white ground, are stamped with bouquets of velvet roses with gold leaves. The Indian *organdie* has a rich border round the dress, and is embroidered in coloured silks; the design, detached bouquets encircled with dark lines: fancy velvets, dark satins, and rich silks, are equally worn in evening dress, and as *rédingotes*.

Sleeves of Evening Dresses.—Though little change is observable in the skirts of evening dresses, except the frequent introduction of blond flounces, the sleeves admit an infinite variety, thus giving lightness and relief to the general effect: the top of the sleeve is flat, and beneath are *bouffants*, or *rúches*, of the same material, or more frequently of blond, looped up with *agraffes*, and divided *selon la fantasie* with flowers, ribbons, or any other favourite ornament; over the tops of long transparent sleeves are worn blond draperies, cut round, and falling low; the Spanish slashed sleeve is also worn in transparent textures, fastened with bows of satin ribbon:—as a general remark, we may observe, that the exteme fulness of the sleeve is now brought lower than usual, the part next the shoulder displaying the shape, and thus giving a more graceful roundness to the bust.

Ensemble of Evening Costume.—The rich effects of evening dress is much enhanced by a new and very fashionable material, the satin *glacé:* we cannot by words convey any idea of the beautiful reflection of surface this satin displays; neutral tints are most *distingués*, but they are also worn in blue, rose-colour and lilac. Another novelty represents the patterns of point lace, as they appear on a satin lining. We shall venture a description of a few admired costumes lately worn at Brighton, and such as are now fated to lead public taste in London:—A robe of French-white *glacé*, trimmed with a blond lace flounce, confined at regular distances by *agraffes* of coloured stones; very short sleeves, not full, and over them Venetian ones of blond, looped to the shoulder with similar *agraffes*; a draped *corsage*, before and behind; turban *à la juive*, formed in a light transparent gauze, resembling lama, and divided in front by an *aigrette* of jewels. A robe of blue satin *glacé*, open in front, and drawn together at three equal intervals with knots of pearl; the skirt underneath, white satin flounced with blond; *corsage en cœur*, showing a white satin stomacher, trimmed with pearls; the head-dress, a pearl *résille* on blue velvet, two very long drops hanging on the neck. A white crape robe, *en tablier*, ornamented with a cordon of little roses, bouquets on each shoulder; the short sleeves trimmed with three separate *rúches* of blond; a diadem wreath of roses on the hair, which was dressed in full ringlets. A white gauze, brocaded in silver flowers; the *corsage*, a French wrap, the plaits confined at the shoulder by *agraffes* of diamonds; a broad white satin belt, edged with silver, long ends, and a very small bow, fastened with a diamond *agraffe*; diamond fillet across the forehead. A robe of pale blue silk, *glacé* white, trimmed round the skirt with a garland of white roses; the *corsage* cut rather low, and ornamented *en suite*; double *sabot* short sleeves, a little garland of roses between the fullness; *résille* of blue velvet, a white rose on each temple. A rose-colour dress, exactly in the same style. A pearl grey satin, brocaded in gold; tight *corsage*, and blond lace drapery; black velvet bandeaux on the hair, finished at the temples with gold wheat-ears. A white Cashmere, embroidered in white silk flowers and gold leaves; *corsage à la Grecque*, bordered with gold; white and gold turban, with a diamond *aigrette*.

Cloaks and Mantles.—The severity of the season has hitherto compelled our fashionables to sacrifice grace, in some measure, to comfort, and almost every mantle is lined with fur or velvet plush; but in hopes of more genial weather several novelties are prepared, as becoming to the form as we could desire, of rich brocaded silks, or satins, with velvet mantilla capes covering a tight corsage; the sleeves hanging loose and open over some bright tinted morning dress; another style of carriage mantle resembles a large mantilla, the cape so deep on the shoulders as completely to cover the arm, the ends in front are rounded, and reach the hem of the skirt: this elegant wrapper is made in velvet on satin, and trimmed with a broad black lace: for quitting the theatre or ball room, nothing is so appropriate as the Capuchin, with its smart hood, lined with bright *cerise* or blue sarsnet, and edged with fur; a promenade mantle will be very generally worn during the early spring, fitting tight, like a pelisse, the skirts of moderate width, and the sleeves open: it is, in fact, a pelisse withoutthe confinement of tight arm-holes; the effect is very *distingué*; most that we have yet seen are made in stamped rich-coloured satin, lined with white sarsenet; the waist-belt should be broad.

Dress Hats and Caps.—The brims of evening hats are much narrower than usual, and cut in the Spanish style, if feathers are worn; black velvet will always be a favourite material, we have seen some in white; granite and emerald are fashionable tints:—The Bernais cap is a beautiful novelty of this month, and when worn by any lady who possesses a *piquante* expression, nothing can be more fascinating. Blond lace lappets or *barbes* are universally added to evening caps, they soften the effect and float on the neck with graceful lightness (pale blue and citron colour are favourite tints for cap-ribbons).

Turbans.—The Arab turban will be universally worn at the Opera this season: it is composed of rich brocade (gold or silver) sometimes of turban plaid. This style of head-dress has no ends hanging from it. The Circassian turban is smaller, and consists of a more light material, a bandeau of jewels in front and one fringed end, hanging low on the neck. The same turban is a scarf twined gracefully round the head, leaving the hair visible above; this is likewise finished by embroidery, or fringe, the ends of different lengths.

Shawls.—The long Cashmeres will be more in request than square ones this season, as more convenient, with full sleeves; the designs are new and beautiful; several are worked in gold leaves, the flowers being coloured on a black or richly-tinted ground; green is a very fashionable colour for the satin shawls; these also are stamped or embroidered with flowers. Shawls of French Merino are almost equal to the Cashmere, the grounds dark, with palms on arabesques.

Hair-Dressing.——The present fashion inclines to a Grecian *Junat*, worn low at the back of the head, and ornamented with pearls, or garlands of small flowers (these wreaths wind twice round, forming a sort of coronet in front); with very regular features, the hair may be arranged in braids, on the temples, or in one large curl, hanging low on the neck; but for most modern countenances, the antique style is too severe a trial and tufts of graceful ringlets, crowned with gems or flowers, are more appropriate:—a bird of Paradise plume is very fashionable; it should be placed in the centre and droop on one side:—two new wreaths are the vogue this month, one called the *nereid*, is made in *chenille* to imitate coral; the other is a diadem of very small flowers (one colour only, and without leaves) placed at the top of the head; black and coloured velvet bandeaux continue to be the favourite *coiffure* for very young ladies.

Jewellery.—A new kind of neck-chain has appeared; the gold links are round, and the clasp is a mosaic on a black ground; a similar clasp fastens it to the waist to which hangs the glass or trinket. Mosaic bracelets are very fashionable, and pearls are worn in every possible form. *Agraffes* will be worn in full dress, and flowers made in coloured stones are likewise used to sustain the draperies of court and ball-dresses. The very short gloves now worn permit the display of more than one bracelet; and much tasteful fancy is exercised in assorting or varying the different ornaments, which form an attraction to each. Several beautiful fans are made with opera-glasses in them, and set in jewels.

Prevailing colours for the month; emerald and sea-green, cerise, haitian, mauve, a rich brown, and citron-colour.

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## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

At this season, the costume *du boudoir* is particularly studied, and the Parisian ladies know the value of an elegant deshabille too well to neglect the opportunity of displaying its *recherhé* elegance. The most fashionable *peignoirs* are made of satin *de laine*, lined and trimmed all round with plush; the form differs little from a mantle, tight behind, gathered loosely in front, full sleeves looped up over the cambric dress, and a deep cape covering the shoulders.

The favourite tints for lining, are pale green, blue, and a deep violet.

Ensemble of French Costume.—Robe of violet-coloured velvet, bordered with ermine, Venetian sleeves, lined *en suite*; pointed *corsage*, without a belt; the upper part low on the shoulders.

A white satin dress, tight *corsage*, deep blond lace cape, an *agraffe* of diamonds in the centre; opera tippet of blue satin, trimmed with swan's-down; oriental turban, composed of white *tulle* and blue satin; *esprit* of diamonds in front.

Cravats and Collerets.—In *negligé* a *coulard foulard;* the prettiest are turquoise blue, or green with a pattern on it; amaranth and white with some gay-coloured vignettes; these last are Indian. With promenade dresses, a velvet *fichû* or colleret is used; some of these are black, embroidered, others plain. The amaranth tint and dark green are most frequently chosen. A simple ribbon, is by many ladies preferred to any other style; in this case a *tulle ruse* should be worn above it.

Caps.—In the morning, French *tulle* is more fashionable than thread-lace or muslin. These little caps are of a most simple form, and worn without ribbons; barbes of the same material fasten them under the chin; in *demi negligé* there is a great variety, and to walk through the streets of Paris you would suppose some sudden *furor* had seized the inhabitants; everybody makes caps—even at the confectioners one little corner is kept sacred from paste and sugar, for the last invention of Madame ——. Still the real elegant cap is to be distinguished from these fantasies of the hour, and only to be met with at the magazins, so long known to every person of taste.

Palatines.—For evening caps, the *tulle beauillonné* is used, little crowns of roses placed on the summit, and *tulle* barbes edged with blond, hanging loose. Madame Pattet has just made a beautiful cap, very becoming to French falls; a flat *bandeau* in front, two rows of *tulle*, intermixed with roses, or some light flowers; a coronet of the same, above, are more universally worn than any style of out-door costume; over every dress they can appear with good effect, and few figures but gain elegance from their shape. Velvet, edged with ermine, is most frequently seen in Paris, but these are also worn in satin, silk, and Cashmere; a satin ribbon, the same colour, ties them in front.

Hats.—Satin begins already to supersede velvet *épinglé* in the first-rate French houses; *scabieuse* for *negligé*, and pale straw-colour for dinner hats and the theatres; *coques* of panceau velvet are placed, instead of velvet, under the brims.

Hats and Bonnets.—Morning hats are still as deep on the cheek, and as small in the crown, as during last month. The material varies, from black, green, and marron velvet, through several approved figured satins. The satin *manché* is in request; a small spot raised like velvet, on a very brilliant surface. One or two feathers are frequently placed on the right side, the tips curled; in other respects, the trimmings should be very simple, brocaded or stamped satin ribbon forming loose *brides;* a large bow just above the curtain, and another below the stem of the feathers. Flowers are this month only worn under the brim, and a single one is preferred to the little garlands; a Vandyke *rûche* has the best effect under black velvet hats and bonnets. This *rûche* should meet the edges of the brim, and be tied closely down.

Caps are of a remarkable elegance this season; they are made of very simple materials, and come close to the face; some of the high *bernois* crown, others flat, and close to the head behind; barbes are generally added, and the ribbons placed inside, which occasionally tie the cap. A very pretty style of *rûche* to be worn with or without a bonnet, consists of broad white ribbon instead of *tulle;* coloured ribbon, bandeau in front, and narrow bands of the same, covering an open wire frame-work.

Furs.—The most approved, for muffs and palatines, are brown sable, ermine, and fox (the blue fox is considered most valuable). For trimmings, a darker sable, squirrel and ermine. For linings of cloaks and mantles, grey squirrel and ermine. Fur is very generally used for trimming evening dresses. Swan's-down is preferred for the border of evening scarfs, the *etole* pattern, and likewise for carriage or boudoir slippers.

Aprons.—Black silk and *moire* are just at present more worn than embroidered ones. A new *foulard* is likewise used for morning aprons, and bound simply round with silk.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXIX.—English Earls.

### EARL OF HAREWOOD.

"If all our hopes and all our fears,
Were prison'd in life's narrow bound,
If, travellers through this Vale of Tears,
We saw no better world beyond,
Oh, what would check the rising sigh?
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh, who would venture then to die?
Or, who would venture then to live.

It is the consolation of human life, that death is but the passage to a brighter and better state of existence: this is the reflection that consoles us in our troubles, and in all our difficulties and deprivations. Deprived of this hope, what were man! A cold and barbarous being without feeling or restraint, dragging his slow length along the earth, and perishing like a brute when Nature ceases to perform her functions.

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veils behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead,
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath,
Who could exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

It is the "hope within us springing" that looks upon death with composure and resignation. We see the great and the good passing away from the world's theatre, and repine not, because we believe them to be in the enjoyment of bliss that passeth not away. The first member of this distinguished family, the name of whose representative heads this article, to whom it is necessary for us to refer, passed from this world, to the sorrow, yet with the hope, of a large family, who were with him located at Hindershelfe, now Castle Howard, at the commencement of the fourteenth century. His name was JOHN DE LASCELLES. He came from a family of much importance in the county of York. His ancestor was ROGER DE LASCELLES, who, in 1295, was called as a baron to the Parliament of EDWARD the First.*

From the above-mentioned JOHN DE LASCELLES, descended, through a long line of highly-respected ancestors, FRANCIS LASCELLES, Esq., of Stank and Northallerton, who represented the North Riding of Yorkshire in Parliament, in the year 1653, and, moreover, was a colonel in the Parliament's army, in which capacity he earned much fame. His son, DANIEL LASCELLES, represented Northallerton in Parliament. At his death, his son,

HENRY LASCELLES, Esq., succeeded to his property. He was also a member of the legislature, and, moreover, one of the Directors of the East India Company. He married JANET, daughter of JOHN WHETSTONE, Esq., of the Island of Barbadoes, and passed his life in the enjoyment of pure domestic felicity. His pleasure it was to divide his time between the busy metropolitan society, and the calm and quiet scenery and enjoyments of provincial life; enjoyments which are essentially necessary to perfect human comfort and happiness.

To the pure heart 'tis happiness to mark
The tree-tops waving in the warm sun-shine,
To hear thy song, thou cloud-embosomed lark,
Like that of some fair spirit all divine:
To lie upon the forests velvet grass,
And watch the fearful deer in distance pass.

At the death of this respected gentleman, in 1754, he was succeeded by his eldest son,

EDWIN LASCELLES, Esq., who attracted so much of public admiration, and the attention of his sovereign, by his talents and conduct, as to occasion his elevation to the peerage. He was, on the 8th of July, 1790, elected Baron HAREWOOD, of Harewood Castle, in the county of York. His Lordship twice stood at the altar of Hymen, but he left no issue at his death, which occurred in January, 1795. The barony, in consequence, expired, but his estates passed to the heir-at-law,

EDWARD LASCELLES, Esq., the grandson of DAVID LASCELLES, who died in 1734, the deceased lord's grandfather, and son of EDWARD LASCELLES, Esq., collector of customs at Barbadoes, by FRANCES, daughter of GUY BELL, Esq., of the same island. This gentleman was distinguished for his attainments, and his eloquence in Parliament; he being for many years the representative of Northallerton. Fortune crowned his exertions with success, and, enjoying general admiration, he was honoured with a peerage. On the 18th of June, 1756, he was created Baron HAREWOOD, of HAREWOOD, in the county of York. His lordship after having passed the usual ordeal of courtship, and enjoyed and endured those pleasures and pains "which none but lovers know," was united, in 1761, to ANN, daughter of WILLIAM CHELENER, Esq., of Guesborough.

"Fair was she as the morning—the young bride!
Her freshness was about her: like a river
To the sea gliding with sweet murmur ever,
She sported; and whereever she did glide,
Humanity a livelier aspect wore.

Four "pledges of affection" were presented by this lady to her lord.

1. EDWARD, who died unmarried.

* His Lordship died in 1297, leaving no male issue, but his co-heiresses, when the barony fell into abeyance, and has so continued to the present day. The heir of those ladies, could he be found, would be entitled to its revival.

2. Henry, the present Earl of Harewood.

3. Frances, who, in 1794, was married to the late Honourable John Douglas, and who died in March, 1817.

4. Mary Anne, who married, in 1801, — Yorke, Esq.

The father of this respected family, gained an increase of honours on the 7th of September, 1812, when he was advanced to a Viscounty and Earldom, by the titles of Viscount Lascelles and Earl of Harewood. These honours he enjoyed for eight years, when the stern summons of death called him from his sublunary abiding-place, and, laying himself down "right tranquilly", he yielded up his spirit to the Creator, on the 3d of April, 1820.

The second son of his lordship, the above-mentioned Henry, became Earl of Harewood, Viscount Lascelles, and Baron Harewood, of Harewood, in the county of York. His lordship, who is, moreover, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the West Riding of Yorkshire, was born on the 25th of December, 1767, and on the 3d of September, 1794, he led to the altar the fair Henriette, eldest daughter of Lieutenant General Sir John Saunders Sebright. His lordship was particularly happy in the choice of a partner: despising the superficial and the frivolous, he sought among the fair stars of fashion, one in whom he could meet with a reciprocity of affection, and he succeeded. In those days, however, there were fewer "blues" in the world of female loveliness: ladies had not begun to soil their fingers with the stains of ink, and spoil writing paper. Now, alas! the fashionable world abounds with "literary" ladies, who devote the time which should be spent in more feminine pursuits, to literary ones, to the great annoyance of their husbands. We admit, with a modern writer, that many women have distinguished themselves in the field of literature; but that writer agrees with us that that is not their proper sphere of action. Let such, however, he adds, as feel disposed to devote their lives to the advancement of letters, follow their inclinations, but let them not presume to turn wives. A learned wife may be considered about as useful a member of society as a learned pig: indeed, the latter may be looked upon as the least injurious of the two. The hapless progeny of a learned human mother must pine in ignorance and neglect, while mamma is preparing pap for babes of a larger growth, or in reading for her evening's exhibition before a circle of *savans*: and *that wretched appendage*, her husband, is prevented from following some profitable occupation, by the honourable part of amanuensis to his "*better half*." The lady selected by Lord Harewood, was an honour and ornament to society, and with her his lordship has enjoyed much felicity. His family is as follow:—

1. Edward, Viscount Lascelles, born July, 1769.

2. Henry, born June 11, 1797, married July, 1813, Louisa, second daughter of Thomas, Marquess of Bath.

3. William Saunders Sebright, born Oct. 29, 1798, married in 1823, to Caroline Georgiana, eldest daughter of George, Earl of Carlisle.

4. Edwin, born December 25, 1799.

5. Arthur, born January 25, 1807.

6. Harriett, the present Countess of Sheffield.

7. Frances Ann.

8. Emma, who was united June 16, 1827, to Edmund Berkeley Portman, Esq., of Bryanston House, the great landowner of Marylebone.

9. Louisa.

The family arms of the Earl of Harewood are, *sa*, a cross flory, within bordure *or*. The crest is a bear's head, creeped at the neck, *erm*, muzzled, *gu*, buckled *or*, collared of the second, studded gold. Supporters, two bears *erm*, muzzled and collared *agu*, chained *or*, the collar studded with five bezeants, and pendant thereto a shield of the arms. Motto, "*In solo Deo salus.*" The family seat is Harewood Hall, Yorkshire. His lordship's town residence is 13, Hanover-square.

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## THE FAIR WITCH OF BRUGES*.

### A ROMANTIC TALE.

"Romance for me—romance for me,
And a nice little bit of mystery!"
——— Haynes Bayly.

Colonel Claireville, a young English traveller, was alighting from his horse, from a morning's ride, at the principal inn at Bruges, when his eyes caught the upturned face of a young female who stood beside him, the expression of which seemed to indicate that the girl took no small interest in the traveller. The girl was attired in the wild and picturesque costume of the gypsey tribe; her dark hair fell in glossy ringlets upon her shoulders, and her eyes seemed lit with more than human fire; they were so "darkly beautifully bright." Claireville was struck by the appearance of the girl; he had been disgusted with every thing else in Bruges: all the men appeared to him to be surly, and all the women frights. He had made preparations for a speedy departure, and counted the hours that intervened. As he alighted, the girl dropped a curtsey, upon which one of the men assembled round the window exclaimed, "It won't do Madelon; his honour's too wise to be cheated with your witchery."

Madelon made no reply, but continued looking into Claireville's face, as though she would speak to him. Claireville comprehending at once her character from her looks and the observation of the man, exclaimed, "What, does the pretty Madelon tell fortunes? And would she read the stars for me?"

"*They are read already!*" said Madelon, with a sigh.

"Indeed!" replied the Colonel; "it is the practise of *your* tribe then, it seems, to be ready for your customers! I

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* Bruges is now a melancholy-looking town. If you hate society and love dulness, you will find it a Paradise. Its streets are remarkably clean, and the houses commodious, and rather built for the purposes of commerce and comfort than for an imposing appearance in their architecture. In days of yore, it was the flourishing central mart of the Flemish commerce. At that time its population amounted to about eighty thousand, which included, however, the unproductive yet devouring class who occupied some fifteen convents and monasteries, besides extensive grounds within the town walls: of these, two, I believe, now exist—that of the Beguinage and the English convent established nearly a hundred years ago. In the latter are forty professed unveiled nuns, all English or Irish, besides several unveiled inmates. Living and house-rent are cheap. A family of six persons might live very comfortably for from 120*l.* to 150*l.* per annum, including house-rent, provisions, one servant, and decent clothing. Private instruction is cheap; and all have the advantage of museums, public libraries, and good paintings. There are reading-rooms, book-shops, and well supplied vegetable, poultry, and flesh-markets.

never met with a fortune-teller before so honest as to acknowledge half so much "

"I have spoken the truth," said Madelon. "But you disbelieve me. In your heart you are laughing at me. You think me an impostor—Colonel Claireville."

"What, you know my name?"

"There is nothing in that; any one who visits this hotel may hear it pronounced fifty times a day. Would you despise me still, if I warned you against proceeding to England—against the *man* whom you are to meet on your arrival upon the British coast—the *lady* to whom he would conduct you—the *marriage* that would immediately ensue!"

Madelon spoke these hurried words in a low tone of mystery and dignity; she seemed possessed of the spirit of prophecy. Claireville was astonished; he looked at the gipsy with fear and wonder, and then ejaculated, "I—I—thought that no one was aware of—of—"

"Of—" interrupted Madelon, drawing closer to the traveller, and speaking in a low whisper, "of the contemplated forgery of a dead uncle's will, to defraud a friendless orphan of his rightful inheritance!"

"Madelon!—I—I—How came you possessed of this knowledge?"

"From the stars!"

"Nay, nay—I cannot believe—"

"Have I not spoken truly? Who else knows of the mischief? The *old* man would not tell. The *daughter* knows nothing. Colonel Claireville! you have been ensnared into crime by the beauty of a woman who—"

"Hold, Madelon! I will hear of nothing to the prejudice of her whom I love."

"And yet," continued the fair witch, "that woman regards you with feelings of abhorrence! This is the period of your destiny, Colonel Claireville, when evil may be averted, and I would lead you into the true way. I will tell you more. The mysterious knowledge of my tribe has enabled me to read your life. You are arrived upon the dark ground, wherefrom two roads diverge; one leads you to the commission of crime, and the arms of the daughter of an old idolator of wealth, who would compel his child to sacrifice her happiness and the man she loves. I behold the forged will which is to make you the master of a fortune—the lady yours—a brief moment of happiness, and then—"

"And *then!*" cried Clarevilie—"what then?"

"I dare not tell: the matter may not be talked off by a woman's tongue."

"And the *other* road?" inquired Clairevile, who had become possessed with a strange dread and apprehension.

"The other is not so brilliant, and leads only to a cottage home; but it is lighted by the eternal lamp of love. Truth and constancy dwell therein, and its inmates pass their lives in that deep felicity which pure hearts only know."

"And who is she that dwells therein?"

"I dare not tell."

"You know?"

"I do."

"Who is she?"

"One whom you despise—whom you treat with indignity and contempt; who holds no higher place in your estimation at this moment than the veriest menial in your household, or the poor wandering gypsey girl who stands before you. Yet she loves you with all a woman's deep idolatry, Her eye is ever fixed upon you, her thoughts are ever with you; she sees your attachment to one whose heart is inalienably fixed upon *another;* and she has no consolation but her tears, in this fearful hour, wherein you stand between misery and happiness!"

The energy and mystery of the gypsey girl amazed the traveller, but in a few minutes he bethought himself of the folly of attending to such wild nonsense, and, with a smile of incredulity, he threw some money towards her, and hastened into the house. Madelon watched him in silence, till the door closed upon him, and she then slowly retired.

In the course of the evening, as the traveller was amusing himself in the great room with the company at the hotel, he heard frequent mention of Madelon, "the pretty witch," as she was called, and who had amazed not a few by her knowledge of events and her predictions. She belonged to a tribe that had pitched their tents within a short distance of Bruges, and over whom she exercised a most powerful influence. In the conversations which had been held with the tribe, the latter had represented that Madelon had some intentions of quitting the tribe, and occupying a more dignified position in society. "They are a queer sort of people," said one of the company, "and talk a wonderful deal of romantic nonsense. Why, they say that the destiny of the pretty witch hangs upon the conduct of the English traveller who has been stopping here for some days."

"Ah," thought Claireville to himself, "these gypsies have a design upon me. The brown beauty was sent hither no doubt to delay my progress till some evil plan is completed. They want to rob me on my road home!" With these thoughts he prepared for departure by the next morning's boat. The morning came, and as the vessel left the shore, Claireville beheld Madelon, looking wistfully upon him; and he thought he had never beheld anything half so beautiful. He almost regretted his hasty departure, but in half an hour the beauties of the scenery completely displaced Madelon from his thoughts.

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* * * Sir Phillip Grimsby, and Colonel Claireville were seated together in a small apartment which had once been a library, and which, though every book had departed, still retained its name. Before them there was a table, upon which lay several papers, a parchment, and writing materials. The exulting looks of Sir Philip, and the confusion of the Colonel, indicated that while the one was rejoicing at the work of evil in progress, it was regarded by the other with very different feelings.

"You see," observed Sir Phillip "that every thing is complete: you can counterfeit the signature of your uncle most admirably. Well as I knew the old man's hand, I could not detect the fraud. Come, come, boy, to the work."

Claireville was silent; he took up the pen and was about to write; but conscience smote him, and he threw it down again in confusion.

"Fool!" cried the disappointed and enraged Sir Philip, "hesitate, and my daughter is lost to you for ever!" "Give her to me," exclaimed Claireville, clasping his hands in agony; "give her to me as I am—my own fortune will enable us to live in comfortable affluence, if not in splendour; and we shall be far happier than with the weight of this crime upon my soul."

"Sir," observed Sir Philip, haughtily, "my daughter marries Colonel Claireville only as the *heir* of Sir John Tremaine. No child of mine shall wed a beggar."

"Is that your resolution!" cried the frenzied lover.

"That is my resolution," was the reply.

Claireville, with the recklessness of a madman, snatched up the pen again, and drawing the parchment towards him, he cried, "All, all for love! She's mine—she's mine!"

At this moment loud shrieks fell upon their ears. Claireville paused; voices were heard in all parts of the house, and in the midst of the din Sir Philip heard one cry, "Where is Sir Philip Grimsby, his daughter has fled!"

Sir Philip smote his forehead with his clenched hands, and unfastening the door, rushed out of the apartment in agony. At that instant, a female entered:—she approached the phrensied Colonel, and seizing his arm, exclaimed, "*Is the deed done!*"

He turned and beheld pale and breathless before him, the fair witch of Bruges.

"Madelon!" he cried, "how came you here?—what—what does this mean?"

"Is the deed done!" she repeated with energy, "and am I too late? Is the forgery accomplished?"

"No, no!" replied Colonel Claireville, and he held forth the unsigned will to the fair witch, who tearing it to atoms, and trampling it underfoot, exclaimed, "Now, Heaven be praised! You are saved! You are saved!"

Claireville demanded an explanation.

"The dark hour is passing!" cried Madelon. "I have quickened the speed of the grey-beard Time! 'Twas I who hastened the elopement of your destined bride with her lover. What would have occurred *after* marriage, I have caused to happen *before*. I read the stars! I saw your destiny—*I have saved you*. For this month past I have been in the service of your love. I have been the agent of the plot—I have seen the lovers off—and now thank Heaven, on my bended knees, for having given me strength to defeat the evil spirit, and perform this work of good!"

"Madelon!" exclaimed Claireville," what could have induced you to take such an interest in my welfare and fortune? You have saved me from crime and infamy!"

"'*Twas the indomitable might of* WOMAN'S LOVE!"

* * * * * *

In a beautiful rose-hung cottage, upon the banks of the Rhine, dwells Colonel Claireville, and Madelon, his wife, the once renowned witch of Bruges. Theirs is the happiness of heart and home. That cottage, as the fair witch had predicted, in the dark hour, is lighted by the eternal lamp of love. Truth and constancy dwell therein; there no bad passions come, but all is peaceful and as sweet as infant" dreams, or the clustering roses that overhang the cottage porch; and its inmates pass their lives in the enjoyment of that deep felicity which true hearts only know. It were a tedious task to unravel the mystery which is attached to the loves of this enviable pair: it is enough that we perceive in it an incentive to virtue, and an example of the constancy and devotion of *Woman's Love*.

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## A WHISPER FROM A FAUTEUIL;

### OR, THE SECRETS OF THE FAMILY.

(*A Modern Mystery.*)

"— Little pitchers have great ears—
— Ay, truly, and tongues, too."—OLD PLAY.

I have been but a day in my present habitation: it is but twenty-four little hours since I was among the monstrous furniture in Mr. —'s ware-room, where I passed many months of silent suffering, with nothing to converse with but chairs and tables, and couches that were all as anxiously wishing to change their situation as any marriageable young lady in the whole parish of St. James's. I was heart-sick of such a life, and oh! imagine my joy when I found myself purchased by the Dowager Lady G——, for her ladyship's boudoir. I was in raptures, and enjoyed the envy of all my brothers and sisters of the ware-room, who became so very malicious, that I really believe I should have received some damage had not John the porter came and taken me out of harms way. I will not stay to tell how I enjoyed the ride upon John's shoulders from our dull ware-room, to —— Street, Grosvenor-square, nor the raptures which my elegant appearance excited among the three lovely daughters of Lady G——, Miss Eliza G——, Miss Emily G——, and Miss Georgiana G——, beautiful as angels. But come at once to the matters of fact, which have occurred since my location here, and which, really, have given a shock to my ideas of propriety. But a very interesting piece of furniture, a chess table, with whom I am already upon terms of familiarity, assures me that after a little while I shall become *accustomed* to the customs of society, and no longer consider them indecorous, or feel surprised at them. Would you believe it, I had not been in the house ten minutes, when in came a dashing captain of hussars, who approaching one of the most beautiful creatures that I ever beheld, (and who did me the honour of reposing upon me,) Miss Emily G——, approaching this terrestial divinity, the audacious Captain of Hussars fell upon his knee, and seizing her hand, I heard nothing, for full five minutes but kisses of her white fingers! I was shocked! But then the Captain to make matters worse, launched into an ocean of fine words; swore by his sword how dearly he loved the fair Emily, and conjured her to become his wife! He talked so fiercely, and so fast that, at length, I heard a murmured "YES" come from the lips of her whom I had regarded as an angel! And then after a few more nonsensical words, about "Church" and "ring", and so forth, they both tripped out of the room, looking so happy, that I was quite amazed!

But that's not all. They had not been gone long, when Miss Eliza G——— entered the room in unutterable agony; she was crying violently, and held an open letter in her hand. She remained for upwards of an hour sobbing and sighing to such a degree that I felt anxious to know the reason. She was by no means loquacious, for all that I heard her say during the whole hour, was the sentence, "*A woman can but weep;*" and that was almost stifled by her sobs. I endeavoured to catch a sight of the letter that had caused all this mischief, but I could not. All that I could see was the concluding words, which ran thus:—"And now, *farewell, for ever;* your *once-devoted*, FERDINAND!"

After this unhappy and *forsaken* lady had departed, nobody came into the boudoir for three or four hours, during which time an animated conversation was kept up by myself and my fellow-furniture; my friend the chess-table initiating me into the secrets of the family. As he was expressing his suspicions of an intimacy of a very peculiar character existing between Miss Georgiana, a very dashing-looking girl of seventeen, and her music-master, who should enter the room but Miss Georgiana herself, very cautiously. She looked round the room, and finding no one there, disappeared, but shortly afterwards returned leading a dark-looking person in a mili-

tary cloak and moustachios, and whom I afterwards discovered was the music-master.

Miss Georgiana sat herself down upon me, and Mr. Quaver took a chair beside her, and soon I heard them talk of elopement, and Gretna Green, and eventually the music-master won the young lady's consent to his getting a post-chaise in readiness for the following morning when she would make a start.

I felt exceedingly wrath at this, and could have found it in my heart to have tossed the rascal down stairs. Happy was I when I beheld the young lady's brother bounce into the room with a horsewhip in his hand. O! the joyful scene that ensued! Mr. Quaver was soundly thrashed, and made his exit very speedily; and Miss fainted away, and was carried to her chamber!

Only think of these being the events of a single day! But my friend, the chess-table, tells me they are the occurrences of every hour! Isn't it odd?

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## THE COURT SLANDER;

### OR, SIX MONTHS AFTER MARRIAGE.

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched with the thorns.
And they who have loved, the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed,
And the heart that has slumbered in friendship securest,
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.—MOORE.

Among the marriages in high life that occurred in the season of 18**, no one made a greater sensation than that in which the beautiful Julia G——("*la sylphide*," as she was called in her immediate circle) and Lord C——, were the principal parties concerned. It was altogether a marriage of love, and free from those mere considerations of interest, which bring together nine-tenths of the marriages in the fashionable world. Lord C—— had returned from the "grand tour," with the most favourable disposition towards retirement, and domestic felicity. The artificial pleasures of society, which a twelvemonths residence upon the continent is eminently calculated to attach youth and inexperience to, had not diverted him from those quiet and unostentatious paths of enjoyment which he had preferred in his boyhood, and to which he remained attached; he was wise enough to see the hollowness of the fleeting pleasures of gay society, and strong enough to resist temptation. Shortly after his return to England, he was introduced to Julia G——, who at the time was upon a visit to the Countess of M——, in ——shire, whither he had gone upon a shooting excursion with the Earl of M——. Insensibly, he became attached to Julia, her grace, gentleness and unaffected amiability of heart endeared her to him, and long before the shooting season was over, he had declared his passion, and to his great delight, found that he was not a rejected suitor. The course of true love in this case *did* run smooth; and the preliminaries being arranged, and the consent of all parties obtained, the day was fixed for the wedding. At this period, a rich retired banker, a Mr. T——, and his family, arrived from a tour in Italy. Lord C—— had been their companion through various parts of the "sunny land," and moreover had been much attached to the only daughter of the banker, Adelaide T———, a proud majestic girl, who possessed the power ascribed to the serpent, of fascinating all upon whom her glances fell. She had ensnared the boyish heart of Lord C——, and enjoyed the triumph; her purse-proud father too, beheld the advances of the heir to the Earldom of ——, with much gratification; he anticipated a coronet encircling the queenly brow of his only child, and the potency of the spell of Adelaide's attractions was heightened by all the allurements of feast and festival, which the wealth of the rich banker could invoke. Scenes of gaiety and splendour, of which Adelaide was the presiding spirit, were given daily at the palazzo of the banker; and for a time the young heir was entertained in the bliss of the delusion. He heard the beauty of the banker's daughter celebrated in verse and song; the lips of flatterers lisped homage around her beauty's shrine, and he heard that he was envied above all men. The boy-lover dreamed not that in the temples of wealth, such homage and flatteries are the common coin with which the banquet-giver is paid. At length, however, the delusion vanished. Lord C—— discovered that it was not *himself* that Adelaide loved, but the *Earldom* which would become his on the death of his parent: it was not his *heart* she coveted, but the *coronet*, which would descend, in the course of time, upon his brow. He fled from her then, as he would from a serpent; he tore himself away from her beauties, and all the splendours of her father's palace, and though it was painful to sever his heart from one to whom it had been attached so closely, he had nevertheless the courage to perform the act, when he saw that such a marriage would only make his heart a sepulchre of buried hopes, and lead to bitterness and despair!

Upon the eve of Lord C——'s marriage with Julia, the banker and his family returned from the continent, and for the first time Adelaide learned that she was totally forsaken. Far, however, from feeling those pangs which woman's heart experiences, when "loved ones prove unkind," she affected to despise her former lover, and although her heart and soul were burning with disappointment and anger, she put on fresh smiles, and made a show of having forgiven her false admirer, while her fertile brain was busily engaged in devising plans of revenge.

The day that gave Julia's hand to Lord C——, also saw the haughty Adelaide led to the altar by Sir Robert M——, a rather aged gentleman, who had in a fit of pleasantry made an offer of his hand, which offer, much to his astonishment, was accepted; and he could not in honour retract. He had led a bachelor's life up to his sixtieth year, and had no serious thought of changing his condition. But the banker was stung to the quick by Lord C———'s abandonment of his child, and the cold-hearted beauty was eager to obtain a title, and shew the world that she was not to be *pitied*, the idea of which she shrunk from! "Be pitied!" she exclaimed in her frenzy! "I would rather *die!*"

Love—that spark from heaven—never entered the heart of Adelaide—she married for convenience—she took a husband merely for the gratification of her *pride*, and to make him an instrument in the carrying out into execution of her long cherished plans of vengeance! Her first endeavour was to renew her acquaintance with Lord C———. At the drawing-room which occurred shortly afterwards, whereat both Lady C——— and Lady M———, were introduced, after their marriage, the latter fixed herself in the way of Lord C———, but the latter passed her with a cold formal bow, and though she acknowledged the courtesy with most friendly smiles, and endeavoured thereby to provoke a conversation. Lord

C———'s attention was engrossed by his lovely bride, and he paid no heed to the smiles of the haughty Adelaide. She saw him pass through the glittering throng, with the beautiful Julia, all truth, innocence and devotion, reclining upon his arm; and her passion rising to madness, she exclaimed in a hissing under tone between her teeth, "May a curse light upon him and her!"

"*Or on thyself?*" murmured a voice near to her, and in amazement she turned to see who had utterred such mysterious words. But her eyes rested upon no one whose looks indicated that they had the slightest knowledge of her thoughts, or took the slightest interest in them. "Whence came that voice," she cried, addressing her husband, who was too busily engaged in admiring the courteous behaviour of the royal lady who presided over the beautiful scene, and the splendid attire of those who offered homage at her throne, to heed the abstraction of his lady, to give any satisfactory reply, and looking up to the lowering face of her ladyship in astonishment, he only said, "What voice, my lady?"

"Fool!" murmurred the angered fair one, and hurried her husband to the carriage, in silence.

Shortly afterwards, accident accomplished that which Lady M——— had not been able to achieve by stratagem. Sir Robert and her ladyship were travelling post to the baronet's country seat, when the postillion having fallen asleep, the vehicle was precipitated down a steep declivity, close upon W——— Park, the seat of the Marquis of L———, who was at the time abiding there with a select party, during the recess. Sir Robert escaped without injury, but Adelaide's arm was broken, and she was otherwise severely injured. Intelligence was immediately conveyed to W———, and the noble marquis instantly ordered the sufferers to be conveyed to his mansion, and meeting them at the entry, gave them a most cordial welcome, requesting that they would not think of proceeding on their journey. Medical assistance was soon procured, and the broken arm repaired. A comfortable night's rest was of much service to the sufferer, and on the following day she was able to appear at the dinner table, previous to which she was introduced, by her noble host, to the visitors at the Park, among whom was her hated rival, Julia, and her husband Lord C———!

Adelaide affected much pleasure at the renewal of their acquaintance, and throughout the evening attached herself closely to Julia, whose good opinion she endeavoured to inspire by all the artifices which she so well knew how to use, and which soon effected her purpose. Julia had commiserated her from the first, in consequence of her serious accident, and before the evening had concluded, they had become close friends, and Julia had accepted an invitation to Sir Robert's seat, subject only to the approbation of her husband. And he, willing to gratify his young wife to the utmost of her inclinations, consented.

Happy would it have been for both, had they shunned the wicked Adelaide, as Lord C——— had shunned her in the palace of her father at Florence; but Lord C——— was as deeply deceived as his lady, by the friendly professions of Lady M———, and within a month after the accident, Lord C——— and his Julia were domiciled at Sir Robert's country seat. And then, having got her intended victims into her snare, Adelaide set about the realization of her dreams of vengeance. The devotion of the husband, the tenderness of the wife, the true happiness—the foretaste of heaven, which they enjoyed, the glorious halo of felicity which surrounded them, only heightened the passion of the disappointed slave of ambition, and she rejoiced at she contemplated so much happiness which she had the power to destroy! As demons are said to look upward, upon the felicity of the good, which they cannot themselves enjoy, so looked Adelaide upon the bliss of Julia and her devoted partner, whose every thought and wish was for the advancement of the happiness of her he loved!

The kindness of Sir Robert and his lady to their visitors seemed to know no bounds; and when Adelaide and Lord C—— were together alone, the former would introduce some pointed expressions of her hope that his happiness would be *lasting*. The husband, far from being alarmed, only deemed such good wishes the more kind. Foiled in this plan, by the confidence of Lord C—— in his wife's honour, Adelaide resorted to a more daring scheme, and one day she was found by Lord C—— perusing a letter with much earnestness and agitation. He was about to retire, as he thought, unobserved, when the sudden exclamation caught his ear—"I could never have believed Lady C—— capable of this!"

Lord C—— hesitated: his mind was filled with wonder; for a moment he paused, and then, curiosity mastering every other feeling, he exclaimed, "Lady M——! to what, to what do you allude? What has Lady C—— done?"

Adelaide affected much confusion, and crumpling the letter in her hand, replied—"I—I beg your Lordship's pardon. I was not—I was not aware of—of your presence. I—I—"

"Lady M——!" exclaimed the husband, "your confusion only gives me fresh uneasiness. You have uttered words that have unhinged me; have excited my alarm—my suspicion. Give me some ease, and explain!"

"Believe me," replied this female Iago,—"believe me, you agitate yourself unnecessarily. I did not mention Lady C——'s name. It was another *unfortunate* friend of mine—whose *guilt* I was deploring, an ———"

"*Guilt!*" echoed Lord C——. "Guilt!—I swear 'twas Lady C——'s name you uttered! I could not be mistaken. Your insinuation of guilt drives me mad! What is there in that letter? My happiness, my life itself are concerned; give me the knowledge, I implore!"

"Indeed—Indeed—I—*I dare not!*"

"You *dare* not, Lady M——! Then, indeed, there is——"

"Ask me no more—for the sake of *your happiness*—for the sake of the *wife* you so much love, ask me no more!"

"No more! You have transfixed me, statue-like, to this spot! You have raised a burning fire in my brain, that explanation only can allay! Lady M——! Lady M——! Would you see me fall dead at your feet?"

"Lord C—— you alarm me, I will call assistance!"

"By heaven you shall not stir, till my fears are all removed, or all confirmed!" And thus saying, he seized the arm of Adelaide, who, affecting terror exclaimed—"Take it—take the letter; but for Heaven's sake do not terrify me in this manner." And in a moment the fatal letter was in the husband's hands.

It was a common place epistle, in a female hand, but interlined with sympathetic ink: the latter portion run thus:—"Dearest Lady C——, we may yet deceive the *dolt*, your husband, and our meetings be as frequent in these solitudes, as in the gay scenes of the metropolis. 'Tis my love that suggests these stratagems. Reward my exertions, dearest, by meeting me, at nine this evening, in the beech grove, by the bridge, over the rivulet. Adieu." The letter dropped

from the husband's hands, who stood transfixed with wonder, for a moment, and then, dashing his hands upon his forehead, he flung out of the room.

"I triumph!" cried the haughty Adelaide; and, while unearthly fire flashed from her raven eyes, she proceeded to communicate the success of the plan to her husband.

Julia was sitting alone in her chamber, inhaling the south breeze laden with sweets, rifled from the flower-beds over which it had passed in its progress: her right arm was thrown across the harp, which she had just ceased playing, and her eyes were fixed upon the beautiful scenery beheld through the woodbine-hung casement: her mind full of dreamy delight, in which her husband held the highest place, when a note was thrown in at the window. She rose to perceive whence it came, but could discover no one; she opened the note and read as follows:—

"The good are always surrounded by evil. A demon, that beheld with envy the happiness of Lady C—— in the Queen's drawing-room, is meditating the destruction of that happiness in the retirement of ——. If you would know more, be silent to *every one*, and come to the beech grove in the Park at nine precisely."

While Julia was meditating, with apprehension and alarm, upon this mysterious communication, she heard her husband's footsteps on the stairs, and thrusting the note into her bosom, she hastened to meet him. His countenance was pale and gloomy; he repulsed her affectionate advances, and when he threw himself upon a sofa and she seated herself upon an ottoman at his feet, and took his hand within hers, and looked up into his face, endeavouring, by the kindness of his steadfast gaze, to make him reveal the cause of his grief, he snatched his hand away from hers, and bade her retire from his presence!

Julia arose in silence, and endeavoured to restrain her tears; she had never received the least unkindness from her husband, and this conduct filled her with amazement; but still, with all a woman's tenderness and devotion, she rose to obey her husband's mandate; she proceeded towards the door, but her feelings overpowered her, and, turning back again, she threw herself, in tears, upon his bosom, and cried, "Tell me, oh, tell me, what this may mean?"

"It means," murmured Lord C——, in a voice scarce audible, "it means—*false*, *faithless* woman—that—that you would meet a villain in the beech-grove at nine this night."

"No, no, I would *not*," replied Julia, with passionate emotion, "I would not meet the writer of the letter——"

"Ah!" cried the husband, "you *acknowledge*—you *confess*—you admit the knowledge of the man—you admit your *crime*—your *infamy*!"

"Heavens!" exclaimed Julia, "What—what does this mean." "It means," said the husband, "that I have discovered your guilt—that all the devil concealed beneath that angel form of yours, is revealed!—that you've destroyed my happiness, and made me miserable for ever." "Theodore! Theodore! For the love of heaven!—Upon my bended knees, I pray you to unravel this horrid mystery!—you will drive me mad by those strange sentences. Pray—pray explain!" And as Julia spoke, she fell on her knees before her husband, and called with frantic emotion upon him for an explanation. At that moment, another note was thrown into the room, which Lord C—— perceiving, he cried, "There is explanation sufficient, no doubt!" And tearing the note open, he read as follows:—"A strange coincidence prevents the meeting. Stir not out this evening. Be cautious."

"Ah! fiend, villain!" cried the husband, "he has already heard of the discovery! Look here madam! *Virtuous*, *honourable* wife!—Look here, behold your paramour acquaints you that you cannot meet to-night. But you *may*.—Write, write to him—here's pen and ink quite ready:—write to him—say that the '*dolt*,' your husband, will not stand in his way—that befooled, maddened, betrayed—he has said farewell to you for ever, and left you with his parting curse. Away! away! Oh heaven!" Lord C——— tore himself from his shrieking wife, and leaving her fainting on the floor, he ordered his groom to saddle their horses directly, and while restoratives were being administered to his fainting lady, Lord C——— was progressing towards the coast as rapidly as his horse would carry him.

The designs of Adelaide were thus accomplished by means which she knew nothing of; a "strange coincidence" to be explained hereafter, had certified the apprehensions of the husband, and caused the sudden abandonment of Julia. The artful and wicked Lady M——— was not slow in spreading the intelligence of her "friend's" disgrace: although she strove to console the wretched wife, her's was the hand that penned the slanderous paragraphs for the newspapers, in which the circumstance was made to assume the most infamous character; and after she had talked kindly with her innocent victim, she instantly proceeded to write letters to all her acquaintance in London, apprising them of Lady C———'s disgrace.

The tale was blazoned abroad: all the Court circles rung with it, and although contradictions were published by an *unknown party*, who expressed themselves able to disprove all the statements made to Lady C———'s discredit, the world which is more ready to believe slanderous reports, than true representations, would not admit the possibility of the innocence of the wife, and thus, within six months after her marriage, Lady C——— found herself a miserable outcast, thrown down from the pinnacle of felicity, to the lowest depth of despair!

The sudden disappearance of Sir Robert M——— at this time served to give alarm to Adelaide; for it was rumoured that he was one of the offending parties, and had flown to escape the angered husband's vengeance. Adelaide could obtain no tidings of Sir Robert. He had departed shortly after the discovery, and the flight of Lord C———, without being attended by a single domestic. Julia proceeded on the following day to her father's house where she found some relief in the consolation of those who did not believe her guilty. Adelaide who was much annoyed by the suspicions regarding her absent husband, accompanied her, in order, if possible, to remove those suspicions, by her seeming disbelief of the report. Within a few days after their arrival, the whole truth of Adelaide's infamy flashed upon Julia: the servant who had been used by Adelaide, as an instrument received her discharge, and to be revenged upon his mistress, disclosed the whole matter. Julia could not believe this, but the servant offered to meet her mistress face to face, and the father of Julia undertook to sift the matter. Accompanied by the servant he proceeded to Adelaide's apartment: as they entered, the waiting woman with malicious joy exclaimed, "Now, my lady, *I've told all!*"

"Well," cried the haughty beauty, with calm indifference,

"and you will now order my carriage to be got ready immediately, as I can no longer be a welcome guest in this house."

"My lady!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "It cannot be true that you have destroyed the happiness of my child!"

"I have but avenged the wrong done me by her husband. He deceived me; he destroyed *my* hopes; he compelled me to give my hand to a man whom I abhor, that I might stand as high in the estimation of the world as my puling rival! I *am* revenged, and I exult in what I have done!"

"Infamous woman!" cried the parent, "leave my house this instant!"

"With pleasure. I have nothing more to do in it. It is easy to turn me out of doors, but not so easy to lure the *befooled husband* into it. He believes that his wife has wronged him; he has received *proof* of his disgrace. Who is to make her innocence appear to him?"

"*I*," cried a voice outside the door, which alarmed Adelaide. The door opened, and immediately entered Lord C—— and Sir Robert M——!

"*I!*" cried the latter. "I *have* made the wife's innocence appear to '*the befooled husband!*' Foolish, wicked woman. Your husband has defeated your atrocious attempt to destroy the happiness of these young and virtuous persons."

"Ah!" shrieked Adelaide; "my husband, my betrayer!"

"I was decoyed into the marriage with you," replied Sir Robert. "But, since I have proved an instrument of rescuing these young persons from your snares, I no longer repine at that event. 'Twas *I* who heard you curse them in the presence of the Queen! 'Twas *I* who would have revealed your infamous plot to the young couple in the beech grove, and wrote the letters which alarmed Lord C——. 'Tis *I* who, having traced the maddened husband to the coast, have brought him home again to restore him to the much-injured, but still *constant* and *forgiving* wife of his bosom!"

While Sir Robert was speaking, Julia had been brought into the room, and as he concluded, he pointed to the husband and wife, who, locked in each other's arms, enjoyed the bliss such as shipwrecked mariners feel when restored to life and home! It was a bliss too great for utterance; for awhile the husband and wife conversed only by their tears!

The baffled Adelaide passed into retirement and obscurity, and Sir Robert, separated from that evil-minded woman, lives to enjoy the gratitude of the happy Lord and Lady C——, the innocence of the former of whom he made manifest to the whole world, though in the manifestation thereof was included the disgrace of his evil partner.

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## INTERESTING HINTS TO LORDS AND LADIES;

### ON LOVE, AND OTHER MATTERS.

Love! 'tis a passion fit for Gods above,
Creation all receives its charms from love!
Take love from man, how rugged were his breast,
How would he sink into the grovelling beast!
Where would each generous liberal virtue fly,
Where the sweet charms of social sympathy?
Take back all else, ye sacred powers above,
But leave us still the soul attuned to love!

Of all our social institutions, there is not one more productive of happiness than marriage. It is the gate, as one of the old poets said, through which we enter into bliss, and obtain a foretaste of the enjoyments of a more perfect state of existence. That this result, however, is obtained only by a few, is a fact which the experience of every day stamps upon us the conviction of. Cowper's injunction for forbearance, is worthy of attention by all that would experience human happiness. We are none of us perfect, and the consciousness of our own erring nature should cause us to look with compassion upon the errors of those whose happiness depends upon our forbearance and good temper.

The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives when that exterior grace—
Which first inspired the flame—decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate, or blind,
And will with sympathy endure,
Those evils it would gladly cure;
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a *mere profession;*
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or, soon expels him if it is!

We never listen to Moore's beautiful song of the "Sunflower," without inwardly praying that the singer may be induced to act according to the precept implied therein, and imitate the example of the flower. "It is not only when beauty and youth" are possessed by the object of our admiration, that we should be attentive and kind: "beauty is but skin deep," and every hour of our lives lessens our youth. We have heard a pleasant story of two married lovers, who, notwithstanding their great attachment to each other, nevertheless disturbed their own happiness. They were really fond of each other, but they were so unfortunate in an impatience of temper, that they continually rendered each other miserable. The husband was a man too easily dejected, and the wife misinterpreted this, and thought it sullenness and unkindness. She would, therefore, frequently accuse him of peevishness, or else sit for hours, with a book in her hand, as regardless of his sighs as if they were the mere puffs of an old pair of bellows, or the rustling of the wind down the chimney. If her husband desired her to avoid a particular thing, she directly considered him as laying a sort of command upon her, and, therefore, thought it incumbent on her pride to do the very thing prohibited. If her husband begged of her to observe any point of good manners, which she through accident had forgotten, she reproached him as a squeamish creature. If he appeared particularly desirous of polishing her in the art of eloquence, it was imputed to a love of contradiction. And thus, two people, really lovers at heart, tortured one another without any solid cause. There are many, we feel persuaded, who resemble this couple, and who make imaginary ills the cause of much unhappiness. It is necessary, in order to produce perfect happiness, that the most implicit confidence should be placed in each other. The *fashion* of society, so far from considering husband and wife as *one*, understands them as two distinct persons, with different tastes and pursuits; but such is not the fashion of nature. And if the husband and wife are not considered by each other as one entirely, there is an end to happiness. A house divided cannot stand; if one part lean to the right hand, and the other part to the left, destruction must ensue; but so long as it holds together, firm in its union, it is an

object of strength and splendour. It is very truly stated by Mrs. Piozzi, that "if that kind of love be kept alive through the marriage state which makes the charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for: in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found." Why is this love not kept alive? It is folly to say that it cannot be done; such an assertion, indeed, implies that you are not so wise and virtuous as you were during the time of courtship. If you could excite love, you can surely maintain it, or you are become less worthy members of society. Ladies, however, are apt to be neglectful; they think that their work is accomplished when they have attached a husband by the plain gold ring: and they cease all those little attentions which caused them to be so much admired. Garrick gave some excellent advice to the ladies upon this important subject, shewing them the way to happiness, by merely continuing those attentions after marriage, which had characterized their conduct before.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar,
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar.
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor played-on too much!
The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command:
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed to your will.
Be gay and good-humoured, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

A Happy Benedick.

## PERSUASION.

Ah! why that cold and cheerless look,
That deeply-furrowed brow?
Cast off that wonted mournfulness,
For *I* am with thee now.
Ah! when in sorrow, and alone,
Not causeless was thy grief;
But I am with thee—husband—now,
To smile away thy grief!

The world frowns on thee—let it frown—
What care we for its hate?
Repose thy sorrows on my breast,
And we will smile at hate!
Then, let a smile displace this gloom,
Relax thy furrowed brow,
Cast off, dear love, thy mournfulness,
For I am with thee, now.

## LIFE'S ANGEL.

A BRIEF NOTICE OF THE TREATMENT OF WOMAN IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

Woman! "the angel of life!" was treated in times of old as a slave—the slave of man. It is painful to contemplate the sufferings which she endured. In Rome and in Greece females were never trusted with the management of their own fortunes, and every father had a power of life and death over his daughters. This unnatural authority was often the cause of much injustice and cruelty: it was frequently exerted when the child dared to follow the inclinations of her own heart, when it was against the wish of her parent. One of the Roman laws prohibited females from having more than one ounce of gold employed in ornamenting their persons; from wearing clothes of divers colours, and from riding in chariots, either in the city, or a thousand paces round it. They were strictly forbidden to use wine, or even to have in their possession the key of any place where it was kept. For either of these faults they were liable to be divorced by their husbands. A man wishing to get rid of his wife might easily effect his object; the power given him by the law was so extraordinarily great. In the earlier days of Rome, husbands were even permitted to kill their wives if they found them drinking wine. It is related by Fabius Pictor, that the parents of a Roman lady having detected her picking the lock of a chest, which contained some wine, shut her up and starved her to death. The females were not only in subjection to their husbands, but even to some of the higher servants. The principal slave of Justinian the Second, threatened to chastise the Empress if she did not obey his orders. The Roman ladies were permitted to attend the public exhibitions; these were horse races, shows of wild beasts which fought against one another, and sometimes against men, whom the Emperor's in the plenitude of their despotic power, ordered to engage them. The above description of a few of the sufferings of the females it times of old, will cause our fair readers to rejoice at their having been born in civilized times, when man is become their slave, or rather the worshippers at their shrine; when it is universally acknowledged that they are guardian angels of man's happiness, and we exclaim in the words of the poet,

"———Woman, lovely woman!
Heaven made thee to temper man!
We should be brutes without you."

## SCENES OF MY YOUTH.

Scenes of my youth, pale sorrow flings
A shade o'er all your beauties now;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That scatter pleasure as they flow:
While, still, to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me such things were!
In this loved spot, a parent strove
To keep my happiness in view;
I smiled beneath a mother's love,
That soft compassion ever knew;
In whom the virtues all combined,
On whom I could with faith rely;
To whom my heart and soul were joined,
By mild affection's primal tie!
'Twas here within this clustering grove
I fondly gazed on Mary's face,
Who, blushing, owned a mutual love,
And sanctified this well-known place!
Though hard the soul-conflicting strife,
Yet, fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight the charm of life,
She whom my heart must still adore!
'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
*Could* I forget that such things were!

## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

People who Sing.—It must have occurred to many of our readers during the recent holiday festivities, that there is no sort of persons who become so absurdly alarmed, and get into such a fever when requested to sing, as our countrymen, generally; and the gentlemen suffer from this species of infirmity, if so it may be called, even more than the ladies. Our friends north of the Tweed, and those on the other side of the Channel, have a less share of this "*mauvais honte;*" but it is not "*mauvais honte.*" A librarian at Brighton, who has been in the habit of engaging persons to sing at his evening *loos*, for the last fifteen years, asserts that whilst the females have only a moderate share of timidity, the men could not tremble more when they get up to sing if they were going to be hanged. Were the trembling gents. (who *shake* at every time but the right) to rise early and betake themselves to the ocean side, and, like the Athenian of old, or John Braham of modern times, rehearse *solfeggii*—the roaring waves their audience—to get rid of their guttural tones by bringing the voice more freely from the chest, this diffidence would soon be overcome and subdued. This species of fear, so peculiar to amateur singers, often begets a temporary loss of memory, and they frequently substitute for the proper words of their songs language the most *outré*, ridiculous and ungrammatical. We have heard an anecdote of a gentleman who had received a college education, and who in ordinary conversation would not betray the least stupidity, yet when prevailed upon to give a specimen of his vocal powers, would get into so dreadful a heat that his face assumed all the ruddy appearance of the moon at her full, and the genius of nonsense at the same time had such fast hold of him, that he would sing thus, unwittingly:—

"The hounds they *comes* in jovial cry,
And *snuffs* the flagrant breeze."

And we once heard a timid lady warble forth, with a face like a peony:—

"Away, away to the mountain's brows,
Where the *mountain's brows* are waving, &c.!"

Repartee.—The foot of Mrs. ——— was one day the subject of conversation in a certain green-room, when Miss ——— pertly exclaimed, "Its immensely *large*, Mrs. ——." To which the offended fair one replied, "I am perfectly aware of it, Miss ——, and I can assure you that I have often wished it as slender as your reputation!"

A Pointed Reply.—A certain bullying counsellor was one day cross-examining a female witness in his coarse and unfeeling manner, which the witness bore for some time. At length, the counsellor asked her if she had a husband. "Yes," was the reply. "And pray, my fine madam, what is he?" To which the spirited female replied, "A *ropemaker*, Sir; *at your service.*" Not another question was put.

### LOVE'S APPEAL.

O, do not, do not blame him, mother,
Don't blame him, now he's gone;
But think you of the days, mother,
When he was all my own:
O, never more we'll name the name
Of this false love of mine,
But we'll turn again unto our home,
And the memory of "lang syne."
O, do not, do not curse him father,
You know not what you do;
O, think upon the time, father,
When he was good and true!
Or, if that bitter word *must* fall
From lips where blessings be,
O, bless the head I love so well,
And fall that curse on me!

A Con.—What newspaper is like a bottle of soda water?—The *Cork Reporter.*

Women, the Real Destructives.—It is the belief in some oriental nations that no evil can take place of which a woman is not the first cause. "Who is she?" a Rajah was always in the habit of asking whenever a calamity was related to him, however severe or however trivial. His attendants reported to him one morning that a labourer had fallen from a scaffold when working at his palace, and had broken his neck. "Who is she?" immediately demanded the Rajah. "A man; no woman, great Prince!" was the reply. "Who is she?" repeated with increased anger, was all the Rajah deigned to utter. In vain did the servants assert the manhood of the labourer. "Bring me instant intelligence what woman caused this accident, or woe upon your heads!" exclaimed the Prince. In an hour the active attendants returned; and, prostrating themselves, cried out "O wise and wonderful Prince!" "Well, who is she?" interrupted he. "As the ill-fated labourer was working on the scaffold he was attracted by the beauty of one of your Highness's damsels, and, gazing upon her, lost his balance, and fell to the ground."—"You hear now," said the Prince, "no accident can happen without a woman in some way being an instrument."

### WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED.

(*A Lady's Reflections.*)

Man is capricious, jealous, free,
Vain, insincere, and trifling too,
And yet I think, we all agree,
For *want of better*, he *must* do!

La Fontaine.—La Fontaine was an example of a meditative philosopher marrying. He was most appropriately styled "the fable-bearing tree," never exhibiting the slightest sympathy or care for his wife. How or why he married at all is a wonder; it was usual with him to leave his wife for months together, without any reason assigned, making it a point, however, to visit her every September at least. On his return from one of these annual visits, some one asked him after her welfare; "Oh, I have been down to see her, but she was gone to church. His son was under the patronage of Harlay; and La Fontaine having quite forgotten him, met one day at a friend's house a very intelligent boy, with whom he expressed himself much pleased, and thought that he was a very promising youth. On being told that this was his own child, he replied "Ah, well, I am glad of it."

Singular Anecdote of Rossini.—The fine composition

of *Mose in Egitto* was brought out in 1818. In this piece Rossini has attained an elevation of style which is not to be found in any of his other productions. The chorusses are profound and majestic. The sublime prayer of the Hebrews, when preparing to cross the Red Sea, was an after-thought. Notwithstanding the transports with which the opera, in general, was received, the attempt of the machinist to represent this scene never failed to excite the risibility of the audience. This continued during the first season. "The following season," says M. Stendhal, "this opera was resumed, with the same enthusiastic admiration of the first act, and the same bursts of laughter at the passage of the Red Sea. The following day, one of my friends called about noon on Rossini, who, as usual, was lounging in bed, with a dozen of his friends about him; when, to the great amusement of every body, in rushed the poet Tottola (the author of the drama) who without noticing any one, exclaimed, "Maestro! I have saved the third act!" "Well, what have you done, my good friend?" replied Rossini, mimicking the half-burlesque, half-pedantic manner of the poor son of the muses. "Depend upon it they will laugh at us as usual." "But I have made a prayer for the Hebrews, before the passage of the Red Sea," said the poet, pulling a bundle of papers out of his pocket, and giving them to Rossini, who immediately began to decypher the scrawl. While he is reading, the poet salutes the company all round, whispering every moment in the composer's ear, "Maestro, I did it in an hour." "What! in an hour!" exclaimed Rossini. "Well, if it has taken you an hour to write this prayer, I engage to make the music in a quarter of the time; here, give me a pen and ink." At these words, Rossini jumped out of bed, seated himself at table *en chemise*, and in eight or ten minutes composed this sublime movement, without any piano, and without minding the chatting of his friends. "There," said Rossini, "there is your music—away about your business." The poet was off like lightning, and Rossini jumped into bed, and joined in the general laugh at his parting look of amazement. The following evening I did not fail to repair in good time to San Carlo. The first act was received with the same transports as before; but when they came to the famous passage of the Red Sea, the audience showed the usual disposition to risibility. This, however, was repressed the moment *Moses* began the new and sublime air, "*Dal tuo stellato soglio.*" This is the prayer which all the people repeat after *Moses* in chorus. Surprised at this novelty, the pit was all attention. This beautiful chorus is in the minor key; *Aaron* takes it up, and the people continue it. Last of all *Elcia* addresses the same vows to heaven, and the people answer. At this moment they all throw themselves on their knees, and repeat the same prayer with enthusiasm; the prodigy is wrought; the sea opens to present a passage to the people. The last part of the movement is in the major key. It would be difficult to give an idea of the thunder of applause which resounded from every part of the theatre. The spectators leaned over the boxes to applaud, exclaiming, "*Bello! bello! O che bello!*" Never did I behold such an excitement, which was rendered still more striking by its contrast with the previous merry mood of the audience.

The Choice of a Wife.—The general and constant advice which Dr. Johnson gave when consulted about the choice of a wife, a profession, or whatever influences a man's particular and immediate happiness, was always to reject no positive good from fears of its contrary consequences. "Do not," said he, "forbear to marry a beautiful woman if you can find such, out of a fancy that she will be less constant than an ugly one; or condemn yourself to the society of coarseness and vulgarity for fear of the expenses, or other dangers, of elegance and personal charms; which have been always acknowledged as a positive good, and for the want of which there should be always given some weighty compensation. I have, however," continued he, "seen some prudent fellows who forbore to connect themselves with beauty lest coquetry should be near, and with wit or birth, lest insolence should lurk behind them, till they have been forced by their discretion to linger life away in tasteless stupidity, and choose to count the moments by remembrance of pain instead of enjoyment of pleasure."

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

How much of the sorrow that life may inherit,
The early departure to slumber will save;
The hope that drags onward the world-weary spirit,
Rests but when its fever is quenched in the grave.
Weep not for the dead with a fruitless recalling,
Their soul on the wings of the morning hath fled;
Mourn rather for those whom yet life is enthralling,
Ah! weep for the living—weep not for the dead!

Matrimony Made Easy.—It is very easy to get married any where; but in Bosina, as the Rev. R. Walpole tells us, it is much easier than any where else under the sun. This worthy traveller says that there the young girls are allowed the extraordinary indulgence of walking about in the day time with their faces uncovered—a liberty, however, which may be secured without going all the way to Bosnia for it; but, then, unfortunately, it is also true that there "any man of the place who is inclined to matrimony, if he happen to be pleased with any of these girls whom he sees in passing, throws an embroidered handkerchief on her head and neck; if he have not a handkerchief any other part of his dress answers the same purpose." Now this is not quite so agreeable; to allow somebody who is "pleased" with us to throw—not himself at one's feet—but his boots perhaps upon one's neck. But this is not from being the worst; for "the girl is then obliged to retire home, regards herself as betrothed, and appears no more in public!" And all this, because she has pleased somebody, and has had a handkerchief thrown over her head! Such is the penalty of being beautiful, and living in Bosnia! Absolute plainness in unromantic England is really preferable to it. "Appear no more in public!" Why, those wives whose husbands can never see them in private, from one grand gala night to another, are not half so much to be pitied.

Ingenuity.—A very ingenious *write*-r has made the following curious play upon the word *write*. It will amuse our readers. He terms it "The Master's Instruction to John Wright to spell write, right":—I hold it right to write to you, John Wright, that you do not write WRITE right when you write it WRIGHT. You must not write WRIGHT, neither must you write it RIGHT,—nor even should you write it RITE. To write WRITE right, you must write it WRITE. If you are a good Wright, you will write WRITE, WRITE, which will be right, so if you wish to write the word RITE right, you must neither write it wright, write, nor right. The sense is known by spelling right. I will give you an example, John Wright: I WRITE, you are RIGHT, he is a WRIGHT, we have a WRITE, they have a RITE, I have here spelt it all right. Now, John Wright, write WRITE right.

A Strange Story for Wine Drinkers.—People who drink wine are not aware of the poison they put into their stomachs. A story has been told us of his late Majesty, George the Fourth, who when in the high and palmy days of youth and health, possessed but a very small quantity of remarkably choice and scarce wine. The gentlemen of his suite, whose taste in wine was hardly second to their master's, finding that it was not demanded, thought it was forgotten, and relishing its virtues, had exhausted it almost to the last bottle, when they were surprised by the unexpected command that the wine should be forthcoming at an entertainment on the following day. Consternation was visible on their faces, a hope of escaping discovery hardly existed, when one of them as a last resource went off to a noted *wine-maker* in the city, and related his dilemma. "Have you any of the wine left for a specimen," said the adept. "Oh, yes, there are a couple of bottles." "Well, then, send me one, and I will forward the necessary quantity in time; only tell me the latest moment it can be received, for it must be drunk immediately." The "wine" was sent, the deception answered, the princely hilarity was disturbed by no discovery of the fictitious potation, and the manufacturer was thought a very clever fellow by his friends.

THE FALLEN.

Press not a falling woman. Dost thou know
The intolerable pressure of her woe?
Know'st thou how many days her soul hath striven—
How sorely urged—how blindly, wildly driven—
How long resisting? On a shattered deck,
Lo! the poor sailor clinging to the wreck,
Grasping, with falling strength, the wave-washed plank;
O! didst thou see him struggling as he sank?
See on yon twig that splendid drop of dew!
Heaven smiles and it reflects heaven's rainbow hue;
The rude winds shake the gem suspending bough—
It vibrates—falls—the pearl is worthless now!
Thine is the fault—thine—heartless man of gold,
Thy filth does still the pearly treasure hold:
That filth will give thee back the pearl again,
When love's sweet sunshine, brightening on the plain,
Gathers the scatter'd drops, and sends them down in rain.

Manners.—"I am going to retire from the metropolis," said the *borish* Lord ———, at Crockford's door the other day, "and shall buy some *manors* in my native county." "A very wise resolution indeed," said Tom D———, who stood by, "for your Lordship's lack of *manners* is become proverbial!"

A Shining Light.—Mr. ———, who is notorious at the Athenæum Club for his impudence, was one day boasting of his talents, and among other things said, "gentlemen, I am not a man to put my candle under a bushel." "No, by Jove!" replied Theodore H———, "not unless you meant to defraud the Insurance company."

Curious Notice.—The following intimation is copied from a placard on the walls of the lobby of an inn at the head of Loch Suinert. "Notice: No person will get credit in this house, but those that pay money down."

The Married Rake.—When Lord C—— married the pretty Miss ——, Lady L—— went up to him and said, "Now, my lord, I hope you'll amend your way of life." To which the noble wit replied: "Your ladyship may depend that this is my *last folly*."

First Sensations of Love.—The lilac has been consecrated to the first sensations of love because nothing is more delightful than the approach of spring, of which this flower is the messenger. The freshness of its verdure, the flexibility of its branches, the abundance of its blossoms—their beauty, so short, so transient—their colour, so tender and varied—all recal those emotions which embellish beauty and give grace to youth. No painter has ever been able to blend colours soft enough or fresh enough to pourtray the velvet delicacy and sweetness of those light tints on the forehead of youth. Van Spaendock himself, unrivalled in flower-painting, let fall his pencil before a bunch of lilac. The gradation of colour, from the purple bud to the open flower, is the least attraction of these charming masses, around which light plays and loses itself in a thousand shapes; all of which, blending in the same tint, form that harmony which makes the painter despair.—What a reunion of perfume, of freshness, of grace, of delicacy, of detail, and of a whole!

THE FAR-AWAY HOME.

Far away! my soul is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I see my brother's play,
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more!
Far away! my dreams are far away,
When at midnight stars and shadows reign,
"Sweet child!" my mother seems to say,
Come where thy home shall smile again.
Far away!

Catalini and Goethe.—Madame Catalini, whose literary erudition appears to be less profound than her musical learning, while travelling in Germany, met the celebrated Goethe in a private circle at Weimar. "Madame, the illustrious author of *Werter*," said one of the party on presenting the poet, to which the cantatrice replied. "Ah, dear me, what a delightful *piece*, and how comic Potier is in it to be sure!"

THE INSECT WORLD.

One almost fancies that such happy things,
With coloured hoods and richly burnished wings,
Are fairy folk in splendid masquerade,
Disguised as if of mortal folk afraid,
Keeping their joyous pranks a mystery still,
Lest glaring day should do their secrets ill!

Spanish Coachmanship.—The *mayoral*, or *conducteur*, of a Spanish diligence, sits on the coach-box in front, and drives his motley team, consisting of from eight to twelve horses and mules harnessed and placed as chance may seem to direct, chiefly by the sound of his voice. He has neither reins nor whip, but addressing each horse or mule by its name of Capitana, Juanita, Tomasina, &c. he speaks cheeringly or chidingly, as the case may need. Occasionally he jumps down from his seat, runs by the side of the carriage, and yet contrives, while keeping pace with the perhaps accelerated speed of the animals, to fill the pockets of his smart braided round jacket with stones, which with singular dexterity, after he has remounted, he throws at the awkward or refractory beast, and accompanying each stone with a volley of curse, invariably succeeds in bringing the offenders to immediate subjection.

BELL, PRINTER, 28, CRAVEN-STREET, STREET.

**St. CLOUD.**

*One of the Palaces of the King of France.*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CXLIV. LONDON, MARCH 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD AND THE PARK ON A FETE DAY.
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE EVENING DRESSES AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—TWO EVENING DRESSES, FIVE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLY MILLINERY.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY, DURING THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

" May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear that enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!
The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows,
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

MOORE.

We have frequently had the pleasure of recording the benevolent actions of those illustrious personages who so worthily occupy the British throne; and it is with increased gratification that we now call the reader's attention to another act of true humanity, which our gracious Queen has performed, and which will give that Royal Lady an increased claim upon her people's love. In the course of the last season HER MAJESTY visited a Bazaar at Brighton, and made some purchases of one of the stand-holders, an elderly female (but who has, since that event, departed to the bourne no traveller returns from). A short time ago, the QUEEN again visited the Bazaar, with the intention of purchasing of the elderly female, but found a younger person at the stall. HER MAJESTY made enquiries about its former occupant, and found that she was dying, and that her last days were clouded with distress. Immediately afterwards, the sum of 41*l.* was forwarded to the aged female, which included a donation of 10*l.* from the QUEEN, 10*l.* from the KING, and other donations from the illustrious sisters of HIS MAJESTY, the Princess AUGUSTA and the Duchess of GLOUCESTER. It is needless to describe the feelings of the dying female at the instance of Royal benevolence: suffice it, that it was her last request that this generous act should be made known. This is surely the way to erect a momument of gratitude in the people's hearts!

Let us now proceed to describe the public progress, and doings of THEIR MAJESTIES during the month. On the 3d, these illustrious personages arrived in town from Brighton, and was received at St. James's by the Duke of CUMBERLAND. Soon after HIS MAJESTY'S arrival, he held a Court, and afterwards held a Privy Council. This was the commencement of the public business for the season. On the following day HIS MAJESTY went in state to the House of Lords to open the Session of Parliament with a Speech from the Throne. The State procession was escorted to the House of Lords by a detachment of the Life Guards. The day was unfavourable, but there was a large assemblage of HIS MAJESTY'S loyal subjects round the Palace, and the Father of his people was loudly applauded:

" Glad voices only spake the feelings of the heart."

We must not omit a notice of an extempore speech delivered by the KING upon this interesting occasion. The House of Lords presented a very splendid appearance, an unusual number of ladies being assembled, most elegantly dressed, and many of them wearing rich ornaments and plumes of feathers. When the KING had taken his seat upon the throne, the great Officers of State assembled round HIS MAJESTY, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, and several Members entered. The KING having put on his spectacles, the Lord Chancellor, kneeling, delivered into his hands a copy of the Speech. But that part of the house in which the throne is situated, being greatly deficient in light, HIS MAJESTY evidently found it a difficulty to read the speech correctly. He very good-naturedly proceeded, however, through nearly half of it, when some of the officers of the House, seeing the difficulty under which HIS MAJESTY laboured, brought a wax-taper, when HIS MAJESTY addressed the assemblage in the following words:—" MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN—I have been prevented by not being able, for want of light, to read the Speech in the manner I ought, to command your attention; but I trust that by now reading it again, I shall be able to call sufficiently your Lordships' attention, and that of the Gentlemen of the House of Commons, to its various topics." HIS MAJESTY then recommenced the Speech, and read it through in a clear and distinct tone. The distinguished persons present were much gratified by the urbanity of their Sovereign. On the return of the Royal procession to St. James's, the KING was received with loud acclamations.

THEIR MAJESTIES remained for a few days in town; and

during their stay, one or two courts were held by the King, but they were devoted to public business. The Queen inspected the new palace, and the King paid a visit to Windsor Castle.

The London season was commenced on the 24th by a grand Drawing Room held by HER MAJESTY at St. James's. It was very fully and fashionably attended, and THEIR MAJESTIES, we are most happy to say, appeared in the best health and spirits.

## THE ELOPEMENTS OF THE MONTH.

THE ARREST.—THE SUCCESS.—THE PATRICIAN AND THE PLEBEIAN.—THE TRICK.—SMITHICIDE.—THE ROYAL ELOPEMENT.—THE SISTERS.

JOHN REEVE, in the farce, says there's "nothing alive but stagnation;" if that immortal humourist were in London at this moment, he would say there's nothing alive but *elopements!* Every week, every day, nay, every hour seems to bring with it a new pilgrimage to the temple of Hymen, in the shed of a village blacksmith! What has come to young ladies we cannot tell: the *marriage mania* exists: knights, "brave and bold," think only of taking unto themselves better-halves (*better?* ay, marry, better! with *fortunes*) and young ladies are easily led to break their bonds asunder, and escape from parents or guardians, for the sake of the one loved better than all the world. Love is a pretty thing while it lasts: so BYRON said, or something like it; but, unhappily, it happens that in nine-tenths of the *runaway* matches, Love does not last long. Many a time and oft, indeed, Cupid stays behind at Gretna Green!

### 1.—THE ARREST.

Wonderful have been the ways of the female sex during the past month. Great has been the call for the blacksmith! Some of the elopements have come to the knowlege of the public; some have not; one young lady has been rescued by a fast-trotting brother, at the very altar, and another captured on the road, owing to a break down of the carriage. *Mem.* Never go to Gretna in a crazy vehicle. Assure yourselves not only of the sincerity of your lover's passion, but also of the strength of the carriage: not only that the heart of the man is sound and true, but also that the horses are able to "go." Such an uproar there has been in the house of a distinguished Countess, with two unmarried daughters!—and all, as it is whispered, through the malicious "confession" of the elder sister, who thought that *she* ought to be married first, no doubt. We can't say whether the young *brunette* should be praised or blamed: she is eight-and-twenty, there or thereabouts; and though many a male butterfly has hovered about her shrine, they have none of them rested to offer their vows. In plain terms, the lady fancies (at least, we suppose so) herself forsaken—though *neglected* might be a more appropriate word—and as her laughing sister is scarcely out of her teens, she thought it scandalous, no doubt, that the younger should have a husband, while she herself (the elder) had none: that one should have a chaplet of roses wreathed for her, while the other (her infuriated self) sat at home in the willow. Besides, Mamma objected to the match! And Mamma's commands *sometimes* have a great effect upon young ladies—that is to say, when the latter are willing. The scheme was perfected; the traveller's dresses were ready; the morning came; Love lighted the taper to conduct the trembler to her future spouse. She descended the staircase with a palpitating heart—not a breath was heard—she reaches the portal—her lover is there—he whispers a vow of eternal love—and in a moment is knocked down by the huge staff of a policeman, while the fair fugitive faints in the arms of her gallant uncle of the Guards!

They do say, that the brunette sat at a window above, and enjoyed the comedy. But we do not think that one so fair could be so cruel. But, certainly, they do say that she disclosed the whole affair to her mamma, on the night before the morning when the elopement was intended to take place.

### 2.—THE SUCCESS.

In another of these interesting extravaganzas, the parties belong to the neighbourhood of Chesterfield; one, a gay young fox-hunter, and the other the only daughter of a gallant Colonel. They made good their escape, and are by this time man and wife. Their flight was discovered by a farm servant, who, on going in the morning to work, observed something white dangling from a bed-room window; this was a pair of sheets knotted together, one end secured to the iron staunchion of the window. The man made known the circumstance to the family, when it was discovered that the young lady was absent without leave. The party started at about two in the morning in a gig, and proceeded at the rate of eighteen miles an hour to Sheffield, whence they dashed along in a chaise at a slashing rate for Gretna, where the blacksmith speedily riveted them firmly in the bonds of Hymen. If things go on at this rate, ladies will not be so much led, as driven to the Hymeneal altar, and the consumption among the candidates for a bridal wreath, will indeed be a galloping one. Every private family will require the addition of a blacksmith among its domestic functionaries, and every gentleman's estate will boast its Gretna Green! What a romantic idea! We shall have the old stories of Spanish guardianship revived; padlocks will be in requisition; young ladies chambers will have their windows iron-barred, like mad-houses; and the chimneys stopped up, lest an escape might be effected by means thereof!

### 3.—THE TRICK.

Again, again we hear the sound of horses' hoofs! Again the dull road rings with the peal! The cry is still, they come! Who are these! Behold in the lady, the person of one of the loveliest of the nieces of a distinguished provincial gentleman, and in the gentleman, a gallant son of the Mars, whose regiment is stationed at Plymouth. There are some amusing particulars in this affair: they flew not upon the wings of mere uncalculating Love: Love gave them a lesson in trickery, as you will see. The escape was made from Stockton; the time six o'clock in the evening; the destination Gretna Green. Off they went to Durham, on reaching which place, the gentleman, though ardent with love, yet with the cool head of an experienced general, dreading pursuit, which he was certain would quickly be made, resolved to halt in that city, rather than incur the risk of being thwarted in his purpose, by undertaking the more protracted and hazardous trip to Gretna. The *rûse* proved successful; for within a few hours, two gentlemen, relatives of the fugitives, arrived in hot pursuit at their retreat, and demanded admittance by a furious attack at the bells, doors, and windows; which was obstinately resisted by *Boniface* on account of the lateness of the hour, who, however, assured the gentlemen on his honour that there were no such parties in his house, but they had

taken coach to Darlington. The pursuers, on hearing this, and never doubting such an honourable assurance, and moreover, being unable to gather any intelligence from the postboy who had driven the couple, or the ostler at the inn, both of whom were completely *overpowered* by the liberal treatment they had experienced, in which *Bonny* himself seemed to have participated, immediately started off for Gretna; where, on learning that the *Man of Iron* had not been honoured with employment that week, they laid in ambush for some time in anxious expectation of the arrival of the lovers; calculating with a cruel hard-heartedness to pounce upon them on the very threshold of the "*Smiddy*." They, however, waited in vain, doubtless not less to their chagrin than disappointment, at being so completely outwitted; and thus the happy pair were left at Durham to have the Gordian Knot tied at their leisure, and unmolested, on the following morning.

4.—THE PATRICIAN AND THE PLEBEIAN.

Another "distressing case!" Hearts will be hearts! And Love often links strange ones together. The nephew of a Marquis, and a menial! What a disparity! The young gentleman who has thought proper to commit this freak, is the eldest son of Admiral the Hon. Sir ——! He has actually married one of his father's servants! The young gentleman is an admirer of levelling opinions, no doubt. The painful effects of this thoughtless act, are increased by the bridegroom having several unmarried sisters, moving in a distinguished circle, to whom this connection, besides being repugnant, may possibly be disadvantageous also! How shocking it would be if the young ladies were to imitate the example of their brother, and take a journey to Gretna, with butler, footman and groom!

5.—THE ROYAL ELOPEMENT.

The next elopement that we have to discourse of, is one that has made a great noise in the fashionable world, and well it might, the parties are a Prince of Naples, and a lady who rejoiceth in the name of SMITH. PENELOPE SMITH—fair PENELOPE, who has found a right royal Ulysses to do honour to her charms. Nobody is yet aware of the destination of these fugitive lovers; some say they are here, others that they are there; one has seen them in Switzerland, another knows that they are secreted in Paris,—a third, that they have taken a trip to the great Mogul, or gone upon a voyage, with Thady O'Rourke, to the "jintleman in the moon!" All that is positively known is, that they have eloped. The report of their being in Paris rests on no better foundation than the mysterious looks of the Neapolitan Chargé d'Affaires, M. CARAFFA, and the circumstance of his having rendered himself inaccessible, and almost invisible. It is now supposed that Prince CHARLES is determined on marrying Miss SMITH. With that laudable view she has become a Catholic; but, nevertheless, the Pope, out of deference to his Sicilian Majesty, has refused to let them marry at Rome. Where the ceremony will take place is not known, but by most accounts the young Lady is quite resolved on becoming the Princess CHARLES DE BOURBON, which, it appears, is to be her title. Various anecdotes are told relative to this amorous couple; one, among others, of a *fête* at Portici, in which, instead of the supper, Prince CHARLES, Miss SMITH, and Lady S———, rose through a trap door, all standing in graceful attitudes.

6.—SMITHICIDE.

At Naples, they are talking of nothing but this elopement, nor do they intend until the next eruption of Vesuvius. In England, all the SMITHS are in extasies! That one of them should become the bride of a Prince! That a brother of a King should commit *Smithicide*! In one respect there is no reason why the King should be angry with the Prince of Capua, for the SMITH family is of an antiquity that defies calculation. Certainly "her highness" has performed a prodigy, for though many an Irish bachelor has carried away many a Princess, both on and off the stage, it is something novel to see an Irish spinster appropriating the second brother of a King. It is said that she has 20,000*l.*

PENELOPE—fortunate PENELOPE is the sister of a gentleman of landed property, in the county of Waterford. She is celebrated for her horsemanship. Whether the lady's equestrian skill was called into requisition in this case can only be guessed at; but it is said that Prince CHARLES took upon him the *couriers* garb, and both looked and acted the character to perfection. The fugitive quitted Naples, and flew through Rome, with a rapidity that promised to quickly carry them to their Elysium. In Paris, the lady's fortune is swelled into a revenue that is thought to have had the most irresistible attraction in the eyes of the Prince, who has been shockingly prodigal, and is not a bit richer than a king's brother ought to be—and her beauty is exalted into a mingled lustre and sweetness that will secure to her (for some months at least) the Prince she has won. It is stated that she has given up her religion for her love, and embraced the Roman Catholic faith; the Prince on his part, after considerable altercations with his family and the Neapolitan government, consenting to resign his title as Prince of Capua, and his right of succession to the throne of the Two Sicilies, to become the *Ulysses* of such a *Penelope*. But this is not to be wondered at. His head seems to run upon Irish ladies. He was smitten with an equally vehement passion for another Irish Lady, about three years ago, only she was so "peculiarly situated," that the offer of his hand was impossible. He is brother to the reigning Sovereign, and to the Queen of Spain—as well as to Prince Leopold, Count of Syracuse, who visited London towards the close of last session. The new Princess is not more than eight-and-twenty—and judging from her looks, does not desire to be thought more. May love brighten their home.*

7.—THE SISTERS.

We will wind up our record of elopements, and singular marriage matter for the month with some remarks on a queer story in the matrimonial way, that has reached us. Love is a strange passion. It goeth and cometh we know not how or when, as SHERIDAN KNOWLES observes; we try to shut it

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* It is suspected at the Tuileries, where the elopement has given much displeasure, that Prince CHARLES and Miss SMITH may have sailed for the United States. In their flight the Prince has assumed the name of *Mr. Richard O'Connor*, and his fair companion that of *Mrs. O'Connor*. There is with them a genuine Mr. O'Connor, whose family has been since desired to quit Naples. A courier, who is also of the party, goes by the name of Mr. Archbold O'Connor. It is said that Lady S———, well known in our fashionable circles, has had a prominent share in this love affair, and that Miss SMITH must have obtained a mighty sway over his Highness of Padua if she have prevailed upon him to venture across the Atlantic.

out, and the more we try the bolder it grows. That the course of Love is not a bit smoother than it ever was, we have three thousand ladies and gentlemen in the "mournful vein," to prove; but three will do as well as three thousand. Three! It is a mystic number. Strange matters are connected with the number *three*, as some romantic writer in one of the this year's annuals has shewn. How charming to be a beauty just come out! How far beyond the sensations of the mere houri aged seventeen entering upon a first flirtation! Our heroine experienced this gratification. She was a bright particular star in fashion's world. Izaak Walton—the famous angler, descanting upon the delights of catching fish, exclaimeth, "other joys are but toys;" but catching lovers with sighs and glances, is sport more extatic! And how our beauty caught them! It was far easier to catch them to count. But there was one in the crowd of admirers worth all the rest! His love was prized. He was favoured. And soon folks saw the lady was favoured—that the lady was half his own, and might be his better half—the weight of another vow seemed enough to turn the balance—one sigh more would produce the flame. Why was it wanting? The most faithful of Lords will weary of a lady who does not know her own mind. An Earl does not like his coronet to be converted into a "begging box."

The lover was in this position when one of those things called nurses, appeared upon the scene, leading in the youngest sister of the beauty. Her eyes were rivetted upon the loving Lord; she thought it lucky that the youngest sister should be married first; and according to her common-sense views there was no harm in drawing the devotee from one shrine to another. What does it matter who he marries so that it is one of the family.

The youngest of the beauties had not "come out," but Love looked out at her eyes; and at the very first meeting which the nurse devised between the future Earl and Countess, his Lordship saw clearly that he was beloved. The passion was so unconsciouly betrayed by the unsophisticated damsel, that not to be delighted was to be insensible, and not to be won was to be super-human. The true-lover's knot was tied—so was another, very quickly, a very Gordian one, though secured by a personage yclept Hymen. The marriage ceremony was performed almost before the "family," knew anything of the matter.

Marriage does not invariably constitute a millenium in a family! But a truce to reflection. What is done, cannot be undone. And our fair readers will, we are sure, unite with us in wishing all the sad ones happy, and all the happy ones, still happier.

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## ON DITS, CHIT CHAT, AND TABLE TALK OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

"——————— Lively and gossipping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."

*The Courtier.—A Comedy.*

Novelties.—The literary novelties of the season are all bad: there is scarcely a new book worth reading; yet if we were to credit the well paid for *puffs* in the newspapers, we should imagine every new work to be a prodigy of genius! Of the publishers it may well be said:

Vesuvius and you should be bound in a yoke,
*Both* craters are sending out volumes of *smoke*.

Taking Wine.—There is a well known lady-killer who esteems his mode of taking wine to be, of all his manifold attractions, the chief; and (to do him justice) the tact with which he chooses his time, the air with which he gives the invitation, the *empressement* he contrives to throw into it, the studied carelessness with which he keeps his eye on the fair one's every movement till she is prepared, and the seeming timidity of his bow when he is all the while looking full into her eyes—all these little graces are inimitable, and all these little graces will be lost. Even now, the difficulty of getting a glass of wine in the regular way is beginning to exercise the ingenuity of mankind. Mr. Theodore Hook was once observed, during dinner, at Hatfield, nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. On being asked the reason, he replied, "Why, Lady Salisbury, when no one else asks me to take champagne, I take sherry with the epergne, and bow to the flowers."

A Golden Rule.—The golden rule is, let all men's dinners be according to their means—discard the degrading fopperies of affectation, and the imitative meannesss of vanity; but are the *entrées* and *entremets* at Lord Sefton's, Lord Hertford's, Mr. Rowland Errington's, or Sir George Warrender's, to be discountenanced, because Mr. Tomkins's cook is only equal to a joint? Or are our baronial halls to be denuded of their retinues because Mrs. Jenkins's establishment is limited to a maid of all-work and a boy? We remember hearing a lady of high rank declare that the circumstance which struck her most amongst the varied splendour of a celebrated *fête* given by the late Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, was, that though the dinner party commonly exceeded forty, each guest had a stately attendant in the Howard livery behind his chair.

The Pride of Ancestry.—Lord G———'s regard for his ancestors (which, by the way, is so often amusingly displayed) is nothing to that of the Duke of ———, in the principal room of one of whose mansions is a representation of the Deluge, in which a man is seen running after Noah, and calling out, "My good friend, save the archives of the ——— family!" In the palace of the Duke de L———, there is a piece of tapestry upon which is displayed the Virgin Mary, with an ancestor of the L———'s standing bareheaded before her. "Dear cousin," she says, "pray be covered." He replies, "Cousin, I would rather remain as I am!"

A Hume-orous Pun.—A member of one of the Clubs has expressed his regret that Sir John Gibbons had resorted to legal measures against Mr. Hume, instead of posting him, in the usual gentlemanly fashion. "For if he had done that," said the Club wit, "he would have enjoyed what no living man can be said to have enjoyed, a *Post-hume-ous* reputation (posthumous).

The New Lord.—When Jekyll was informed of the elevation of his friend Lord Cottenham, he exclaimed, Poor Pepys! he was *bread* to the Bar, and then he went naturally to the *Rolls*; now he is turned into *cheese* (Lord Cottenham, now Lord Chancellor, was, previously, Master of the Rolls. Cottenham is famous for its cheeses).

Remarks at Court.—It was remarked at the Drawing Room, that a certain fair Countess, who has turned away

heads in her time by her loveliness, and whose attachment to the gaming-table has for some time past been a subject of general regret, appeared in a dress that had been sported at Court *twice* before, at least. The *ingenious arrangement* of ornaments and trimming, did not prevent the *old* dress from being recognised; and her ladyship, though she may have fancied that she came off with flying colours, was certainly detected, and we have reason to believe that her ladyship will be made aware of the notice that was taken of her error. —It was remarked that the *clumsiness* of a very *amiable* Colonel, the relation of a noble Earl, devoted to the sports of the field, occasioned the beautiful Lady M—— —— to appear in the royal presence with a rent in her beautiful and characteristic costume. When military gentlemen go to Court they should remember that they are not in their club-houses, neither on the tented field; that ladies should be treated more delicately than the coarser sex; that their dresses are more likely to be spoiled. It is certainly very indecorous to *drive* through the rooms as if you were at a fox-chace. But this is the way many gentlemen proceed at Court, and hence the frowns that we so often see upon the fair brows of the beauties of the Court, and their deranged attire.—It was remarked that a certain dowager of very parsimonious peculiarities, was sadly grieved at the loss of a small diamond brooch. It was really amusing to see the venerable lady fretting about it; to be sure, she did not speak her regret, for that might have caused her to appear mean; but then her looks spoke, and nobody could misunderstand their meaning. Hamlet says, "let me speak daggers, but use none": the dowager we allude to is able to do with a look, what the Prince of Denmark hopes to do by words; she looked her regret, one could see by her face that she was inwardly exclaiming, "Oh, that I had not lost my brooch!" The witty D—— whispered to a friend who stood by, that it was no great loss after all, for his jeweller had told him that her ladyship only wore *paste!* —It was remarked that one of the proudest beauties of fashionable life, the heiress of the noble House of —— (a lady whose hauteur is enough to prevent any one that might have an inclination to marry her, from "popping the question") had had her feathers fastened so very badly, that one of them had fallen upon her back, and there it remained, dangling like the pig-tail which gentlemen used to wear. It was really diverting to see the long ostrich flopping upon the beauty's back as she moved; and the stateliness of her air, and the proud tossing of the head (which are the characteristics of this lady) occasioned the feather to move much more ludicrously than it would upon a simpler mannered person. What a pity it was that no good-natured friend represented the circumstance to the lady: but she is so proud that people are afraid to approach her, and so she passed through the Court thus funnily. It was remarked, that among the train of carriages (some of them very splendid ones) that approached the palace, there was one of a most queer character. It was a hackney, and was one of the vilest looking of those public conveniences. Nobody thought it was going to the *palace*, and being just behind the magnificent equipage of Lady H——, and just before the equally noble set-out of another distinguished fashionable, it looked even worse than it would have done had it been "alone in its glory." The blinds were drawn up, so that nobody could see whom this vehicle contained. It drew up to the Palace door: down came the lean and ragged "jarvey" from his box—the steps were thrown down, and in an instant Lady —— —— "fat, fair, and forty," blooming like a peony, and radiant with all the colours of the rainbow, was handed out by her spruce lord and master, and into the palace they tripped. A smile was seen upon the face of Lady H——, as she turned her head and beheld the *parvenu*.

The King's Theatre, or, as it is more frequently termed, "The Italian Opera House," being the first musical establishment in England, and from this, the first source, emanates much of the bad or the good taste of the country. Few people being acquainted with the immense expenses of this large establishment, we have obtained the whole the disbursements *for the season of* 1834, by which it would appear, that, although the year was productive of great receipts, the rent of the house was so enormous as to make the questions of profit and loss a very equivocal one. The following is an account of the expences and receipts:—

EXPENSES.

| | |
|---|---|
| For the principal Singers and Chorus Singers | £10,000 |
| For Dancers, including the Corps de Ballet | 8,000 |
| Rent for the Theatre | 11,000 |
| Orchestra | 7,200 |
| Lighting Theatre | 1,500 |
| Warming do. | 200 |
| Military and Police Service | 200 |
| Bills (Posting Bills) | 200 |
| Advertisements | 120 |
| Stage Management | 600 |
| Figurantes | 200 |
| Copying Music | 300 |
| Legal Expences | 200 |
| Box-keepers and Check-takers | 200 |
| Dresses and Dressers | 560 |
| Scenery and Decorations | 650 |
| Washing | 60 |
| Sweeping the Theatre (four men, at 3s. a day) and other expences | 100 |
| Machinists | 120 |
| Door-keeper | 30 |
| Servants | 40 |
| Suggeritore | 30 |
| Sundry Expences, Taxes, Insurance, &c. about | 1,000 |
| | £42,510 |

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Amount of Subscriptions for 1834 | £26,000 |
| Taken at the Doors | 15,000 |
| Laporte's Benefit | 1,000 |
| | £42,000 |

Last year (1835) was generally allowed to be a most productive season, for the simple reason, that the enormous rent of the house was considerably reduced. For the last thirty years, with the exception of 1828, 1829, and 1835 (in the two former of which Sontag and Malibran were both engaged) the Italian Opera House has proved to be a ruinous speculation. In those years (28 and 29) the house was shared jointly by M. Laporte and M. Laurent. Last year, as we are given to understand, the receipts and disbursements were satisfactory, and a fair presumption may be permitted, that the same able management will bring the affairs of the theatre to the same issue in the approaching season.

A Character.—A dandy Crockfordian, the papers have

been telling us, has offered his addresses to a young beauty; but the report of their intended marriage is erroneous. The lady is desirous of having a husband who will be constant to her, and forsake all other pleasures for those of the domestic fireside. When he made the offer, the careful beauty thought it no harm to make some inquiry respecting his character; and having learnt that Lady F—— had some knowledge of him she introduced the subject. "Is he affectionate?" she inquired. "Yes," was the reply, "he loves horses and dogs!" "Has he any fortune?" "Yes," rejoined her Ladyship, "at present he has very good fortune—*at the play table*!" Of course the match was broken off.

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## THE DRAMA.

"The drama is the most perfect amusement of a polished people."—STEELE.

DRURY-LANE.—It is because that we would make the drama what it ought to be—the most perfect of the popular pleasures, that we animadvert so severely upon the performances of the day. We know that when the drama is what it should be, it is not merely amusing, but it is also instructive, and we would see again "the mirror held up to nature," upon our public stage, as it was when theatrical amusements were attractive, and the theatres filled with delighted company. The performances at the leading theatre royal (devoted to what are called their Majesties servants) have been of a rather better quality during the past month, than they were in the one that preceded it, because among them there has been a new tragedy, and one that is likely to live long and bring much money to the treasury. This successful novelty bears the title of the *Provost of Bruges*, and although not quite so good a piece as we could wish, yet it is far better than the nonsensical melodramas that we have been accustomed to at this dramatic establishment. Besides, it has afforded Mr. MACREADY a fine opportunity for the display of his transcendant abilities. The plot of this new tragedy is powerful and impressive, and the following epitome of it will, we are certain, give our readers a good opinion of its general merits. The scene is laid at Bruges, when that city was opulent and powerful. The Provost *Bertulf* (Mr. MACREADY) has acquired a great favour in the eyes of his sovereign, Charles, Earl of Flanders. In the full tide of his prosperity he has given his daughter in marriage to *Bouchard*, a young Noble (Mr. COOPER) and all seems fair and smiling before him. Having returned to Bruges after a short absence, he learns that a severe law had been passed, in the interval, against the serfs of the nobility—a law which decrees, amongst other matters, that any man, be he noble or not, who marries with the daughter of a serf, shall, by the deed, become of her condition, and be deemed himself a bondsman and a serf. This news, when communicated to the *Provost*, causes him some perturbation of mind, the cause of which is soon made apparent by the progress of the play. His old enemy *Thancmar* (Mr. WARDE) having insulted *Bouchard*, a duel takes place between them, but is suddenly interrupted by *Thancmar*, who declares that as a noble he will not sully his sword by fighting with a serf, and immediately quits the lists. *Bouchard* hastens in a state of frenzy to his father-in-law, the *Provost*, and in an angry and half-despairing tone, asks him if he be, indeed, a bondsman? The *Provost* hesitates for some time before he tells his noble son-in-law that the father of his wife was indeed a serf, and what is worse than all, born, too, on the lands of his bitterest enemy, *Thancmar*, whose property he as much is, as are his cattle. *Thancmar* discovered the fatal secret by the agency of an old man, who had known the *Provost* from his infancy, and who, in a moment of rage for a fancied insult, had divulged all to the unceasing foe of his benefactor. The *Provost* for a time parries the questions of his son-in-law; but at length pressed closely, in answer to the demand, "Were you born noble?" he answers with one emphatic and resounding "No!" MACREADY'S acting here was emimently fine: his whole bearing was dignified and truly noble; when recounting his humble birth, he tells of his glorious deeds, and rejoices that he is a "man," and in his actions far above a noble. Now the star of *Thancmar* is in the ascendant; and though *Bouchard* is at first highly indignant at the forfeiture of his nobility, he is at length induced to make common cause with the *Provost* against their unrelenting opponent, who claims them both as his bondsmen. The interview of *Bouchard* with his wife, after he has learned the secret of her birth, also drew down much approbation. He begins by upbraiding her, and casts her from him; but her patient, sorrowing loveliness, brings him back again, and makes him crave forgiveness for the wrong he has done to the kindness and gentleness which are embodied in so sweet a form. Misfortunes, however, crowd fast upon the devoted family, and *Bouchard* and his loving partner retire to his patrimonial castle, which is fired by *Thancmar*, and the lady loses her reason, and is supposed to have perished in the flames. In the meantime the proud *Provost*, for his daughter's sake, humbles himself before the Earl and sues for mercy; but when he learns her fate he loses all patience, and having a large party in the town devoted to his interests, breaks into open rebellion at the head of the citizens. Another fine scene ensues when his daughter, who had not perished in the flames as was reported, returns to him a poor heart-broken maniac; when he devotes the too precious hours to her instead of heading his partisans, who, deprived of his presence and aid, at last give way on every point. She dies in his arms, and he then rushes foremost into the *melée*, not before he has learnt the death of his enemy, *Thancmar*, who fell by the sword of *Bouchard*, himself mortally wounded. He is at length surrounded by the Earl's soldiers, and stabs himself to avoid falling into their hands. The language in which this plot is told is stirring and poetical; in the early scenes rather too childishly romantic, but in the sterner declamatory passages it is bold and effective. Still, the play has too little of that intense reflection, that metaphysical revelation, which is necessary in works of this kind. It is a good play, but it is not a great one; it will live for a season or two, and bring money to the house; but it will not be a permenent attraction, nor will it be found by posterity on the shelf with the works of SHAKSPEARE and SHERIDAN KNOWLES. Mr. MACREADY, we have said, distinguished himself: he has fully established his claim to the title of a great, original actor. In every scene he put forth his utmost powers, and in the final scenes more particularly his acting was terribly grand! Mr. WARDE and Mr. COOPER also played with energy and feeling, in the characters of *Thancmar* and *Bouchard*, and ELLEN TREE was a very lovely representative of the Provost's daughter.

It is with feelings of indignation and regret that we turn

from the contemplation of the new tragedy to another performance at this theatre, a ballet called *Le Vol-au-Vent*, in which two young Frenchmen made a frightful exhibition. They are posture masters, and their feats only make us wonder that they do not break their necks. The people in the theatre, however, highly applauded them, but we cannot derive pleasure from such exhibitions.

A new farce, by Mr. PEAKE, called "*Frolics of Forty-five*," was most heartily condemned at this theatre. It was a gross piece of absurdity, and the audience would not suffer it to be finished. FARREN had the principal character, but he could not save the piece.

COVENT-GARDEN.—VICTOR HUGO'S celebrated novel of *Notre Dame de Paris*, or rather an old piece that had been played at the Surrey theatre a considerable number of nights, founded upon VICTOR HUGO'S novel, has been metamorphosed into an Opera, and produced here. The piece was announced as a New one, with Music by CARL MARIA VON WEBER! We were anxious to know *how* the managers got CARL MARIA to write music for them, seeing that that great musician has been dead for some years. Various were the reports that were in circulation: some said that the Music had been discovered among the papers of the departed musician; others, that the spirit of WEBER had revisited the "glimpses of the moon," to do this theatre a service! But lo, and behold! when the piece came out, it was discovered that the Music by CARL MARIA VON WEBER was nothing more than the old music of the *Preciosa!* But, still, that music is very beautiful, and it would have been attractive had it been allied with dramatic matter of a better quality than the nonsense of FITZBALL. It was called *Quasimodo*. Some of the scenes that were meant to be highly *pathetic*, excited roars of laughter. Miss ROMER appeared as *Esmeralda*: she sung tolerably; but she thinks too much of herself. When the piece was announced for repetition, there was considerable opposition.

Miss HELEN FAUCETT has played *Belvidera* and *Mrs. Haller*, since our last, but with no particular success.

Mr. OTWAY, who made an unfortunate *debût* at the Haymarket last season, has essayed his abilities at this house, in the character of *Jaffier*, in the tragedy of *Venice Preserved*. His performance was in parts very feeble, and in other parts very extravagant. Nature did not form him for an actor.

ADELPHI.—The performances here have been of a very poor character: the company is weak, many of the leading favourites having quitted it. Mr. SOANE'S piece, called *Luke Somerton*, is one of the worst we ever beheld. BUCKSTONE'S adaptation of BULWER'S *Rienzi*, is better; but it is badly got up, and the characters are but indifferently supported.

ST. JAMES'S.—An improvement has taken place in the performances here. *Fra Diavolo* has been revived, and it is played in a very spirited manner. BRAHAM is capital in the *Brigand*, and he is well supported by Mr. BARKER, in *Lorenzo*, and Miss P. HORTON, in *Zerlina*. We hope Mr. BRAHAM will continue in the prudent course he has adopted: he will find it tend to his advantage.

QUEEN'S.—A pretty little burletta, called *A Lesson in Love*, has been produced here, with great and deserved success. The story is that of a gay coquette of fashion, who having tortured the heart of her lover, is herself tormented by a "woman-tamer," and at length brought to give her hand to the man who adores her. Mrs. NISBETT was to have played the part of the coquette, but she thought proper to throw the character up, and the task devolved upon Miss LAVINIA MELVILLE, a young lady of much personal attraction, and very agreeable talents. She sustained the character in a very lady-like and effective style, and gave great satisfaction to the audience. "Mr. PARRY, who played the "woman tamer," is an actor of more than ordinary ability; and he put forth all his talents upon the character. Some of the scenes he rendered highly diverting by the rich and quiet humour which he threw into them. The rest of the male actors were sorry fellows, indeed. Besides Mrs. NISBETT'S company, a French company has been playing at this theatre: the united performances have a very pleasing effect. The other novelties here have been a burletta (of a rather coarse description) called *Borrowed Feathers*; a melo-drama called *The Delusion*; and a drama entitled *The Moor of Toledo*.

The VICTORIA has a version of the *Jewess* which is exceedingly popular. At the SURREY, *Opera* (strange to say) is the attraction. A new operatic drama called *Hate and Love* has been very profitable to the management. Miss M. A. ATKINSON, formerly of Covent Garden, has greatly distinguished herself by her performance in this piece, and Mr. LENOX, who had previously gained much reputation as a concert singer, has proved himself to be inferior to none of the English vocalists. He should be at one of the patent houses.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;
### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Alas, alas, woe, woe!
That life's clear stream
Should ever cease to flow
With gladsome gleam!

Body and soul must part—
Thus Heaven hath spoken;
Links knitting heart to heart
Must all be broken."

*From the Persian.*

There has been much of individual happiness, and much of sorrow during the month which has just passed us. Many have been the brides that have gone up to Hymen's altar, rejoicing; and many the pilgrims that have passed into the valley of death! The first of these claim our earliest attention; and, therefore, casting aside all melancholy reflections, for the present, we will "cheer our hearts" with the recollection of the enjoyments experienced by the happy hearts made happier by the union which nothing can sever but death. The Right Hon. Lady SOPHIA CUST, eldest daughter of the Earl of BROWNLOW, has given her fair hand to CHRISTOPHER TOWER, Esq., of Weald Hall, Essex. The ceremony of their union was performed by the Hon. and Rev. RICHARD CUST, the relative of the noble bride, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of friends, who each breathed fervent prayers for the continued happiness of the pair just entered into wedded life, that state which is either productive of happiness or misery!

"All strive to gain the blessing: few obtain it."

At the British Ambassadors, in Paris, ELIZABETH, second daughter of ROBERT FORBES, Esq., of Kensington, has been

united to the gallant Colonel WILLIAM GORDON, of the Bombay army. If he but prove as worthy a husband, as he is an officer, the fair ELIZABETH will be a most enviable woman.

The merry bells are ringing a strain of high rejoicing! The Hon. and Rev. ROBERT LIDDELL, LORD RAVENSWORTH'S fifth son, is leading to the sacred altar the accomplished EMILY ANNE CHARLOTTE, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. GERALD VALENE WELLESLEY, D.D., and niece of his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON. This union seems to promise the full realization of the best wishes of the friends of the happy pair. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Hon. and Rev. GERALD WELLESLEY, the cousin of the fair bride. After the ceremony, the company partook of a splendid breakfast at the house of Dr. WELLESLEY, and the happy couple, soon afterwards took their departure for Seaham Hall, the marine residence of the Marquis of LONDONDERRY, to spend the honeymoon.

We have further the pleasure to state that another work of love has been completed by Hymen; the Hon. ELIZABETH SUSAN LAW, (sister to Lord ELLENBOROUGH) being now the wife of the Right Hon. Lord COLCHESTER. The ceremony was performed at Marylebone church, by the Bishop of BATH and WELLS. The happy couple are spending the honeymoon at Redbrook Park, his lordship's seat, near Colchester.

It is now time that we should proceed to the consideration of the more mournful events of the month; that our attention should be directed to those families over whom "death hath spread its wing," and who stand now, bereft of relatives, dearly loved and deeply lamented. The lovely retreat called Moccas Court, Herefordshire, on the borders of the river Wye, has become the seat of mourning by the decease of its amiable owner, Sir GEORGE CORNEWALL, Bart. In less than a fortnight, his lady was bereft of the best of husbands, his seven young children of a most affectionate parent. The eldest, Sir VELTERS, is in his 14th year. This family has always been distinguished by the musical accomplishments of its members. The late baronet was an excellent performer on the violoncello, and almost daily practised on the performance of trios, accompanied by one of his sisters, and a professional visitor. Several of the most eminent musicians have been partakers of his hospitality, and to the visits of these gentlemen, may be ascribed the great proficiency which the three sisters of the late Baronet have attained in singing and playing. Sir George Cornewall was born, Jan. 16, 1714. He married on the 26th of September, 1815, to JANE, only daughter of JAMES, first Lord SHERBORNE, who survives him.

Death has also deprived society of the Lady FRANCES WRIGHT WILSON, of Chelsea-park, the widow of Sir HENRY WILSON, whose death occurred a year or two ago. Her ladyship was the second daughter of THOMAS BRUCE BRUDENELL, fourth Earl of AYLESBURY, and sister of the present Marquis. A most romantic incident occurred in the life of this lady, and which we briefly averted to when we had occasion to speak of the decease of Sir HENRY. Previously to her ladyship's marriage, she took the name of WRIGHT, under the following remarkable circumstances:—A professional person waited on her ladyship one morning, and informed her that a gentleman named WRIGHT, just deceased, had bequeathed to her the whole of his immense property, on condition of her assuming his name. Mr. WRIGHT had been personally unknown to the lady, but he had seen her at the opera, and formed an attachment to her. Lady FRANCES accompanied the gentleman to see the remains of Mr. WRIGHT, and on entering the apartment, her ladyship instantly recognized the features of an elderly gentleman who for a length of time had been in the habit every opera night of taking his station in the pit directly under Lady AYLESBURY'S box. and of regarding Lady FRANCES in the degree of pertinacity which she had found extremely irksome, having frequently complained of it to her companions. The family subsequently learnt that Mr. WRIGHT, who was a gentleman of considerable property, with no immediate heir, had come to London a stranger, and being struck with the appearance of a lady at the opera, had ascertained that she was the Lady FRANCES BRUCE. Each succeeding Tuesday and Saturday found him gazing on the object of attraction; and at his death his executors found that the whole of his property had devolved upon this lady. Lady FRANCES was shortly afterwards united to Sir HENRY WILSON, who quartered the arms of WRIGHT with his own, bearing the double crest, and likewise assumed the name of WRIGHT WILSON. This little narrative establishes what BYRON has said, that "truth is stronger than fiction."

We have, moreover, to record the death of ANTHONY HEATHFIELD, Esq., of Lympston, Devon, who having attained a patriarchal age, has gone to his eternal rest. The greater portion of his property is inherited by his cousin, THOMAS HEATHFIELD, Esq., a gentleman, to the excellence of whose character we are happy in having this opportunity of offering our testimony.

WILLIAM SCOTT, Baron STOWELL, the distinguished elder brother of Lord ELDON, is no more. He was in his 91st year.

The Grand Duchess of DARMSTADT, is among the illustrious departed. Her Royal Highness was a remarkably tall and fine personage, and appeared likely to live to a very great age, but she had only attained her 48th year when she was suddenly taken away.

Now for brighter matters again. Let us survey the interesting groupe of fashionables that Cupid leads before us. Lady MARY MARSHAM, daughter of the Earl of ROMNEY, will shortly bestow her hand on HENRY HOARE, Esq., nephew to Lord BARHAM; and a sister of the bridegroom will be united to the Hon. PETER JOHN LAKE KING, brother to Lord King. The eldest daughter of General BULLER, will, in a few months, be led to the altar by Lord POLTIMORE. The Hon. JOHN THOMAS BUTTON, second son of Lord SHERBOURNE, is to be united to Miss PARKER, niece to the Earl of MACCLESFIELD.—The Hon. LAWRENCE PARSONS, second son of the Earl of ROSSE, will lead to the hymeneal altar, the Lady ELIZABETH TOLER, daughter of the Earl of NORBURY. Lord JOHN SCOTT will marry Miss SPOTTISWOODE (Lady HUME CAMPBELL'S sister) in a few days.

In the Parisian saloons there are many alliances talked of. One between the youngest daughter of a British Peer at present residing in Paris, and one of the young officers attached to the Etat-Major of the Prince Royal. It is also reported that the young and wealthy Duke de CRUSSOL, grandson of the Duke D'UZES, is about to lead to the hymeneal altar, Mlle. de FALHOUET, grand-daughter of Count ROY, ex-Minister of Finance. The marriage of M. D'OSSONVILLE, with Mlle. de BROGLIE, will not take place till the end of February. The marriage of the Duke of ORLEANS with a Princess of Spain is stated to be fixed for September.

The Last & Newest Fashions. Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Evening Dresses.


The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Evening Dresses.

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of pink satin trimmed in the tunic style, with a double *rûche* of white *tulle* down the front. This trimming unites with a white gauze flounce and satin *rouleau*, round which, at intervals, are pink satin bows. The *corsage* is tight and pointed; a small cape, *en cœur*, in the centre, adorns the bust, and is trimmed like the skirt. The sleeves are almost tight, separated into two parts, each edged with a *tulle rûche*. A Bernois cap of white blond, the lappets hanging very low; rose-colour band, and boquet of roses on each side. Pearl necklace, and gold fan.

Fig. 2.—An evening dress of rich white satin, brocaded with large gold flowers; the skirt is trimmed with a broad waving *rûche* of blond, supported by bows of gold colour ribbon, edged by a narrower lace. Tight *corsage*, and double epaulettes meeting in a point at the waist, and ornamented likewise with satin bows. The hair is dressed in tufts of ringlets on each side, the left crowned by a yellow rose, while a garland of very small yellow flowers twines three times round the braids and bows above. No jewellery is worn with this magnificent dress.

Fig. 3.—A dress of white gauze over blue satin; the skirt opens on the left side, and is drawn together with a twisted *rûche* of quilled *tulle* and blue bows; girdle of blue satin with a blue rosette. Demi pelerine cape edged with the *tulle rûche*, and crossing over the bosom; bows on each shoulder, and at the bottom of the skirt: *sabot* sleeves, which have five rows of the quilling twisted *en ballon* round them. *Resille* head-dress formed by *coques* of blue satin ribbon, and very small flowers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Reversed view of the 3d whole-length, the dress described in white satin. The *coiffure*, rose-colour, with flowers to correspond.

2.—*Reversé* of the second whole-length; this dress likewise appears in white. The blond cap trimmed with blue ribbons, and the bouquets, blue roses.

3.—Costume *à la Gabrielle*. A robe of citron-colour satin, *corsage* quite tight, low on the bosom, with a blond lace fall; sleeves divided into treple *sabots*, the middle one very full; blond lace between, and ruffles to correspond. The hair in ringlets hanging low; blond lace lappets raised at the back of the head into a coronet form.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of pearl grey *glacé* satin; the *corsage* pointed, and the front ornamented *en tablier*, with roses formed in pink satin; white satin stomacher; cape trimmed with Vandycked blond, a large cameo in the centre; short sleeves, quite tight; blond ruffles looped up with a pink rosette; a garland of small Bengal roses twines gracefully round the hair; gold ear-rings, ivory fan, and white kid gloves.

Fig. 2.—A white crape dress over white satin, the upper part of the *corsage* draped *en gerbe*, the lower, tight and pointed; from thence, three ends of white satin, of unequal lengths and terminating in bows, with cerise-colour bouquets fixed to each, ornament the skirt; *ballon* short sleeves have similar ornaments on the shoulders; a beautiful turban of red cashmere gauze, the end fringed, is supported in front by a wreath of flowers formed in pearls and rubies; white gloves, gold fan, and white satin slippers.

Fig. 3.—Fancy dress. A canary-colour silk skirt, spotted with crimson roses; green velvet boddice, laced with gold, and trimmed round with quilling of crimson satin ribbon, white gauze drapery over the bosom; tight short sleeves of the green velvet; crimson ribbon epaulettes; black lace mittens, tied with crimson bows; black velvet colleret, gold centre and brooch to correspond; the hair simply parted; a *resille* of roses tied under the chin with narrow black velvet, the back part rising to a fanciful height of net work, to the extreme point of which is fixed a blond scarf, hanging down like lappets; a little blond lace apron is worn with this elegant costume; the shoes are black kid, with large silver buckles.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A white figured satin; the *corsage* half high and quite tight; long sleeves, flattened at the top and ornamented with bands and bows of blue ribbon, the long ends hanging loose; *beret* turban of blue gauze, double row of pearls round the neck, and a gold brooch in the centre of the bosom.

2 and 3.—Side and front view of a ball-dress. White satin, trimmed with blond, and adorned with bouquets of moss roses, a garland of them twined round the hair and formed into bouquets on each temple.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—Over a black satin skirt, a black *tulle* robe, embroidered with gold flowers; this dress is shorter than the skirt, open and rounded off in front with a border of rich white blond, encreasing in width from the waist; tight black satin *corsage*, and blond *Sevigné* cape, coming to a point in the centre; triple *sabot* sleeves, the upper part black satin, the two lower, white; pink gauze *toque*, adorned with gold wheat-ears and three white ostrich feathers drooping on the left side; gold ear-rings and pearl necklace.

Fig. 2.—A German dress of rich white silk, trimmed round the skirt and on the front with a rich flowered pattern in white *chenille*; tight *corsage*, draped full over the bosom with plaits of white gauze; short sleeves, flattened at top and ornamented with *bouillons* of white ribbon; the hair in full curls, with a garland of pink roses twined twice round; white kid gloves, gold bracelets over them.

Fig. 3.—A Polonaise of white *organdie*, trimmed with a

double row of swan's-down, and opening over a blue satin skirt; pointed *corsage*, and *Sevigné* cape, edged with the fur; Venetian sleeves, hanging to a point, trimmed *en suite*, and quite tight to the elbow; turban of white and lilac gauze, spotted with gold, one fringed end coming low on the left side; white gloves and shoes; necklace of rubies and gold.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A light green satin, spotted with white; tight body; short sleeves, slashed in the old English style with white satin; black velvet hat, worn extremely on one side, a bouquet of pink roses next the face, and a small plume of pink feathers; on the elevated side; a white gauze scarf, worked with coloured flowers, is tied negligently round the throat.

2.—*Reversé* of the first whole-length: the head-dress blue, with white feathers.

3.—Reversed view of the second whole-length. The dress represented as amber satin, and pale yellow roses in the hair.

A Fashionable Spring Bonnet.—Green silk, with a plume of pink and green cock's-tail feathers.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A tunic robe of white satin, embr odered all round with an arabesque border in relief; pointed *corsage*, trimmed at the waist with a quelled *rûche* of crimson ribbon; embroidered *tulle chemisette*, and double cape of Vandyck blond; Venetian sleeves, quite flat and tight at the top, with epaulettes of the crimson ribbon; pearl necklace and ear-rings. The hair dressed very low, with ringlets at the side, and a pearl *résille;* two pale pink feathers fixed to the knot of hair behind; white kid gloves; Venetian fan of purple and gold.

Fig 2.—*Fancy Costume.*—A short petticoat of gold stuff, over which is one still shorter of striped white gauze. Turkish trousers of the same, displaying the ankle; boots of gold cloth, with purple velvet tops; very low *corsage* of white gauze over a gold boddice; fine white muslin chemisette; short sleeves almost tight to the arm; purple armlets and bracelets. A sash of deep blue velvet, fringed with purple and gold, is tied gracefully round the waist, and a small Greek cap of the same material is placed rather on one side. The hair is parted in front, and hangs in two long plaits behind; pearl necklace and ear-rings.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A dinner-dress of blue satin, the *corsage* draped over the bosom, trimmed down the centre, and round the waist, with pearls; white gauze long sleeves slashed down, and tied with bows of blue ribbon; blue satin epaulettes, coming in double points on the shoulder; black velvet hat, trimmed with pearls, and a plume of white feathers.

2.—A white satin robe, embroidered *en tablier*, with field flowers and gold ears of corn: pointed *corsage* draped over the bosom: triple *sabot* sleeves, the lower part the fullest; on each shoulder, and in the middle of the *corsage*, an *agraffe* formed by the wheat ears and flowers; the hair dressed high behind and in long tresses hanging to the neck, on each side: a diadem wreath of gold ears of corn encircles the head; in front is an *agraffe* of the coloured flowers.

3.—A side view of the above head-dress, worn also with a white satin robe; the sleeves, in the *bouffant* style, with blond lace ruffles.

4.—A rich dress of white satin embossed with gold flowers, the *corsage* draped over the bosom; double *sabot* sleeves, blond epaulettes and ruffles; the hair adorned with a white ostrich plume and pearl roses.

5.—A dress of pink satin *glacé*, pointed *corsage*, with *Sevigné* plaits across the upper part; double *sabot* sleeves, the lower part white seraphine gauze, edged with a blond *rûche*; head-dress, pink feathers, and bouquets of jessamine made in pearls; necklace and ear-rings of pearls, with gold clasps and centre.

FASHIONABLE CAPS.

1.—One, made of white gauze, the border *en coques*, supported by a garland of china roses forming a cordon round the face; a larger rose is placed in the centre of the pointed crown above.

2.—A morning cap of white *tulle*, the crown high, and ornamented with crossed bands of pink ribbon; double border of Mechlin lace and demi-wreath of rose-buds on one side.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of pale blue satin *glacé*, the skirt trimmed *en tablier* with satin *bouillons* and delicate pink roses: a white blond flounce with roses at intervals round the top; pointed *corsage*, draped across with *Sevigné* plaits, in the centre a large ruby brooch set in gold; *sabot* short sleeves, ornamented with roses; blond ruffles and tucker; the hair in very full ringlets; a novel ornament composed of pink satin and pearls crosses from a pearl cordon behind, and is finished on the left temple with a bouquet of roses; white kid gloves, ivory fan, and white satin slippers.

Fig. 2.—A white satin dress, the front of the skirt ornamented with a white and gold scarf, which crosses it, and is looped into drapery by bouquets of flowers, attached to white and gold bows; *corsage en gerbe*; Venetian sleeves, bordered with gold, and adorned with similar flowers and bows on the shoulders; gold coronet-shaped bandeau, with *esprits* of gold wheat-ears and flowers at each side; neck-chain, ear-rings, and fan-stick likewise gold.

Fig. 3.—A white satin ball-dress, trimmed fancifully on one side only with a double row of branches of French roses and their foliage; pointed *corsage*, with *Sevigné* blond lace cape set into a pink band; tight sleeves, with pink bows and blond ruffles; the hair parted, no curls; a *ferronière* of rose-buds and long branch of roses hanging from a plait of hair behind; white kid gloves; white satin slippers; ivory and gold fan.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—*Reversé* of the first whole length: the dress represented in white satin.

2.—A reversed view of the second whole-length. A gauze scarf thrown round the neck, and the dress not trimmed with gold.

MILLINERY.

A white gauze turban, the fullness separated by rose-colour bands, fringed *en suite*, and a bird of Paradise plume in front; a fashionable Spanish hat, made in Andalusian satin, and trimmed with green ribbons, three green feathers on one side.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

The beguiling smiles of a few sunny days disclosed to our view several new promenade and carriage dresses, which are again wrapped in their concealments of fur and velvet—again the cloak and cashmere reign in Hyde-park unrivalled; still, it may be permitted our fair readers to profit by our remarks, and gain a foreknowledge of these elegant costumes.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—The most fashionable pelisses are of light tinted satin, trimmed with fur; martin, swan's-down or sable: amber, green, and pearl grey are decided favourites. The pelerine is sometimes not worn: it should be cut deep and round on the shoulders, square behind, and bordered like the dress; a row of fancy buttons ornaments the front and seems to close it over the bosom. With respect to long sleeves, no material change as yet appears; the upper part is flat, the lower full and loose until it meets a straight or pointed cuff, trimmed with braiding or fur. The newest *negligé* dresses are made in printed cashmeres, a very warm yet light texture; the ground, some dark colour, enlivened by bright tinted flowers or palm patterns: these *redingotes* fasten on one side, and are trimmed with a ribbon *rûche*. Black and emerald-green velvet is much in vogue for morning dresses, the corsage is quite tight; a worked cape, or satin mantilla over it, according to the weather: these dresses cannot be too simply made.

Court Dress.—White satin skirt, brocaded with gold, and trimmed *en tablier* with blond lace, which is looped at intervals in festoons by *agraffes* of emerald and gold. Emerald velvet train, having a rich border of gold; tight pointed *corsage;* blond lace *Sevigné* cape. Very short velvet sleeves, and blond Venetian ones, looped up with *agraffes*. Bandeau of diamonds in the hair, with a coronet front composed of flowers in coloured jewels.

Another Court Dress.—A robe and train of pearl grey, Luxor satin, trimmed with branches of delicate silver flowers. Rose-colour skirt, having a deep flounce of blond headed with silver; rose-colour *beret* sleeves, covered by upper ones of silver lama; double ruffles looped up with diamonds. Brocaded silver *corsage*, laced with rose-colour. *Toque* of silver lama, intermixed with rose-colour gauze. Plume of white feathers and diamond *esprit*. Necklace and ear-rings *en suite*. We must not omit noticing a very elegant style of satin slipper, which will be worn in full dress this season; it is of rayed white satin; the edges and front embroidered with gold or silver; sometimes in colours to imitate jewellery.

Ensemble of Evening Costume.—We certainly remark a greater number of light dresses than are usually worn at this season (we mean as regards their texture); of these the Memphis gauze is pre-eminently beautiful: the tints on these gauzes are so bright and transparent that they give the effect of jewellery. The ground is a cashmere white: no trimming or any kind of ornament should be worn with these rich dresses—a mantilla cape of gold or silver lama looks best, and, as a head dress, either a white gauze turban or circlet of gold, with a jewel centre. Satin dresses are chiefly in blue, rose colour, maise or figured white: a blond lace mantilla and blond ruffles. The stamped gauzes are in great request for evening dresses; we select for notice a rose colour one, as clear as tulle, with bunches of white flowers, stamped in relief to imitate silk embroidery: gauze tunic robes are worn embroidered all round with garlands or detached bouquets; the under dress being white silk or satin: flowers in the hair assimilate with this style of dress. Among the richer dresses prepared for this month, we have seen a beautiful emerald velvet, the sleeves and body ornamented with alternate coques of velvet and *tulle*; this heading surmounted by a blond mantilla; a turban of white gauze, ornamented with pearls, completes the costume. A robe of white cashmere muslin, spotted with silver; draped *corsage*: very short sleeves, flattened at top, and over them a Venetian sleeve, looped up with a white satin bow: on the head a garland of roses placed very far back, while a second crosses the forehead, and unite with the back hair *à la Grecque*. A robe of white crape, the front embroidered in a pattern of red *chenille* to imitate coral. The graceful trimming is finished by a bunch of the same ornament hanging to the end of the skirt. White crape dresses, trimmed round the skirt with rouleaus of coloured velvet; the corsage *en suite*: velvet bandeau of the same colour drawn through the hair (this simple costume is frequently adopted by very young ladies). As a general remark, we see velvet dresses accompanied by capes and ruffles of British point lace, in preference to blond. A magnificent dress of white satin, embroidered with a *seme* of rose leaves in chenille, a garland of roses forming the border: the corsage flat, with a blond lace mantilla, the sleeves short, and finished by blond ruffles looped up with white satin bows, a large emerald in the centre of each, similar ornaments on the shoulders and *corsage;* a bandeau of emeralds round the head, and bunch of roses placed on one side.

Cloaks, Mantles, &c.—The former are almost invariably worn with long loose sleeves; the back gathered and tight to the shape; very full skirts, and a deep cape, pointed in front and closed over the bosom; when the cloak itself is velvet, the cape and collar should be satin—when it is silk or cashmere, these may be of velvet. The black silk mantilla continues in high favour with every description of *negligé* dress: it is trimmed with black lace and lined by some *tranchant* colour. A novel kind of mantle promises to be fashionable during the spring; the skirts are rounded in the tunic form, it has no cape, or sleeves; the fronts wrap over, and the whole is bound with velvet or edged with broad black lace: these carriage-cloaks will be chiefly made in fancy satin and figured silks.

Hats and Bonnets.—Morning hats are still worn of plain or fancy velvets; a single feather placed in front and drooping, or a large knot of satin ribbon form the ornaments; in size, little variation appears: the crown remains rather high and narrow, the brim comes quite close and low on the cheek; a gauze ribbon *rûche*, mixed with *tulle*, is preferred to any ornament on the cap, worn underneath. Several satin *capotes* have appeared: they are likewise close to the face, and wadded in the crown, instead of being transparent as in summer. Amber satin, and pale blue silk are favourite materials: they are sometimes trimmed with swan's-down. A very beautiful silk has been expressly manufactured for these bonnets: the surface is very brilliant and the designs of peculiar elegance; we should not forget to notice that the crown of this *capote* is oval and raised in front; a bouquet of flowers is placed amidst the knot of ribbon on one side.

Dress Hats, Turbans, &c.—Evening Hats are worn very small and raised in front; feathers are always placed in them. Turbans are more usually ornamented by *esprits* or *agraffes* of jewels; their materials are extremely rich, and an infinite variety of eastern patterns have been lately seen. The Memphis gauze is likewise a fashionable texture. These

turbans are not made very large, and the folds should be separated into graceful divisions. The most simple and favourite turban for young married ladies is of white gauze, the ends fringed with pearls, a pearl baudeau in front, and fancy *esprit* on one side. *Feronnières* are very universal; we see them in gold, in simple velvet, and in the richest jewellery; they assimilate with the present style of hair-dressing, which brings the curls in tufts low on the cheeks, and leaves the upper part of the head more unincumbered by elaborate braids and plaits. When the features are regular, nothing can be more becoming than the *résille*, but this style (at one time a perfect *furor* in Paris) gives way to other fancies. The most admired *résille* is of pearls, on a groundwork of black or rose-colour velvet. We rejoice to see natural flowers worn in the hair, nothing is so graceful or becoming; there is a new preparation for sealing the stalks, and enabling these short-lived beauties to exist through a London ball. Cape, jessamine, camilla, geranium, and myrtle are the favourites. *Esprits* of little feathers are likewise very fashionable.

Morning Caps and Collars.—The *paysanne* is of all others the most *recherehé* morning cap, but having a high crown is not worn under the hat or bonnet; it is the property of the boudoir, and there quite unrivalled: the barbes descend low on the neck and should not be too narrow: a few flowers or a ribbon *rûche* placed amongst the quilled *tulle* border gives this simple head-dress a most enchanting effect. The *resille* shape is made in satin, and covered with old point lace, or black net;—this cap is quite a novelty. Several boudoir caps are made open at the crown to admit the hair, these are usually of coloured *tulle*, or white and coloured gauze; the bonnet cap should be trimmed full to the face—a coloured *rûche* between the quilled blond; the crown supported by little bands of satin ribbon, and fitting close; the *brides* tied on one side and hanging rather long; the bonnet fastened by a rosette on the opposite side.

Collars, Fichus, &c.—These elegant ornaments abound in variety and good taste. The prettiest colleret we have yet seen is made of white and coloured gauze quilled to the top of similar tinted ribbons; the effect is remarkably light and elegant for in-door dress. Warmth being still required in promenade costume, we see the embroidered silk and cashmere collars, with their elegant designs embroidered in coloured silks, and fastening so as to unite the pattern. Muslin and blond capes are worn even with dinner dresses; the embroidery of the former is usually a wreath of flowers on leaves.

Jewellery, is of course, more profusely worn, now that full-dress parties are in season; flowers in fancy stones are not only placed in the hair, but also on the *corsages* and sleeves; diamonds and emeralds are united frequently in bracelets and necklaces. A diamond or gold *ferronière* is seen ornamented with different stones, like bouquets, on each temple; neck chains are made in links of gold united by small stones or in several links, separated into four or five compartments, by large stones or cameos (these latter ornaments are much worn as centres to the satin rosettes which confine the drapery of the *corsage*, or court robe.)

Prevailing colors for the month: peach blossom, emerald green, rose-color, amber, pale blue, and pearl grey or dove color. (*Cerise* is still used for linings).

## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Several of the most approved and becoming dresses worn at the Parisian fêtes have been already imported and copied by our *artistes*, we may therefore quote them as decided fashions for the month. First, tunic robes about half a foot shorter than the skirt and rounded off in front; these dresses look best in black satin over a colored skirt; the trimming, a black *rûche*, interspersed with little bouquets of roses; the same placed upon the short sleeves, which are thus increased in size and yet retain the fashionable flatness to the arm. The tunic robe is likewise worn in velvet and satin, trimmed with fur; it is a most graceful costume, and considered quite full dress. With these dresses the *corsage* should be flat and pointed. The Polonaise is another novelty adapted admirably to the present rich style of evening costume. These dresses are made rather high to the throat and pointed at the waist, from thence they open down the skirt and are usually fastened with a twisted rouleau, and gems or flowers. Some of our most distinguished élégantes have hazarded the tight sleeves and ruffles which alone were wanting to complete the ancient attire of Lely's portraits. White satin, brocaded with large bouquets of gold will be very generally worn for court and full dress parties. The ornament, should be *en suite*, and feathers in the hair. The most fashionable *corsage* now worn in Paris, is perfectly tight to the shape, and very low on the bosom; over it is a *Sevigné* cape (not very deep) bound with satin and ornamented with bouquets of flowers.

Parisian Hats and Dress Caps.—The small Spanish hat is still worn, and the Marie Stuart continues the unrivalled favourite of beauty rather advancing beyond the boundary of youth; with a *demi-negligé* of black velvet and blond these hats are remarkably becoming; they are bound with pearls, and have a forehead jewel in the centre; on the Spanish hat, a small plume or one drooping feather should be placed. The *resille* hat is truly French, and will probably never become a decided fashion in London. The Savoyard cap is made in the most beautiful blond lace, the bandeau being a coloured satin ribbon, and flowers the same tint on each temple; coques of coloured ribbon, arranged in the *resille* style, and leaving the hair visible, are quite the rage just now in Paris; a blue *coiffure* in this style with golden wheat ears has a charming effect.

French Flowers.—The coronet wreathes (most worn in full-dress) are frequently embellished by diamonds in the middle of each flower: we noticed a magnificent wreath worn by Madame de T——— at the last Court-ball, the flowers were *ponceau* colour, a diamond star in each, there was no foliage, her dress was white brocaded satin. Fruit is formed into beautiful wreathes, *à la Grecque*: these garlands have abundance of leaves; they recal the nymphs of Rubens. —Scarfs (with velvet, or satin dresses) these graceful additions cannot be too light; *tulle*, Seraphine gauze, &c. embroidered in coloured silks, or with gold thread. On the contrary, when the dress itself is crape or *tulle*, the scarf should be satin or brocade; the *Etole* scarf is still worn, and gives to a simple muslin dress, the effect of elegant richness. Black satin scarfs worked with gold, are much worn in Paris.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

### CXXX.—English Earls.

### EARL OF MINTO.

"A hero! a mere fighter! Whose one virtue
Is o'ertopped by the lion. Pardon me,
My valiant friends; I do beseech your pardon!
You may, *for heroes though ye be, you still*
*Are something more.* It chafes my very soul
To hear all manly qualities comprised
In that brute instinct, courage. If I wed,
It shall be one who joins to a bold spirit
A kind and tender heart; one who can love
All gentle things!"—MISS MITFORD.

The noble family of ELLIOT, a sketch of the history of that part of which that enjoys the Earldom of MINTO, we are about to submit to our readers, has been distinguished by the possession of those qualities which the heroine of a pretty little dramatic piece, by the authoress of "Our Village," describes as being necessary to win her love. The ELLIOT's were not "mere fighters;" for though the laurels they won in the tented field have been truly enviable, they have combined with their lion-like virtue and bold spirit, most kind and tender hearts, attuned to "love all gentle things." The family of MINTO is connected with the celebrated General ELLIOT, to whom the above panegyric is meant especially to apply, who was created Baron HEATHFIELD, for his gallant and successful defence of Gibraltar. The family, generally, however, have been distinguished chiefly by their civil services, and with the deserved compliment to the valour and splendid successes of the above-named hero, we shall pass to the consideration of his, and the present Lord MINTO's ancestor, GILBERT ELLIOT, Esq., of Stobs, whose grandson, also named GILBERT ELLIOT, having made himself remarkable by his public exertions, was constituted one of the Lords of Session in Scotland, upon which occasion he assumed the honorary designation of Lord MINTO. Subsequently, he was appointed Lord-Justice-Clerk, and created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, in 1700. His career was a proof of the success that almost invariably attends daring exertions, and therein is offered a contradiction to the pretty sentiment of "L. E. L.," that—

"Youth is *too* eager: for it flings
Itself upon exulting wings,
Which seek the heaven they ask, too near—
One wild flight ends the bright career:
With broken wing, and darkened eye,
Earth claims again its own to die!

If Lord MINTO's were but "*one* wild flight." it was one that lasted for the term of his life: his exertions were all successful: even in matrimony his best wishes were realized; for he obtained that treasure, a most virtuous and amiable woman, in the person of JANE, daughter of Sir ANDREW CARRE, Knight, of Cavers, in the county of Roxburgh. At his death, he was succeeded by his son,

Sir GILBERT ELLIOT, who being also *bred* to the *bar*, the *bar* was bread to him, and something more than bread; for we find that he, like his father, attained the distinguished office of Lord-Justice-Clerk, and also assumed the title of MINTO. The history of this personage is precisely similar to that of his parent. He married HELEN, daughter of Sir ROBERT STUART, of Allanbank, Bart., and his happiness proved woman's love to be the enduring thing which the *wise* have ever represented it. 'Tis fools only that despise it.

As light as down from thistles wing,
Is woman's love, they say,
Which every fickle gale in spring,
Will blow from spray to spray:
But woman's love, where'er it flew,
Too, like the down, would stay;
If man, as fickle, never blew
That tender love away.

Sir GILBERT ELLIOT passed to that bourne from which no traveller returns, in 1766, and was then succeeded by his eldest son, also named

Sir GILBERT. This is one of the leading ornaments of the family. To high legal knowledge, he superadded an intimate acquaintance with the Muses; and finding time during the intervals of official duty to disport upon Parnassus, he frequently delighted his circle with choice little poems, among which the celebrated song, "My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook," is among the best. He filled several high official situations, and was at one time a candidate for the Speaker's Chair. The fields and the meadows were to him a source of peculiar joy: he beheld their loveliness with all a poet's feeling, and poured forth his thoughts in verse*. He

* His countryman, BURNS, also loved to compose in the fields and by the river-side. When he lived at Dumfries, he had three favourite walks; on the dock-green by the river-side—among the ruins of Lincluden College—and towards the Martingdon-ford on the north side of the Nith. This latter place was secluded, commanded a view of the distant hills and the romantic towers of Lincluden, and affords soft green-sward banks to rest upon, and the sight and sound of the stream. Here he composed many of his finest songs. As soon as he was heard to hum to himself, his wife saw that he had something on his mind, and was quite prepared to see him snatch up his hat and set silently off for his musing ground. When by himself in the open air, his ideas arranged themselves in their natural order, words came at will, and he seldom returned without having finished a song. In case of interruption, he set about completing it at the fire-side: he balanced himself on the hind-legs of his arm-chair, and, rocking to and fro, continued to hum the tune, and

married Agnes Murray Kynynmound, heiress of Melgund, in the county of Forfar, and of Kynynmound, Fifeshire, by whom he had issue, six sons and two daughters. The time arrived when this excellent gentleman was called from the world he had ornamented: his numerous family gathered about his couch, and saw the Christian spirit "pass in peace." It is worthy of remarking, says Lord Bacon, that there is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and, therefore, death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him, that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; fear pre-occupateth it; nay, we read, after Otho the Emperor had slain himself, pity which is the tenderest of the affections, provoked many to die, out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. The death of Sir Gilbert Elliot occurred in 1777 He was succeeded by his eldest son.

This gentleman was also named Sir Gilbert. He was born April 23, 1751. In 1795 he was appointed Viceroy of the Kingdom of Corsica, and he fulfilled the duties of that important office so much to the satisfaction of his sovereign, that upon his return to England, in 1795, he was created Baron Minto, of Minto, in the county of Roxburgh. His Lordship subsequently filled some high diplomatic and official situations, and being eventually nominated Governor-General of Bengal, he was created, after his return from India, in February, 1813, Viscount Melgund, in the county of Forfar, and Earl of Minto. His fortunes were shared by the accomplished Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Sir George Amyand, Bart., to whom he had been married in 1777, after experiencing what an old poet very aptly terms "all the pleasing pains of love," and what are so beautifully expressed in the following lines:—

"It is a shame that we are forced to part!
It is a shame to pluck sweet flower from flower,
That offer incense to each other's heart;
It is a shame that dews on flowrets met,
Should be dispersed by the casual wind;
It is a shame that sun should ever set,
And rob the warm world of his kiss of fire;
That ever clouds before the stars should lower,
And hold the earth from her intense desire
Of gazing on her sister spheres above;
But still these shames will be, and more than these,
In this still changing world, and, therefore, Love
Must bear his sorrows with enduring mind,
Diving in his deep heart for sorrow's ease."

The Noble Earl died on the 21st of June, 1814, leaving the following family:—

1. Gilbert, the present Earl of Minto.
2. George, a naval officer, born August 1, 1784. He was married, in 1810, to Eliza Cecilia, youngest daughter of James Ness, Esq., and has a family.
3. John Edmond, born in 1788. He married, in 1809, Amelia, third daughter of James Henry Cassamajor, Esq.
4. Ann Maria.
5. Catherine, who was married, in 1826, to J. P. Boileau, Esq.

Gilbert Elliot Murray Kynynmound, the present Earl of Minto, succeeded to that Earldom, and to the Viscounty of Melgund, and the Barony of Minto, on the death of his father, the first Earl, on the 21st of June, 1814. He is also a Baronet of Nova Scotia. He was born on the 16th of November, 1782. In the circle wherein his Lordship moved, there was one fair girl who did not behold him without emotion.

Poor heart of mine, the lovely maid,
In whispering accents, gently said,
And well, too, might her rose cheek pine,
For Love, the boy with venom'd dart,
Had aimed (sad aim, too surely taken)
And wounded sore the maiden's heart,
And joy had that young heart forsaken.

But joy returned again when the doubts and fears of love were over, and the fair girl (Mary, eldest daughter of Patrick Brydone, Esq.) was led by Earl Minto to the nuptial altar, where she became his wife. This happy event occurred on the 4th of September, 1806, and his Lordship has now the following family:—

1. William Hugh, Viscount Melgund, born March 19, 1814.
2. Henry George, born June 30, 1817.
3. Charles Gilbert John Brydone, born Dec. 12, 1818.
4. George Francis Stewart, born October 9, 1822.
5. Mary Elizabeth, born 1811.
6. Frances Anne Maria, born 1815.
7. Elizabeth Amelia Jane, born 1820.
8. Charlotte Maria, born 1824.

And another daughter, born in 1827. His Lordship assumed the names of Murray and Kynynmound (derived from his grandmother) by royal permission. His Lordship is now the First Lord of the Admiralty.

The arms of his Lordship: Quarterly, first and fourth quarters, quarterly *ar*, a bugle-horn *sa*, stringed and garnished *gu*, on a chief *az*, three mullets of the first for Murray; second and third, *az*, a chev *ar*, between three fleur-de-lis *or*, for Kynynmound; second and third *gu.*, on a band, engr. *or.*, a baton *az.*, within a bordure vair for Elliot; over all, a chief of augmentation *ar.*, charged with a Moor's head, couped in profile, ppr., bearing the arms of Corsica. Crest, a dexter arm, embowed, issuant from clouds, throwing a dart, all ppr. Motto (over): *Non eget arcu.* Supporters; dexter, an Indian sheep; sinister, a fawn; both ppr. Motto: *Suaviter et fortiter.* The seat of his Lordship is Minto Castle, in the county of Roxburgh.

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seldom failed of success. When the verses were finished, he passed them through the ordeal of Mrs. Burn's voice; listened attentively while she sung; asked her if any one of the words were difficult, and when one happened to be too rough, he readily found a smoother—but he never, save at the resolute entreaty of a scientific musician, sacrificed sense to sound. The autumn was his favourite season, and the twilight his favourite hour of study.

## HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

Never 'introduce' people to each other, without a previous understanding that it will be agreeable to both. There are many reasons why people ought never to be introduced to the acquaintance of each other, without the consent of

each party previously obtained. A man may suit the taste, and be agreeable enough to *one*, without being equally so to the *rest* of his friends—nay, as it often happens, decidedly unpleasing; a stupid person may be delighted with the society of a man of learning or talent, to whom in return such an acquaintance may prove an annoyance and a clog, as one incapable of offering an interchange of thought, or an idea worth listening to. But if you should find an agreeable person in private society, who seems desirous of making your acquaintance, there cannot be an objection to your meeting his advances half way, although the ceremony of an 'introduction' may not have taken place; his presence in your friend's house being a sufficient guarantee for his respectability, as of course if he were an improper person he would not be there. —Should you, whilst walking with your friend, meet an acquaintance, never introduce them.—In making 'introductions,' take care to present the person of the lower rank to him of the higher; that is, the commoner should be presented to the peer, not the peer to the commoner; Dr. A. to Lord B., not Lord B. to Dr. A. Observe the same rule with ladies—the lady (as a female) claiming the highest rank, it is to *her* the gentleman must be presented, not the lady to the gentleman.—Be cautious how you take an intimate friend *uninvited* even to the house of those with whom you may be equally intimate, as there is always a feeling of jealousy that another should share your thoughts and feelings to the same extent as themselves, although good breeding will induce them to behave *civilly* to your friend on your account.—Friendship springs up from sources so subtle and undefinable, that it cannot be *forced* into particular channels; and whenever the attempt has been made, it has usually been unsuccessful.—Never make acquaintances in coffee-houses or other public places. As no person who respects himself does so, you may reasonably suspect any advances made to you.—An adherence to Etiquette is a mark of respect; if a man be *worth knowing*, he is surely worth the trouble to approach properly.—It will likewise relieve you from the awkwardness of being acquainted with people of whom you might at times be ashamed, or be obliged under many circumstances to 'cut.' —It is, however, understood in society, that a person having been *properly* introduced to you has some claim on your good offices in future; you cannot therefore slight him without good reason, and the chance of being called to an account for it.

### LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

If you have letters of introduction from one friend to another, do not *take them* but *send them*, with your card of address. If he be a *gentleman*, he will return your visit as soon as possible; at any rate it will give him an option, which by taking your letters in person you *do not do*, but rather force yourself upon him, whether *he will or no*. If your letters be on business only, no ceremony is necessary—take them at once. In all such matters never trust to a *second* that which may be so much better done by yourself.—There cannot be a more awkward situation for both parties than whilst one is reading a letter with the endeavour to discover who the other can be, or a position in which the bearer looks so foolish, or feels so uncomfortable,—then comes the bow, a cold shake of the hand, with the few civil words of course,—and all because you come upon a stranger who is unprepared; therefore give him time to read the letter you bring, and to consider how he may best show his regard for your introducer by his attentions to yourself.—If a gentleman be the bearer of an 'introduction' to *you*, leave a card with him without fail, if it be only as an acknowledgment of having received your friend's letter: there is no rudeness so great as to leave it unnoticed,—it is a slight to the stranger as well as to the introducer, which no subsequent attentions will cancel: you are not obliged to *invite* him, as *that* is a matter of choice.—For the same reasons, a letter should never remain unanswered a moment longer than is absolutely unavoidable. Should you not have time to answer it fully, an acknowledgment merely is better than no notice taken of it at all.—An adherence to these rules will prevent your exposure to any coldness or slight you might otherwise incur.—Do not imagine these little ceremonies to be insignificant and beneath your attention: they are the customs of society; and if you do not conform to them, you will gain the unenviable distinction of beiag pointed out as an ignorant, ill-bred person. Not that you may care the more for strangers by showing them civility, but you should scrupulously avoid the imputation of being deficient in good breeding; and if you do not choose to be polite for *their* sakes, you ought to be so for *your own*."

### RULES AND SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO DINNER PARTIES.

Of the etiquette of a dinner party it is extremely difficult to say anything, because fashions are continually changing, even at the best tables; and what is considered the height of good taste one year, is declared vulgar the next; besides which, certain houses and *sets* have certain customs, peculiar to that clique, and all who do not conform *exactly* to their methods are looked upon as vulgar persons, ignorant of good breeding. This is a mistake commonly fallen into by the little 'great' in the country, where the circle constituting '*society*' is necessarily so small, that its members cannot fail to acquire the same habits, feelings, and observances. However, a few hints may not be thrown away, always recollecting people can only become ridiculous by attempting to be *too fine*. I am, of course, supposing my readers to be acquainted with the *decencies* of life. When the members of the party have all assembled in the drawing room, the master or mistress of the house will point out which lady you are to take into the dining room, according to some real or fancied standard of precedence, rank (if there be rank) age, or general importance; that is, the married before the single, &c.; or they will show their tact by making those companions who are most likely to be agreeable to each other. Give the lady the wall coming down stairs, take her into the room, and seat yourself by her side. If you pass to dine merely from one room to another, offer your right arm to the lady. Remember that it is the *lady* who at all times takes precedence, not the gentleman. A person led a princess out of the room before her husband (who was doing the same to a lady of lower rank); in his over-politeness, he said, 'Pardonnez que nous vous precedons,' quite forgetting that it was the *princess* and not *he* who led the way. The lady of the house will of course take the head of the table, and the gentleman of the highest rank will sit at her *right* hand; the gentleman next in rank will be placed on the left of the hostess, so that she may be supported by the two persons of the most consideration (who will assist her to carve). The gentleman of the house takes the bottom of the table, and on each side of *him* must be placed *the two ladies highest in rank.* You will find a party

of *ten* convenient, as it admits of an equal distribution of the sexes—neither two men nor two women like to sit together. It is considered vulgar to take fish or soup twice. The *reason* for not being helped twice to fish or soup at a large dinner party is, because by doing so you keep three parts of the company staring at you whilst waiting for the second course, which is spoiling, much to the annoyance of the mistress of the house. The selfish greediness, therefore, of so doing, constitutes its vulgarity. At a family dinner it is of less importance, and is consequently often done. Do not ask any lady to take wine until you see she has *finished* her fish or soup. This exceedingly absurd and troublesome custom is very properly giving way at the best tables to the more reasonable one of the gentleman helping the lady to wine next to whom he may be seated, or a servant will hand it round. At every respectable table you will find *silver forks*; being broader, they are in all respects more convenient than steel for fish or vegetables. Never *use your knife to convey* your food to your mouth, *under any circumstances*. Feed yourself with a *fork* or *spoon*, *nothing else*; a knife is only to be used for cutting. Fish does not require a knife, but should be divided by the aid of a piece of bread. Eat peas with a dessert spoon, and curry also. Tarts and puddings are to be eaten with a *spoon*. As a general rule—in helping any one at table, never use a knife where you can use a spoon. Making a noise in chewing, or breathing hard in eating, are both unseemly habits, and ought to be eschewed. *You cannot use your knife or fork too quietly*. Do not pick your teeth *much* at table, as, however satisfactory a practice to yourself, to witness it is not a pleasant thing. Finger glasses, filled with *warm* water, come on with the dessert. Wet a corner of your napkin, and wipe your mouth, then rinse your fingers; but do not practice the filthy custom of gargling your mouth at table, albeit the usage prevails amongst a few, who think *because* it is a foreign habit it cannot be disgusting. Never pare an apple or a pear for a lady unless she desire you, and then be careful to use your fork to hold it; you may sometimes offer to *divide a very large pear* with a person or for them. Do not suppose that it will exalt you in the opinion of others, by speaking harshly or imperatively to servants, or add at all to your consequence. Never order other people's servants about. At a strange table, say 'if you please,' and 'thank you:' it may be said in a manner that will not encourage familiarity. Nothing indicates a well-bred man more than a proper mode of eating his dinner. A man may pass muster by *dressing well*, and may sustain himself tolerably in conversation; but if he be not perfectly 'au fait,' *dinner* will betray him. Invitations to dine should be answered to the lady. Invitations to a ball should be in the lady's name, and the answer, of course, sent to her. It is customary, when you have been out dining, to leave a card upon the lady the next day, or as soon after as may be convenient. Attentions of this sort are not to be expected from professional men, as doctors, lawyers, &c., *their* time being too valuable to sacrifice in making visits of mere ceremony: therefore, do not attribute such omission to any want of respect, but to its proper cause—*time more usefully occupied*. When a man is about to be married, he usually gives a dinner to his bachelor friends, which is understood to be their congé, unless he choose to renew their acquaintance.

We must conclude this subject with two or three anecdotes:—

An unfortunate Clerk of the Treasury, who because he was in the receipt of a good salary, and being also a 'triton amongst the minnows' of Clapham-common, fancied himself a great man, dined at the B—f S—k Club in company with the Duke of N—wc—le, who, desirous of putting him at ease with himself, conversed freely with him, yet probably forgot even the existence of such a person half-an-hour afterwards. Meeting his Grace in the street some days after, and encouraged by his previous condescension, the hero of the quill, bent on claiming his acquaintance, accosted him in a familiar 'hail fellow well-met-ish' manner—'Ah, my Lord, how d'ye do?' The Duke looked surprised, 'May I know, Sir, *to whom* I have the honour of speaking?' said his Grace, drawing up. 'Oh! why—don't you know? We dined together at the B—f S—k Club the other evening! I'm Mr. Timms of the Treasury!!' 'Then,' said the Duke, turning on his heel, 'Mr. Timms of the Treasury, I wish you *a good morning*.'

Be cautious how you indulge in *badinage* in the presence of dull, common-place people; they will either get out of temper in consequence of taking what you say literally, or else will stare and wonder at you for being such a 'strange man'. 'Poor Susan!' said a gentleman to a pretty girl. 'Poor, indeed!' replied the lady, with an indignant toss of the head, 'not so poor as *that* comes to. Papa can give us something.' What an anticipation for a sensitive aspirant!

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## LOVE, HOPE, AND DESPAIR, OR THE GIRL OF FLORENCE—A TALE.

"We have lived and loved together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees,
In infancy we played:
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow,
We have lived and loved together,
And must we part, love, now?"

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Florence, where song has its myriad admirers, and Love its myriad slaves: where the flowers of the earth and the brightness of the sky invite to happiness, was the scene of the young loves of Clara Elvalini, and Ferdinand Rosalvi: they were conscious of each other's affection, they had lived and loved together from their earliest childhood. Their sports and pastimes, their lessons and their amusements, were taken together: the springtime of their lives saw them united in heart, and it was the joy of their respective parents to picture them in after years united in the marriage compact. Innocence twined for them a garland, and Love completed it by fastening it in a knot which then 'twas thought would never be dissevered. Their young hearts revelled in happiness.

They would laugh, when gay, together,
At little pleasant jests:
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous in their breasts.

But the death of Clara's father, which occurred when the young beauty had just entered her teens, altered the condition of the family materially. The widow was a woman of proud and haughty spirit; she was of a family whose displeasure she had excited by her marriage with Elvalini, and, consequently, she was expelled those distinguished circles wherein she had moved before her union with one whose fortune, though respectable, was so much inferior to that of her parent. That parent had cast her off and abandoned her; her relations looked upon her with contempt, and beholding in Elvalini the cause of

this estrangement, she soon forbore regarding him with her former affection, and, ere long he was considered by her as a clog and burthen, and when he died, she treated that event as she would a release from some affliction.

The desire of Elvalini's widow was to withdraw herself from all her former connexions, and endeavour, by another matrimonial alliance, to replace herself in those circles wherefrom her marriage with Elvalini had excluded her. For this purpose, she and her daughter proceeded upon a tour in France and Italy, during which the widow endeavoured to prejudice Clara against her young lover, and lead her thoughts to higher fortune. But the young heart of the maiden, untutored in the ways of vice, was unable to comprehend her parent's arguments, and her heart held its recollections of the honest love of Ferdinand the firmer. But the artifice and stratagems of the wily widow were too much for the artless and unsophisticated Clara, and at length notions and ideas of a very different character to what she had before possessed, influenced her judgment. She was taken into the highest scenes of fashionable excitement. Plays, operas and balls, were constantly attended by them, and the widow, at length, began to perceive the old attachment of Clara for the quietness and retirement of her home, giving way to, and replaced by, a love of show and splendour, and the gaieties of fashion. The rich, the powerful, the young, hailed the appearance of the young Florentine with rapture; wherever she went, Clara was the observed of all observers, and the proudest spirits upon the scene—the men who had basked in the rays of the sunniest eyes, came with the offering of their homage to her shrine.

This was enough to turn the head of the artless and unsophisticated girl, and her mother, who had contrived that the correspondence that had been kept up between her child and Ferdinand, should be restricted, now intercepted and destroyed every letter; and when Clara began to evince a feeling of anger at the silence of her young lover, the widow obtained from an agent at Florence a communication representing Ferdinand to have abandoned himself to a life of dissipation and profligacy.

At any other time this would have broken the heart of Clara; but when her mother placed the letter before her, she was about to step into a carriage to proceed to a ball that was to be given by one of the distinguished *élegans* of Paris to the *élite* of fashionable society. A few tears fell from the blue eyes of the Florentine beauty, and ere she had time to reflect upon the circumstance, she was in the midst of the gay and splendid scene, the dulcet music was ringing in her ears, hundreds of fairy feet were gliding over the *salon*, in the bewildering twirl of the *valse*, and the words of eternal love were breathed into her ears by one who had gained the character of being the handsomest man in Paris.

The widow beheld the attachment of the Count Beautemps to her daughter with delight. Report described him as the possessor of immense wealth, and his personal attractions she foresaw would render her child the envied of all the unmarried ladies in Paris.

That night the spell was broken—the garland of Love that had been twined for Clara and Ferdinand in their days of infancy and innocence was severed, and all its flowers scattered to the winds of Heaven. Love took its flight from the sanctuary of Clara's heart, and though the thing that replaced the pure divinity, seemed to wear Love's likeness, yet 'twas an unreality, and only came there to delude, and to make the young heart wretched.

Clara listened with delight to the music of her lover's voice. She danced with him during the evening: every moment that he passed with her served to raise him higher and higher in her estimation. He knew well the way to practise upon woman's innocent heart, and he triumphed over Clara's. Before the ball was at an end, the Count Beautemps occupied the highest place in Clara's thoughts.

And what of Ferdinand? What of the young romantic and enthusiastic lover of Clara, who still believed her constant, though his letters remained unanswered, and still loved on, cherishing the hope that she would return like the dove, to the ark of his own pure heart. At length, however, rumour with its hundred tongues began to blazon the triumph of Clara in the circles of Paris, it was said that the proudest spirits bowed at her beauty's shrine, and then came the killing news that the Count Beautemps was her *accepted lover!* But this Ferdinand could not—would not believe—and though the rumour gained strength, he the stronger clung to her affection, and though all Florence believed the story, Ferdinand alone disdained to credit a tale so hurtful to the character of his beloved. Still she came not. Still he received no indication from her of the existence of her love. But as he gazed on the picture of Clara, which she had left with him, that she might be ever present in his memory, he could not fancy deceit and falsehood lurking in that angel face.

Broken and bowed and wasted with regret,
  He gazed and wept—and gazed and wept alone!
He would not—would not if he could—forget,
  For he was all remembrance—it had grown
His very being!—Will she never speak?
  The lips are parted, and the braided hair
Seems as it waved upon her brightening check:
  And smile—and everything but breath—are there.
Oh, for that voice that he hath stayed to hear—
  Only in dreams!

Within six months after the night of the ball, the devoted and unchanging Ferdinand was entirely displaced from the Florentine's affections! He was some times spoken of, but then it was only for the purpose of ridiculing the childish passion of her who had given her heart to the Count Beautemps. The widow perceived the ascendancy which the Count had gained, with much pleasure. The riches of her projected son-in-law she saw would open the doors to her again of all the mansions from which her marriage with Elvalini had excluded her, and all her exertions were therefore directed to secure the prize she was playing for. After travelling for some time, being constantly attended the while by the Count, the widow thought there could be no danger in returning to her long neglected Chateau at Florence and preparations were made accordingly.

Clara was delighted at the idea of revisiting the scenes of her childhood; she remembered all her old associations, and would renew the pleasures of the past, but the Count expressed his disinclination to accompany them. The widow interpreted this into a dislike to tax her hospitality, and was the more earnest in enforcing his attendance, the more he endeavoured to excuse himself. At length, the Count consented, and within a few days they were on their road to Florence.

As they approached their old dwelling, the scenes became familiar to Clara, and each object awakened feelings of melancholy tenderness. She remembered that Ferdinand had accompanied her in her girlish rambles through all these well-

remembered spots, and it seemed as if she had awakened from a dream. But when she looked upon the smiling face of the Count, who sat beside her, and felt that her hand was grasped by his—when she reflected that Ferdinand was dead to her, and that her vows were plighted to her present companion, a thousand harassing thoughts crowded upon her, and, at length, overcame her; she fell upon her parent's neck in tears.

The widow accounted for this emotion by ascribing it to the recollections of childhood, and of her father; she could not think that Ferdinand had aught to do with it. With every moment, however, Clara's recollections of the enjoyments she had shared with the companion of her childhood, increased, and then the plain fact of her *inconstancy* and *ingratitude* seemed to flash suddenly upon her. It dried up the fountain of her tears, and she sat in the carriage absorbed and motionless, a prey to distracting reflection.

They were within a short distance of Florence, when, suddenly, one of the horses fell, and the carriage was thrown over a slight back in the road. No injury befel the travellers, but it was necessary for them to alight, in order that the carriage might be restored to its proper position. A crowd of persons were near the spot, and they hastily ran to give their assistance. Among the foremost was a pale wild-looking young girl, clad in a style of grotesque finery, and with flowers twined fantastically among the tresses of her auburn hair. Her looks indicated her to be bereft of reason.

"Out of the way Claudia!" cried one of the advancing party, "stay behind with the women, and tell them about their sweethearts, for only men are wanted in this work."

"And *I* am wanted too, my dainty gentleman!" cried the wild girl, stepping forward with alacrity. "*My dream told me of this!* And see! the fairy lady I saw in the devil's grasp, is stepping out—and ah—! Ha! Ha! Ha! *My dream—my dream is out!*"

Thus saying, the wild girl thrust forth her arm and directed it towards the carriage, while her eyes flashed with unearthly fire, and a hysterical laugh issued from her lips; but her countenance was fixed and motionless.

In a short time, the carriage was righted, and the travellers were about to re-enter; but the wild girl stepped forward, and catching the arm of Clara, exclaimed in au undertone of solemn mystery; "*I saw all this in a dream!*"

Clara was affrighted, and looked imploringly at the Count, who instantly seized the girl's arm, and released Clara from her grasp. The wild girl glanced contemptuously at the Count, and then exclaimed:—"They say the devil is black—they say he wears a horrid head, and a cloven foot—but lucky's the time, for the devil is grown a gentleman!"

"'Tis only a poor wild-woman, your honour," said one of the men of the party that had assisted in raising the carriage. "She is quite harmless. Once she was the gentlest and kindest of hearts, and everybody loved and honoured her, but——"

"But" interrupted the wild girl, "but the *devil* came, and loved her too; and she preferred the devil, and lost the love of all the world, for his!"

The plaintive tone in which this was spoken, moved the young traveller, even to tears. She was entering the carriage, but the tone of the girl's voice, so melancholy, so expressive, called her attention back to her, and looking at her, compassionately, she said, "My poor girl, you should not wander thus alone."

"I am obliged, dear lady, I am obliged!" returned the girl, in a tone of still increased melancholy. It seemed to come from the inmost recess of her soul. "I was obliged to come out to day, for I saw all this in my dream."

"Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the Count, endeavouring to draw Clara's attention from the girl. "Pray let us proceed."

"Ay, proceed—proceed" cried the wild girl, "proceed—over the body of Claudia—crush her life out, devil!—over her body—and complete your infamy!"

"Woman!" exclaimed the Count.

"No!" quickly rejoined the girl, "call me *Claudia*—you *once* called me *dear* Claudia, but the terms of affection are for others, *now*."

"Jove!" cried one of the party, "if it is not the Count himself!"

"Aha! You are known, my bold devil!" exclaimed the wild girl, clapping her hands—"and the poor witless Claudia has evidence to bear her out, and she *may* speak! I will speak lady," she continued, taking Clara's hand, and adding rapidly, "and you *will* hear me. They tell me I am mad—I know not—but I feel a strange vacancy of thought; yet still survive the recollection of the devil that betrayed me! He—he—who in the likeness of this handsome Count, lured me from the paths of innocence, and made me what you see! The shame to which he brought me, sent my poor mother to the deep deep grave! The blood of that sainted mother cries for vengeance. You destroyed her—devil! when you sacrificed her child!"

By this time the person of the Count had become generally known to the assemblage, and as they all were aware of the melancholy tale of Claudia, and all commisserated her, a sudden outbreak of indignation caused the *roué* to bethink him of his personal insecurity.

"These vulgar people," he said, addressing the widow, "will kill me in their insane fury, if we do not instantly drive off. Will you re-enter the carriage?" The widow complied; and Clara, who felt anxious to hear more from the wild girl, was forcibly lifted into the vehicle. In a moment, the signal was given, and the postillions drove through the crowd, and rapidly proceeded into Florence.

This strange event made a deep impression upon Clara; and, although the Count had succeeded in convincing the widow that the tale was a false one, Clara could not believe it to be quite destitute of foundation; and when they arrived at the chateau, the coldness with which she behaved to the Count indicated her sentiments. The Count endeavoured to reassure her, but in vain: a veil seemed to have dropped from before her eyes, and she fancied that she detected in every look and action of her lover, some unworthy motive lurking at the bottom of his apparent devotion.

Among the visitors that came to the chateau of Elvalini, Clara looked in vain for Ferdinand. The truth of Clara's attachment to another had suddenly came upon him, and with withering effect. His absence gave much pleasure to the widow; and she besought her daughter to acquiesce in the Count's proposition, for their wedding to take place immediately. This was what Clara dreaded: she found that she had gone too far to be able to retrace her steps with honour—yet the feeling for the Count which she had taken for love, had vanished, and she now regarded him with fear, and almost with abhorrence. Then came that bitter grief—that wasting agony—which the false heart ever experiences, when

the gush of pleasure is past, and memory plies its dart. Clara was a prey to a thousand distracting thoughts; she would have given the world for the power of recalling past hours, and the opportunity of amending the errors into which pride—vanity—the representations of her parent, and the gaieties of fashion, had led her. But she had sown the seeds of wretchedness, and the bitter harvest she was now compelled to reap.

She endeavoured to find the wild girl, whose strange representations had awakened her fears of the Count; but in vain. The servants whom she employed had been all bribed by the widow to baffle her purpose, and it was represented to her that the wild girl was nowhere to be found, and that no intelligence could be obtained respecting her. The widow was heedless of the character of the Count; she desired only his *fortune:* she saw that circumstances were injuring him in the estimation of her child, and she became more impressive than ever in her appeals to the honour of Clara; and at length *commanded* her to name the day for her nuptials.

"Madam!" replied the agonized Clara, "do not doubt of my anxiety to maintain the honour of our family; but I must not be commanded to an act which would involve the sacrifice of my happiness."

"How so, girl?" enquired the haughty widow. "You have given your word to the Count, and you would not, surely, have done so had you not been confident of his ability to make you happy."

"I believed so, *then*," replied Clara; "but the story of the wild girl, her tone and manner, and the sudden recognitions of the Count by the assemblage, are circumstances that awaken my suspicions; and till those suspicions are removed —and I am assured that the tale of the wild girl was the mere effusion of insanity—I beseech you to urge me not to a marriage that may be productive of only misery to yourself and me."

"Clara!" cried the widow, "again I command you to obey me. You shall not forfeit your honour upon the mere word of a madwoman."

"Mother! you did not remind me of my honour when I deceived poor Ferdinand, and left his love for gold ——"

"Ah! ingrate" rejoined the proud mother of the Florentine. "This is what I have suspected; your heart still clings to the beggar, Ferdinand! You have met him since your return and ——"

"No, on my soul, mother, I have not!"

"'Tis false! I beheld him this morning leave this very path in the garden, directly after you had quitted it. Would you have me believe him so romantic as to follow you at a humble distance, watch your approach for the mere sake of looking at you and then retire with a sigh? Clara, you have spoken with him!"

"How can I convince you that I have not?"

"By consenting to an immediate marriage with the Count."

"I cannot—I dare not marry *him*!"

"Not marry him!"

"It is in vain to conceal my thoughts. Mother! I have been in a horrid dream! I still love the object of my earliest affections. I hate the Count, and would not marry him for the world's worth!"

"Clara, you drive me to desperate measures. You either wed with the Count immediately, or quit my house. I cast you off—reject—despise you. How do you decide?"

"I cannot marry where my heart is not."

"Then go—go, false-hearted girl to him you prefer! Go with the execrations of a parent on your head, to the fool Ferdinand; fall at his feet—solicit his *protection*; go, be his slave—his minion—for from this day you never enter the doors of Elvalini!"

"The doors of the Rosalvi, then, are open to her!" exclaimed Ferdinand, bursting from a clump of trees which had concealed him from observation. "The heart of Ferdinand is still his Clara's own! Yes, cruel, wicked parent! behold the issue of your infamous scheme to separate us. Clara, we have been deceived and wronged. A parent's ambition had well nigh wrecked the happiness of her child!"

"Oh, Ferdinand!" murmured Clara; "spare her—she is still my mother!"

"And who is this Count!" continued Ferdinand. "A reckless profligate; who makes an appearance of wealth, but is possessed of none. His infamy is known in Florence. One of his victims is here!"

"Hush, hush," whispered Claudia, the wild girl, as she approached from the cluster of trees that had concealed Ferdinand, "there's mischief on foot: *he's* tracked me here—he means me harm! For the love of heaven, protect me."

"What mean you, Claudia?"

"That *he* is here," she replied in a whisper. "The devil is concealed in that thicket of underwood, I saw his eyes glaring upon me, and oh! I know them too well to be mistaken. I saw him watching me, through the streets, hunting me like a beast of prey! I feared to go home, for my home is a lonely hut, and he might kill me!"

"Be assured poor girl," replied Ferdinand, "that you shall be preserved from harm."

"Heaven will bless you. And my sainted mother will prepare places for you where I can never go! But you will sometimes talk of me? You will tell my mother that her child did not become worse than she left her—that she abandoned the wicked devil, and walked not in his ways; that she strove to pray, and to be good, again: but the virtuous shunned her—the world turned its back upon her—she would have toiled from sunrise to its setting, for the world—would have given her heart's blood for its charity; but the devil had built up a wall between her and the world, and she was despised, cast off, abandoned—and cannot hope to meet her mother in heaven!"

The deep anguish in which the girl spoke, melted the fair Florentine to tears: the haughty parent was evidently affected, and suddenly retired from the scene. Clara took the girl's hand within hers, and endeavoured to assure her that the prayers of the truly peninent are never breathed in vain.

"What!" cried the girl "*may* I—*may* I pray?" Clara replied in the affirmative.

"Do you think I *dare*—a creature so wicked?"

Clara again assured her, and the wild girl, clasping her hands fervently together upturned her eyes to the blue heaven, and as she gently fell upon her knees, her lips moved in humble prayer, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Suddenly the report of a gun was heard, and a ball whizzed between the wild girl and Ferdinand who stood beside her! The girl, with a scream, started from her kneeling posture, and rushing to the thicket, plunged into the midst. Ferdinand followed her, and arrived in time to arrest the arm of the Count, who was about to dash the butt end of the gun upon the head of his victim. A struggle ensued between Ferdinand and the savage ruffian, but the shrieks of Clara brought the

domestics to the spot, and the baffled *roué* was secured, and given into the hands of the officers of justice. It was soon afterwards discovered that the Count was an impostor; and that he had a few years previously broken from one of the prisons. He now met with fitting punishment. Clara and Ferdinand were united, and again enjoyed the bliss of honest love. Content and peace endeared them to their home, and the proud widow, the victim of disappointed ambition, dying soon afterwards, they inherited her wealth. The poor Claudia, restored to reason, was taken in their service—more as a humble companion than a servant—and it was the study of Clara and Ferdinand to lessen the bitterness of her reflections, and lead her into the paths of righteousness.

## THE WHIMSICAL DUKE;

### OR, SAYINGS PICKED UP IN THE FASHIONABLE COTERIES.

"As I do live by food I met—*the duke!*"
SHAKSPEARE'S *As you like it.*

What are termed "bulls" have been constantly described as peculiar to the natives of Erin's Isle. But we have nevertheless found English, French, and Germans, equally guilty of such errors. The following *naivetes* of the Duke of ——— certainly savour strongly of whimsicality.

The Duke asked a young man at Lady D———'s one day, which was the oldest, him or his elder brother!

Being on a journey he was obliged to stop at an inn to sleep. They gave him a chamber where there were several crevices in the partition. He complained of it in the morning to the landlord, saying, "Sir, this house is detestable: the chamber you gave me is one of the worst in the world, one may see daylight all the night long!"

Having one day cut his finger, he cried out, "They always told me that knife cut every thing it saw."

He asked once if the king's hounds went hunting on foot!

Lady C—— B—— having told him that she had dined with a poet, who had regaled her during dinner with an excellent epigram, the Duke sent for his cook, and ordered him to dish him up an *epigram* the next day for dinner!

He was riding through the Regent's Park one morning, when perceiving a very superb mansion built in a better taste than some of the adjoining ones, he said to Colonel C——— who was with him, "That's a charming house Colonel. Was it made in London or in the country?"

When is was announced to him that his friend E——— was dead, he started from the chess table at which he was engaged, and cried, "I never can believe it. If it was so I am sure he would have written to me to apprise me of the melancholy event."

Being engaged to meet some friends at a great distance from town very early one morning, he made his valet rise at midnight, and bade him look out of window, and see if the day was not coming. The valet answered that there was no appearance of daylight, and it was very dark. "I am not surprised you stupid fool," said the duke, "you can never see anything. Go and light a candle, and look!"

Lord J——— R——— is very fond of Yarmouth herrings, and one day in Lent, the duke dropped in at his house when he was lunching upon one. The duke was very anxious to know what it was, and Lord J——— prevailed upon him to taste. He was so well pleased, that he declared he would immediately order a quantity of that fish to stock one of his fish ponds with.

These are but a few of the whimsicalities of this very whimsical personage, who is a never failing source of amusement to his friends in the fashionable world.

## HEART'S-EASE.

You've twin'd for me an odorous wreath
Of summer flowrets fair;
I gaze upon the lovely gift,
But the *heart's-ease* is not there.

I would believe the beauteous wreath
A token of thy love;
But such love as it indicates,
I would not thine should prove!

Gay flaunting flowers, that love the sun,
In fading sheen appear;
They only give a moment's joy—
The *heart's-ease* is not here!

They may be choice and costly flowers,
But those I covet not;
A cottage home and constant love,
I pray may be my lot.

Twine me a wreath of simpler flowers,
A wreath no time may sever,
And be the token *heart's-ease* there,
To live for me for ever!

LAURA PERCY.

## THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

This is the *Age of Clubs!* We have had our *Golden Age*, our *Silver Age*, our *Age of Innocence* and our *Age of Bronze*; but this is *defacto*, as the lawyers say—the *Age of Clubs!* Behold the "West-End," how thickly it is studded with these large places of *refuge for the destitute*, where young gentlemen that have no home, may eat and drink and amuse themselves—these traps for the unwary—"springes to catch woodcocks"—where the married and single meet to eat and talk to the utter destruction of that happy state of things, when woman, lovely woman, whom "Heaven made to temper man," was the great attraction. Instead of offering their services at woman's shrine, the *gentleman* of to-day devotes himself to *his club!* How barbarous! We wonder the ladies do not rise *in arms*, and pull down every massy pile of brick and stone that bears the name of "*Club*." And these obnoxious edifices still increase—"on horror's head, horrors accumulate;" we see no indication of the approaching end of the *Club mania;* the cry is still, "*build on*." Look at St. James's Street. It is full of clubs, from *Graham's*, next door to the horn-makers, where they play at whist, and like their neighbour, when they doubt a trick, they *trump it*, to *Boodle's*, the resort of gentlemen in "uncouth great coats, with brown topped-boots, or long cloth gaiters on their legs, with whips or sticks in hand, and broad brimmed hats upon their heads, with now and then a small pig-tail protruding. They wear buff waistcoats, and sometimes powder." And *White's*, in whose bay window may oft be seen the gallant HORACE, and the handsome FORRESTER, the witty ALVANLEY, the noble BEAUFORT, pungent Sir JOSEPH, and the gay GLENGALL,

the "King," the "Kang," the "Colonel." And *Crockford's*, on whose steps we sometimes see the curled WOMBWELL, Lord ADOLPHUS, WILLIAM LENNOX, CASTLEREAGH and THYNNE; TOM DUNCOMBE, D'ORSAY, CRAVEN BERKELEY, MAXE and HENRY FITZROY. And *Arthur's*, where, when they dine, they lock the door, "lest prowling authors should snatch away their food." Full of Clubs is St. James's Street! Some for *sheep*, and some for *wolves!* *N'importe*, as the French say: Waterloo Place swarms with Clubs; Pall Mall is invaded, and will soon be possessed by them to the exclusion of every other kind of domicile. Behold that jail-looking mass of stone, called the *Conservative;* what an unsightly thing! Who decided upon the plan? He should have his effigy placed upon the top of it, that the world might see and laugh. Had the worthy *Conservatives* intended to build a *workhouse* or a *prison*, then the plan might have done; but for a resort for *gentlemen*—Oh, 'tis shocking! The house is quite a disgrace to St. James's. Respecting the architect, Sir ROBERT SMIRKE, we will only say, that he deserves to have the epitaph which was written for an architect of former days:—

"Lie heavy on him Earth, for he
Has laid a heavy load on thee!"

Clubs are increasing: Charing Cross now has a sprinkling; they have even got "on the other side of Temple Bar:" by and by, London will be nothing but *one great Club*, unless the *ladies* interfere, and chain their lords to "*Home, sweet Home.*"

It may be interesting to our readers to trace the origin of these great *anti-social* palaces. We find it in the tavern-clubs of the wits of a century ago. The poets and the *elegans* were wont to meet in reputable public taverns, and participate in

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

amid the bustle and confusion peculiar to places of that description. The most celebrated of these *Clubs* was that held at a coffee-house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, kept by one DANIEL BUTTON, who had been a servant in the family of the Countess of WARWICK, and established through the instrumentality of ADDISON, the poet, who married the Countess. It has been said that BUTTON'S "Club" was a political one, and frequented only by the *Tories*, which opinion seems to have been derived from a remark in the *Spectator:* "I was a *Tory* at BUTTON'S, and a *Whig* at CHILDE'S;" but from the circumstance of Dr. GARTH, who was an active and zealous *Whig*, being one of the most prominent members of BUTTON'S, the conjecture as to its political partiality must be entirely without foundation. POPE, STEELE, ADDISON, BUDGELL, DENNIS, and other eminent writers, were constant members of the society, and Dr. JOHNSON informs us, that after ADDISON'S marriage with the Countess of WARWICK (an ill-advised match, the proud dignity of the lady ill-assorting with the placid and elegant mind of the poet, added to which, ADDISON had been tutor to her son,* a character which the Countess never considered entitled to much respect) when any domestic vexations arose, he withdrew with his company to BUTTON'S. ARBUTHNOT was also one of its members; the learning and skill of this celebrated individual, excited the admiration of all his cotemporaries: even POPE, "the little bit of asperity," with all his spleen and envy, could not withhold his applause; he used frequently to say of him, that of all the men he had met with, or heard of, ARBUTHNOT had the most prolific wit; and that, in this quality, SWIFT only held the *second* place, an opinion, the latter part of which must undoubtedly be imputed to POPE'S envy of a writer, in endeavouring to lower whom, in the estimation of the world, it is highly probable he had a secret gratification. In 1784, however, the *trio* were engaged upon a *Satire on the abuse of Human Learning*, in the manner of CERVANTES, but which was, however, stopped by the death of the Queen. POPE was in the habit of dividing his leisure moments between BUTTON'S and WILL'S, where DENNIS, the critic, was so outrageous against him, insisting that he was only successful from fashion and false opinion. POPE was a very abstemious man, and never indulged himself with more than two glasses of wine at a sitting; even at his own table when he had two friends with him, not more than a pint of wine was allowed, from which, after taking his usual quantity, he would retire, observing to his company—"Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine. The wit of POPE was principally of a sarcastic or splenetic cast; one repartee, preserved by Dr. JOHNSON, may be worth quoting:—"When an objection raised against his inscription for SHAKSPEARE was defended by the authority of PATRICK, he replied, "*Horresco referens*, that he would allow the publisher of a dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together!" BUTTON'S was also the principal office for the reception of contributions to the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and other periodicals of the day, which were dropped into a box placed in the window of the coffee-house, through the mouth of a large carved lion's head. WILL'S Coffee-house, or "*Club*," was in existence prior to BUTTON'S, and was much resorted to by DRYDEN and his admirers. This house was also situated in Russell Street, at the west corner of Bow Street, and here one GILES EARL, a celebrated Middlesex Justice of that day, a creature of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE'S, was in the constant practice of examining culprits in the public room, for the entertainment of the company, which at length became so numerous, that the more fashionable members "crossed over" to BUTTON'S. A waiter from WILL'S opened another house in Russell Street, which, from his own cognomen, was denominated TOM'S Coffee-house. But the greatest rivalry was between BUTTON'S and WILL'S, the proprietors of each maintaining his precedence above the other, in respect to the *fashion* and *politeness* of his respective members. In the *Guardian*, we find a paragraph which runs thus:—"That it was a habit among the minor orators of the City Coffee-houses to twist off the *button*, and that NESTOR IRONSIDE says, that within the last three years he has been argued out of several dozens; but that in most of the eminent coffee-houses at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than WILL'S in Covent Garden, the company is so refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not a *button* the worse for it."

This satirical allusion was immediately caught by the proprietor of the rival house, for in the next day's paper, an answer was published by BUTTON to this effect:—"*Mr.*

* This young man was of very loose and dissipated habits, which his tutor had with much earnestness strove to reform but without success; he was therefore determined to try what effect the influence of example might have, confined with the indirect reproaches of an honoured friend in his last moments: he accordingly sent for him to his chamber, where he repeated to him the following striking admonition—"*I have sent for you, that you may see how a* CHRISTIAN *can die!*"

*Ironside*, I have observed that this day you make mention of WILL'S coffee-house as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in discourse by the *button*; every body knows your honour frequents this house; therefore they will take an advantage against me, and say, if my company was as civil as that of WILL'S, you would do so: I therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me justice; because people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occasion to name the name of your humble servant.—DANIEL BUTTON.

"The young poets are in the back room and take their places as you directed."

Another eminent *Club* was held at *Old Slaughter's* coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane, composed of the most eminent literary and fashionable characters.

It is to these comparatively humble associations, that the origin of our "CLUBS" can be traced; our "Travellers"—"Athenæum", and the fifty others which rear their heads in the streets of the metropolis are all but *refinements* of "Button's," "Will's," and "Tom's." The three last named are now expunged not only from the roll of Fashion, but also of existence; *Old Slaughter's* indeed still stands in St. Martin's-lane, like the skeleton of a being that once was, whose soul has fled! Magnificent edifices invite the wit and elegance, which heretofore mingled indiscriminately with the herd of idlers under the roofs of taverns and coffee-houses, and the *Clubs of London* from a minor feature, has become one of the leading points of interest and attraction in this splendid metropolis. We have called them *anti-social*, because they are hostile to the best comforts of life; they entice men from their family firesides, and for what purpose? Many a neglected wife sits alone and counts the moments of her husband's absence, while he is lounging, *or gambling*, at his "Club." We beg to suggest to our fair unmarried readers the propriety of making the giving up of "Club"-company, and association, *one of the conditions of the marriage compact*. Let the young unmarried reflect upon our hint! SIR TRISTRAM.

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## LOVES OF THE COURTIERS:—No. I.

### LADY ROSALINE AND LORD FLOSS.

"I've a beautiful house in May Fair,
  I've a noble collection of books;
I think I've an elegant air,
  The ladies they all praise my looks.
At Almacks they say I'm a beau,
  In the *valse* they do call me divine;
My dad has five thousand a year,
  When he dies, every farthing is mine!"

"Will you have me my fair Rosaline?
  Say the word, and the knot shall be tied;
As happy you'll be as a queen,
  When you are my beautiful bride."
Thus spoke young Lord Fillagree Floss,
  A man of much science and *scents*,
Of gossip, and glory and gloss,
  To the fair Lady Rosaline Rentz.

Lord Floss was an elder and heir,
  But he'd emptied his own money box;
And ransack'd his pockets quite bare,
  To pay off his *honour* at *Crocks*.
So he thought if a girl he could catch,
  With a fortune, again he might do;
And be, like a lark, *sans souci*,
  Though he then, was, alas! *sans six sous!*

So he folded a nice little billet,
  Breathing vows of the faithfullest love;
Its material was satin post gilt,
  Its motto, two hearts and a dove.
The lady was stricken at sight,
  She blushed like the dawning of morn;
*Entre nous*, she was thirty at least,
  And thought all the chances were gone!

The wooing went swimmingly on,
  Lord Floss he was constant and kind;
Lady Rosaline watch'd for his coming,
  Each day, through the bars of her blind.
But, once, when she sat, all alone,
  Looking out for her knight brave and bold;
It struck her that Fillagree Floss,
  Was only a wooing her *gold!*

Like lightning this cruel thought came,
  And when from his wearisome roam,
Lord Floss to his charmer returned,
  The porter said, "She's not at home!"
"Not at home!" quoth Lord Floss—"not at home!
  At the window I saw her!—Come come—
Let me in!" But John still held the door,
  And "My lady," he said, "is not at home!"

The postman—love's messenger—he
  Was employed on Lord Fillagree's part,
He wrote, "Dearest Rosaline, I die,
  If you'll not accept my true heart!"
She returned—as requested—per post,
  An answer, laconic and funny;
'Twas "Lord Floss may retain his *true heart*,
  Lady Rosaline she'll keep *her money!*

MARFORIO.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

CHURCH OR STEEPLE.—A distinguished personage to whom the tall son of Sir J. C. ———, was presented, on enquiring respecting him of one of the ladies in waiting, was informed that the young gentleman was intended for the church. "Considering his height," replied the royal lady, "I should think him rather intended for the *steeple*."

Lady Blessington.—A gentleman who was honoured with an invitation by this distinguished member of the gay world, gives the following characteristic description of his reception. In a long library, he says, lined alternately with splendidly bound books and mirrors, and with a deep window of the breadth of the room opening upon Hyde Park, I found Lady B. alone. The picture to my eye as the door opened, was a very lovely one; a woman of remarkable beauty, half buried in a *fauteuil* of yellow satin, reading by a magnificent lamp suspended from the centre of the arched ceiling; sofas, couches, ottomans and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness through the room; enamel tables covered with expensive and elegant trifles in every corner; and a delicate white hand relieved on the back of a book, to which the eye was attracted by the blaze of its diamond rings. As the servant mentioned my name, she rose and gave me her hand very cordially, and a gentleman entering immediately after, she presented me to Count D'O———, the well-known *Pelham* of London, and certainly the most splendid specimen of a man, and a well-dressed one, that I had ever seen. Tea was brought in immediately and the conversation went swimmingly on. The gentlemen to whose pen we are indebted for this characteristic sketch, is an American, and we can easily imagine that he was dazzled by the splendour of Lady Blessington's boudoir, and the beauty of her ladyship in her yellow satin *fauteuil*: neither are we disposed to quarrel with him upon the subject of her ladyship's personal attractions, but to call D'Orsay "a splendid specimen of man," is as much as to say the exterior part of the head is superior to the inner. D'Orsay has very splendid whiskers certainly.

INVITATION TO LOVE.

Ah! wilt thou, ever thus, severe,
  Be as a cloistered nun to me?
Methinks this heart but ill can bear
  An unrewarded slave to be:
Why banish love and joy thy bowers;
  Why thus my passion disapprove?
When, lady, all the world were ours,
  If thou coulds't learn, like me, to love.

Lady H—— on Nerves.—Lady H——, whose masculine spirit is known in fashionable circles, was lately at Bath, where she observed a tall young man drinking the waters, "Now what upon earth," exclaimed her ladyship, "can that big fellow want of the Bath waters?" "He takes them for a *nervous* complaint," was the reply. Her ladyship turned away with the ejaculation, "Thank Heaven I was born before nerves came into fashion!"

Speaking Wine.—A popular character was returning very late from a friend's house in the environs of the metropolis, where he had been dining, when coming to a turnpike, he refused to pay the toll. When the wine is in, the wit is out, says the proverb, and so it proved, for the gentleman was very loud in refusing payment. The little girl who came to receive the money, finding it not forthcoming, locked the gate, for which she received very loud abuse; but she made no reply. After much altercation, her mother opened a casement above, and in a sleepy feeble tone, inquired what the gentlemen said. "No, mother," said the child,' it's not the *gentleman* speaking; it's only the *wine!*"

A Home Question.—Lord G——, over the entrance to a beautiful grotto, had caused this inscription to be placed, "Let nothing enter here but what is good." A witty lady, who observed this, pointedly exclaimed, "Dear me! where does his lordship enter?"

AGAINST TEARS.

Could you persuade me tears are good
  To wash our mortal cares away,
These eyes should weep a sudden flood,
  And stream into the briny sea:
But tears, alas! are trifling things,
  And rather feed than heal the woe.
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
  As weeds in rainy seasons grow:
If 'tis a rugged path you tread,
  And thousand foes your steps surround,
With virtuous courage brave the foe,
  If not on earth in heaven be crowned.

A Little Bit of a Mystery.—Not far from the chateau of Versailles is a small cottage built house, the entrance to which is by a low narrow door at the side. It is very clean and pleasantly situated. Carriages, calashes, and cabriolets are stopping here constantly. People come from Paris, St. Cloud, Sevre, and from all the towns and country round about. You knock once, then again, and even a third time. At the third knock the door is opened by a negress or mustee. She leads you into a dark apartment, preserving a strict silence. There you find a flambeau, and follow without a guide the long corridor before you. You then proceed under a subterranean roof, and shortly arrive at a sort of temple, which is occupied by a female. She neither rises nor opens her mouth; and converses with you only by signs, from which you are made acquainted, or led to believe that you are made acquainted, with very surprising things, past, present, and to come. When you leave her she imposes an oath—your right hand placed upon your breast—not to repeat to any one whatsoever revelations she may have made to you, neither to disclose the name of the street, nor the number of the house where she dwells. But the secret must necessarily be ill kept, since people go there from all parts, and frequently wait till night-fall before their turn comes. So easily is this world of ours to be *gulled!*

LOVE'S LACONICS.

That I love you, dear Julia, I care not who knows,
Examine each act, 'twill my passion disclose,
And while you are constant, I'll care not a feather,
For the frowns of the world and misfortune together.

A Voice.—"My voice is very flexible, very flexible indeed," said the conceited Lord D——, who fancies himself a fine singer, in a musical party, one evening. "I can make *anything* of it." "Can you indeed!" exclaimed the pretty Lady Mary J——. "Positively," was his lordship's reply. "Then," rejoined the fair wit, "I wish you would make it into an album for me, for I am sadly in want of one!"

An Unpleasant Rejoinder.—T———, the *talkative* member of W———'s Club, was boring Alvanley the other day, about his orations in Parliament." Have you heard my *last* speech?" he at length enquired, "No," rejoined Alvanley. "I wish to goodness, I had."

A Rival to Pasta.—Parents believe their own children to be superior to all the rest in the world: an old gentleman who had given his daughter—"sole daughter of his house and heart"—a musical education, with a view to her making the science her profession, at length procured an opportunity for her public appearance at a public concert. The old gentleman, however, being confined to his room with the gout, the *debutante* went to her duty, accompanied only by her mamma. On their return the anxious father inquired respecting his child's success. The tender mother declared that it had quite exceeded her expectations. "Would you believe it, my dear," she said, "some of the company actually took her for Pasta." "No!" exclaimed the old gentleman in wonder and admiration. "Yes, indeed, my dear papa," ejaculated the fair songstress, "hardly had I sung a dozen notes, when the Italians cried, "*Basta! Basta!*"

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

The present! It is but a drop from the sea
In the mighty depths of eternity,
I love it not, it taketh its birth
Too near to the dull and common earth,
But heaven that spreadeth o'er all its blue cope,
Hath given us memory, hath given us hope,
And redeemeth the lot which the present hath cast,
By the fame of the future, the dream of the past!
The future! ah, there hath the spirit its home,
In its distance is written the glories to come;
The great ones of earth lived but half for their day,
The grave was their altar, the far off their way,
Step by step hath the mind its high empire won,
We live in the sunshine of what it hath done.

Sensation in a Theatre.—The great Mozart, whose *Giovanii*, and other splendid musical works have obtained for him an immortality, was once upon a visit at Marseilles, when he went to the opera incognito, to hear the performance of his *Villanella Rapita*. He had reason to be tolerably well satisfied till, in the midst of one of the principal *arias*, the orchestra, through some error in the copying of the score, sounded a D natural where the composer had written D sharp. This substitution did not injure the harmony, but gave a common-place character to the phrase, and obscured the sentiment of the composer. Mozart no sooner heard it than he started up vehemently, and, from the middle of the pit, cried out in a voice of thunder, "Will you play D sharp, you wretches?" (*Voulez-vous attaquer le ré dieze, canaille!*) The sensation produced in the Theatre may be imagined. The actors were astounded, the Lady who was singing stopped short, the orchestra followed her example, and the audience, with loud exclamations, demanded the expulsion of the offender. He was accordingly seized, and required to name himself. He did so, and at the name of Mozart the clamour suddenly subsided into a silence of respectful awe, which was soon succeeded by reiterated shouts of applause from all sides. It was insisted that the opera should be recommenced. Mozart was installed in the orchestra, and directed the whole performance. We may be sure that this time the D sharp was played in its proper place, and the musicians themselves were astonished at the superior effect produced. After the Opera Mozart was conducted in triumph to his hotel, which for several days overflowed with persons anxious to pay their compliments to the great master.

Short Days.—Just after Christmas, Lord C—, whose *humour* is characteristic of his countrymen (Ireland) being in want of a little cash to cover his losses at the play-table, applied to a city banker to discount a bill for him at rather a long date. R—— remarked that the bill had a great many days to run. "Botheration!" exclaimed Lord C——; "that's true; but only consider, my dear friend, how short the days are at this time of the year."

An Obstinate Young Lady.—A very amusing circumstance has lately occurred at Marseilles. A young lady brought an action against the Sieur L—— for unhandsome behaviour on his part. The day of judgment approached, the Court was crowded—and a very *fair* proportion consisted of that sex justly immortalised by Milton as "Heaven's last best work." The usual questions were proposed to the pretty plaintiff by the President. "*Quel âge avez vous?*" "*Dix neuf ans, Monsieur.*" "You mistake, Mademoiselle," interrupted her counsellor, "you are of age." The lady, however, persisted that she was a minor, and in spite of the earnest appeals of her *avocat*, still adhered "*dix-neuf ans.*" Nothing could induce the fascinating descendant of Eve to pass the rubicon of nineteen years; and there being no proof before the Court to the contrary, the complaint against the Sieur L—— was dismissed, and the "young lady" in her teens condemned to pay the costs. Registerial report has since proved that the beautiful maid had attained the discreet age of 25.

An Ungallant Courtier.—Lord D——, who prides himself upon what he terms his habit of plain speaking, which, by the way, often becomes sheer impertinence, one day addressing the amiable and accomplished Miss ——, exclaimed, "My dear girl, how very red your hair is!" "Possibly, my lord," was the lady's quick reply; "but your lordship is the first *man* who ever thought of telling me so!"

An Excellent Law.—By the Chinese laws, a man may divorce his wife for being too much given to talking.

Music.—Osiris, the Egyptian Monarch, is said to have invented the tuba, which is a sort of trumpet, and the full-toned flute. His fellow-countrymen gave way to a serious, not a joyous mood, when they heard the music. Not so the Jews; for they sang and danced to its notes; and Saul's evil spirit was quelled by the harp's merry notes. Both David and Solomon delighted in cultivating music, and Josephus tells us, that the time when the Temple was dedicated, there were four hundred and eighty thousand players and singers at hand. The Greeks venerated the art as an immediate gift from the gods, and boasted that Orpheus had tamed wild beasts, and Amphion barbarians, by the spell of their melodies. It was Lycurgus and Plato's injunction, that music should be used as a handmaid to the education of the young; nay, even the laws were sung to the people. Some historians deny that the Romans had any taste for the art; yet we are told, that songs of praise were sung in honour of Romulus, and, in later days, that dramatic music and concerts were in vogue amongst them. In the earliest times, the Gauls had their bards, and the dreaded war-cry of our half-civilised ancestors was a thrice-repeated "Hallelujah." The Germans of old, too, believed that songs were sung to their departed heroes in the Walhalla; and it is notorious that their Braga. was the god of poetry and music.

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BELL, PRINTER, 28, CRAVEN-STREET, STREET.


MISS SHIRREFF AS CLARA,

*In the* SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

*(Clara singing) 'Mid the early scenes of youth &c.*

*Published by Bell 28, Craven St. Strand, April 2, 1836.*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CXLV. LONDON, APRIL 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF MISS SHIRREFF, AS "CLARA," IN THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE OPERA AND BALL DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—TWO MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

"Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove!"

The success that has crowned our efforts to interest and amuse the Fashionable World, has encouraged us to seek increased attractions; and by presenting fresh novelty of a high and important character, to convince our numerous and distinguished Subscribers that our exertions shall be equal to their patronage and support. It is highly gratifying to ourselves to be able to make arrangements for the *further enrichment* of our already-splendid and valuable miscellany, which has from time to time been increased in interest and attraction, and shall still go on increasing; while we have the honour to enjoy the high patronage which has been so liberally conferred upon us by the *haut ton*.

This Magazine already stands at the head of all works of the kind. Our connections and resources give us advantages which no other publication can possibly have; and to those circumstances we ascribe our great and increasing popularity. Quarters inaccessible to all others, are open to us; and we have the honour of receiving the contributions and communications of those whose station in society, and well-known perfection in matters of taste, give an originality and importance to what we publish, and enable us to defy competition.

The Fashionable Circles have made our Magazine peculiarly their own. There is no other authority in matters of taste. Indeed, it is impossible that there can be any other, from the circumstances above stated. The WORLD OF FASHION is, therefore, seen in the boudoir of every Lady of taste, and is invariably consulted by them.

We have now the pleasure of stating that several NEW ARRANGEMENTS have been made, with a view to the further improvement of our Publication. We have entered into engagements with artists of eminence for their contribution of

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS, OF THE POPULAR PERFORMERS OF THE DAY,

Which will be engraved in a finished style of excellence, and added to the other embellishments of the WORLD OF FASHION.

There is no other work which gives anything of the kind: consequently, the Public have no other opportunities of obtaining likenesses of their FAVOURITES OF THE STAGE. Occasionally, single Portraits are published; but they are either of a very inferior description, or so highly priced, that they obtain but few purchasers. Our best efforts shall be directed to the attainment of *Correct Likenesses*, and we shall invariably endeavour to give the Popular Favourites,

IN THEIR MOST ATTRACTIVE CHARACTERS, AND WHICH MAY BE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE WORLD.

Thus, presenting in ADDITION TO THE OTHER ATTRACTIONS, Literary and Graphic, of the World of Fashion,

A MIRROR AND RECORD OF THE STAGE!

Our Artists will take a most extensive range. Every Theatre in London will be visited by them, where talent and attraction is to be found.

THE OPERA, AND ITS GREAT VOCALISTS,

Will be properly illustrated, and exemplified. Every singer of particular note that may appear, shall be represented in his or her most popular character, and occasionally we may have opportunities of giving GROUPES OF PERFORMERS, and VIGNETTE SCENES. We had proposed commencing with the *New Prima Donna*, of the great Musical Temple; but as it is not likely that the lady will remain very long in the situation which she at present fills, we have abandoned our intention, and shall wait until the height of the season, when Grisi, and the other great singers will arrive to the enrichment of our Musical circles, before we employ our Artists upon the King's Theatre.

The whole of our arrangements will not be completed till next month.

With our present Number, we give a Portrait of Miss Shirreff, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, one of the most popular of the English Performers. We have had great difficulties to surmount in obtaining a *likeness*; the lady's features being of that class which it is exceedingly difficult to

represent with perfect fidelity. We trust, however, that our Engraving will give satisfaction. Our future illustrations will, of course, be much more highly finished and attractive.

The Pictorial Illustrations are not the only feature of the World of Fashion, the interest and attraction of which we intend to increase. In the LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE DEPARTMENTS, we are able to promise important improvements. In addition to our old and favourite contributors, we are promised the assistance of two or three titled personages, whose talents have already been manifested to the world, in their much-admired and popular publications, in Poetry and Prose.

The Literary contents of The World of Fashion will still be of their usual varied character. The authors of the Original Tales, which have excited so much attention, and given so high a character to our literature, will continue to devote their pens to the entertainment of our subscribers.

The *Lively Works of Fiction* will be of the same amusing character as heretofore, and in the poetical department we shall set forth great attractions.

The want of a good and authorized Chronicle of the Events and Gossip of High Life has long been felt. The desideratum will be supported by the WORLD OF FASHION. Every event of importance will in our columns be found fully described; the wit of the fashionable *salons*, will here be recorded, and we shall devote no small part of our attention to the foibles and follies of the great; exhibiting them, however, in so light and inoffensive a manner that it shall not lose us the respect even of the parties who may form the subject of remark. No coarse scurrility shall find its way into our pages. We will never suffer the World of Fashion to become an object of offence and annoyance. Our severest strictures shall inflict but a skin-deep wound, and after the moment be forgotten. Thus we hope to please all parties, and withal make The World of Fashion the only Chronicle of Fashion, and

MAGAZINE OF THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

In FASHIONS, our arrangements are most extensive. Our agents and correspondents in ALL THE COURTS OF EUROPE where Taste presides, will continue to supply us with the earliest and most authentic information, and our connections in the British Circles of Fashion open to us

EXCLUSIVE SOURCES OF INFORMATION UPON THE SUBJECT OF FASHIONS.

The Ladies of Rank and Title who are graciously pleased to honour us with their communications, stamp a VALUE and IMPORTANCE upon this Magazine which it is not possible that any other publication of the kind can possess.

In the general getting up of The World of Fashion we are able to promise several improvements. The typographical department will in future present a more elegant and attractive appearance, and we have received the pledges of the artists whom we employ to colour the costumes, that their work shall be performed with the greatest accuracy and skill.

We have thus presented to our readers a sketch of the improvements we have commenced in The World of Fashion. Our arrangements will be attended with immense expense, but the liberal patronage of the public, and the extensive and increasing circulation of The World of Fashion, enable us to present those new features of interest

WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL CHARGE.

The World of Fashion will remain at the same price as usual, and we pledge ourselves to our subscribers, that whatever may be the expense that we, at any future period, may incur in the getting up of our Magazine, that THE PRICE SHALL STILL REMAIN THE SAME. We trust that this pledge may induce New Subscribers to continue their patronage. The more numerous our readers become, the greater will be the additions that we shall make to the Magazine. Our past exertions are sufficient to prove that we are never idle. We are constantly on the look-out for NOVELTY, and of an *original* and *attractive* character, and while we continue to be favoured with public support, our exertions will remain undiminished.

With our grateful thanks for past favours, we would respectfully request our kind friends to assist our exertions by their support and recommendation.

The Editors.

*London, March* 29, 1836.

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## MISS SHIRREFF,

"Her hands amid the golden strings
Play—like a spirit's wanderings,
Still making music as they stray,
And scattering incense on their way,
And softest harpings float around
That make the chamber hallowed ground,
Till every breeze that wanders by
Seems holy with the maiden's sigh,
And seraph forms come stealing down,
To hear a music like their own.

T. K. Hervey.

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We resume our pictorial and literary sketches of the living ornaments of the British Stage, and we are sure that we have consulted the feelings and inclinations of our subscribers in selecting for that purpose the lady who stands first in the rank of British vocalists, and whose brilliant talents have won for her a lasting and enviable reputation. There is not a more interesting "star of the stage" than Miss Shirreff; her performances delight the spectator by their simplicity and modesty, qualities which, when combined with brilliant talents, render their possessor truly great. Miss Shirreff has not been many years upon the stage, and may therefore be considered as only having commenced her professional career, which, if she advances so rapidly in future years as she has done in the preceding ones, will be brilliant indeed. Her voice is remarkable for its firmness, flexibility, and sweetness; it has the rare peculiarity of holding out in the most difficult and lengthened passages, and enabling the vocalist to finish with, indeed, greater splendour than she commenced with; like the sun, invested with increased glory at his setting. At the outset of Miss Shirreff in her profession, she had many disadvantages to contend with, many obstacles to surmount. Mrs. Wood was then the *prima donna* of the English Stage, and her supporters were so numerous that there was scarcely a chance of success for a rival who had only her own talents to support her. Miss Inverarity, too, was then in the full possession of her voice, and had gained many "golden opinions." Under those disadvantages Miss Shirreff appeared, simply and unobtrusively, without any ridiculous trumpeting, or those sickening paid for paragraphs which managers put into

the newspapers in favour of some particular novelty. The force of her merit, however, made its way; people were charmed with the interesting and modest appearance of the *debutante* while they were delighted with her rich and dulcet melody

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of Oriental flowers,"

And which fully established the truth of the poet's verse.

"Music, oh, how faint how weak,
Language fades before thy spell,
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou can'st breathe her soul so well!
Friendships balmy words may feign,
Lips are even more false than they:
Oh! 'tis only music's strain,
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

Miss SHIRREFF, at her outset, caught the affections of the town; and her hold upon them she has not relinquished. She soon began to manifest her superiority to Miss INVERARITY; and we remember hearing those ladies in the opera of the *Haunted Tower*, in which Miss SHIRREFF completely eclipsed her rival. After this she shook the throne of Mrs. WOOD, by her performance of *Zerlina*, in *Fra Diavolo*, and won universal admiration and support. AUBER's operas of *Gustavus* and *Lestocq*, did not do much for Miss SHIRREFF although Miss SHIRRIFF did a great deal for them. Indeed, in the former opera, the personation of the *Page*, *Oscar*, by Miss S. was one of the most interesting features in the performance. *Lestocq* was never liked; it is a mere endeavour to equal *Gustavus*, inspired by the success of the latter, to which it is very much inferior. Miss SHIRREFF did as much as could possibly be done with the music of her character in this opera, and more than any other English vocalist could do; and succeeded in obtaining for the piece a short run.

We now arrive at the production of Mr. BALFE's opera of the *Siege of Rochelle*, in which Miss SHIRREFF has a fair opportunity of manifesting the talents which she is possessed of, and which she has availed herself of with the happiest effect. The performance throughout is of a most intense and effective character; the dramatic portions being given with a force and feeling which we had never before considered MISS SHIRREFF capable of, while in the music she proved herself second to no singer that has ever appeared on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, the "unrivalled Malibran," alone excepted. As we have already spoken of this performance, and as it is now before the town, it is unnecessary for us to enter into a detail of its merits.

Her form is like a form of light,
But all the woman dims her eye;
With tears that dare to look to heaven,
And griefs that mount—and are forgiven,
Deep in her warm and holy heart,
Are thoughts that play a mortal part,
And her young worship wafts above
The breathings of an earthly love!
Of earth—yet not a love that flings
One clog upon her spirits' wings,
Or, like a shadow, dimly lies
Upon her pure heart's sacrifice.

The character of *Clara* is a most interesting one, and Miss SHIRREFF pourtrays all its features with fidelity and effect. We are told that she had before manifested great dramatic capabilities in the *Maid of Milan* (a character with which is associated so many happy recollections of the late Miss M. TREE) but we never had an opportunity of witnessing that performance. MISS SHIRREFF has now fully established her claims to a position at the head of her profession; and we trust and hope that the remainder of her career may be as brilliant and as happy as its commencement.

But let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy,
Bright dreams of the *past*, which he cannot destroy;
Long, long, be her heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

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## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH.

"Let every loyal heart within the realm
Exclaim, 'Long live the King!'"—DRYDEN.

Most gladly will we respond to the poet's remark, and cry Long live the Royal WILLIAM, and his illustrious consort, who preside with such honour and glory over England's Court. Never were the attractions of that Court of so exalted and refined a description as they are at the present period. During the reign of the illustrious parent of our sovereign, when Queen CHARLOTTE presided at St. James's, the brilliancy of the Court was somewhat dimmed by the cold formalties which were then insisted upon. The manners of courtiers resembled the ladies' dresses; they were stiff, starched, and chilling; the improvement effected by our gracious QUEEN causes the receptions at St. James's to approximate to the *friendliness* of the private drawing-room. The subjects of royalty approach their sovereign with confidence, unawed by that severity which was used to excite their *fear* as well as their love. Now, every lady sees in her QUEEN a friend: the gentleness of demeanour, the kindness of look and speech, the whole manner, indeed, of Queen ADELAIDE, render it delightful to approach her, and we are not at all surprised, therefore, to find her drawing-rooms so well attended as they always are. The one that was held upon the 24th, was very splendid; the *élite* of rank and fashion crowded round the throne, with offerings of respect and love. The interest of the scene was very great; the assemblage of beautiful women, the splendour of the costumes, the happy looks, the pleasant words, the air of joy that pervaded the assemblage, combined to realize the most perfect visions of poesy, the best pictures of romance.

The KING's weekly Levees in town have been well attended. The arrival of the sovereign-matrimonial of Portugal, on a visit to our Royal family, is an event which has caused fresh activity in the Royal and distinguished circles. The Prince FERDINAND, the betrothed of the young Queen of Portugal, is a remarkable fine young man, tall, graceful and dignified. He is accompanied by his father, and his brother Prince AUGUSTUS, the latter of whom somewhat resembles the Prince Consort, but his countenance has a more serious expression.

After paying their respects, on their arrival, to their illustrious relative, the Duchess of KENT, at Kensington, the royal visitors departed for Windsor, where they were engaged to dine with the KING and QUEEN. The banquet given in

their honour, was certainly one of the most splendid enterments ever beheld in St. George's Hall. The table in the centre displayed a magnificent service of plate, elegantly and tastefully arranged. The bands of the two regiments were stationed in an elevated orchestra at the end of the Hall, and performed the National Anthem as the illustrious party entered and took their seats. The ladies were in Court dresses, looking most beautifully, and bestowing their smiles most generously, on all around; and the noblemen and gentlemen wore their respective uniforms, and the insignia of the several orders of Knighthood. At the conclusion of the banquet, THEIR MAJESTIES and their distinguished visitors proceeded to the ball-room, and dancing commenced shortly after. The appearance of the ball-room, the Waterloo gallery, the drawing-rooms, &c. at this time, was dazzling in the extreme. The numbers of candelabra, bearing hundreds of wax-lights, reflecting on the richly-burnished gold ornaments with which the rooms were embellished, together with the superb dresses of the company, and the rich uniforms of the military officers, gave to the whole a most imposing and brilliant effect. To enumerate the company present would be to give the names of all the *élite* of rank and fashion. Seven hundred invitations were issued, and we believe nearly as many persons were present, all of whom appeared to be enraptured with the gay scene, and anxious to exclaim with the poet—

"Let every heart prepare a spacious room
For ample joys! Then Io sing,
As loud as thunder-clap from the dissevered cloud!"

On the following evening, another grand dinner was given, on a scale of magnificence equal to the former one. Notwithstanding the fatigue of the previous evening, the health of THEIR MAJESTIES appeared not to be in the slightest degree impaired. At the commencement of the following week, the Royal Family and their illustrious visitors came to town. The KING held an Investure of the Order of the Bath, and the QUEEN held the Drawing Room, already described, on the 24th. After the reception, a grand banquet was given at St. James's, at which the company appeared in their Drawing-room dresses, and made the Banquet-room appear delightful.

The whole of the Royal Family, we are happy to say, are in the best health, and fully enjoy the pleasures of the season.

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## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

"——————— Lively and gossipping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."

*The Courtier.—A Comedy.*

STATE OF THE GAY WORLD—We do not believe that there was ever a fashionable season more brilliant than the present. The quantity of families that are in town, the number of houses that are open, the splendour of the entertainments and the happiness that seems to pervade all the circles of high life, stamp a character upon THE SEASON such as no preceeding year has been distinguished by. The Drawing-rooms of the QUEEN have been crowded by the *élite* of fashionable society. The ladies of the Court seem to vie with each other in the splendour of their costume at those royal receptions, and to be eager to show their respect for, and their attachment to, the illustrious lady who shares with the Royal WILLIAM the throne of these realms. The arrival of the sovereign-matrimonial of Portugal, the Prince FERDINAND of SAXE COBOURG, and his relatives, has served to increase the brilliancy of the season, for the distinguished members of the *haut-ton* emulate each other in the magnificence of their entertainments to the bridegroom of the young Queen. Prince FERDINAND would have proceeded to Portugal before, but according to etiquette, he has waited until the expiration of a year from the death of the Duke of LEUCHTENBERG, the late husband of the Queen of PORTUGAL, who died on the 28th of March, 1835. Prince FERDINAND will shortly proceed to his young and Royal bride, when the nuptial ceremony (which has already been performed by proxy) will again be performed, as in the case of Donna MARIA'S first husband. The Prince FERDINAND is a very amiable personage, and is likely to win the affections of the people over whom he is called to rule. During the banquet at which his Royal Highness was entertained by our sovereign at Windsor Castle on the day of his arrival, he won the admiration of the KING by his bland and easy manner, and the general knowledge and accomplishments displayed by him. The brilliancy of the season is further indicated by the number of equipages and equestrians in the Parks. Although we have noticed a number of regular *shandries* sported by people who can afford to keep better (the old crazy phæton of Lady G—— D——, and that lumbering thing which Sir GEORGE M—— ventures to call a *britchska*, for instance) yet the majority of the vehicles are good, and do credit to the taste and spirit of the parties by whom they are kept. But what barbarous taste does a certain fashionable, of much celebrity, display, in having blue wheels to his coach! We are quite sure that if the individual alluded to, had consulted his pretty relative who has so beautifully ornamented her *boudoir* with the productions of her own pencil, she would not have sanctioned the adoption of anything so unsightly. The female equestrians in the Park also merit a good word; from the Duchess of S—— to the Ladies M——x, who, like good children (as they are) so frequently accompany their interesting papa, Lord S——, in his equestrian rambles. Time was when it was a rarity to see a good female equestrian; there are now few ladies of fashion that do not ride most gracefully and beautifully. The Countess of W——, Lady E——, and others, are perfect studies for the painter. In the *rout* way, London is at this moment very great. Almost the whole of the fashionable houses are open; the introduction of the Countess SEBASTIANI, at Manchester House, was an event which will long be remembered. Lady ESSEX keeps up her card-parties with her accustomed spirit, and the Countess of MINTO'S balls and entertainments have been the themes of general admiration. The grand dinner given by Lady de CLIFFORD, to the Landgravine (by the by, one of the prettiest hearts in Christendom was lost there, or we are much mistaken) and the ball of Lady de SALIS were also splendid things of their respective kinds. The anti-dancer, Lord ——, says, that if ever he should be tempted to give a ball, Lady de SALIS should be mistress of the ceremonies. Miss COCKERELL having been carried off by Lord DEERHURST and wedded, the circles in which she moved, feel the loss of her. In theatricals and music, London is rich, and promises to be richer. There is a talk of HUMMELL paying us a visit,

and SPOHR is coming over to superintend the Norwich Festival, when he will call in at London, of course. The arrangements for French Plays at the St. James's theatre are completed. JENNY VERTPRE (or her husband, CARMOUCHE) has paid BRAHAM twelve hundred pounds for the season. A novel plan is promised. We are to have representations of the stock pieces of the Theatre François, including the works of CORNEILLE, MOLIERE, DELAVIGNE, SCRIBE, and others. MALIBRAN is expected in London soon after Easter, she being under articles to Mr. BUNN, of Drury-lane theatre, to appear in an opera by Mr. BALFE.

THE BACHELOR DUKE.—The Duke is not a *marrying* man. He has remained up to this period totally insensible to the charms of "life's angel", and will, in all probability, die as he has lived, in a state of single *un*blessedness. But although the Duke's heart has never been ensnared in the net of woman's lovcliness, we believe that more than one fashionable belle has been captivated by the amiability of the bachelor Duke. We do not allude to the fortune-hunting young ladies of country balls, who do the delightful with great vehemence whenever a title happens to drop in among them; nor to the portionless children of eager mammas who frequent the pit boxes of the opera, and attend every party they are invited to, in the hope of being solicited by some silly young lordling to take a trip to Gretna Green. No; the belles whom we have in our eye are of that distinction that had the bachelor duke been made aware of the circumstance of their regard, and been induced to lay his heart and fortune at the feet of either one of them, we feel assured that the noble House of —— would have received an ornament, surpassed by none of those of which it is so justly proud. But ladies never "tell their love", and the Duke may be at this moment ignorant of his conquest. We hope that he may remain in ignorance, since he cannot give love for love. His return to the gay world induces us to throw out a hint to the fair unmarried. Let them take care of their *hearts*, when the bachelor duke is near them!

THE DUCHESS AT SANDGATE.—The Duchess of St. A—— is really a very amiable person. She is so affable and kind to all about her; so ready to relieve, so willing to patronize, so anxious to do good, that we cannot but consider her worthy of a good word. We saw her at Sandgate a few days ago, looking as cheerful and happy as a May Day. To be sure his Grace was with her, and his recovery may have put her into good spirits; for all the world knows how fond she is of the Duke. What a happy Baucis and Philemon kind of life they lead—a fashionable version of the old story of "Darby and Joan." It was pleasant to see her grace *toddling* into all the shops at Sandgate, making purchases and dispensing favours.

A CURIOUS QUERY.—What does Colonel H—— do every morning, at eight precisely, in the neighbourhood of —— Square, and *alone*? Does the gallant officer think an early ramble good for his health. Is the atmosphere lighter—the air purer in the comparatively confined neighbourhood of —— Square to what it is in his own open neighbourhood? Or can it be that he is studying the pleasing art of telegraphing with his fingers, and taking lessons occasionally from a two pair of stairs window, where the pretty ——. But we will not injure the gallant Colonel's prospects. We know him for an honourable man, and we wish him success in all his undertakings, *Vive l'amour—viva la guerre.*

SIR LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON, known to be a most perfect gentleman, must soon be very rich; the Chancery suit relative to his large property being likely to be speedily terminated, through the active attention of his Solicitor.

NAPLES, SEPTEMBER, 1835.—My beloved Julia! The news of your arrival in England after so long and absence in that horrid Jamaica afforded me inexpressible pleasure, for, although we are still distant the means of communication will be comparatively easy; and, moreover, I believe we shall all return to England by next February. I have scarcely time to write, for we are now packing up to go to Rome; but I must tell you of a dire misfortune which had nearly befallen me since we last communicated. Whether it is to be attributed to climate, or constitutional predisposition, I know not, but, a few months since, my hair came off to an alarming degree, until it became so thin I was obliged to invent an excuse for wearing a cap, and I anticipated the next step would be a *wig!!* Only think dearest Julia on the horrors of my situation. In about two months I expected Charles to join us, and I was petrified at the thought of his remarking the disastrous change. I trembled as I remembered that the heart of man is said to be wayward, and liable to be acted upon by trifles. At last a Neapolitan Contessa, with whom I am on intimate terms, recommended the application of ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL, to which she had resorted with every success, under similar circumstances. I immediately followed her advice, and oh! my friend, conceive my delight, when, by the application of that admirable article my hair was not only perfectly restored by the time Charles arrived, but eminently improved in glossiness and fineness of texture. I have made a vow never to use any thing else all my life. Farewell dear Julia—Papa is now calling to know if I am ready—I will write the moment we are settled in Rome, till when, believe me, your affectionate friend, SOPHIA M——.

LADIES' FASHIONS FOR MARCH.—Favoured by the introduction of one of our most fashionable female friends, we visited, last week, CHARLES VYSE'S Elegant Magazin, 30 Ludgate-street. We expected much from the spirited Advertisement he had put forth, and are well pleased in being able to say that his selection of Italian, Swiss and English Straws, has in no way disappointed us, but even surpassed our expectations. We can, therefore, strongly recommend our fair readers to visit VYSE'S, where they will find so great a variety of Choice Straws, suited to Ladies of the Greatest Affluence, Economy, or Limited Income.

## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

#### COMMENCEMENT OF THE OPERA SEASON.

The opening of the Opera was the leading subject of interest in the dramatic world during the past month. Never did this splendid temple of music open under greater advantages. The English theatres had nauseated the town with their processions, pantomines, and fooleries: *Drury-lane* had become a mere show booth of equestrianism and charlatanneric. *Covent-garden*, a mere large Surrey theatre, where the pieces and actors that had been seen "over the water" for two shillings, were exhibited for four. The *Adelphi* had fallen into the hands of persons, named Bond, and the other dramatic establishments were alike obnoxious to the play-going part of the community, or at least the *paying* portion of them. There was but little talent exhibited at any of those houses, and of

genius none at all. Expectation was, therefore, on the *qui vive* for the opening of the Opera, and the first *affiche* of M. LAPORTE was an admirable one. It promised all the old and favourite members of the establishment (TAMBURINI excepted) with some additions of importance, and the performance of novel and much esteemed operas. The *Straniera* of BELLINI, a composer who has not had full justice done him, and whom, while he lived, the *critics* of the Examiner, Spectator, &c., endeavoured to cuff down, was the opening piece, and therein was introduced to a London audience, the Contessa COLLEONI-CORTI, and Signor CARTAGENOVA; the first as *Alaida*, and the other as *Valdeburg*. Signor WINTER also re-appeared, after an absence of three years.—The plot of the new opera is as follows:—The scene is in Brittany, and the time about the 13th century. *Alaida* (the Stranger) played by Madame Colleoni-Corti, is a queen, for some cause or other in exile and disguise. *Arthur, Count de Ravestal* (Signor WINTER) her lover, is induced in her absence to offer his hand to *Isoletta* (Mrs. SEGUIN) and the piece begins with the preparations for the celebration of the nuptials. He seeks, however, pretexts for delay, and renews his acquaintance with *Alaida*, in whom he raises the hope of restoration to her former dignity. Their intercourse is broken in upon by *Valdeburg* (Signor CARTAGENOVA) the brother of *Alaida*, whom *Arthur* mistakes for a rival, wounds, and throws into a lake. *Alaida*, distracted, reveals the secret to *Arthur*, who flies, and *Alaida* being found with a bloody sword, is tried as a murderess, before a tribunal presided over by the *Prior* (GIUBILEI) of the Knights of Malta. Her condemnation seems certain, when *Arthur* appears and declares his to have been the crime, and, to make the matter still more clear, the murdered man *Valdeberg* also presents himself. In the mean time the *Prior* has discovered in *Alaida* the exiled Queen, who now urges on the celebration of the nuptials of *Arthur* with *Isoletta*, and remains alone before the porch of the cathedral while the ceremony is performing. *Arthur*, however, who is determined to retain his fidelity to *Alaida*, after having given his hand to *Isoletta*, stabs himself. At the same moment *Alaida* is discovered to be the exhiled Queen, and she is about to be restored to her throne, but, overcome at the fate of *Arthur*, she falls lifeless into the arms of her attendants. Of COLLEONI-CORTI we much regret that we cannot speak in very favourable terms. The music of *Alaida* is set very high, and as we have heard it said by some, it is beyond the compass of the "Countess," but we are inclined to think that it is in those notes that she is best. Her voice has no depth, no fulness: she is moreover deficient in *soul*, and is at best but a poor substitute for GRISI, whose genius-fraught outpourings of song have perhaps somewhat prejudiced us against all less-gifted singers. After drinking Champagne we have not much relish for "gooseberry." COLLEONI exerted herself to the utmost of her power, but it was apparent that she was deficient in those great qualities of voice and expression that are necessary to constitute a prima donna of the London Opera.

Of CARTAGENOVA we are able to express a very high opinion. He has not the refined expression of TAMBURINI, but he is nevertheless a sound and excellent musician. His voice is a baritone of much richness and power, enabling him to give some of the passages of *Valdeburg*, with almost electrical effect. He was, indeed, superior to his character, which afforded him no very good opportunities for the display of his talents. We should like to see him in PAERS' *Agnese*. We think that his splendid voice, and his management of it would tell uncommonly well in the character of the heart-broken father.

WINTER is not improved since he was last with us, we mean professionally, for in person the Signor is much larger. We are afraid that WINTER will not last through the Spring. As soon as the warm weather, and RUBINI arrive, Signor WINTER "must bid this town good night!"

The other characters were but tamely filled. The chorusses were decidedly bad. The music generally is not what might have been expected after hearing the *Sonnambula*. It is heavy and monotonous; there are no sparkling melodies to enchain attention, no deep pathos to rivet the feelings. The opera is still a clever one, but that is the highest praise that we can award it. It is much to be regretted that so gifted a musician as BELLINI should have died so early; he gave promise of becoming one of the greatest men of modern times. His *Sonnambula* is an imperishable monument of his genius.

The *ballet* is not yet perfect. ST. ROMAIN is *not* a TAGLIONI. She is more in the light and sparkling style of FANNY ELSLER, and will doubtless have many admirers. *La Rossignol* is full of pleasantry and prettiness, and has been much admired. Besides ST. ROMAIN it introduced a M. COUSTON, who is clever, and was much applauded.

*Beatrice di Tenda*, one of the earliest operas of BELLINI, has been performed for the first time, in this country, during the past month. The music is inferior to many of the other works by the same author; but there are occasionally beautiful passages that remind us strongly of the other operas of this excellent composer. The finale to the first act is well written, and the subject worked out with a masterly hand; there is also a beautiful quintette in the second act, which must be considered as the most successful portion of the opera, and was excellently sang by COLEONI, CARTAGENOVA, WINTER, and Mrs. SEGUIN. COLEONI most laudably exerted herself, and was heard to more advantage than in her previous performances, her voice is very pleasing when not forced too much, and she is an excellent musician. CARTAGENOVA was in excellent voice, and drew down frequent applause. WINTER, and Mrs. SEGUIN, also met with a due share of encouragement.

HER MAJESTY was present, and, we are happy to say, seemed in most excellent health and spirits; she wore a Spanish hat and feathers that had a most becoming appearance. The Duchess of KENT was also in her box, accompanied by the young Prince of Portugal. There was a greater display of rank and fashion in the house than we had reason to expect, many of the boxes being tenanted by their fair owners; a most unusual circumstance previous to Easter. The second act of the *Sylphide* followed, in which Madame ST. ROMAIN and VARRIN were the chief attractions, and met with frequent and well-deserved applause. The Ballet was, altogether, well sustained, and reflects much credit on the management.

DRURY-LANE.—An extravaganza called *Chevy Chase* has been produced here, but with very trifling success. It is founded upon the old ballad of the same name, and some other metrical legends, and produced in a style of great splendour. But those "splendid" things have a sameness in them which has become tiresome, and mere unrelieved glitter seems to be as uninteresting as dulness itself. Mr. BUNN has already exhausted the realms of "splendour"; he cannot surpass what he has done; he has shewn the utmost that

can be done with horses and banners, and brass armour, lanthorns and the like, and to make his theatre profitable he must seek attractions of a different description. The story of *Chevy Chace* is that of a lady who is beloved by two lords, who fight for her, and the one whom she loves is, of course, the winner. On the first night the performance was very lengthy, and it tried the patience of the audience. However it was much abridged afterwards, and is performed, occasionally, but it cannot re-imburse the manager for the expense he has been to in its production.

HEROLD'S Opera of *Zampa* has been performed here under the title of *The Corsair*, the managers very strangely announcing that it was the first performance of that opera in England. But such was not the fact. *Zampa* was performed two years ago by the Covent-Garden Company at the Olympic Theatre, with moderate success. Upon the present occasion the characters were respectably supported, but the piece is not calculated to have an extensive run. Miss Baillie's play of *Henriquez*, has been produced, but with trifling success. It requires curtailment, and the leading character is indifferently sustained by Mr. VANDENHOFF.

COVENT-GARDEN. — The old opera of *Zampa*, above referred to, has been revived here, but with very limited success. Indeed, the very inefficient manner in which the characters were sustained precluded the possibility of success. It is a pity that our patent theatres are not managed differently: they might be rendered attractive under a judicious management; but we despair of their improvement while they remain under the direction of the present persons. A piece called *The Fate of War*, has been produced, but without success. We understand that the performers did not behave well to the author. At any rate we cannot believe the author capable of writing such nonsense as some of the players uttered.

ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. BRAHAM has retrieved the character of his establishment, by the production of some of the most favourite operas, in a most appropriate and effective manner. *Fra Diavolo* was the first of the series, but as we have already commented upon the excellent performance of that opera, our present observations may be restricted to the *Beggar's Opera*, and the *Siege of Belgrade*, in the former of which Mrs. HONEY (having quitted the Adelphi in consequence of the ungenerous treatment of the proprietors) appeared for the first time at this theatre in the character of *Captain Macheath*. The wit of the *Beggar's Opera* is now obsolete; its characters have no prototypes in actual life, the race of highwaymen is extinct, nobody fears to travel across Hounslow Heath, and Bagshot is a remarkably pleasant place. *Peachum* is become a "gentleman," and *Polly* "looks up" to something better than a common thief. *Lockit* has also undergone the process of civilization, and *Lucy* has been to boarding-school, and is "refined." The piece is only kept upon the stage by its music, some of which is very pleasing, and it moreover affords performers opportunities of showing their capabilities. Since the time of INCLEDON the character of *Macheath* has been played most frequently by females, and would that we could say that its female representatives always played it with so much delicacy as its present representative at the St. JAMES'S Theatre. The character of *Polly* is supported by Miss P. HORTON, who sings the music with much taste and expression. Mr. STRICKLAND'S *Peachum*, and Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH'S *Lockit*, are humorous personations. In the *Siege of Belgrade*, Mr. BRAHAM sustains his old and popular character of the *Seraskier* with much of his ancient spirit and excellence. In that beautiful *morceau*, "My heart with love is beating," he is constantly encored. Miss GLOSSOP appeared as *Catherine*, but she is an indifferent representative of the part. Mrs. HONEY is a very lively and excellent *Lilla*;

A new trifle called *Can Love Kill?* has been produced here with limited success. Its object is merely to show that men do not kill themselves for love. More might have been made of the subject.

ADELPHI. — The secession of the leading female performers of this establishment has caused the performances to flag considerably; throughout the month they have been stale, flat, and, as we should imagine, unprofitable. The character of the entertainments has been wretched, and in order to drag people to see them, great placards have been stuck outside the doors, which have caused the exterior of the theatre to resemble a Bartholomew-Fair show-booth. We shall be glad when the season terminates, and most happy to see the ADELPHI again in the hands of MATHEWS and YATES.

QUEEN'S.—A very clever young lady, a Miss BERESFORD, has made her *debût* at this house, as *Arinette*, in the *Little Jockey*, with much and deserved success. Her performance was lively and spirited, and she gave two or three songs in a style that won the admiration of her audience. At the conclusion of the piece she was called before the curtain; a compliment due to her merits.

The Petite Comedy of *A Lesson in Love*, played with so much success at this little Theatre, has, we see, been published by Duncombe. It is an excellent acting piece, and affords an agreeble half-hour in the reading.

DONNIZETTI'S NEW OPERA. — The gifted composer of *Anna Bolena* has produced a new opera at Venice, which has been attended with the most brilliant success. It is entitled *Belisario*, and as we have reason to believe that it will be among the novelties at our King's Theatre during the present season, a general sketch of its merits we imagine will prove very acceptable to our distinguished readers. The following is an extract from a private lettter from Venice. It is impossible to imagine a more successful and brilliant reception than this last achievement of the young *maestro* has met with. His work contains not a single piece but what is remarkable; above all, the movements are new and *piquante*, and the musician has evinced as much of truth as of vigour to the expression of the *libretto*. The introduction is composed of a chorus of senators proceeding to meet *Belisarius*, on his return from the conquest of Italy: this piece was much applauded. Then follows a cavatina by *Belisarius's* daughter: this part was sustained by Mdlle. VIAL, who on her first *debût* was not very successful, but she has since, by much practice, patience, and becoming modesty, become a favourite. She sang this cavatina correctly, and the entire audience expressed their warmest satisfaction. It was to Mademoiselle UNGHER, however, to whom has been confided the important *role* of *Constantine*, *Belisarius's* wife. The first piece she sings is a cavatina, in which the wife of *Justinian's* General discloses his plans of vengeance against her husband, on account of the attempted assassination of her sons. This air is very beautiful, and was sung by the *prima donna* with admirable talent. She and DONIZETTI were loudly called for, and compelled to appear several times to receive the enthusiastic greetings of the audience. A duet followed between *Belisarius* (SALVATOR) and a young Barbarian chief *Alamiro* (PASINI). It was well sung, and much applauded. The finale of the second act is the scene where *Belisarius* is publicly accused

by his wife; the effect was so great that Mdlle. UNGHER was again called for, and appeared several times before the admiring and delighted audience. In the second act a very beautiful air was well sung by the tenor. A duet between *Belisarius*, now blind, and the daughter of the illustrious exile, was also much admired. SALVATOR and Mdlle. VIAL sang this piece admirably. The third act opens with a chorus of barbarian troops that *Alamiro* conducts to the walls of Byzantium, to take vengeance for the cruel treatment of *Belisarius*. This chorus is followed by a truly *chef d'œuvre*—a trio, in which *Belisarius* finds his son, whom he considered had perished. Towards the conclusion, *Constantine* (Mdlle. UNGHER) repentant, presents herself before the *Emperor*, when *Belisarius*, victorious, but mortally wounded, enters, and expires on the stage. *Constantine*, driven to destruction, expires also, amidst the execrations of the assembled crowd, and thus terminates the piece. The audience, however, did not partake in this feeling of hatred, and recalled six times the *prima donna* to contemplate her survival of her tragic end. DONIZETTI had also again to appear, to receive his due share of the general applause so richly merited. This new opera is undoubtedly his finest work. The last scene is still more impressive than that of *Anna Bolena*.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"The lovely bride, with fair and blushing brow,
Up to the altar passes: and by one little word
Fixes her fate, for misery or bliss!"

One little word transforms the blushing girl into the wife, and removes her every hope of happiness from the parents or friends with whom she may have enjoyed true felicity, to place them on one whose truth she cannot doubt, but still must be uncertain of. The moment of entering into the married state is a solemn and a serious one: so many thoughts crowd upon the betrothed girl; so many hopes, so many fears. She expects to be happy, for she loves, and thinks that love can only awaken love; but the experience of others proves such hopes to be too often fallacious, and thus the joy of the bride is checked at the moment when it should be at its height. But let us not indulge in reflection. We have some truly noble marriages to describe, and will, therefore, pass to our duty. At Ditton Park, by special license, the fair and graceful CAROLINE GEORGIANA, the youngest daughter of Lord MONTAGU, has gently spoken the words of the matrimonial vow, and bound herself for ever to GEORGE W. HOPE, Esq., the eldest son of General HOPE; and the lovely daughter (FRANCES) of the owner of Sackhill-castle (F. L. SAVILLE, Esq.) has become the bride of the gallant officer, Lieut.-Colonel HILL, of the 7th Hussars. The church of St. Mary, Bryanstone-square, has been the scene of a marriage that has spread joy through many noble families. The Right Hon. Lord POLTIMORE has taken to wife CAROLINE, eldest daughter of Lieut.-General BULLER, of Cornwall. After the ceremony, a dejuner was given by the parent of the bride at his house in Gloucester-place. The marriage of LAURA AGNES, fifth daughter of Sir JOHN TREVELYAN, Bart., of Nettlecombe Court, Somerset, to the Rev. JOHN WOODHOUSE, was solemnized, on the 15th ult.

We have now the pleasure of announcing one of the most important matrimonial events that have occurred for some time in the fashionable circles, the union of Miss SPOTTISWOODE and Lord JOHN SCOTT. The ceremony was performed at Spottiswoode, in the presence of the Duke and Duchess of BUCCLEUCH and a host of fashionables, and immediately afterwards the happy pair sat off for Bowhill. The demonstrations of feeling on this occasion were very great. In the evening bonfires were kindled on every eminence, from the Dod Hill, Twinlaw Hill, and Dirrington Law, and Hume Castle, forming a circuit over an extensive tract of country, and appearing to the spectator like a half moon; and in the concave, the sky was wholly illuminated by a great number of smaller fires, which had a most imposing effect.—From the top of the rising ground near to the Inn at Whiteburn the scene was truly splendid, the eye taking in within its compass the whole lights from the Leader Water down the skirts of the Lammermoors to the margin of the Tweed, signals which, in former days, would have caused many a belted warrior to grasp his weapon, and many a foot to hasten to the rendezvous for the protection of the country against the depredations of a predatory band from the sister kingdom. But now what a contrast! they now served the purpose of announcing to the inhabitants of Lauderdale, the men of the Merse, and the shepherds on the green hills of the Border, that the connubial alliance betwixt the scions of two ancient and honourable houses was completed. Besides these fires on the eminences which we have already noticed, there were also fires blazing on Jerdanlaw, Huntslow, and Kyleshill, near Polwarth; indeed there was scarcely a farm house, or a village in the neighbourhood, that had not a bonfire kindled on some conspicuous place, in honour of the event.

The mournful events of the month now call for our attention. Let us briefly pass them under review. The world is now deprived of the amiable and venerable Lady MILMAN, who died at Pinner-grove, in her 81st year. She was the daughter and heiress of WILLIAM HART, Esq., of Stapleton, and relict of Sir FRANCIS MILMAN, physician to his late Majesty George the 3rd. The worthy Dr. VAN MILDERT, Bishop of DURHAM, has also taken his rest with the myriad dead. His lordship has left a widow, but no children. The widow's tears embalm his memory, but no orphans mourn his loss. Death is no respecter of persons; young and old alike become his victims; ISABELLA, the daughter of Captain Sir EDWARD PARRY, is one of those ornaments to society of which we have been bereft since we last communicated with our readers.

"All that's bright must fade,
The *brightest* still the *fleetest*,
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest!"

Again let us enter the Temple of Love, and see what names Cupid therein has inscribed as being candidates for Hymen. Captain HAMILTON is anxious to lead to the altar the sister of the Marquis of ABERCORN. And we understand that Lord OXMANTOUN will shortly lead to nuptial felicity the fair Miss FIELD, eldest daughter of WILMER FIELD, Esq., of Heeton-hill, Yorkshire. In a few days, the beautiful Lady MARY HERBERT, the second daughter of the dowager Countess of PEMBROKE, will be united to the Lord Viscount VILLIERS.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Opera & Evening Dresses.

*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.*

The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Evening & Opera Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions 1836 Evening Dresses

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

### EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A pink *glacé* satin robe, looped up over a white silk skirt, with a golden arrow, crescent and star; tight *corsage*, and blond lace *Sévigné* cape, a gold star in the centre; rose-colour sash formed by a fringed scarf, the ends tied loosely in front; tight short sleeves, and deep blond ruffles looped up with a pink bow; necklace composed of gold stars, the clasp, a crescent; the hair arranged in plaits and braids, through them are drawn golden arrows, the star and crescent rising in front; feather fan richly mounted in gold.

Fig. 2.—A robe of pale citron-colour crape over white satin, the skirt trimmed down on one side with three garlands of puffed ribbon, each headed by a pink rose; tight *corsage*, the point rounded and draped over the bosom, two bows mark the centre; Venetian sleeves, lined with white satin, and trimmed with a quilling of the same; on the shoulders small bows, whence descend demi-wreaths of roses crossing the sleeve; head-dress composed of six small white ostrich feathers placed low on each side, three roses and a bandeau of leaves; gold neck-chain and bracelets: white and gold fan.

Fig. 3.—A pale blue satin dress, the skirt trimmed on each side of the front breadth with a double line of pearls, formed into lozenges, and ending in bows and tassels; tight pointed *corsage*, draped over the bosom, and trimmed round the waist with pearls; triple *sabot* short sleeves, the lozenges and tassels crossing from each shoulder to the back of the arm; ruby-colour hat, trimmed with pearls, three white feathers placed on one side, and a long blond veil fixed to the crown behind.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Reversed view of the first whole-length, the dress represented white, with a blue sash and scarf.

2 and 3.—Front and side view of a fashionable *coiffure en cheveux*. The side-hair in *Sévigné* curls, the rest formed into twining plaits, ornamented with a garland of vine leaves, in the front a gold *agraffe;* pearl necklace and ear-rings clasped with gold.

4.—A dress of white *organdie*, with long sleeves and a low body; round the neck a falling tucker of Mechlin lace, pink sash and shoulder knots; a pink fringed scarf gracefully drawn through the hair.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—An opera cloak of sky-blue satin, trimmed with swan's-down; the skirts about half a yard shorter than the dress, and sloped away in front; at the point, where the slope begins, is placed a blue satin bow, which comprises the upper part; the hanging sleeves are wide and long; the cape hangs in long points before, to which are attached gold tassels: under this elegant dress, appears a robe of straw colour silk. The head dress consists of a blue *toque* adorned with white feathers, and mounted on a gold *bandeau*, in front of which are large rubies set in gold; white gloves and shoes; gold fan.

Fig. 2.—A bright green skirt, over which is a white crape dress, cut round the hem in fine deep scollops, and trimmed with Vandyked lace; the front division is drawn up on each side with large knots of green and gold ribbon, similar ornaments are on the short sleeves, which, tight at the top, have a sabot trimmed with lace underneath. The *corsage* tight, with a falling lace tucker. The hair in flat braids interwoven with the green and gold ribbon. White gloves and slippers.

Fig. 3.—A morning dress of pale blue silk, opening *en rédingote* on the left side, and trimmed down with a narrow twisted *rouleau* of red ribbon; tight *corsage* and falling worked muslin collar; full sleeves, the shoulder-straps formed by a double *rouleau*; cuffs, ornamented *en suite*. French peasants' cap of white muslin, pink ribbons and two branches of the pink bird weed. Primrose gloves; black kid slippers.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Reversed view of the second whole-length; the dress represented white, the ribbons purple and gold.

2 and 3.—The reversed and side view of an evening dress; the first represented in straw colour, the other in pale pink; both have draped *corsages*. Short sleeves composed of six narrow *sabots*, blond ruffles, and bows upon the shoulders. Rosettes, *en suite*, in the hair (which is dressed in *Sevigné* ringlets). A bow with long ends placed on the knot of hair behind; *bandeau* of pearls.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

### OPERA AND BALL DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of straw-colour satin, looped up over a white silk skirt, with a golden chain and arrow. Tight *corsage* and *Sévigne* blond cape, having an *agraffe* in the centre of the bosom, and on each shoulder; blond chemisette and pearl necklace; tight long sleeves, open Spanish ones over them, lined with white silk, and confined at intervals by armlets of rubies and gold; straw-colour hat, the Andalusian shape, having a bouquet of roses under the elevated side of the brim, and two straw-colour and white feathers drooping over the other.

Fig. 2.—A dove-colour satin dress; pointed *corsage*, straight over the bosom, and bordered with gold; Venetian sleeves of white seraphine gauze, Vandyked at the edge, and striped with gold lama; black satin *Valliére* hat, and plume of pink feathers fastened with a gold brooch; feather fan, the handle gold.

Fig. 3.—A blue satin skirt, over which is a white muslin robe, much shorter, looped up in a point at the centre, with a blue bow. This dress opens on one side, another bow confining it at the hem; tight *corsage*, with plaits, *en cœur*, over the bosom; short tight sleeves of the blue satin, edged with a *tulle rûche;* Venetian shaped muslin ones above; puce color velvet hat, with a *bandeau* underneath adorned by silver studs; a Spanish white plume on one side.

HALF LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Reversed view of the first whole-length, the dress represented in green silk; the hat likewise green, and a white plume.

2 and 3.—Side and front view of a Court head-dress. The plume separated, one part rising high behind the bows of hair; the rest drooping on the shoulder from ringlets on the left side. Gold forehead chain, passing across to the back of the head.

4.—Lilac satin dress; double *sabot* short sleeves; *tulle* scarf and cap: the latter lined with lilac, trimmed with Vandyked blond, and having a small plume of lilac feathers drooping behind.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A robe of rich Turkish silk, the colour a pale citron, pointed *corsage*, draped *à la Sevigné* across the bosom; Venetian sleeves, with deep blond ruffles looped up very high, a cordon of fluted ribbon passing from that point round the arm: citron colour hat, the crown ornamented with two white ostrich and a cock's tail feather: under the brim demi wreaths of primroses: necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of fine gold.

Fig. 2.—A robe *à l'antique* of pale green silk, trimmed down on one side of the skirt, with *rouleaux* and bows of satin, the same marking the centre of the *corsage*, over the upper part is a plaited cape, festooned and edged with blond. The sleeves reach nearly to the elbow, have deep ruffles, and the fulness drawn quite tight, in two divisions, each marked by a bow of satin. The hair dressed in full curls at the sides, high behind, with a branch of the French damask rose. Long gold ear-rings and neck chain *en suite*.

Fig. 3.—Lilac-grey silk pelisse. The *corsage* half high; a pelerine cape, trimmed *en cœur*, with a ribbon *rûche*. Muslin chemisette, fastening behind; full long sleeves, narrow cuffs, and gold bracelets. From the waist hang three cordons of puffed ribbon, a bow at the end of each. Rose-colour silk bonnet, tied close under the chin, and trimmed with a broad pink and white sarsenet ribbon; primrose gloves; stone-colour silk boots with very short fronts of black kid.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A fashionable *coiffure en cheveux*, ornamented with variegated flowers of the *Reine Marguerite*; the foliage brought below the ear.

2.—Another; the hair in braids on each side, with rosettes of pink ribbons, and a coronet plait behind, to which is fixed a rich lace veil falling over the shoulders.

3.—Front view of the 1st half-length; shows the arrangement of the curls and mode of parting on the forehead.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A white satin robe, the skirt ornamented on the right side with three bows of blue ribbon, the ends rather long; tight *corsage*, the centre marked by blue rosettes, and similar ornaments placed on the shoulders of a satin cape edged with blond; short sleeves, the fulness drawn tight into several divisions, finished by deep blond ruffles and blue bows; eastern turban, formed by a blue and gold scarf, a heron's plume on one side; gold necklace, ear-rings and fan.

Fig. 2.—Over a rich white satin skirt is worn a pink crape robe, shorter, and rounded off in front; this upper dress is trimmed round with puffings of the crape, entwined with pink satin ribbon, three small pink satin bows likewise ornament the front of the white satin skirt; tight *corsage*, draped across the bosom and drawn down *en cœur* with a gold *agraffe;* tight sleeves with ruffles and pink bows, very scanty *sabots* at the top, bows and *rouleaux* of satin; turban *à la juive*, composed of pink and white sylphide gauze, on the right side a long end fringed.

Fig. 3.—Robe of white muslin over a jonquil-colour satin skirt, the front *en tablier*, and trimmed down each side with spiral twists of blond lace, between the divisions; large jonquil-colour bows; *corsage* antique, the front formed into a stomacher by blond draperies meeting in a point at the waist; very tight long sleeves, ruffles above the elbow; Vandyked stiff cuffs, and a novel kind of full plaiting just below the ruffle; French cap composed of blond lace, the front assumes a diadem form, and is ornamented with blue flowers; from the crown hangs a long lace veil, covering the back of the neck.

HALF-LENGH FIGURES.

1.—A lilac silk dress with ruffles, and falling drapery of the same across the bosom; lilac ribbons ornament the hair.

2.—A morning dress of white muslin, the *corsage* covered with a beautiful worked pelerine, the ends crossing just below the waist, and two yellow bows in front; muslin mob-cap, trimmed with bands and bows of yellow ribbon (the *brides* are muslin, and very wide).

3.—*Demi-negligé* of white *organdie*, low *corsage*; sleeves and cape the same as in the first whole-length; blue satin bonnet with two blue feathers.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

We never commenced Spring under happier auspices for Fashion; the court is to be a scene of successive gaieties,

imitated, doubtless, by all our brilliant world. The costumes, both evening and morning, combine all that can be imagined capable of enhancing (or rather let us say displaying) our fair countrywomen's beauty. Heaven grant them health and joy to complete their triumphs.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—As far as we can judge, before the decisive review of Spring Fashions at the *fête* of Longchamps, a great simplicity will prevail in morning dresses. *Peignoirs*, both of silk and lined muslin, extremely full, but without ornament; the pélerine or mantilla cape, cut deep on the shoulders, and square behind. The new silk pelisses are chiefly made to open on one side, *rouleaux* of velvet or satin, are placed on the edge. Some have a *chevron* and tassels down the opening. The *corsage* is either tight or wrapping; the latter form does not admit of being made very high, and by changing the morning pélerine for one of lace or a little scarf, these dresses serve also for *demi-negligés*. Mantles of a very becoming shape will be worn this month in the open carriages; these wraps can be thrown back so as to display the dress, and are at the same time confined to the waist. Black silk mantillas will be likewise fashionable with the fancy muslins, chalis, &c. The only change in the sleeves of morning dresses, is caused by gathering in the fulness below the shoulder, quite flat; an ornament of ribbon, or made in the material of the dress, is sometimes placed there, but as a more general fashion, the gathers are covered by a *rouleau*, the same being repeated round the cuff. A few dresses we have seen with sleeves tight from the elbow: this mode, however, will not be much followed.

Morning Caps will be worn in muslin as well as *tulle*, and trimmed with Mechlin or Valenciennes lace. The Marie Stuart, is perhaps, the favourite style, though several rivals have appeared, with *barbes* of lace or muslin, to which are attached the ribbon; *brides* seem very prevalent. A pretty caprice we have noticed, worthy our fair readers attention, is a net cap something of the Swiss form, with no other trimming than narrow bands of violet-colour velvet; a bouquet of primroses and violets on one side. Other colours, both in velvet and satin, will be used for the same purpose.

Ensemble of Evening Costume.—The new dresses hitherto prepared for the London season are chiefly of light texture. *Organdie*, *tulle*, sylphide gauze, or the beautiful gauze satins. If silk or damask satin be worn, these richer textures, like a beauty of advanced age, endeavour to conceal their antiquity by profused ornaments, flowers, blond, or ribbons; on the contrary, the more juvenile dresses are lightly trimmed, and to their simple freshness, owe their attraction; *tulle* robes over white satin are usually worked with a border of flowers or *foliage*, in *chenille;* a fringed white sash hangs in front; crape dresses are trimmed with satin *en suite*; if worn as full dress, a cordon of flowers goes down the front, or bouquets may be attached to the ends of the sash and fastened to the skirt, half way down. We have seen several crape and *tulle* dresses looped up on one side over a satin skirt. The drapery thus formed is very graceful and simple. The prevalence of the tight corsage is decided, most frequently it is pointed at the waist, this mode renders some change necessary in arranging the gathers of the skirt (which with a straight *corsage*, go all round). The most timid imitator of French fashions no longer need tremble at tight short sleeves; for we may confidently assert that they will be universal, though the bouffant trimmings, &c., worn over many, make it difficult to see that the sleeve itself is tight; *bouffants* of plaited gauze or crape are frequently worn over the top of the *corsage*, and give a becoming fulness to the shape; but when the dress is of satin, a blond *Sevigné* cap is preferred. The following dresses have been ordered by distinguished leaders of fashion and may be safely recommended as specimens of good taste:—1st. A robe of white crape, over a satin skirt, the front embroidered with *chenille*, in imitation of a coral wreath, tight satin sleeves, with white crape *bouillons*, separated by little red bows, one having ends which reach the elbow; tight *corsage*, draped over the bosom. The hair *à la Grecque*, with branches of coral interwoven. A white satin skirt, trimmed with a rich volant of blond lace festooned with pearls; the front adorned *en tablier*, with pearl flowers, and leaves in white *chenille*. Over this rich under-dress is worn a robe of white *organdie* (the tunic form) bordered with gold; antique stomacher, bound *en suite*, the front embroidered like the skirt; Venetian sleeves, looped up with pearl tassels, and underneath very short ones of satin; round these latter are placed broad gold armlets. The head-dress, a beautiful turban of white and gold Persian silk, a pearl cordon next the forehead, and very large pearl drops on each side. A pale blue satin robe over a white silk skirt, to which it is fastened by pearl roses; in the centre of each flower a diamond. Tight pointed *corsage* bound round the waist with pearls; a diamond *agraffe* in the centre. *Lavallière* hat of white satin also bound with pearls; on the left side a long drooping feather (white and blue) at the root of which is an *agraffe* of diamonds; similar ornaments loop up the blond ruffles falling at the back of the arm rather low, and attached to a tight blue sleeve.—More simple dresses, appropriate to the ball-room and intended for young ladies. A white *organdie* over pale rose-color satin; the skirt ornamented with three little garlands of roses placed in a spiral form; tight *corsage* pointed at the waist, a bow in the centre, and on the point: from the latter, hang two ends of ribbon, with a flower attached to each. Another simple dress of white muslin trimmed with bias folds of violet-coloured velvet; bouquets of violets in the hair, and between the plaited *tulle rûches* which ornament the short tight sleeve. Several of these dresses will be worn at Almack's.

Hats and Bonnets.—The *capote* form for the latter, is at the present moment preferred, and nothing can be prettier than the spring bonnets, which have already made their appearance. The favourite colours are lilac, green, and a very delicate tint of rose-colour. White will be always *recherché* and becoming. Several of these bonnets are cut very short at the sides, so as to display the ringlets, a blond cap being worn underneath; others retain the *baissant* form, and come close to the cheek; the crowns are plaited in quite a novel style; Spring flowers, and very beautiful light ribbons, have been made expressly to adorn them. Carriage hats are chiefly ornamented with feathers; they are still worn quite *evasé* in front, but not quite so deep on the side; several assume a Spanish form, rising on one side, the feather drooping on the other; very rich figured satins, the patterns small, and raised in relief, are the most admired material for those hats; chip and tuscan straw will be worn towards the end of the month.

Capes and Collars.—A new style of lace in imitation of French, is the most fashionable for morning pelerines and mantillas; a double cape, rounded on the shoulders, and with points before, is the admired style. This form is made also in

worked muslin, but ladies usually prefer one more simple. Collars are worn small and square: some are lined with satin, and trimmed with swan's-down or lace, like the *étole* scarfs. Black satin collerets, the ends embroidered and crossed at the throat, or black velvet without any ornament but a bow and two ends are worn with all morning dresses.

Dress Hats, &c.—There never was a fancy more enthusiastically adopted than the *La vallière* hat or *pou*, as the Parisians style it. This exquisite *coiffure* is very small, and placed at the top of the head. A long feather droops on one side low on the neck. Between this shape and the Marie Stuart is a most becoming form which will probably be the favourite evening hat this next month. Those little *bords*, which give effect to the countenance and do not conceal the hair, are universal favourites. Their form varies, but the principle is the same, feathers are worn with them, and pearls round the edge; the hair behind should not be dressed too high. Turbans are chiefly worn with a fringed end hanging on one side and jewellery in front. The favourite ornament, a bird of Paradise plume, is not so fashionable as a tuft composed of small ostrich feathers dyed some bright color. Dress caps are almost all made with lappets; some have a blond veil fixed behind, garlands of flowers go round the front and are disposed according to different tastes. The flowers should be small and of the most delicate fabric; The ribbons should likewise be softly tinted. A beautiful white fringed ribbon is in request for the purpose. A very fine sylphide gauze is more used than *tulle*, for the foundation of the cap, blond of course, as the border.

Jewellery.—Bouquets formed in variegated stones are much in vogue, they are worn in the hair, on the fronts of turbans, and also of the *corsage*. *Esprits* are not so fashionable. The mode of introducing jewels into wreaths of artificial flowers still prevails. When arranged with taste nothing can be more graceful or becoming. The stone (if large) is placed as the eye of the flower; when little sparks are made use of, they are scattered over the leaves or buds; pearls remain unrivalled as the ornament of evening hats and satin dresses; the pointed *corsage* is also frequently trimmed round the waist with a cordon of large pearls. A favourite novelty consists of a narrow black velvet collar on which is fastened a gold chain or string of pearls. The clasp being some rich jewel, mosaic, or cameo; a second chain hangs lower on the neck and sustains another ornament in the same style, bracelets are likewise made on this plan and have a pretty effect. The Berlin jewellery will be fashionable this spring; it is now manufactured in every variety of pattern, and appears capable of the most elegant designs.

Scarfs.—The *étoile* pattern still prevails, trimmed with blond instead of fur, or with a feather *rûche*. Persian silk is a favourite material for *demi negligé* scarfs; the ends fringed and variegated colors introduced in a double stripe above. In full dress nothing is so *récherche* as the Delhi scarf; this texture is, indeed, the *acmé* of elegance.

Hair Dressing.—Ringlets *à la Sevigné* are very much worn when the hair is dressed with flowers or wreaths of foliage (which are now all the vogue) but when feathers are worn a more rigid style is chosen, the front hair is parted, the long tresses on each side brought mid-way the cheek and reversed, and the hair behind drawn into a knot *à la Grecque*. A very graceful mode consists in seperating the long hair into three or four plaits, and winding them round the head till they meet at top where a gold arrow is passed through.

Prevailing Colours for the Month.—Pale rose-color, violet, two shades of green, lilac and scabieuse.

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## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

For the last fortnight the Opera has assembled in Paris all that we ever wish to look upon—the beautiful, the joyous, the noble and the young. Two novelties appear to occupy the minds of French women:—viz. the *Valliere* hat, a most coquettish *coiffure*, and peculiarly adapted to the countenance of a Parisian belle; hitherto they have been made in velvet, but satin, crape, and *tulle* will now be the materials; the hair requires to be very elegantly dressed, and the feathers should be long and gracefully drooping on one side. A second attraction consists in the exquisite blond and lace dresses, rivalling each other in the French emporiums of taste; these dresses display the most beautiful designs in flowers, foliage or arabesques; the latter interwoven with oak leaves, is a truly *recherché* design; all the patterns are imitated in blond gauze, and these more moderate priced robes are made up in the most elegant style as ball-dresses; several of them were worn and much admired at the first representation of *les Huguenots*.

Hats.—A *demi-néglige* hat, truly Parisian, will be worn this spring; the brim erect in front, comes low and close upon the cheek; there is a little curtain behind; the crown is round and about four inches deep; a feather is placed just behind the front of the brim, and droops on one side; to the back of the crown is usually fixed a lace veil. We fear that caprice will lead our ever changeable neighbours to make a too great contrast between the fashions of this season and the last. The hat brims, which used to be brought almost under the chin are now frequently cut almost straight to the ear, giving the hat more depth in front, and the effect of a higher crown: as a general mode we should decidedly pronounce it unbecoming.

Artificial Flowers are worn with more foliage than of late; indeed, the most fashionable wreaths are entirely green. The oak, the vine, the gooseberry-branch—are now twined round the head of beauty, and certainly nothing gives a more piquante effect, particularly to dark hair. The white moss and blush rose are very much used for trimming ball-dresses. So many dresses are embroidered in flowers that those garlands worn with them must of course assimilate: bouquets of the forget-me-not, of violets, and primroses, are made so exquisitely, that it is difficult to believe them artificial. Wreaths of fruit are very fashionable, and some French specimens we have seen are truly beautiful.

Fans.—Feather fans, with a little glass in the centre, were the most universally used at the Opera last week. The stick should be highly ornamented. The antique fan, large, and beautifully painted is still in vogue, but the novelty of this month is an ivory fan, inlaid with gold and turquoises, with a medallion in the centre.

Gloves.—With short sleeves, the fashionable white gloves comes only just above the wrist, the tops fringed or trimmed with a satin *rûche;* short gloves are embroidered; silk gloves have all of them a lace pattern; the most fashionable black mittens are very open in the work, resembling the most old fashioned black lace. Coloured mittens will be worn with boudoir dresses.


Portraits of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews.

A Scene in the Farce of "One Hour; or, the Carnival Ball," as performed at the Olympic Theatre. (No. 1. of Theatrical Portraits.)

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# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXI.—English Earls.

### EARL OF CATHCART.

"The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years,
With cares and fears;
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust!

BACON.

THE contemplation of the history and characters of the great men of by-gone days, must shew the advantage of making the best possible use of *Time*. Our lives are like summer days, and we should avail ourselves of the morning to do our work, lest night should overtake us, before it is completed. A man, says an admirable writer, counts his minutes: he lets no time slip, for time is life, which he makes long by a right use and application of it. No man can be provident of his time that is not prudent in the choice of his company. Of all prodigality, that of time is the worst. The wise will dispose of time passed to observation, and reflection; time present, to duty; and time to come, to Providence. Make the most of your minutes, said the Emperor Aurelius, and be good for something, while it is in your power. The idle man is more perplexed what to do than the industrious in doing what he ought. Observe the noble family to which this article is dedicated! Would it have won the honours which it possesses but for the value which its members have set upon "Time," and their excellent use of it? We will pass their rise and progress under examination. The family of CATHCART is of great antiquity. It was originally settled in Scotland; where, in 1178, we find the name of REYNALDUS DE KETHCART, as a subscribing witness to a grant by ALLAN, the son of WALTER DAPIFER, Regis, of the patronage of the Church of Kethcart to the monastery of Paisley. This shews the original importance of the family. From this REYNALDUS, lineally descended Sir ALLAN CATHCART, Knight, one of the best spirited men of his time, and whose valour at the battle of Lorddon Hill, we find recorded in the following scrap of song:—

"A Knight that there was in his rout,
Worthy and wight, stalward and stout,
Courteous and fair, and of good fame,
Sir ALAN CATHCART was his name!"

He won enviable laurels, and died, covered with glory. It was the great grandson of this hero of Lorddon Hill, that gained the first Baronage.

This fortunate individual was Sir ALLAN CATHCART, Knight, and he was created Baron CATHCART by his sovereign, King JAMES II. of Scotland, in 1447, for the services which he had rendered him. From this Baron we pass to ALLAN, the seventh Baron CATHCART, who married ELIZABETH DALRYMPLE, daughter of Viscount STAIR, by whom he had, with other children, his successor (at his decease, in 1732)

CHARLES, eighth Baron CATHCART. This was a very influential nobleman of the Court of George the Second, and he distinguished himself both in a civil and military capacity. We find that he filled several high offices at Court, gaining in each of them the admiration and respect of all with whom the duties of those respective offices brought him into connection. He was a candidate for hymeneal honours in the days of his youthood, and directed his attention to the fair stars of fashion's world, in the hope of meeting one in whose love he could enjoy pure happiness. What a pity it is that there is no "glass of truth" through which a wife-seeker might look, and read the character of her whom he may be desirous of leading to the hymeneal altar!

For, oh, by the stars! it were fun
If a few little girls that one knows,
Who each looks demure as a nun,
Could be seen through this glass by her beaux!

Alas! how the lover would rave,
Alas! how the maidens would swoon!
And how many a Romeo's grave,
Chalk Farm would be seen by thy moon!

But Lord CATHCART selected one, who proved a worthy partner, without any such glass. This was MARGARET, the fair daughter of JOHN SHAW. His Lordship having been appointed to a military command in the West Indies, proceeded thither. He died in St. Christopher's in 1740, and was then succeeded by his only son,

CHARLES, the ninth Baron. His Lordship's life was not passed in such public activity, as those of his predecessors had been, but in private circles his conduct was such as to excite feelings of admiration and esteem. It is not always those that make the most noise in the world, that are the most deserving of praise. His Lordship was united on the 24th of July, 1763 to JANE, daughter of Lord ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, by whom he had the following family:—1. WILLIAM SHAW, now Earl of CATHCART; 2. ARCHIBALD HAMILTON, who adopted the profession of the Church (His lady was Miss Freemantle); 3. GEORGE; 4. JANE, who married JOHN, Duke of ATHOL, and died in November, 1791; 5. MARY, was united to Lord LYNEDOCK, and died in 1792; 6. LOUISA, Countess of MANSFIELD, in her own right. She married first, DAVID, Earl of MANSFIELD; and secondly, the Honourable ROBERT FULKE GREVIL, brother of GEORGE, second Earl of BROOKE and WARWICK.

Lord CATHCART died in 1779, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

WILLIAM SHAW CATHCART. This distinguished hero, one of the most honourable of the brave defenders of Bri-

tain, inherited as tenth Baron; but he was destined to achieve further honours, and elevate the noble House to which he belonged, to the level of those of the highest national consequence. The name of CATHCART has been rendered immortal by this gallant nobleman, whose actions form part of British History. Having followed the brave example of his ancestors, he embraced the profession of arms, and soon distinguished himself in the wars in which the country was then engaged. In 1784 he attained the rank of Major-general, and in 1801 that of Lieutenant-general. In 1807 his Lordship was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the military force in the expedition to Copenhagen.

His standard was proudly waving,
The foe was on the plain;
His burning heart was craving,
To meet them once again.

He made such serviceable exhibition of his valour, that on his return to England on the 3d of November, 1807, he was rewarded with the barony of GREENOCK, and the Viscounty of CATHCART, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. On the 16th of July, 1814, his Lordship was further advanced to the dignity of Earl CATHCART. His Lordship, besides filling the high diplomatic station of ambassador to the Court of St. Petersburg, and the office of Vice-Admiral of Scotland, has the following honours, K.T., K.A.N., K.A., K.S.A., and K.T.S. His Lordship was united in June, 1779, to ELIZABETH, daughter of ANDREW ELLIOT, Esq. Duty frequently called his Lordship from the embrace of Love; but he only went to return, covered with fresh glory, to the arms of his wife, to whom it may be presumed that in the hour of parting he may have addressed such gentle words as these:—

"My bark is on the azure main,
Are all my dreams of hope in vain,
And shall we never meet again?
Mine own! *Forget me not.*

When musing in some well-known scene,
Where we together oft have been,
By fountain side, by alley green,
Mine own! *Forget me not.*

Think how I planted every flower
That climbs around our garden bower;
Think of my song at twilight hour—
Mine own! *Forget me not.*

Several children resulted from this happy union:—

1. CHARLES MURRAY, Lord GREENOCK, born December 21, 1783, a military officer. He was married, in 1818, to Henrietta, second daughter of THOMAS MATHER, Esq.
2. FREDERICK, born 1789, also in the army.
3. GEORGE, born 1794. Like his noble father and brothers, he is devoted to the profession of arms. He was married in 1824 to the Lady GEORGIANA GREVILLE, daughter of the Dowager Countess of MANSFIELD, and (her second husband) the Hon. ROBERT GREVILLE.
4. ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, born in 1803.
5. LOUISA.
6. MARY ELIZABETH.
7. AUGUSTA SOPHIA.

The Creations in the family of CATHCART were according to the following dates:—Scottish Barony, 1447; English Viscounty, 1807; Earldom, 1814.

*Arms.* Quarterly; first and fourth, *az*, three cross crosslets fitchée, issuant from as many crescents, *ar*, for Cathcart; second, *gu*, a lion rampant, *ar* for Wallace of Sundram; third, *az*, three covered caps, *or* for Shaw, of Greenock. *Crest.* A dexter hand, coupled above the wrist, and erect, ppr, grasping a crescent, as in the arms. Supporters, two savages wreathed above the temples and loins, all ppr. *Motto.* "I hope to speed." The town residence of Lord CATHCART is in Cumberland-place: his seat is Shaw Park, Clackmannanshire, a beautiful retreat, where contemplation loves to dwell, and gaze upon Nature, in all her still and solemn loveliness.

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling upon virtues breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep.
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round, and small birds how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beeks with corn,
Filch'd from the careless Amaltheas horn;
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be!

The family of Sir JAMES CATHCART, Bart., of Carleton, in the county of Ayr, is a junior branch of the noble House of CATHCART.

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## "HINTS ON ETIQUETTE."

In our last number, we published some extracts from an excellent little work, bearing the above title, and we regret that, inadvertently, we omitted to mention the quarter whence they were derived. We, however, return to the subject, with much pleasure, and state (for the information of our readers, who having been entertained with the extracts made by us, may be desirous of possessing the mass of "hints" of which those extracts were a sample) that the work is published by Messrs. Longman and Co., and bears the title of "*Hints on Etiquette, and the Usages of Society; with a glance at Bad Habits.*" It is, evidently, the production of a person accustomed to move in good society, and his "hints" must be of great value to those who may be ignorant of the regulations laid down for conduct and behaviour. To persons who have resided in the country, and are just commencing a sojourn in the metropolis, we would particularly recommend the publication; for its perusal would prevent those persons much embarrassment, and unpleasant feeling. It is a very just observation of the author, that "many unthinking persons consider the observance of etiquette to be nonsensical and unfriendly, as consisting of unmeaning forms, practised only by the silly and the idle; an opinion which arises from their not having reflected on the reasons that have caused certain rules to be established, indispensible to the well being of society, and without which, indeed, it would inevitably fall to pieces and be destroyed." We have seen many persons, from

time to time, in our intercourse with the world, who, being unacquainted with etiquette, have rendered themselves somewhat ridiculous, and have been made the laughing-stocks of the company in which they have been; others we have observed, who, fearful of offending against the regulations of society, have sat silent and constrained, and although possessed of all the power and capabilities of delighting and experiencing delight, have, nevertheless, been tedious to others (who have wished them absent) and have been glad when they have retired, and could "feel *themselves* again."

The pride of human nature often prevents people from asking for information upon this important subject, and from receiving it, orally; but when the instruction is given through the medium of a printed book, the fear of appearing mean or ignorant in the eyes of another is removed, and the lesson is conned with delight. We imagine that "Hints on Etiquette" will have many students; and if it be true, as the poet says it is, "that manners make the man," the author of this little volume will make many men; for there are thousands that require his instruction, and it is but a fair presumption that the majority of them will take it.

The Hints upon "Introduction" (given in our last number) are good, and to the purpose: there is a great deal of carelessness displayed upon this point, even by persons accustomed to, and well acquainted with, the rules of genteel society. The "hints" of the author are a capital reproof to all such.

The rules and suggestions in regard to "Dinner Parties," also, will be found serviceable and excellent; they will prevent many a novice from offending in a situation where ease and freedom from restraint are most particularly desirable. What a figure of fun is a poor tyro at a dinner-table, every moment in apprehension of having done something wrong: his appetite tempting him to eat, and his heart failing him at every morsel he introduces into his mouth!

Upon the subject of "Dress," the author is also happy: his suggestion respecting ornaments is excellent. "Avoid wearing jewellery, unless it be in very good taste," he says; "this is the age of mosaic gold, and other trash." This is certainly a satire upon some ladies of character, whether the author meant it or not. Mosaic is a fine thing for ladies whose extravagance may have not left them the means of purchasing the real metal. The more prudent are become scrupulous upon the subject.

"Music in general society," is treated with much shrewdness and sense, by the author, who explains the absurdity of musical enthusiasts, who, when they begin, seldom know when to leave off. Upon the other subjects, marriage, dancing, visiting, tattling, &c., the author also gives some capital hints; but we must now conclude our notice of his pleasant little volume, full of useful and agreeable information, with one brief and excellent passage, and with it commend the volume to the reader's attention:—"Remember," says the author, "that a carelessness as to what may incommode others is the sure sign of a coarse and ordinary mind: indeed, the essential part of good breeding is more in the avoidance of whatever may be disagreeable to others, than even an accurate observance of the customs of good society."

We must further observe, that the work is very neatly and prettily got up: it is, indeed, elegant, and fit for the pocket of the *elegant*, and for the boudoir.

## PARTING WORDS.

I loved, ay, fondly, *madly* loved!
The passion filled my heart and brain,
The spoiler came—my Anna died,
I will not—*cannot* love again!
I caught the last fond look she gave,
She died while I was on the spot;
Her last sigh fanned my burned my burning cheek;
Her dying words—"Forget me not!"

I laid her in the cheerless tomb,
And strove to master care and grief;
But nought my sorrow could assuage,
I sought—in vain I sought relief.
Her image haunts my thoughts by day,
And when reposing in my cot,
I see her form, I hear her sigh,
Her dying words—"Forget me not!"

My gentle spirit! Though I drag
My weary life to dull old age,
I'll cling to thee with deathless love,
Throughout the troubled pilgrimage!
And when my lamp of life expires,
And I am called from this world's lot,
I'll pass unto the realms of rest,
With thy last words—"Forget me not!"

## MEPHISTOPHILES AT THE OPERA.

AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH FROM A "VISITOR" IN OUR FASHIONABLE WORLD.

"I have been at the revel,
In lordly halls at night,
And lovely eyes have on me shone
With youthful flashing light!"

I have been dwelling for some days past in London! *Charmant sojour!* Every thing here is bright, beautiful, *coleur de rose*, as *miladi* MORGAN would say, whose acquaintance I have recently made (and whose works I have much pleasure in forwarding you by this despatch, that you may admire a style perfectly unique and original, a hybrid style, for which both this world and ours are indebted to the inventive faculties of miladi). London is a charming place, as I have told you many a time and oft before. It is now very full; full of coronets with brains in them, and some without; ladies of reputation, and some of none. Let me not be scandalous. *N'importe.* I am admitted in all circles. Every body pays court to me. In club and coterie I am the dear spirit of the people's love. In the boudoir I am *chef. Tres bon! Tu verras comme les petits oiseaux me connaissent!* Miladi A—— T—— has the felicity to be in the possession of an exquisite piece of feminine humanity—I mean her daughter. Such eyes! such cheeks, such lips! *Bon, bon! jolie dame!* Ah! ah!

The sweet demoiselle was overpowered with *ennui* when I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance. "*Pauvre enfant!*" I exclaimed within myself, when I saw her reposing her beautiful head upon those white fingers of hers which are more beautiful than anything else I ever beheld. What a pity that so sweet an angel should have nothing to

amuse herself with! *Attendez!* I whispered two words into her ear. I showed her the picture of a dashing captain of the hussars! "*Mon dieu!*" she cried in extasey, "*il est bien beau!*" "*Oui oui!*" said I, and straightway the hussar was at her feet!

She had *l'argent*, he had none. I married them. The silly old Madame Mere broke her heart, and the beauty is miserable. *N'importe!*

The Opera is just open. I was present. It was a pretty sight. Beauty in perfection, and plenty of it. A profusion of seducing little angels in the pit-tier, evidently full of the pretty story of miladi F—— W—— W——, who got a fortune left her by an old gentleman who used to frequent the pit to ogle her. What an idea!

Do not doubt this fact. Lady W—— was in her youth a perfect beauty (at least Lady C—— told me so, while I was swindling her in a rubber). She used to go to the Opera every Opera night, whether to hear the music or see the people, I have not discovered. But the plain fact is that she went, and old W——, who had more money than wisdom, went also. Lady W—— (she was then Lady Frances B——) used to say that she was much annoyed by the *kind* looks of the old gentleman, and stated as much to her friends, but it does not appear that she was driven from the theatre by the impertinent, fascinating old gentleman! *I* could not have done the thing better myself!

Lady Frances went every night to hear the Opera, or to see the old gentleman, but they never spoke. One day the old gentleman took it into his head to bid the world good night, and then Lady Frances found herself possessed of the whole of the funny old gentleman's fortune. He paid well for ogling! Poor W——! He paid for his whistle, and went aloft! *Eheu!* Well, if he was happy in merely ogling the lady, I have no desire to censure him! Happy gentleman, to be pleased with such a trifle! *Grand bonheur!*

But to return to our mutton, as miladi Morgan would say in French. There was a splendid assortment of young creatures in the pit-tier, evidently on the look out for an elderly gentleman of fortune without incumbrance. I caught the *glance* of Lady A—— T—— fixed upon myself! In an instant I was at her side, invisible of course; and my place was supplied by a grey-haired worthy-looking personage, who *seemed* to have a pocket lined with gold. The work was accomplished in ten minutes, the old gentleman's *lorgnette* was directed at the box. Lady A—— felt that strange confusion of heart which is always experienced in such situations, and the next day I got them introduced. Lady A——— had no idea of marriage; she wanted the *money*. But you know *my* winning way. In a few days they were united, and I have a reasonable expectation of the fair *femme* running away with her first lover, a guardsman. Thus you see I am not idle in my vocation. I shall despatch a nice little lot to you in a few days, without fail.

I became enamoured of the fair and gentle Lady R———. She is a treasure, and I have hooked her. She had just come from Miss B———'s, the celebrated *cardist*, and had there betrayed an inclination to become acquainted with the mysteries of *Pam*. She was seated in a box on the third tier, and I only caught a glimpse of her lovely face when her sleeve brushed aside the curtain. I was enraptured. Up to that point of attraction I mounted, and at that moment beholding Lady C—— in another box, I sent a messenger-thought to her, and she joined us. We made a very pleasant party. Coleoni's warbling was unheeded, and even the bass of Cartegenova failed to attract our attention. Lady C—— was describing her splendid success at *écarté*, on the previous night. The consequence was that my beauty was enraptured, and promised to go with Lady C—— to the Countess of ———'s *conversazione* after the Opera, which she did, and we kept up a game till past five on the Sunday morning, when Lady —— —— returned home to tell her husband that she had saddled him with a debt of honour of fifteen hundred pounds, and I went to my hotel with her Ladyship's heart in my waistcoat pocket. You understand me! Bid Charon enlarge his boat!

*Mem.* Her Ladyship is to be specially reserved for me. I feel an attachment to her.

To describe my successes on this interesting evening, would far exceed the limits to which I must restrict myself. Suffice it that during the performance of the *Straniera*, I made acquaintance with many strangers, and bound them to me by the firmest ties. The beautiful faces of the dancers, and their peculiar posturizing, proved wonderfully efficacious in bringing the souls of the young gentlemen into my possession. There were a great quantity of people, however, who resisted all my temptations. This grieved me. I did not think that Virtue had so much influence in London. *Bah!* But you shall have my *gatherings* speedily. *Au revoir*, I kiss your Majesty's hand. Mephistophiles.

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## TALES OF WOMAN'S LIFE.—No. VI.

### THE LAST HOUR.

"Ay, well, how well do I remember still,
The wondrous beauty of her hectic blush;
The unearthly lustre of her sparkling eyes;
Her pallid brow, by death's cold finger traced;
And the long glance of tender speechless love
Fix'd on our faces, even unto the last,
When her dear voice already was in heaven!"

Lady Blessington.

I was passing some hours of a beautiful evening towards the close of the autumn of the last year, in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, where the living flowers planted by the hand of affection are in strange contrast with the character of the sacred place. The tasteful style in which some of the flowers were arranged, excited within me feelings of the most pleasureable emotion. In one place, a widowed wife was attending, with tear-filled eyes, the just-planted flowers upon the small spot of earth that held the remains of all that was dear to her upon earth: in another, some children were plucking weeds from a fragrant bed of white roses: a bereft husband was, elsewhere, twining flowers into the initials of the loved-one's name, who had been snatched from him by the tyrant, death. Indeed, there were various little scenes of the utmost interest going on, and I beheld them with a melancholy satisfaction; a mournful pleasure, arising from the thought, that the dead were not forgotten. Though they have passed away, yet their image lives in surviving hearts: though their bones repose in the tomb, yet they live in all their original glory in the hearts they had endeared to them in the world.

I was musing on these scenes when a loud shriek was heard from a distant part of the cemetery. I immediately proceeded

to the spot, and found two females engaged in raising another, who was apparently lifeless, from the ground. They informed me that as they were passing, they saw the dying female upon the ground, and that they had shrieked for assistance. I immediately rendered all the assistance in my power; and while one departed for medical aid, the other and myself endeavoured to restore the fainting person, whose dress indicated her to have been lately bereft of her husband. She was a widow. And this was her husband's tomb.

A medical gentleman soon attended, and he administered every assistance. She recovered, and we proposed to convey her to her abode; but she refused to move from the spot. "Do not tear me away!" she exclaimed, as forcibly as she was able. "*I am dying!*"

The looks of the medical gentleman assured me that the widow's observation was correct!

"I am dying!" she said, "I know it! Let me expire upon my husband's grave! I cannot die happy elsewhere. O! you know not the sufferings I have endured since he was taken from me; how hardly, how despitefully the world has used me! All, all, seem to mark the *widow* for their prey!"

"Do not, pray do not agitate yourself," said the doctor.

"I will be calm," she said; "I am at peace with all the world. I forgive my enemies, and, my heart being clear, I look with confidence for a home in heaven. My husband calls me to his bosom, to that bosom where, in my days of happiness, I have lain my head and been at peace, and where I shall enjoy eternal happiness."

Thus saying, she fell upon her knees upon the grave; and clasping her hands, upturned her eyes to the blue heaven, and her lips moved as if in fervent prayer.

'Tis thus with all that's fair!
Soon do bright flowrets droop—and fade—and die!
'Twas thus with her—the lost—the sainted one;
Blooming and bright as roses in their prime,
And like them, fragile, too. A few brief days—
A spring of joy—a summer of decay—
And autumn found her not!
Let us recal her last brief hour,
Which every dying rose brings back to us!

We were about to raise the bereaved one, but the doctor motioned to us to keep back. "There is no hope!" he whispered, "she has but a few moments more to live, and it would be cruel to interfere now." The dying widow, roused from her reverie by the whispered tone in which this was spoken, and imagining that we were about to take her away, turned her face suddenly round, and wringing her hands, cried "For mercy's sake, do not tear me from this spot! Let me die upon my husband's grave!"

"My dear lady," said the doctor, in a tone of kind affection, "be assured, we will not. There is no one here that will disturb the parting spirit in its holy communings with the Almighty!"

The widow exclaimed, "God bless you!" and throwing herself upon the flower-covered grave of her husband, entranced it with frantic emotion. She then arose, and seating herself towards the foot, murmured, as if in conversation, "The days of happiness we enjoyed, will be revived! My pilgrimage is past! The time of my sorrow is gone; and see—see!" she continued, wildly fixing her eyes upon vacancy, "the heavens open! The brightness is upon me! It is too great—too dazzling! I cannot bear this glory. Angels approach me. One holds forth his arms—he smiles upon—he invites me! 'Tis *he!* I know him—*'tis my husband!*"

She fell back into the doctor's arms. We looked upon her face, it was pale and motionless. She had ceased to breathe. Her spirit had joined the spirit of the loved one, in the realms of eternal bliss!

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## MATHON AND CLAUDIO: OR, MEN OF FASHION.

A CONTRAST.

Plenty and Virtue stand at Mathon's gate,
Bless him, ye poor, and honour him, ye great!
Around his door, no want no cares arise;
Here vice, here envy, here dishonour flies!
And still from earliest morn, till eve again,
The wandering pilgrim may forget his pain:
At night a bed invites him to repose,
And tranquil slumbers every care compose.
Is there a want that virtue can require?
At Mathon's gate exceeded is desire!
Is there a sigh? Is there a heart distrest;
Alone, good Mathon lulls them to their rest!
How vain the brilliant titles of the great,
How good the poor man's praise at Mathon's gate!
The one vain homage of a supple breast,
The other, tribute of a heart at rest!
Can grandeur stifle the intruding thought,
Can all the joys by dissipation bought,
Equal the bliss the virtuous Mathon feels
When he the stricken heart with gladness, heals?
And now behold Sir Claudio, graceful, gay,
Perfumed with essence of the flowers of May,
An idle, thoughtless sprig of fashion's world,
From height of plenty down to ruin hurl'd!
He sports a cab; behind a tiger rides,
And all who see him, Claudio's head derides!
At Crockford's steps the beau is sometimes seen,
With careless, reckless, inattentive mien,
His nights are spent in riot and at play,
With money-lenders Claudio spends the day!
The careful Jew has store of gold to spare,
Because he knows that Claudio is a *heir*;
No premium he demands, for all his pains;
No usury; he's content with simple gains!
He tells nice tales to please the careless mind,
"'Tis all mere form, dear Sir.—Well, is it signed?
A mere acknowledgment—a thing of course,
To guard my family from any loss!"
Each day, alas! we see some ruin'd youth,
Adorned by genius, honour, worth and truth:
These demons seize him, ere he knows his heart,
And cringe and flatter with the vilest art;
Attack his morn, his evening steps pursue,
And never lose him from their harpy view,
'Till they behold his fortune all is past,
And rich Sir Claudio ruined is at last!
Behold the wise man honouring his race,
The thoughtless fool in ruin and disgrace.
Each had a fortune—chances were the same,
But now how different in state and fame!
Would that we all could shun the paths of ill,
And stations like to that of Mathon fill.

## THE KISS BY MISTAKE.—A TALE OF INNOCENT LOVE.

"I never heard so strange a thing
As that same story which you sing;
A rare adventure—full of jest,
A fancy in rich colours drest."

Since the days of Jupiter, Love has been remarkable for the extraordinary ways in which he has manifested his little self. *Little* do we call him! Forgive us! Little though he be, he has a giant power, a power that can break down stone walls, or accomplish any other feat deemed impracticable by every body else. "Love's the tyrant conqueror" they say, but we take leave to deny the tyranny. Who can call that tyranny which every body delights in and covets? Tyranny, indeed! We shall want a new vocabulary. The *tyranny* of Love! O, it's ridiculous. But to our story. The family of one Mr. Jonas Lockloftington, a gentleman of very close thoughts, and very close habits, were alarmed one bright sun-shiny morning, by the exclamations of that venerable old gentleman, whose voice was heard in all parts of the house at one and the same time, by which he seemed to possess the extraordinary power of ubiquity, and which *clearly* indicated that some remarkable circumstance had aroused the ire of that otherwise cool and quiet individual. He had run in from the garden, and immediately began to cry upon the top of his voice for Timothy. Nothing he said but "Timothy! Timothy! Timothy! Where is that precious rascal Timothy?"

Now, Timothy, it should be known, was a little dapper, bustling, active servant in the family. He was remarkable for his politeness and docility, and his agreeable manners quite atoned for the ugliness of his visage; not actual ugliness, but ugliness occasioned by a black patch over one of his eyes, and another across the nose. He had been the sufferer in some severe accident, which broke his nasal organ, and put out one of his eyes. Timothy, as we have said, was remarkable for his civility and attention, and was admired by Mr. Jonas Lockloftington, who now, however, kept calling as loudly as he could for him, attaching to his cognomen the piquant appellation of precious villain! "Where is that precious villain, Timothy?"

The family of Mr. Lockloftington consisted of himself and a ward, a young lady of nineteen, to whom he had been left guardian by an old friend and schoolfellow. He did not like the idea of being set as a watch-dog over the inclinations of a young girl of nineteen, but he respected the memory of his friend too much to refuse to take upon himself the office. He long debated within himself respecting the line of conduct he should pursue regarding her, and seeing the host of suitors that were addressing her, and being unable to separate the good from the bad, he resolved upon discountenancing the whole, and expressed his determination that Miss Maria Jenkinson should not marry at all. "She shall have *no* husband!" he cried; "better be without a husband, Maria, than have a bad one." But as this was a doctrine that Maria could not subscribe to, she set herself in array against her guardian, and lovers still flocked about Mr. Lockloftington's gate, and *billets doux* flew in profusion into his house. He had resolved to shut out love, and love had counter-resolved to get in.

Besides Miss Jenkinson, there was in the family of Mr. Lockloftington, her maid, Mrs. Judith, a remarkably curious-looking person, hump-backed, old and ugly. She was of the guardian's own choosing, and selected because the prudent old gentleman considered that such an ugly old woman would be more likely to remain in his own interest, and less likely to be tempted by his ward than a younger one. Mr. Lockloftington was mistaken, however, for Mrs. Judith, with all her ugliness, was remarkably fond of money. A sovereign was one of the most delightful sights her eyes could behold, and a five-pound note absolutely threw her into a state of delirium, during her continuance in which she could neither hear nor see any thing that was going on before her. Besides Mrs. Judith, there was Timothy, whom Mr. Lockloftington was now calling for so loudly, and some other servants.

Timothy, however, replied not to his master's summons. But still the old gentleman called, and in his calling cried, "The precious villain! O, that my family should be thus insulted and disgraced! I saw him press his lips to my ward's cheek, and the sound of the kiss still rings in my ears!"

At this moment Timothy appeared, and mildly asked, "Did you call, Sir?" Whereupon the enraged old gentleman rushed upon him, and cried, "Sirrah, you scoundrel! What do you mean by kissing my ward?"

"I, Sir, I!" exclaimed Timothy, with the voice and look of a surprised and innocent man.

"Sirrah! don't you counterfeit this surprise. I saw you with my own eyes, not five minutes ago, steal behind Miss Maria Jenkinson, and—and—and———"

"Sir, Sir!" exclaimed Timothy, writhing in Lockloftington's grasp, "it is impossible!"

And thus saying he struck his hand upon his forehead, and as a sudden thought seemed to occur to him, he continued. "Sir, a thought strikes me which seems to justify your suspicion. There is some strange mystery in this."

"Mystery!" quoth the old gentleman. "I think there is."

"I confess sir," said Timothy, with a tone and look of shame, that I did steal into the garden just now, and take a chaste salute; but on my honour Sir, I believed the person to be Miss Jenkinson's maid, the worthy Mistress Judith, to whom I have the honour of paying my addresses."

"Sirah!" cried the old man, but Timothy interrupted him. "You know what bad sight I have Sir," he said, "One eye clearly gone, and the other a very treacherous one, as it is now proved to be, seeing that I mistook the mistress for the maid, and have thus insulted a lady, and offended a worthy gentleman whom my inclination not less than my duty has always prompted me to regard with profound respect and veneration."

Mr. Lockloftington was compelled to admit that owing to the defective sight of Timothy it was possible for such a mistake to have occurred, and his expressions were now softened down; instead of "precious villain," Timothy was called merely "a careless fellow." Wishing perfectly to retrieve his character, he explained to his master that he and Mrs. Judith were about to be married—that they had been out-asked in Church, that Mrs. Judith had obtained Miss Jenkinson's consent, and that he was himself thinking of asking Mr. Lockloftington's that very morning. The old gentleman expressed himself rather surprised that such a spruce little fellow as Timothy should unite himself with the old hump-backed Judith; but Timothy clasped his hands, and called her a paragon of womankind, and Mr. Lockloftington not

wishing to interrupt his raptures, contented himself with saying, "Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

In the course of the day, Mr. Lockloftington accidentally met with Miss Judith in the garden. "Well, Judith," he exclaimed, "I wish you joy in the new situation you are going into. "Law, Sir," quoth Judith, "I a'nt going into no new situation." "Why, yes you are; you're going to be married." "Married, Sir!" echoed Judith, in astonishment, "I a going to be married! law, Sir!" "What's the use, old woman, of your standing there, counterfeiting such surprise? I know all about it." "All about it, Sir!" echoed Judith, unable to comprehend her master's meaning, "All about it sir?" "Yes, to be sure, all about your billing and cooing and sueing. Why, how you look! he told me so himself." "*He!*" cried Judith, "Who?" "Why, Timothy, to be sure!" "Oh!" exclaimed Judith, and hung down her head, blushing, or affecting to blush, but in reality to collect her thoughts.

"What a fool the old woman is," said Lockloftington. "If you were a young girl there might be excuse for this shyness and tom-foolery. There get along with you; make him a good wife." And so saying, the old gentleman went his way, chuckling to himself at having discovered the little love affair of Judith and Timothy.

On the following morning, Mr. Lockloftington rung the bell in the breakfast-parlour very violently. The servant who attended the summons, he desired would inform Mrs. Judith that he had been waiting breakfast full half an hour for her mistress. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the old gentleman again rung. "Send Mrs. Judith to me." Mrs. Judith slowly appeared. "Judith, where is your mistress?" "Mistress has gone out, Sir." "Gone out, Sir!" echoed Lockloftington, "gone out so early?" "Yes, sir; they've been gone this hour and more." "They! Who's they?" "Mistress and Timothy," quoth Judith, "Mistress and Timothy," cried the old gentleman. "Fire and Furies! What, your intended husband!" "My intended husband!" said Judith; "Law Sir, how can you imagine anything so absurd!" "What didn't you confess ——?" "I, Sir, no Sir; you only made me blush by your observations!" "That fellow is a villain after all!"

In a moment the whole establishment was summoned; servants were despatched in all directions, and Lockloftington himself prepared to go the round of all the churches in the metropolis, he having a shrewd notion of what was going on. But he was spared the trouble; a carriage stopped at his door, and presently Timothy and the late Miss Maria Jenkinson stood in his presence. But strange to say, Timothy was an altered young man! He no longer wore a servant's dress, no black patch was before his eye, there was no black patch across his nose; he was in all respects the perfect gentleman. Lockloftington gave vent to his rage, and when his emotion had subsided, the *ci-devant* Timothy informed him that upon finding he had determined upon setting his face against all his ward's suitors, he had adopted the disguise, and served in the capacity of a menial, for the sake of her he loved. He now offered to show that his fortune and character entitled him to the lady's hand. Lockloftington was confounded, but as he knew what had been done could not be undone, he shook hands with his ward and her husband, contenting himself with exclaiming "What a fool I was, that I should have believed it to have been a kiss in mistake!"

## THE SENSATION;

### OR, THE ELOPEMENT—MANIA IN HIGH LIFE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud.
Without our special wonder?"—SHAKSPEARE.

"Well! whoever would have thought it!"
*Old Gossip's Saying.*

*Horrida Bella!* There are wars and rumours of wars! Mayfair is in a ferment! The whole fashionable world is full of agitation! Age and youth, dowagers and maidens, husbands, fathers, guardians, wives, daughters, wards, all—all are in commotion! And what is the cause of this extraordinary state of things? What is the cause of all those scented rainbow looking billets that lie upon our table, from ladies fair, and gentleman ugly, demoiselles with guardians, out of whose clutches they are desirous of getting, and sage and prudent masculine individuals with wards, whom they are desirous of retaining members of their domestic establishment? "Hear this, ye nations! hear this with sublime!" as COWPER, or some other interesting poetical gentleman sayeth or singeth. 'Tis the *elopement-mania*!

No dogstar rages! We are in cool February—cool as a cucumber; yet there is a mania! Prince Sirius does not make it, but Prince Hymen does. Young ladies and gentlemen are stricken with a marvellous desire to be united one with another in matrimonial bonds, and the dangers and the perils they incur surpass belief!

Our list of elopements in the month of February has created a sensation. Parents and guardians, very naturally and constantly, look suspiciously upon the interesting young ladies of their establishments, and very shrewdly imagining that it is better to keep the steed in the stable than shut the door after it is stolen; they are concerting measures to effect the object which they have at heart. Since the days of Shylock, the Jew, a bare recommendation to the young ladies to keep within doors, and out of the way of temptation, is of no use. A lock, a bolt, or a bar, has been found more efficacious than all the parental advice and admonitions in the world! And locks, bolts, and bars are about to be resorted to. '*The Iron trade is looking up*," say the newspapers. Marry, is it! And here we have the cause.

Young ladies, beware! Prudence, or a small chamber, six feet by seven, with an interesting iron ornament to the windows of close bars, a chimney with a grating half-way up, and a door with a large padlock on the outside! Take your choice. One or the other. You have made a great sensation, and of course must put up with the consequences.

Sir Robert ———, who has no less than four marriageble young ladies for daughters, is terribly alarmed by the increasing rage for elopements. He *knows* that there are fortune-hunters after *two* of the young ladies, and he has received very convincing *proofs* that the fair ones have a *trifling* inclination for their *adorateurs*. The eldest is one of those moonlight and romance-loving beings that delight in "soft nonsense," and a gentleman with mustachios; and, certainly her quondam music-master is the most soft-spoken gentleman in the world, and has a pair of mustachios that excel those splendid ones of T———. He smothers them in bear's grease every night. The affair was discovered by means of a copy of verses, set to

music by the thumper of keys, and which the young lady was so unwise as to tell an elderly maidenly aunt were written upon *her*! This was while the *belle* was on a visit to M——— House, and the next post made Sir Robert aware of the dangerous character of the master of sweet sounds. An *emute*, of course, occurred; the lady was confined to M——— House, and her musical studies were brought to a premature conclusion. Her *petite sœur*, is more cautious; and although it is known that somebody is offering worship at her shrine, the little beauty is so cunning that nobody can tell who that somebody is! How they correspond is a mystery; but that they *do* correspond, Sir Robert is well aware.

How to destroy this state of things, is the question. Sir Robert has applied in many quarters for advice. But wherever he goes he hears only of some new elopement, the details of which occupy too much attention to allow of any thought being bestowed upon preventive measures. Sir Robert is naturally anxious to keep his daughters from sacrificing themselves; and the young ladies, we apprehend, are not at all desirous of assisting their honoured parent in that praiseworthy object.

This is the fault of the fair. A fine face and a fair tongue outweigh the best parental advice. A good old English father may sermonize for an hour, and the hard-hearted beauty will go from his presence direct into the chaise that is to carry her to Gretna-green! This is a fact, as lady G——— can testify.

The increase of fine faces and fair speakers in fashionable circles is, of course, alarming. When we hear of such things as those recorded by us in our last number, we expect to hear of their being followed by others of a more galling nature. And if young ladies *will* set parental authority at defiance, they must expect to be visited with *ungentle* treatment. They themselves have caused the sensation and they must abide by the consequences. If they do betray such an extraodinary desire to be run away with by any knave that takes a liking to their fortunes, they must expect to be "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" in their apartments, with iron bars to the windows, and padlocks upon the doors.

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## THE LOVES OF THE COURTIERS.—No. 2.

### THE HEIRESS AND THE PRIVATE PLAY.

At the pretty chateau of Lord H——,
It came into his head, one fine day,
To send out invites to his friends,
To take parts in a nice private play.
*As you like it* was fixed on. The cast
Was complete as a thing could well be;
Lord H—— undertook to play *Jaques*,
The *Orlando* was Frederick G——.

Lady B—— was the child of the *Duke*,
And *Rosalind*, the gentle and fair,
Was accepted by Lady J—— N——,
(The girl with the raven-black hair).
The play it went off with *eclat*,
Each actor was up in his part;
Lady Julia, her triumph was great,
For she went off with Frederick's heart.

Now sleepless the night of Lord G——,
He gave himself up to despair;
For report—that false jade—said the girl
Was as *cruel* and *fickle*, as fair!
But a faint heart, he knew, never won
A conquest in beauty's domain,
So his courage he screw'd to the point,
And dash'd off in a shower of rain.

To his charmer he posted. The hour
Half after eleven, A.M.;
At her breakfast he found her. He cried,
"Behold the most constant of men!
I'm in love, Julia, up to my ears,
All the day I do nothing but sigh,
If you'll have me, adieu to my fears,
If not, I am sure I shall die!"

Lady Julia, astonished did gaze,
On the black whiskered face of Lord G——,
And kindly asked him if he'd take
A nice cup of gunpowder tea?
Thus commenced, the affair it went on,
The course of true love smoothly run,
Lord G—— was in Paradise quite,
And her ladyship thought it fine *fun*.

Now, jewels and gems, quite a store,
From the glad lordling rapidly came,
He thought it his duty; his *sire*,
However, did think it a shame.
The diamonds were really a sight,
And the rubies provoked envy's smile;
The emeralds, so costly, were worth
Almost all the whole Emerald Isle!

Lord G. was quite mad for a wife,
So he thought now the question he'd pop,
He gathered his nerves in a heap,
And put all his courage on top:
And strait to the house of his fair,
With a hot heart, he posted away,
To fall at his Julia's feet,
And ask her to name the glad day!

Rat tat tat, and the door opens wide,
"Is her ladyship, pray, disengaged?"
The porter looked queer, and his words,
Soon made our young lordling enraged:
With a grin, and a wink of his eye,
He said, without preface or warning,
"Her ladyship's gone off to Rye;
She was married at ten this fine morning!"

MARFORIO.

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## LOVE'S LAST REQUEST.

If I must fly thee, turn away
Those eyes where love is sweetly dwelling,
And bid each charm, each grace decay,
That smile, that voice, all else excelling:
Banish those gentle wiles that won me,
And those sweet words which have undone me;
That I may leave without regret
All that I cannot now forget;
That I may leave thee, nor despair,
To lose again without compare!

## A MELANGE.

The Philosophy of Love.—There is such a thing as love at first sight, deny it who may; and it is not necessarily a light or transitory feeling because it is sudden. Impressions are often made as indelibly by a glance, as some that grow from imperceptible beginnings, till they become incorporated with our nature. Is not the fixed law of the universe, the needle to the pole, a sufficient guarantee for the existence of attraction? And who will say it is not of divine origin? The passion of love is so too, when of genuine kind. Reason and appreciation of character may on longer acquaintance deepen the impression, "as streams their channels deeper wear;" but the seal is set by a higher power than the human will, and gives the stamp of happiness or misery to a whole life.

A Prosperous Man.—It is something to dwell in the atmosphere of a prosperous person. The prosperous man is readily known wherever he appears; there is an easy air about him, which arises from the consciousness of being always welcome everywhere. In a crowd he is followed, but not crushed; room is made right and left for him to pass along. Yet examine his countenance, and frequently under smiles lurks the mark of care: prosperity obtained is *not* prosperity secured. He looks about him with self-satisfaction, it is true; but not without an expression of caution, lest any secret enemy be nigh to push him from his high estate.

The First Year of Marriage.—There is something very terrible in the first matrimonial jar; it is a point of incalculable consequence to future peace in the conduct of married life; and let all women remember that it is their interest to keep their temper in this first instance, whatever they may do afterwards. It is also well to recollect that, even in the most fortunate marriages, the first year is *not the happiest*. There is much to be learnt of submission, of bending the will, in minor occasions and trivial circumstances, on the part of the wife, which never happen during courtship. And then, there is the surprise of finding they are the serving, and not the served, in daily occurrences, to which it requires infinite wisdom and self-control to submit. Yet this is much easier to some natures than to others; and although it may appear paradoxical, it is infinitely less difficult to those who do not passionately love than to those who do. The latter have not such an altitude to fall from, when they enter upon the realities of life, with all the trials of temper, and all the infirmities of another human being to bear with, as those who supposed perfection in the idol of their worship, and who suddenly have the veil removed, and discover that the tissue of human nature is uneven. All this takes place the *first* year of marriage; let that year be well and wisely passed, particularly on the woman's part, and the rest will probably follow; but the first year of marriage is *not* the happiest.

Modern Inventions.—A new kind of *Augar* for boring the ground, and fetching up whatever it meets with in the right order.—A new *Bucket* for examining and fetching up whatever Water is to be found at the bottom of the *Sea*, or at any depth, and for bringing it up without *mixing* with the other Water of the *Sea*, through which it passes.—Two new ways of sounding the depth of the *Sea* without a Line, for examining the greatest depth of the *Ocean*, in those parts of it, that are most remote from the *Land*.—A *Bell* for diving under water to a great depth, wherein a man has continued, at a considerable depth under water, for half an hour, without the least inconvenience.—Another *Instrument* for a *Diver*, wherein he may continue long under water, and may walk to and fro, and make use of his strength, and limbs, almost as freely as in the Air.—A new sort of *Spectacles*, whereby a *Diver* may see any thing distinctly under Water.—A new way of conveying the *Air* under Water, to any Depth, for the use of *Divers*.—An *Instrument* for measuring the swiftness, and strength of the *Wind*.—A *Chariot-way-wiser*, measuring exactly the length of the way of the *Chariot*, or *Coach* to which it is apply'd.—Well may it be said there is nothing new under the sun.

Superstitions in Devonshire.—It is here said, that if a young woman, on Midsummer-day, plucks a full-blown rose, blind-folded, while the chimes are playing twelve, and folds it up in a sheet of white paper, and does not open it till Christmas-day, it will then be found as fresh as when gathered; and if she places it in her bosom, the young man to whom she is to be married will come and snatch it away.—The tooth-ache prevails greatly, owing to the use of acid cider; and here is a cure for it—if the sufferer have a tooth left sufficiently whole to enable him to use it. Take an old skull found in the churchyard, bite a tooth out of it, and keep it in your pocket all the year round, and never more will you have pain in your teeth or gums.—Reading the eighth psalm over the heads of infants three times three days in the week, for three following weeks, will, they say, prevent babes having the thrush. Another very old custom prevails amongst the poor, that of unlocking their boxes, in the house where a friend is dying: they consider it makes the sick person die easy. As they have unlucky omens, so have they likewise lucky ones. The sun shining on the bride going to church is particularly fortunate. It is fortunate, also, to see the new moon on the right hand: and when you do so, it is a prudent thing to shake your pockets: but it is likewise deemed wisdom to pull out your money and let the new moon shine upon it; it is connected, no doubt, with good fortune in a pecuniary point of view.—When the poor get a loaf from the flour of new corn, the first who gets it gives a mouthful, as they say, to his or her neighbour, and they fill their mouths as full as they can, in order not to want bread before the harvest comes round again.

### THE BLARNEY.

Oh, did you ne'er hear of the Blarney,
That's found near the banks of Killarney?
Believe it from me,
No girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.
The Blarney's so great a deceiver,
That a girl thinks you're there, tho' you leave her,
And she never finds out
All the tricks you're about,
Till she's quite gone herself with your Blarney.

Oh, say, would you find this same Blarney?
There's a castle not far from Killarney,
On the top of its wall
(But take care you don't fall)
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney;
Like a magnet, its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches;
If you kiss it, they say,
That from that blessed day
You may kiss whom you please, with your Blarney.

EXTRACTS FROM "*The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tails.*"

This Work is full of Amusement, and abounds in Anecdotes.

"I wish to consult you on a little project I have formed," said a noodle to his friend. "I have an idea in my head—" "Have you?" interposed the friend, with a look of great surprise; "then you shall have my opinion at once: *keep it there!* it may be some time before you get another."

Answers—*to* the point are more satisfactory to the interrogator, but answers *from* the point may be sometimes more entertaining to the auditor. "Were you born in wedlock?" asked a counsel of a witness. "No, Sir, in Devonshire," was the reply.—"Young woman," said a magistrate to a girl who was about to be sworn, "why do you hold the book upside down?"—"I am obliged, sir, because I am left-handed."

A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial young man; "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way; for if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandfather."

An Irishman's horse fell with him, throwing his rider to some distance, when the animal, in struggling to get up, entangled its hind leg in the stirrup, "Oh, very well, sir, said the dismounted cavalier; "if you're after getting up on your own back, I see there will be no room for me."

Circumstances.—If a letter were to be addressed to this most influential word, concluding thus—"I am, Sir, your very obedient humble servant:"—the greater part of the world might subscribe it, without deviating from the strictest veracity.

Serjeant K—— having made two or three mistakes, while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, "I seem to be inoculated with dullness to-day." "Inoculated, brother?" said Erskine, "I thought you had it in the natural way."

Epitaphs.—Giving a good character to parties on their going into a new place, who sometimes had a very bad character in the place they have just left.

Infinitely quick and apt in expedients, was the manager of a country theatre, who, when requested, by a lady of rank in the neighbourhood, to get up the play of Henry VIIIth., regretted that the state of his company would not allow it; but added that they could very well manage to perform the two parts of Henry IV., which would come to exactly the same thing.

A friend of the author's, who had purchased a *post-obit*, dependent on the life of an elderly female, being asked, some years afterwards, whether he had yet come into possession, replied—"Oh no!—and I have quite given it up; for the old cat has now acquired such a habit of living, that I do not suppose she could die if she would." It must be confessed, that this obstinate habit is the very last that we resign.

Lord M., a Scottish judge, well known for his penurious habits, being compelled to give a dinner to the barristers upon circuit, and having neglected to order any claret with which they had been accustomed to be regailed on such occasions, Harry Erskine endeavoured by several oblique hints to make him sensible of the omission. His lordship however, who had an acute misapprehension where his pocket was in danger, affected to receive all these inuendos in a different sense, and at length, seeking to turn the conversation to the war in which we were then engaged, abruptly exclaimed, "I wonder what has become of the French fleet?" —"Just at present, my lord," replied his waggish persecutor, "I believe it is, like ourselves, *confined to port!*"

## THE REJECTED.

The word it is spoken,
And broken's the spell;
'Tis thy work—thou false one—
Farewell, oh, farewell!

I gave to thee, love,
As pure and sincere
As young hearts can feel,
But 'tis no longer here!

I can love but the true,
Thou has broken the spell;
I stifle my thoughts,
And say only—Farewell!

Thou wilt mix with the throng
Of the lovely and young,
And praises may greet thee
From every tongue:

But like the tired dove,
Through the world you may rove,
And find no heart to rest on,
No true home of love!

I do not upbraid thee,
Thoul't have many cares;
Thou hast scorned me—forsaken!
I give thee my prayers!

I may die in my youth,
And then be at rest,
Thou wilt live and be wretched,
Unloved and unblest.

The world cannot give thee
A joy that will last,
Thou wilt bitterly ponder
On those that are past;

But the word it is spoken,
And broken's the spell;
We part now for ever!
For ever—Farewell!

## LA BOUDOIR;

OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"——I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

LACONICS.—Wit is the nimbleness of the understanding; Wisdom the strength of it.... Prejudice, like a perspective glass, magnifies things at one end, and diminishes them at the other.... He that would have a short Lent, should borrow money, *to be repaid at Easter*.... He is the great man, who having revenge in his power, does not take it.... The best companions we can have in life, are a friend, books, a cheerful heart and a clear conscience.

Genius and Madness.—It is a truth that "wit and madness nearly are allied." Newton was decidedly mad; Descartes went off in a brain fever; Mallebranche lost his reason long before he died. Burns was more than once labouring under delirium; Tasso was acquainted with the cells of a madhouse; Nat. Lee, the dramatist, was a tenant of Bedlam; Sophocles was accused of insanity; Pascal was an occasional hypochondriac; Cowper was subject to lunacy; so was Rousseau; Luis de Camoens died raving in an hospital at Lisbon!

LOVE'S REFLECTION.

Too lately met! too quickly parted,
How spirit-checked and sunken hearted:
I saw thee 'mid the scrambling throng,
On the chance road we whirl'd along.
And this—is this, indeed, the lot
Of kindred feeling here below?
With those we love permitted not
To journey on, as on we go?
But with the cold, the bad, the base,
Condemned to tread life's weary way,
Wearing to them a brow and face,
Almost as treacherous as they!

Novelty.—Two country bumpkins were, the other day, taken to see a railway. As they had never either seen or heard of carriages impelled by any other power than horses, they stood for some time lost in wonderment. "Waunds, Tummas!" cried one of them at last, "Didst thou ever see the lik' o' this afore. The coach has run away from the horses! Run Tummas, run, lik' a good lad, and fetch him back!"

Motive for Indifference.—A person being observed to listen with great indifference to a very moving sermon by Dr. S———, he was asked by another how it happened that he was not affected by the reverend doctor's discourse. "Why," replied the indifferent man, "I belong to another parish."

WOMAN'S WEAPON.

Thunder is Jove's, the tongue is Juno's rod,
He shakes the distant poles, she shakes the god!

A Truth.—Our unhappiness proceeds more from a defect in our morals than a disproportion in our circumstances.

A Test.—At the meeting of the committee of a certain club, specially called for the selection of a cook, the candidates were an Englishman from the Albion, and a Frenchman recommended by Ude. An eminent member was deputed to examine them, and the first question he put to each was, "Can you boil a potatoe?"

Late Correspondence.—Lady J——, the celebrated female politician, was a few days ago engaged in warm discussion on the subject of continental politics, with another lady, when the latter boasted of having received the latest intelligence from Spain. "No, no," said Lady J——, "my despatches are always the latest." "Indeed, my lady," replied the other, with great warmth, "mine are later than yours." "Impossible!" cried Lady J——. "What is the date of them?" *The Twenty-ninth of February*," immediately exclaimed the other. "Pooh!" cried Lady T—— sneeringly, "mine are of the *thirtieth!*"

"Veils" and Wages.—"I detest pride in servants!" said Lady C——— to one of her domestics a few days ago. "I turned one away lately, for having the impudence to wear a veil." "I don't much wonder," replied the flippant lady's-maid, to find your ladyship objecting to servants having *vails*, when you don't even pay them their *wages!*

WEEP NOT.

Weep not, weep not, that in the spring,
We have to make a grave,
The flowers will grow, the birds will sing
The early roses wave;
And make the sod we're spreading fair
For her who sleeps below:
He might not bear to lay her there,
In winter frost and snow!

The "Naps."—Rogers, on being told that the Duke of Wellington, during a very dull debate in the House of Lords, evinced his taste for the eloquence of the noble speakers by enjoying a sound nap, replied "Aye, aye, no doubt; his Grace is addicted to such things: he was very near taking a Nap even in the Battle of Waterloo!"

Dignity.—A certain Italian prince, remarkable for his pride and ill-humour, was walking to the window of his presence chamber with the English ambassador, when he pompously said to the latter, "Do you know, sir, that one of my ancestors forced a person of your description from this balcony into the street." "It might be so," was the reply, "but I presume that the ambassador was unable to command a sword!" The Prince was silent.

A Natural Consequence.—A young clergyman, boasting of his having been educated at two universities, an aged divine observed, "You remind me of an instance of a calf that sucked two cows." "And what was the consequence?" asked the other. "Why sir," replied the old gentleman very seriously, "the consequence was, that he was a *very great calf.*"

Marriage.—"My love," said Lady H——— to her lord and master, "before we were married, you were used to say that matrimony was like a bed of roses." "And I say so still, and will maintain it," was his lordship's reply, "for I feel its *thorns!*"

A MORAL LESSON.

If thou wilt mighty be, flee from the rage
Of cruel will, and see thou keep thee free
From the foul yoke of thine own bondage.
For though thy empire stretch to the Indian sea,
And for thy pride trembleth the farthest Thulé,
If thy desire have over thee the power,
Subject then art thou, and no governor.
If to be noble and high thy mind be moved,
Consider well thy ground and thy beginning.
For he that hath each star in heaven fixed,
And gives the moon her horns and her eclipsing,
Alike hath made thee noble in his working,
So that wretched no way thou may be,
Except foul crime and vice do conquer thee.

The Ruling Passion.—The late Duke of Devonshire's passion was a broiled bladebone of mutton, which was every night got ready for him at Brooke's; and the late Duke of Norfolk was accustomed to declare that there was as marked a difference between beef-steaks as between peas, and that a man of taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the Beef Steak Club (where he, himself, never missed a meeting) as at the most plentifully served table in town.

No Refinement.—At S——, lately, every person named

to serve the office of Mayor, had paid a fine rather than take the duty. "Well," said a wit, "I see no more that can be done, for I am afraid it is quite impossible to *re-fine* them!"

THE EVENING STAR.

How blest she felt on summer eves,
When resting on a stile,
Half-hid in hazels moistening leaves,
So weary after toil;
To gaze upon the Evening Star,
That shed its ruddy light,
Like joys which something came to man,
Retreating out of sight:
Akin to images and things,
That glad the quiet mind,
A calmness o'er the heart it flings,
That poets love to find!

An Amusing Colloquy.—Mind is truly making rapid strides! It has *descended* into the kitchen! The following colloquy was overheard a few evenings ago, between two spider-brushers, in the family of Lord A——. *Betty*: Well, Susan, how do you like your new place?—*Susan* (*affectedly*): pretty well—middling—its passable; just tolerable as things go now-a-days. *Betty*: What do you mean? My Lord and my Lady are kind to you? Eh!—*Susan* (*carelessly*): Yes.—*Betty*: No brats are there? *Susan*: Oh dear—not any; if but one peeped into the family, I should be instantly on the tip-toe—I should give warning. Indeed, Betty, between you and me, I don't think I shall stay long; but don't tell Charles, the footman, this, for the poor ignorant wretch has formed a violent attachment for me.—*Betty*: But your master is kind to you—mistress kind—no children—plenty to eat and drink. *Susan* (*affectedly*): Yes—every thing good.—*Betty*: Your master is no gambler—no sitting up late for him?—*Susan*: No; but I sit up late myself, to wade through the stupid novels of the day.—*Betty*: You go out once a fortnight?—*Susan*: Yes; but then I have that wretch, Charles, following and dodging me like a bloodhound. Ah! dear me, I am sure I shall leave.—*Betty*: But why, you seem to have every comfort; good wages, eh?—*Susan*: Oh, dear, yes! but then there is something in the house so very disgusting! particularly to a person of my habits and education.—*Betty*. What, in the name of all that is miraculous, can it be?—*Susan*: Why, then, if you must know, I cannot bear to come in contact with my mistress.—*Betty*: Why? she is pretty.—*Susan*: True; master took her for her face—not for a head.—*Betty*: She is affable?—*Susan*: Her affability drives me to distraction! *Betty*: How?—*Susan* (*in a rage*): How! Why, *because she speaks such abominably bad grammar!*

"Can Love Kill?"—A Polish refugee lately shot himself with a pistol at the door of a mercer's shop at Beauvais. Love—disappointed love—for a young "French milliner" was the cause of the tragic event! What a silly piece of humanity!

A FRIENDLY WISH.

Simon showers worthless gifts on all his friends;
*Few* precious favours he bestows, 'tis true;
In faith, when'er his gifts to me he sends,
Believe me, John, I hope he'll send me *few!*

Good Book-keepers.—A distinguished wit, on lending a book to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary, said he, in apology, "for though many of my friends are bad aritmeticians, I observe that almost all of them are *good book-keepers!*"

What is Jealousy? Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another. "Why," asks Rochefoucauld, "does not jealousy, which is born of love, always die with it?" He could have found an answer to this question had he reflected that self-love never dies. Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and it excites the least fits.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

What is honour! what are arms!
Compared to woman's love?
A throne! the world! to beauty's charms,
All mortal price above.

Woman! balm for every woe,
Of our gross earth, the heaven!
Man's only Paradise below,
A secret foretaste of heaven!

A Scotch Breakfast, when served in proper style, consists of cold grouse, salmon, cold beef, marmalade, jellies, honey, five kinds of bread, oatmeal, cakes, coffee, tea, and toast.

SONNET TO SPRING.

Sweet burthen'd offspring of a smiling race,
I hail thee truant, with thy wreaths of flowers,
Which twine in native wildness o'er thy face,
The budding beauties of a thousand bowers.
Hail! sweet delight!—dawn of so many hours
Of artless rapture—with thee comes again
The laughing sun, the stars, the fragrant showers,
The scented herbs that leaf upon the plain.
Thrice happy Spring! I love thy birth to trace,
To feel the zephyrs dancing o'er thy streams;
To fly the troubled world, or lonely pace
Thy calm retreats, and nurse life's golden dreams.
Hail! happy harbinger of summer's treasures!
Fount of my past delights, and coming pleasures.

*Musical Gazette.*

TO A HEARTSEASE IN WINTER.

"Sweet flower, 'midst the snow and storm
Thy freshness more I prize;
More precious seems thy tender form,
More bright thy Tyrian dies.

Mingled with desolating weed,
I spy thee, purple flower;
Come to my breast, for much I need
Thy peace-bestowing power."—*Ibid.*

Kensington Gardens.—A most extraordinary outrage against good taste has been committed in the felling of that stately mass of flourishing trees in Kensington Gardens next the Uxbridge Road, which not only afforded shade and shelter to the frequenters of them, but were the admiration of all who passed along that road, and, in the season of foliage, had a most splendid effect. Upon what principle or plea this wanton destruction has been perpetrated it is impossible to imagine.

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# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CXLVI. LONDON, MAY 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—NO. II, OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.... PORTRAITS OF MADAME VESTRIS & MR. CHARLES MATHEWS. (*A Scene in the Farce of "One Hour; or, The Carnival Ball," as performed at the Olympic Theatre.*)

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, A BRIDAL COSTUME, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—A MORNING DRESS, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## MADAME VESTRIS AND MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.

Here in the fulness of joy and delight,
She reigns in perfect splendour bright,
Her dark floating eyes seem to revel in bliss.
Her bright hair floating in clustering curls,
Is studded with glittering gems and pearls,
'Tis she—the beautiful.—Jonson.

"And he, a perfect gentleman I do assure you."—Cieber.

With our present number we lay before our readers the representation of a scene, in a popular vaudeville, at the Olympic theatre, in which are introduced portraits of those popular *artistes*, Madame Vestris, and Mr. Charles Mathews; the former, a lady whose beauty and talents have long been known to the public; the latter, a gentleman who has recently embarked in the dramatic profession, and who is likely to obtain considerable eminence therein. Madame Vestris has now been one and twenty years upon the stage; she has served three apprenticeships, and may, therefore, be considered a perfect mistress of her art. Time has laid his hand so lightly upon her, that her beauty has as many admirers now as when they first attracted attention, and her talents, like good wine, seem to improve with years. It is not our intention, however, to write a panegyric upon the lady's personal attractions, strongly as we may be tempted to do so, but solely to offer a brief biographical notice of her, to which we shall add a few particulars concerning the gentleman whose portrait accompanies her in the embellishment to our present number.

Eliza Vestris was born in January, 1797; her father was an engraver, and her grandfather was the celebrated Francis Bartolozzi, who has furnished the cabinets of persons of cultivated taste with some of their choicest treasures. The masterly manner in which that great artist transferred to copper the beauties of some of the noblest works of ancient and modern art, has rendered his name immortal. Eliza Bartolozzi received an excellent education and acquired all the accomplishments which indulgent parents in respectable life allow their daughters the opportunity and means of possessing. She was very quick in her musical studies, and her voice was remarkably pleasing and effective. She had then no idea of embracing the theatrical profession, and studied merely for her own amusement and the grafitication of her personal friends. In the year 1809, Armand Vestris, the son of the celebrated Vestris, was a favourite of the public at the King's Theatre; he had danced a fandango with Madame Angiolini, which turned the head and captivated the hearts of one half the female inhabitants of the metropolis. Soon afterwards he was introduced to Miss Bartolozzi, and although by no means an Adonis in appearance, he engaged the affections of the young lady. At such an age as hers it could scarcely have been *love* that she felt for Armand Vestris: he made an offer of his hand, and the young girl eager for the novelty of the state of wifehood, consented to unite her fortunes with his. Eliza Bartolozzi was then attracting much attention by her personal loveliness, and Armand Vestris was envied by not a few of the beaux of the fashionable world.

You've seen the moon gleam through the cave,
And minute drops like diamonds glancing;
You've seen upon the heaving wave,
The golden sun-rays lightly dancing;
But ne'er was seen, at noon, or night,
Beneath the moon in brightness riding,
A moving thing to charm the sight.
Like her, unto her lover gliding.

On the 28th of January, 1813, Eliza Bartolozzi, being then just sixteen years of age, was led by her lover to the altar of St. Martin's Church, and there she became his wife. The new married couple lived in great splendour. The husband was obtaining a large salary from the King's theatre, and he lived up to it, and, indeed, beyond it. The young wife was by no means displeased with the extravagance of her husband, and knowing but little of the world, she had no idea of the embarrassment in which such a style of living was calculated to involve them. Eventually, inclination or necessity, it matters not which, brought the young wife upon the stage. She took a few lessons from a popular

master, and on the 20th of July, 1815, she made her *debût* at the King's Theatre, upon the occasion of her husband's benefit, as *Proserpina*, in WINTER's opera of *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, a character which had been written expressly for the celebrated GRASSINI, the aunt of the present brilliant star of the opera, GIULIETTA GRISI. Madame VESTRIS was favourably received. She repeated the character on the next opera night, when the late lamented Princess CHARLOTTE of WALES attended the theatre, and was so well pleased with the talents and manner of the young *debutante*, that she commanded the opera to be repeated on the following Tuesday, when she again attended, and brought with her a host of noble fashionables.

This was a splendid commencement of a very successful career. At the close of the opera season, Madame VESTRIS travelled with her husband, and was engaged at various Continental theatres, where her beauty and talents became universally admired. It is not our intention to unveil the private life of Madame VESTRIS, or to mention one of the thousand rumours that have been circulated respecting it. In justice to the lady, we must say, that her husband neglected, and finally deserted her. He was an extravagant and dissipated man. Hs died about ten years ago. In 1820, Madame VESTRIS was offered an engagement by Mr. ELLISTON, who at that period was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre. The offer was accepted, and Madame VESTRIS made her *debût* on the 19th of February in that year, in the character of *Lilla*, in the opera of the *Siege of Belgrade*. This, and her subsequent performances gained her much popularity. In *Artaxerxes* she was greatly admired, and when she appeared in male attire as *Don Giovanni*, she became a decided favourite with a certain class of play-goers, and brought a great deal of money to the manager's treasury. Subsequently she appeared at the Haymarket Theatre; and she also played at Covent Garden, where she first attempted characters in genteel comedy, *Letitia Hardy*, *Mrs. Oakley*, *Lady Teazle*, *&c.*

When Madame VESTRIS took the Olympic Theatre, that house was one of the most inferior in the metropolis; its locality is bad, and the performances there were never above mediocrity. The town was surprised to find that its fair favourite had fixed her standard in so obscure a place; and the company and pieces with which she opened the theatre were but indifferent. Her friends, however, were determined to support her, and having secured the assistance of Miss FOOTE (now the Countess of HARRINGTON) for a few nights, the performances were somewhat attractive. The next season brought additions to the company, and eventually, the assistance of LISTON, KEELEY and Mrs. ORGER, was obtained; and in the season just concluded, Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS made a successful *debût*.

Madame VESTIS is a pleasing actress; her dramatic talents are of a most agreeable order, while her singing is very beautiful. Her manner is fascinating, and considering her personal loveliness, it is not to be wondered at that she has such a host of friends. The light vaudevilles which she produces at her theatre, are of an interesting character, and are quite a relief to the dull spectacles at the large theatres. Madame VESTRIS understands the secret of management. She proceeds upon the idea that first-rate dramatic talent is always more attractive than empty show, however "grand" the latter may be, and the state of her treasury shows that her plan is good. It is reported that during the last season Madame VESTRIS cleared five thousand pounds.

In the character of *Miss Dalton*, in the vaudeville of *The Carnival Ball*, from which our engraving illustrates, Madame VESTRIS plays with archness and spirit; her manner of captivating her lover is very natural and effective; he must be a dolt indeed that could resist such fascinations.

> Without the smile from lovely woman won,
> O, what were man? A world without a sun.

Long may the Widow of Wych-street preside over the Olympic Revels, and allow her admirers to pay their tributes to her talents and beauty.

> Homage to beauty, homage to beauty,
> Gladly and fervently Love's pilgrim's pay;
> Homage to beauty, homage to beauty,
> Should e'er be the theme of the minstrel's lay!

Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, of whom we also present a portrait, is the son of the late celebrated CHARLES MATHEWS, who for so many years delighted the playgoing public with his rich comic humour. Thousands and tens of thousands visited that excellent comedian "At Home," and he never failed to send them "laughing to their beds." His son, the subject of our present remarks, is an actor in a different style; his forte is light comedy, and his performances are highly respectable and praiseworthy. In the *Humpbacked Lover*, and the *Carnival Ball*, he has been particularly admired. His manner of dancing the Tarantella, in the latter piece, is elegant, and exceedingly effective. When his father died, he became possessed of a share in the Adelphi Theatre, which was opened under his management in October last; but he was unsuccessful, and speedily retired. Soon afterwards he made his *debût* at the Olympic. He is a very amiable and gentlemanly young man, and is much respected in several fashionable circles, where he has superintended private plays. He has sold his share in the Adelphi Theatre, and now devotes all his time to his histrionic studies. He has translated one or two pieces from the French, which have met with success at the Haymarket and Adelphi Theatres. The pretty drama called *Truth*, which Mrs. KEELEY plays so beautifully in, is one of Mr. MATHEWS' translations. He wrote an original drama for the Adelphi, called *Mandrin*, but it was a very inferior production. Mr. MATHEWS is also an amateur painter. A few years ago, there was a production of his, in the exhibition at Milan. He is now, together with Madame VESTRIS, and Mr. KEELEY, on a professional tour in the provinces, which we fancy will prove a very profitable one to all the parties.

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## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF APRIL.

> "If e'en the actions of the humblest, give
> A colour to their life, all then must hold
> Those of the rulers of a mighty land,
> If only by example's force, shall prove
> Vast influence on the people."

The influence of the example of our gracious King, and his illustrious Consort, are powerful and extensive upon their loyal and affectionate people; and it becomes, therefore, a task of great pleasure to chronicle the actions which are pro-

ductive of such effects. We have already described the surpassing glories of the Court of St. James's, and the new character which has been given to the entertainments and reception, by the Royal Lady who so worthily presides over them; and it is, therefore, only necessary that we should here briefly notice the proceedings of our KING and QUEEN during the past month, for the gratification of our present readers, and the information of posterity. On the 3d ult. THEIR MAJESTIES, attentive ever to their religious duties, attended Divine service in the private chapel of the Castle. The LANDGRAVINE, Prince ERNEST, Prince GEORGE, Prince EDWARD of CAROLATH, were also present, offering their prayers and thanksgivings to the Most High. Throughout the week (the holiday week) hospitality reigned in the Palace, and numerous were the parties entertained at the King's banquet-board. On the following Sabbath, and, indeed, upon each succeeding one, THEIR MAJESTIES were in attendance at Divine Service. The KING's Levees have been, as they usually are, distinguished by the number and rank of the persons present thereat. On Saturday the 18th, there was a splendid banquet given in the Waterloo Gallery, by the Sovereign, to the Knights of the Order of the Bath, about ninety of whom were present. It was one of the most interesting entertainments of the season. The splendours of the banquet-table were dimmed by the air of good nature that pervaded the scene; the King was gracious and affable, and his conduct could not fail to have a most happy influence upon the persons present: there was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," and when the pledge-cup was raised to the lip, the toast of "THE KING" was honoured with true loyalty and devotion. A similar banquet was given on the following Saturday (being St. George's day) to the Knights of the Garter, in St. George's Hall.

The QUEEN'S Drawing Room, which had been looked forward to with much anxiety, by many Noble Ladies whose absence from town, and other engagements, had prevented them from offering their respects to HER MAJESTY at the previous Court-receptions, was thronged with beauty, wealth and fashion. The resources of art appeared to have been exhausted for the purpose of embellishing nature. The beautiful dresses, the gorgeous trains, and the nodding plumes upon the brows of the living ornaments of the British Aristocracy, produced an effect in the highest degree imposing. HER MAJESTY was evidently gratified by the zeal and ardour of the ladies to outvie each other, for this is good ground for ladies rivalry, and we hope the day may be far distant when British ladies shall cease to take such interest in the Drawing Rooms of Britain's QUEEN. It is to be regretted that certain parties should have gone to Court in lumbering crazy vehicles, that seemed ready to fall to pieces! They looked very oddly among the noble equipages that drew up in the Court-yard. We will spare the feelings of the *riders* in such *shandries*, and not mention their names.

Both the KING and QUEEN are in the enjoyment of good health: at the commencement of the month, HER MAJESTY was seriously indisposed, with inflammation on the chest, a circumstance which detained THEIR MAJESTIES in town for some days; but, through judicious treatment, HER MAJESTY was speedily convalescent, and on her appearance at the Drawing Room not a trace of her MAJESTIES illness was perceptible.

The Duchess of KENT, and the Heiress Presumptive, remain at Kensington; living in their usual quiet and unostentatious way; using the pleasures of this world, and not abusing them, and ensuring the love and admiration of the country.

## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

"——————— Lively and gossipping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."
*The Courtier.—A Comedy.*

THE GAIETIES OF FASHION IN THE MONTH OF APRIL.—The season is now at its height, crowded are the salons of fashion, with the gay, the graceful, the beautiful, and the young: wealth pours out its stores to produce delight, and the laughing eyes of loveliness in the graceful mazes of the mazourka, glisten in the conversazioni, and frequently are they seen speaking the language of love and hope to the hearts of their admirers. The Parks are now thronged with carriages, and gay equestrians, from heavy Lord S——N and his daughters, to the sylphic Miss G—— B——, and the promising sprigs of a foreign embassy. By-the-by, old Lord S——N seems to divide his attention between horse-racing, the dinner-table, and the opera; he is either seen jogging through the streets on his ambling nag, or demolishing with rare *gout* the rarities of his well-spread board, or else gazing at the ballet dancers from the Omnibus box at the opera. His lordship is a man of singular taste. Among the gaieties of the month, we must notice a Ball at D——— House, where, it is said, that a gallant Colonel, a younger brother of a distinguished family, had a strange rencontre with a lady whose heart he thought proper to sport with, a season or two ago. The lady had her revenge. When forsaken by the "male coquette," she was comparatively dependent upon Lady ——, her cousin. She is now the wife of a man of great wealth. Colonel ——, alas! is still a *younger brother!* There is likely to be some splendid entertainments at Lord DUNDAS's, in the Green Park, which mansion is now one of the most elegant in the metropolis. No one can conceive the matchless grandeur of the saloons. The carvings and gilding are exquisitely fine, and the tapestry is superb. We have seen the newly married couple, Lord and Lady DEERHURST, again in the circles of fashion, looking as happy, and as determined to be happy, as the homely pictures of "Darby and Joan." To look at this couple is enough to make any unmarried person in love with matrimony. They are at present on a visit to the Dowager Countess of BEAUCHAMP in St. James's-square. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE has given some exquisite parties. The arrival of the Princess SMYTH and her "tender husband" in the metropolis has created quite a sensation. PENELOPE is looking very charming, but the Prince has been suffering from indisposition, the humidity of the English atmosphere not agreeing with his constitution. A dinner was given by this illustrious couple at Mivart's, soon after their arrival, at which the Princess did the honours with so much grace, that every one present acknowledged her to be "every inch a Princess." Lady ST. JOHN MILDMAY has taken a very beautiful villa in Surrey, for the summer season, which we fancy will become the resort of many fashionables whom her ladyship's perfection in matters of taste, will attract thither. The party at Lady DACRES' charming retreat, the Hoo, near Hatfield, having broken up about the middle of the month, the numerous fashionables that had been sojourning there, increased the number of those who are abiding in the metro-

polis. The Hon. Charles Anberson and Mrs. Pelham having broken up their party in Lincolnshire, are now in the circles of fashion again, and are enjoying the gaieties. Tottenham Park, which, till lately, was the scene of high festivities, is now quiet, and its halls deserted, the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury, with Lord Bruce and the ladies, having returned to town. The season is now in its utmost brilliancy, the opera is crowded with fashionables every acting night, and we must not forget to mention that there are always two or three interesting young ladies to be seen in the pit tier, "doing the fascinating," to catch a "Wright" after the manner of a fortunate lady now no more; and we must add, that there are always plenty of handsome looking *younger brothers*, and others, in fops alley, "doing the fascinating" to catch a heiress!

Grantley Berkeley and the Ladies.—Grantley Berkley seems to be determined upon renewing his motion for the introduction of ladies into the gallery of the House of Commons to hear the debates. Lady T——, who is a perfect politician, says that the gallant gentleman deserves the public thanks of the ladies for his spirited exertions. Indeed, so great a favourite is he become, that we should not be surprised if we were to hear of his having been attended to the House some few afternoons by a shower of "bonbons" and "kisses."

May and December.—Can it be possible that Lady S—— is desirous of allying her young and lovely niece with that aged *amoreux*, whose splendid "offering" her ladyship recently *commanded* the fair one to accept, and whose great wealth can be his only recommendation to her ladyship's admiration. The pale cheek and mournful look of the young beauty, indicate what her opinion is of the marriage proposition; and if the lady we allude to have a feeling heart within her bosom (and we trust that she has) she will not sacrifice her neice to a mere idolator of wealth, who is almost old enough to be her grandfather.

A Fashionable Defaulter has offered his creditors three shillings in the pound!

A Reasonable Doubt.—Charles T——, of the Guards, was in a great passion the other day with one of his gay friends, because the latter would not agree with him respecting the merits of the new ballet dancer, Carlotta Grisi. High rose the words, and Charles, in a furious mood, exclaimed—"By Jove, I've a *mind* ——!" "That *I doubt*," was the cool reply.

Miss Wright Wilson is one of the richest heiresses in the kingdom.

Marriage and Beauty.—Since the marriage of a certain dashing *belle* to one of the most fashionable men of the day, the Earl of ——, it has been remarked that her personal charms have been upon the decline. The Countess of ——, when simply Miss ——, was remarkable for her loveliness; she was, indeed, a magnet of attraction, and all the gay butterflies of fashion hovered about her shrine. But now she seems to be what the French call *passée*; her day's reign is over, and though she frequents the balls and *soirees* of the nobility and the public places, still she is but the shadow of her former self. How is this? Her ladyship looks careworn. Is his Lordship unconscious of the treasure he obtained when the lovely Miss —— pronounced the words at the Hymeneal altar which bound her to him for life, and does he neglect her; or is it that her ladyship has paled her face by setting for night after night absorbed in the contemplation of the mysteries of Pam? We are really sorry to see such a change in one of the brightest countenances that was to be met with in the whole of the *salons* of fashion. If it be the effect of hidden care, surely a remedy can be found.

Lady B——n and D'O——y.—People have long been wondering what it is that attracts Lady B—— and her friend the Count to the Opera so often. Night after night they are seen in the box, and it is quite evident that they do not always go to hear the singers or see the ballet. Speculation has been busy about the matter. Some people say that D'O——y is anxious to make his whiskers fashionable, and, therefore, he constantly exhibits them. But the most probable rumour is, that these attractive individuals are getting up three volumes of "Sketches from the Opera;" and the well-known talents of Lady B—— and the Count, justifies the expectation that such a work would be uncommonly popular and diverting. D'O——y's skill in taking likenesses with his pencil is well known: indeed, we have seen specimens of his ability that were wonderfully like the persons represented; and it may be that he amuses himself with sketching the features of the noble and gentle visitors to the opera, for the contemplated publication. We should advise our fair friends to put on their *best looks* when they see D'O——y in the Countess's box, particularly if his looks should indicate that he has an intention of putting them into his book.

The Billet Doux.—The wisest of us do very thoughtless things at times. But among all the follies that have ever been committed, none equals that of the "sage and grave" Lady Maria C——, who, having concealed a billet doux in her pocket handkerchief, suffered the spaniel of a certain dowager Countess to run away with it. The disturbance that ensued is certainly to be ascribed to Lady Maria's carelessness. But she will be more cautious in future.

Rosina Collins.—Among the approaching musical arrangements, we notice with pleasure a morning concert on Saturday, the 14th inst., to introduce that most wonderful child, Rosina Collins: as no description can convey an idea of her refined taste and execution, we will not injure her interests, nor forestall the pleasure of the public, by attempting to describe it. Alone, or as the leader of a band, this child stands before us, the personation of harmony and grace: may she live long to enjoy the triumphs she seems born for!

The Fatal Separation.—The fashionable world is talking of the recent seperation in high life, and the fatal consequences that ensued. Some circumstances connected with this melancholy affair have come to our knowledge, which causes us more deeply than ever to deplore the lamentable event. It is not our place to throw blame upon individuals; we would rather draw a veil over the circumstances, for sure we are, that if there have been errors in any quarter, they are now most sincerely lamented. But hearts are fragile things; like the bow, when overdrawn, they break, and woman's heart—that peerless, priceless thing, is more liable than man's to sudden destruction. The plain facts of the case are, that the lady was carried off from her husband's mansion by her father, and some of his domestics, who gained the lady's chamber unobserved, and enveloping her in cloaks and shawls, carried her to her parent's carriage, which was then driven off to his seat.

Alas! in a few short days, the fair one died. Death terminated her sufferings, and took away from her family one of its most attractive ornaments. We will not venture to offer an opinion upon this most extraordinary affair, more especially as it is represented to be the intention of the husband to have it brought before one of the legal tribunals of the country, and to obtain the decision of a jury on the unjustifiable treatment that he alleges he has experienced from his wife's father. The whole of the circumstances have been sifted, and the depositions of various persons taken. The letter of several pages which, when his wife was dying, Mr. —— addressed to her father, entreating permission to see her—under any limitations or restrictions which her medical attendants might choose to impose—has been freely handed about; and the reply to it from her brother sharply commented on. It was couched in soldier-like brevity, and ran thus:—

"*I will not allow my sister's dying moments to be disturbed.* * *."

The funeral obsequies of the unhappy lady were singularly imposing. The family vault at —— is of very considerable extent; or, rather it should be said that the whole area of the church is excavated, and appropriated to the use of the family. In the centre of this space a grave was dug—no vault—no brickwork was desired or contemplated—and here the remains of one, whose life promised to be so lengthened and so joyous, were laid. The whole of her family descended through a narrow opening made in the floor of the church, and ranged themselves around her coffin while the last service was reading. The extent of the vault—the dim religious light afforded by the torches with which it was thinly hung—the tremulous tones of the officiating Minister—the bursts of parental agony which fell every now and then upon the ear—heightened the sadness of the scene.

At a fashionable party the other evening, the attention of a young Nobleman, who is remarkable for the fastidious purity of his taste, was attracted by the exquisite beauty of a young lady, unknown to him, who was seated at the further end of the room. Lord —— made interest with his hostess for an introduction, and was seated next to the object of his admiration at the supper table; where, to his infinite chagrin, our *arbiter elegantiarum* made a discovery which effectually chilled his ardour, and converted the exclusive attention he had intended to have paid her into the most frigid and formal politeness. The young lady in question possessed a blemish which totally obscured her other charms—discoloured teeth! and the penetrating eye of Lord —— judged them the effect of carelessness, rather than a defect of nature. "Good heaven!" exclaimed the young Nobleman, the next day, to a friend, "how absurd people are to expose themselves to unpleasant remarks, when, by simply using that inestimable Dentrifice, Rowland's Odonto, so highly patronised, they might infallibly secure to themselves that most essential of all essentials—a white set of teeth! To say nothing of elegance or beauty, common comfort and cleanliness require scrupulous attention to that department of the toilet. Had it not been for her teeth, I might have lost my heart!"

Count D'Orsay.—We recommend our fashionable friends to Wilkinson, of 80, Strand, for the real D'Orsay Hat, he being the sole Inventor and Maker.

## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

### THE RETURN OF GIULIETTA GRISI.

Hail to thee, blythe spirit!
What thou art we know not!
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody!

Like a high born maiden,
In a palace tower,
Soothing her heart-laden
Soul, in secret hour,
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Of all the sweet singers who have poured forth "music divine," in that temple of sweet sounds, the Italian Opera-House, Giulietta Grisi is the first, the greatest, and the best. Like the spirit of something fairer and purer than aught which enlivens and enlightens this world of ours, she comes upon us, loosening her notes in a silver shower, and opening for them a passage to every heart and brain. Never were the love, the filial affection, the generosity of the suffering *Ninetta*, pourtrayed with such force and sweetness, as they are by this "divine perfection of a woman," in whom we lose sight of the actress, and see only the being whom she represents. It is not Giulietta Grisi that is discoursing so eloquently of love and terror, it is *Ninetta;* she carries us out of the theatre into actual life; the illusion is perfect: we abandon all ideas of the singer, and yield our sympathies readily to the hapless victim of circumstance. What rich and entrancing melody is there in her song! Every note of her *Di piacer* passes through the heart into the soul!

All the earth and air
With her voice is loud,
As, when night is bare
From one lonely cloud,
The moon rains out her beams and
Heaven is overflowed.

We have before treated at such length upon this brilliant, faultless, and inimitable performance, that to enter again into its merits would be repeating a "twice-told tale."

Bellini's excellent opera of *Norma* has been produced here during the last month, when Grisi played the heroine. It has been scarcely performed in this country since 1833, when Pasta was here, but Grisi has played it several times since in Paris; her acting in the part is one of the finest things we have ever seen on these boards, particularly where, the picture of despair, she beseeches her father, as her last request, to protect her children. She was most vociferously applauded throughout. She was in excellent voice and sang divinely. A Madlle. Assandri made her *debût* on the same evening; she is rather *petite*, and slightly made, but possesses a very agreeable soprano voice, not very powerful; she is, however, an excellent musician, and sings with great taste. Lablache played the Arch Druid, and his magni-

ficent voice was heard to the greatest advantage: his *Scena*, at the close of the second act was beautifully given, and well deserved the applause it received. The opera has been got up with great care, and the chorusses were more perfect than we have often heard them. We are promised much novelty during the remainder of the season, and the opera frequenters are looking forward very anxiously for *Mercandante: Briganti*, which GRISI played in so successfully at Paris, is to be one of the earliest productions.

GRISI was accompanied on her return to England by TAMBURINI, RUBINI, and LABLACHE, all of whom appeared in *La Gazza Ladra*, with that wondrous effect which has ever been made by their performances. TAMBURINI has also appeared in the part of *Valdebourg*, in the *Straniera*, which was written expressly for him by BELLINI, and his performance was exceedingly beautiful aud impressive. CARTAGENOVA, who had previously personated the character, had been much admired, but TAMBURINI gave an interest to the character of which no one had thought it susceptible.

We have now to speak of the *Ballet*, the improvement of which has been simultaneous with that of the Opera, and before noticing the *debût* of CARLOTTA GRISI, the charming cousin of the *cantatrice*, some few historical and critical observations upon the present character of French dancing, as compared with it in times past, may be acceptable to our readers. Our purpose is to show that dancing has considerably improved, and that if the modern professors were to imitate the example of the *deésse*, TAGLIONI, we should not hear so many complaints. In regarding the talents of dancers, people are often led away by the rapidity of motion of some popular *danseuse*, from the merits of the case, and thus, by upholding mere dexterous *artistes*, who want the elegance and delicacy of *Taglioniism* (if we may be permitted to coin a phrase) have, by their plaudits and panegyrics, encouraged a false taste, and given support to its votaries. The extraordinary talents of TAGLIONI have elevated the standard of Terpischorean ability so far above what it had been, that those who before her appearance would have been considered as mistresses of their art, are now regarded but as aspirants, in a school where the presidentship is removed beyond the reach of ordinary talent. The dancing of times past was a different thing altogether from the dancing of the present: the most admired member of the King's theatre *ballet* company was the lady or gentleman who could make the greatest number of gyrations in the smallest time: if we are not mistaken, the most admired feat of the celebrated PARISOT was that of standing upon one leg for some minutes! VESTRIS was celebrated for doing the same thing. FANNY ELSLER may be considered as a refinement of the old school: she gives a brilliancy to the unmeaning rapidity of motion which characterized former professors, by the elegance of her motion; but brilliant as the effect of FANNY ELSLER's dancing may be, it makes no impression upon the spectator, and is soon forgotten. Had TAGLIONI never lived, FANNY ELSLER would, unquestionably, have been at the head of her profession, for in her way, that is to say, the old school, she has not her equal, and perhaps is as much superior to what PARISOT, or ANGIOLINI, or MONROI was, as TAGLIONI is to FANNY ELSLER. DUVERNAY, the pupil of TAGLIONI, perhaps, approaches the nearest to the high character of the supreme *danseuse*; but DUVERNAY in every thing exhibits the pupil; she has some genius, but not enough to prevent her from being a copyist: there are some few things she does, which elevates her above the rank of servile imitators, but her conception is not sufficiently good to devise originalities, or else it is that in her admiration of her great mistress and contemporary, she will not venture out of her steps. But DUVERNAY will never reach the eminence attained by TAGLIONI, her weight must keep her down, even supposing her to be possessed of capabilities which she has not yet displayed. VARIN is a clever dancer, of the FANNY ELSLER's class. It has been justly observed, that the object of the dancer is to convey "by elegant and characteristic motion, gesture, and the *tout ensemble* of the physiognomy," the assumed passions into the bosoms and affections of the spectators. Every motion of the *danseuse* should paint, or rather speak her feelings; every attitude, every variation of posture should involve a different expression, yet all these variations should concentrate to sustain the progress of the main design: if they do not produce this consistency of thought in their common effect upon the spectator, the exhibition will degenerate into a tissue of extravagance and distortion. CARLOTTA GRISI, of whom report has spoken so favourably, made her first appearance in England, in *Le Rossignol*. We are generally disappointed when too many announcements of surpassing excellence have preceded a performer's appearance; but, on the present occasion, our expectations have fallen short of the reality. In appearance, CARLOTTA is well formed, rather taller than her cousin, and with something the same expression of features, particularly about the eyes. Her style of dancing is chaste and elegant in the extreme. She is easy and graceful, without any apparent effort, and in those quick revolutions, springing round the stage, in which TAGLIONI was so successful, she was particularly happy. Her style approaches much that of the "Deése de danse," without having the mannerism of a servile copyist: all with her appears natural, as if she danced from impulse, joyfully, and without restraint. Her *pas de deux* with PERROT is novel and pleasing, and the conclusion very effective, and obtained them great applause. Her engagement will, we are sure, prove extremely profitable to the manager, as she is by far the best dancer we have had on these boards, excepting TAGLIONI, and she possesses the greater attraction of novelty; for every one will be anxious to see her, and those who have seen her once, are sure to go again. The *Ballet* is at present uncommonly strong, and Madame St. ROMAIN continues increasing in favour with the frequenters of the Opera.—PERROT appeared on the same evening; he was in fine flexibility, and shared with the *debutante* the admiration of the audience.

Two new *danseuses*, Mademoiselles D'ORSAY and ANCEMENT, have also made their *debût*. They are clever and accomplished dancers, and decided acquisitions to the *corps de ballet*.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—FRENCH PLAYS.—Madame JENNY VERTPRE, with whom most of our readers are acquainted, as one of the most elegant and fascinating Parisian actresses, has become the lessee of this beautiful Theatre, and under her excellent management, we doubt not, it will be the most fashionable place of amusement during the present season. The theatre has been fitted up in the most tasteful manner, a portion of the pit having been taken up and chairs placed, so as to give the theatre the appearance of a Court representation, at Versailles. The boxes on the first, and

part of the second tier, are portioned off into private boxes, so that the house presents altogether a different appearance to what it did, when the English performers were playing here. The theatre was crowded on the opening night with all the *élite* of the fashionable world, and reminded us strongly of the Opera, on the principal nights of the season. The pieces chosen for the first night, were a spirited prologue, *de circonstance*, written by CARMOUCHE, in which he happily hits off the position in which a manager is placed on opening a theatre for the first time, and the public are shown a little behind the scenes, in a rehearsal that takes place of a scene from the *Tartuffe*, the piece was well written, and very amusing. *André*, taken from George Sands' celebrated novel, followed, and Madame JENNY VERTPRE played in the most delightful manner, the part of *Henriette*, a mischievous *couturière*. The piece turns on the severities of the *Marquis de Morand* towards his son, whom he has brought up in the country, and is little versed in the ways of the world ; he falls in love, to the great annoyance of his father, with a little *fleuriste*, and expresses his determination to marry her, which after some time is brought about by *Henriette* persuading the father that his severities have caused the death of his son. The piece was well played throughout, and M. COSSARD, from the theatre Francais, as the Marquis, proved himself an excellent actor, and a very desirable acquisition to the company ; he will soon be a favourite with his audience. VIZINTINI played the part in which LAFONT has obtained so much notice in Paris, with considerable ability. The part of HENRIETTE, in the hands of VERTPRE, stands out more prominently than the author could have imagined ; she throws so much spirit and vivacity into her acting, as to make every part she undertakes her own. In the Concert, *A la Cour*, M. AUGUSTE NOURRIT performed the part of *Victor ;* he is the brother of the celebrated tenor of that name, and not altogether unlike him in appearance ; his voice is a pleasing tenor, managed with great taste, and displaying much power of execution ; he sung the music of the part with great credit. The *prima donna*, is Madame ALFRED, she is a good musician, sings very correctly in tune, and with much taste ; her voice is of considerable compass, and in the upper notes, clear and distinct. It is said to be Madame VERTPRE'S intention to give several of the light popular French Operas during the season, and we are certain they will prove attractive. The "*repertoire*" of the Opera Comique possesses many beautiful operas, unknown in England, and we are glad to find we shall have an opportunity of hearing them well sung.

A Mademoiselle THIERRET appeared, for the first time in England, as *Lisette*, in REGNARD'S very amusing, though rather extravagant comedy, of the "*Folies Amoureuses.*" This lady is a great favourite in Paris, in Mademoiselle DUPONT'S line of characters, and her reputation will be nowise diminished here. In the different characters she has to assume, in order to outwit the guardian, she was very successful, and obtained much applause by her admirable personation ; there is great spirit and versatility in her acting, and she seems at all times quite at home on the stage : the assumed part of the old woman she played in a style we have rarely seen surpassed.

The very successful vaudeville, of the *Fille de Dominique*, now playing with so much success at Paris, has also been performed here, Mademoiselle DORSAN, filling the part of *Catherine ;* the plot turns upon a provincial actress, who has in vain essayed to gain an audience of the manager of the Royal theatre, assuming various disguises in order to attain her desires : for this purpose she personates a sempstress. The President's wife, who is *folle par amour*, and a little Drummer, who politely requests a gentleman to take off his velvet coat for fear she should spoil it in running him through. Mademoiselle DORSAN played with great archness and *naïveté*, and obtained considerable applause throughout, for her excellent acting. She is a great acquisition to the Company.

*Le Gamin*, that is now attracting all Paris, has been performed with very great success. *Le Gamin* is one of those lads to be seen constantly on the Boulevards of Paris, dressed in a blouse, and ever the first to join in any disturbance, or to perform any act of kindness ; he is wild, and ungovernable, yet sensitive in the highest degree when he conceives his honour called in question, and proud as the loftiest noble, in his own way. It is a character well known in Paris, and M. BAYARD has transferred it to the stage with the greatest success ; the drama is well written, and highly interesting, and we must accord great praise to M. ROBERT, for his excellent acting of *Le Gamin* ; it was throughout a most spirited performance ; and the frequent applause he received was well deserved. M. RAY, as the *General de Morin*, also displayed great talent ; his indignation where he discovers the artifices his son has used to gain the affections of the simple, yet noble-minded *ouvrière*, was excellently performed. The piece was altogether well played, and the actors were loudly called for at the conclusion.

Madame VERTPRE has, during the month, played many of her most favourite parts, so as to add greatly to her reputation. We cannot too much praise the elocution of this lady ; it is worth a hundred French lessons to hear her once ; every word is as distinctly uttered as possible, and even those not over conversant with the French language, can scarcely fail to comprehend all she says.

The company continues to have frequent additions, and novelty is constantly being produced ; the theatre has been uncommonly well attended since the opening, and we wish the spirited *entrepreneuse* every success.

DRURY-LANE.—There has been but little novelty at this theatre during the month. HEROLD'S *Zampa* has been played under the title of the *Corsair*, but with no particular success. Miss VANDENHOFF, a daughter of the actor of that name, has appeared as *Juliet*. She gives promise of becoming an acquisition to the stage, in the lighter walks of tragedy. A Mrs. SHARPE, from New York, has made a rather successful *debût*, as *Lady Macbeth ;* but we do not think that she will be able to maintain a first-rate situation in the theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN. — A novelty was performed here upon Easter Monday, entitled *Zazezizozu*. It is a whimsical extravaganza, descriptive of the adventures of three sons of the Pacha, *Zazezizozu*, in the Islands of Cards, Dominoes and Chess. Some of the scenes were laughable, but upon the whole the piece was but an indifferent one. An adaptation of CASIMER DELAVIGNE'S tragedy of *Don Juan d'Autriche* has also been produced at this theatre. The plot of this piece turns upon the affection of *Don Juan* for a *Jewess*, and its principal object is to represent the historical characters of the cruel and tyrannous *Philip* the Second, of Spain, and the Emperor, *Charles* the Fifth. The adaptor has not executed his task very skilfully, and the performance, therefore, was not particularly successful. The company at this theatre,

indeed, are not capable of doing great things. The principal parts of *Don Juan of Austria* were performed by Miss HELEN FAUCIT, and a Mr. DALE, who had previously appeared as *Pierre*, and the *Stranger*. There was nothing in the performance of either to call for particular remark.

LYCEUM. — This theatre has been re-opened by the "Company," upon their own account, the proprietor having declined doing so, and their performances hitherto have been very attractive. This popularity is to be ascribed to two circumstances. Firstly, to the sympathy of the public; and in the second place, to the beautiful and faultless acting of Mrs. KEELEY, in a drama called *Lucille*. It is one of those domestic dramas which appeal to the affections; and the appeal is made so forcibly by Mrs. KEELEY as to be perfectly irresistible. Mrs. NISBETT is also added to the company, and her lively talents have been admirably displayed in the humourous piece, called *Is he Jealous?* and a new vaudeville, entitled *The Captain is not A-miss*. The drollery of WRENCH, and the humour of OXBERRY, have been called into practice by a broad farce, called *A day well spent*. Altogether, the performances are well worth seeing.

ASTLEY'S has re-opened with a spectacle of the usual gorgeous character, bearing the title of the *Fire of London*. The scenery, dresses and decorations, the processions and pageants, are all effective and characteristic, and the equestrian scenes in the circle are exceedingly well managed.

THE STRAND THEATRE is about to re-open, under the management of Mr. HAMMOND, of York, and Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD, the dramatist.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Hail wedded love! Life's truest pleasure hail!
The balm-drop thrown into the cup of life,
To make the draught go down."—CLARKE.

If "Love be a mischievous boy, and play with the heart like a toy," it is also certain that he rewards many constant hearts and leads them through the temple of Hymen to the perfection of human happiness. We have now to describe the joyous events which he has occasioned during the month of April. Firstly, we see the beautiful daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle, and *protegée* of the Duchess of Northumberland (whose goodness of heart reflects additional lustre on the coronet that gems her brow) Miss ELLEN PERCY, led by her happy husband, the Rev. EDWARD THOMPSON (cousin of the Earl of LONSDALE) their union having been solemnised at Northumberland House, by the Right Reverend parent of the bride, in the presence of the noble owners of the mansion and a numerous party of friends, assembled to congratulate the newly-married pair. The bride was given away by the illustrious head of the house of PERCY. Miss PERCY, Miss AGNES PERCY, Miss LOUISA PERCY, and Miss FRANCES MURRAY, were the bridesmaids. At three o'clock the happy couple left town for Sion House, shortly after which a grand *déjeuner* was given in the great dining-room in Northumberland House. The bells are ringing a matrimonial peel and spreading intelligence of the well assorted marriage of Lord OXMANTOUN, eldest son of the Earl of ROSSE, with the accomplished MARY, eldest daughter of T. WILNER FIELD, Esq., of Hacton Hall. His Grace the Archbishop of ARMAGH solemnized the nuptials at St. George's, Hanover-square. Congratulations are also being offered to the LADY JANE ELIZABETH HOWARD, third daughter of the Earl of SUFFOLK and BERKSHIRE, upon her marriage with Sir JOHN OGILBY, Bart., which took place at Charlton in the presence of a select party.

The Earl and Countess of HARRINGTON have been deprived, by the hand of death, of their infant son and heir, Viscount PETERSHAM. The noble parents are deeply grieved by this unhappy event. The Countess, it will be remembered, was Miss FOOTE, the actress.—The venerable T. W. COKE, Esq. of Holkham, Norfolk, and the Lady ANNE COKE have lost their youngest child, FREDERICK. The Lady ANNE has been in a very perilous state of health, but we are happy to say, that she is convalescent. The Lady ANNE is many years the junior of Mr. COKE.—There is no truth in the report of the death of the Earl of CATHCART.—The Right Rev. Dr. BOWYER SPARKE, Bishop of ELY, has gone to that world above the skies, for which he had, in his office, prepared so many. His lordship was advanced in years, and had a large family, for two of whom, the Reverends JOHN SPARKE and E. B. SPARKE he had provided in his diocese. The late Bishop of Ely was tutor to the Duke of Rutland, and to that circumstance he owed his elevation to the mitre.—Death has also laid his hand upon another head of the established church, and the Right Honourable and Right Rev. HENRY RYDER, Bishop of LICHFIELD and COVENTRY has laid his head upon the pillow of the grave. His Lordship was grandson of Sir DUDLEY RYDER, the Lord Chief Justice, and the youngest of the three sons of Nathaniel, first Lord Harrowby, by ELIZABETH, his wife, daughter and co-heir of the Right Rev. RICHARD TERRICK, D.D. Bishop of London. He was born 21st July, 1777, and married 15th Dec. 1802, SOPHIA, daughter of THOS. MARCH PHILLIPS, Esq., of Garendon and Gracedieu, by whom he had a family of thirteen children, all of whom survive, except one son, CHARLES, drowned at sea in 1825. His eldest daughter is married to Sir GEORGE GREY, Bart., Under Secretary of State for the Colonies.—GODWIN, the celebrated philosopher and novelist, is also dead. He was in his 81st year.

There are numerous marriages upon the *tapis*, in high life. Mr. SHELLEY, only son of Sir J. SHELLEY, is about to form a matrimonial alliance with a young lady of large fortune and great personal attraction. — Lord ROSSE's second son, the Hon. LAWRENCE PARSONS, is about to be united to the Lady E. TOLER. — Admiral Sir JOHN BERESFORD, only brother to Viscount BERESFORD, is about to marry Mrs. PEACH, relict of T. PEACH, Esq., of Portland Place, a lady of considerable property; Sir JOHN BERESFORD has already had two wives.—Lord STAFFORD will lead to the hymeneal altar early in May, Miss CATON, sister to the Marchioness of WELLESLEY.—The Hon. Col. GREY, M. P., is about to be united to Miss FARQUHAR, daughter of the late Sir THOMAS FARQUHAR, Bart., of Cadogan House, banker.—The marriage of the Misses PAKKER, daughters of the Hon. Col. PARKER, to the Earl of ANTRIM and the Hon. JOHN DUTTON, second son of Lord SHERBORNE, are expected to take place the first week in May—Cupid has been busy in April!

The Lady's Magazine of Fashion, 1836. Evening Dresses.


*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning Dresses*

*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Wedding & Morning Dresses.*

The Lady's Newest Fashions 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

### EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A dress of white organdie. A broad hem round the skirt headed with detached moss roses, and short ends of pink ribbon; tight *corsage*, having a falling tucker of plaited *tulle*, ornamented on each shoulder, and in the centre with roses; tight sleeves, and ruffles *en suite*, with the tucker. To the waist in front, is fixed a pink sash; the ends reach the hem, and are terminated by flowers. The hair appears dressed in braids and bows. Three rows of pearl beads encircle the flat part, and roses mingle with the bows.

Fig. 2.—A dress of white muslin over a citron-colour satin skirt; the robe has a deep white lace flounce, and appears looped up on the left side as high as the knee—at this point is fixed a yellow satin bow, united to another placed high on the opposite side; the sleeves are short *sabots* with lace ruffles; the *corsage*, draped across the bosom, is ornamented with a satin cape, pointed to the waist, and forming epaulettes on the shoulders; rosettes and ends of ribbon *en suite* to the bows on the skirt; similar ornaments worn in the hair, which is arranged in *Sévigné* ringlets hanging low on each side.

Fig. 3.—A very simple white dress, with long sleeves, and a *corsage* plaited across the bosom; over the gown is worn an opera cloak of pearl-grey satin, lined with rose colour, and trimmed with a new kind of border called plush satin; the ground is white, stamped in pink; hanging sleeves, and a very deep cape complete this elegant mantle, which fastens at the throat and bosom with pink satin bows. French cap of antique lace, trimmed next the face with pink gauze *bouillons; brides en suite*, and little bouquets of the almond blossom; primrose gloves; white satin slippers.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—*Demi-negligé;* a pink silk robe, long sleeves and tight *corsage*, covered with an elegant pelerine of white muslin, trimmed with Vandyked lace; on the shoulders are rosettes of pink ribbon and sprigs of delicate white flowers with bright foliage; the cap-border, of Vandyked lace, is separated into three parts, the centre forming a sort of coronet; the brides are long, and of narrow lace; next the cheek are little garlands of variegated flowers.

2.—A similar dress in green satin; the pelerine of blond; the cap *à la Paysanne*, tied under the chin with citron-colour ribbon, band and bows *en suite*, rose-buds on each temple, and one large rose fixed to the upper bow.

3.—*Coiffure en cheveux*; the hair in full curls on each side, two bows (not high) behind; a garland of roses gracefully encircles the head, terminating in a small *esprit* above the bows; fashionable turban, in the Sultana style, composed of white gauze; three ostrich features placed high on the right side, and a gold band underneath.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

### MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A white muslin dress rather shorter than the skirt, and trimmed round with three narrow bands of needle-work; the *corsage* high and gathered, its fulness being set into five bands, pointed *en cœur* to the waist; lace colleret and lilac ribbon belt, a rosette in front, with long ends; long sleeves, drawn by spiral bands into separate puffs, on the shoulder a small epaulette; lilac silk bonnet, trimmed, *en suite*, a sprig of the laurel rose on one side; primrose gloves; black kid slippers.

Fig. 2.—A citron colour silk pelisse, open on the left side, and trimmed down with a waving *rûche* of ribbon and five bows; tight *corsage*, displaying the throat, and ornamented with a blond lace collar, pointed *en cœur*, broad waistbelt and gold buckle; full sleeves, flattened at top, and drawn down to a point by a band of ribbon and bow corresponding with those upon the skirt. The cuffs are made in the same style, high and pointed. A pale blue scarf, embroidered at the ends, assimilates with a blue satin hat; a novel kind of trimming ornaments the crown, made in Vandyke lace, and fixed to the band of ribbon which encircles it; similar lace is placed under the brim, and one white feather droops rather forward.

Fig. 3.—A green silk pelisse fastened with bows down the left side; tight *corsage*, ornamented by three plaits on each side, coming from the point of the shoulder to the waist; lace collar, fastened at the throat with a pink bow; very full long sleeves, the upper part flattened and confined by narrow bands; epaulettes and a bow of ribbon at the shoulder, and another band half way down the arm, dividing the fulness into two parts. Rose-colour drawn bonnet, ornamented with sprigs of the small white narcissus; white gloves; black kid slippers.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

### MORNING DRESSES AND BRIDAL COSTUME.

Fig. 1.—A robe of sea-green silk, the skirt very full; tight *corsage*, half-high and square; long sleeves very flat at top, the fulness drawn by two tight bands into separate puffs, diminishing in size to the wrist; white muslin pelerine, open in front, and the ends appearing under the belt, which fastens with a gold buckle; muslin cap *à la Paysanne*, the crown high and bent forwards, lappets of Vandyke lace, and pink roses arranged in three separate little wreaths; primrose gloves, and black kid slippers.

Fig. 2.—A bridal dress of white *rayé* muslin over pale rose-colour satin; the *corsage* high and tight; a lace collar reversed over the neck; pink band and rosette at the waist; the long sleeves are quite tight, with bands of white muslin placed over (lengthways) and drawn into separate puffs by cross bands of pink satin; a long veil of British lace is fixed to the hair behind, a sprig of orange-blossoms rises between the braids, and a demi-wreath of roses, without foliage, appears twined round beneath, diminishing towards the centre,

Fig. 3.—A walking-dress of pearl-grey silk, made *en rédingote*, and open on the left side, and trimmed with narrow folds of satin ribbon; half-high *corsage*, crossing over the

bosom; a lace collar, reversed, and open at the throat; *bouffant* long sleeves, tight from the wrist to the elbow, where the fulness is fastened up with a green tassel, the same ornament at the wrist, and a green *cordelière* round the waist; citron-colour silk bonnet, with an ostrich feather drooping back over the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Demi-toilette: a pale blue silk dress, in the pelisse style; the *corsage* tight, and crossed over the bosom, shows a cambric chemisette with worked muslin collar, trimmed with lace and fastened at the throat by a gold brooch; tight long sleeves, a novel kind of drapery falling over the upper part, edged with a ribbon *rûche*; Bernais cap of white muslin, pale pink band and *brides*, roses placed inside the border, and a garland of them round the crown; white silk gloves; white and gold fan.

2.—A primrose silk dress, the fulness of skirt gathered equally round; high *corsage* quite tight, the point at the waist rounded off; tight long sleeves, with five separate falls attached to them, and diminishing gradually to the wrist; a square muslin collar, twined back over the dress; white satin bonnet trimmed *en suite*; wreaths of variegated roses, and heliotrope under the brim, and half round the crown.

3.—A dinner-dress of pink chali silk: pointed *corsage*; sleeves the same shape as the first half-length; pelerine cape of plaited muslin, trimmed with broad white lace, and ornamented with three little blue bows on each shoulder, one behind, and another in the centre of the bosom; French mob cap, trimmed with lace like the tippet; bands and *brides* of blue ribbon, and a garland of the forget-me-not; white gloves; white and gold fan.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

Fig. 1.—A dress of lilac cashmere satin, tight *corsage*, *arriere*; the point rounded off at the waist; a deep collar of fine white muslin, edged with British lace, tight long sleeves, the tops flattened, and a fall wider than those before described hanging below the elbow, and edged with black lace. Citron colour silk bonnet (the brim cut deep and square at the sides) bouquets of fruit and leaves under brim, coloured like the bonnet, and two ostrich feathers on the left side of the crown. Black kid slippers; citron colour gloves.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—*Demi-negligé*: one of the new white China crape shawls, worked in white roses, and trimmed with broad Vandyke lace, which meets in a point at the waist. Peasant's cap, trimmed with pale green gauze ribbons; the Vandyke border is supported by demi-wreaths of variegated roses.

2.—Reversed view of the whole length figure; the dress represented in claret coloured *gros de reine*, instead of the muslin collar; there is a rounded silk cape, trimmed like the sleeves, with black lace. Silk *capote*, *vert de bois*, trimmed with a wreath of brighter green ribbon, formed by *coques*, a bow behind, and *brides* tied closely down.

3.—Another *negligé* dress, covered by a white muslin tippet, of peculiar style: a blue satin ribbon comes to a point behind and forms the colleret. Peruvian cap, formed of Vandyke lace, and trimmed with pale blue ribbons.

4.—A fashionable morning bonnet, composed of green silk, trimmed with plaid ribbons (green chequed in red) a large branch of lilac in front of the crown; white lace collar, fastened at the throat with a lilac bow.

5.—A front view of the same costume; the bonnet is here represented in a very pale lilac pink; the plaid ribbons, white, lilac, and rose; the tippet fastened with a pink bow.

6 and 7.—Front and reversed view of a French cap; the crown high, and drawn into a cone by a band of ribbon, the border *en coques* on each side, and flat across the forehead; a sprig of heliotrope rises from a bow on the left side. The ribbons in one of these caps is citron colour, in the other pale blue.

8.—A *resille* cap, the open part formed by pink bands; the border of white lace is double, and comes very low on the cheek, a coronet of wider lace is placed above the *resille*, and bows of pink ribbon on each side the border.

9.—Evening head-dress; the hair in the Italian style, ornamented with sprigs of Narcissus and white roses, a lace veil drawn through the bow behind and hanging over the shoulders.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A dress of pale pink *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* high and tight: three bands, formed *en evantail*, come from each shoulder to a point at the waist, where they are confined by a broad belt. There is no *pélerine* or cape. The armholes are very tight: the sleeves flat at top, with five puffs reaching as low as the elbow, and four above the wrist: the skirt is very full, having two flounces set into narrow bands. A rice straw hat, lined with pink, and very much *evase* in front, ties closely down, with pink ribbons, and is adorned with three pink and white feathers. White gloves; black kid slippers.

Fig. 2.—A white muslin dress over jonquil colour; the front trimmed *en tablier*, with little coques of muslin and jonquil colour bows: tight *corsage*, ornamented in the same style: a lace collar reversed, and fastened at the throat with a *Sévigné* brooch: full sleeves, confined at the wrist, and some way above, by bands of jonquil ribbon (on the upper one is a bow with long ends) *tulle* cap, a very elegant shape, the border separated into square compartments, edged with narrow blond, a garland of light foliage supporting them. The hair in full ringlets.

Fig. 3.—A pelisse of corded silk, buttoned down the front with very small buttons, and the skirt ornamented with *coques* formed in the silk. *Corsage* quite tight and plain, with a lace collar reversed over the top: the sleeves are drawn down tight above the elbow by a band, and thence they hang full till they meet the cuff: epaulettes edged with a *rûche* of silk, are fixed to the shoulder. A green silk bonnet in the *capote* style, trimmed *en suite*, and tied closely down. Green parasol. Pale primrose gloves, and black kid slippers, complete this elegant costume.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

So many important changes had been announced and anticipated this Spring, in the Court of Fashion, that many votaries of the capricious queen, refrained from making up a new dress, lest it should not please her fancy, or be admitted in her presence. The mandate is now gone forth in a style quite intelligible, and with authority which make many dispute.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—The skirts of dresses evince little change, the same ample fulness is continued all round, and their length just shows the foot.

Our illustrations this month, will convince the fair reader that she may exercise her own taste on the long sleeve. Some appear tight from the shoulder, with *bouillons* the whole length of the wrist; others are full to the elbow, and thence confined by a very high cuff, while a numerous display of elegant morning dresses have the old favourite straight sleeve full to the wrist. The only absolute rule is to *flatten the sleeve upon the shoulder*, and entirely banish for ever, the memory of those enormous artificial *balons*, which gave to the delicate form of female beauty, a breadth proportioned to Holbein's Dutch women. This change reduces, of course, the size of the pélerine: having nothing to support the depth on the shoulder it must be abridged, and we have likewise observed that several are pointed behind; the *corsage* remains the same, but very great care should be taken in forming the arm-hole, now that the sleeve displays its shape behind. The *rédingote* form prevails decidedly; they are usually trimmed with their own material, either in bands or festoons: a favourite style consists in closing them down one side with bows of ribbon, the same in front of the pelerine, and repeated at intervals to separate the fulness of the long sleeve. An open pelerine distinguishes a *demi-negligé* pelisse; these elegant additions to morning dresses assume this month a most becoming and graceful form in front, not hanging very low, and yet sufficiently breaking the roundness of skirt below the waist. Belts are again worn with high dresses. We have seen a few *redingotes* trimmed with double *volants;* but this style should only be adopted by very tall ladies. So long as the extreme fulness of the skirt is allowed, it should not be overcharged with ornaments. A very fashionable style of trimming silk pelisses is with Vandyked bands of satin ribbon down the left side, the same forming a pointed cape, meeting at the waist, and finished by two rosettes.—The following may be relied on as elegant examples of morning costume:—A slight *gros de Naples*, white ground, chequed with lilac; double pelerine, trimmed with British lace; lace colleret to correspond; rice-straw hat, having two branches of lilac, one of them the white, drooping on the right side. A green silk pelisse, the ground relieved by little black rays, between which is a small running pattern of white peas; this dress was trimmed with a rich green satin ribbon, stamped in black and the edges fringed with white: the peculiar freshness of this dress was much admired; the ribbons were placed in a zigzag form down one side of the skirt, and at each point three little coques without ends, the same ornamenting the sleeves from the elbow to the wrist; pelerine, fastened with bows in front; white crape bonnet, ornamented with a bouquet of jassmine; white blond veil, sewn to the edge of the brim. A white muslin pelisse, lined with jonquil-colour, and trimmed with Mechlin lace; a satin ribbon is drawn through the hem above, and *coques* of ribbon placed at intervals; double pelerine *en suite*, thrown open in front, showing a cambric chemizette and lace tucker; round the throat is a jonquil-colour *fichû*, fringed with white, and also trimmed with lace.

Evening Dresses.—The China crape with rays: Persian silks; Cashmeres of the lightest textures; Gros de Vatican, a chequed silk, very rich, and glossy. The Pekin silk, a gothic design, embroidered crapes, French *tulle* and *organdie* of most elegant kinds, worn over white muslins; rayed muslins, the effect peculiarly good, the rays are white, and have a silky appearance.

Ensemble of Evening Costumes.—We never recollec a season of more promise than the present affords, for embracing elegance and taste, with extreme richness of costume. The ball dresses for this month deserves every praise that they have met with. Though the grand revolution in the territory of sleeves will most probably be followed by orher most important changes, they have not yet been generally adopted; the skirt retains its amplitude, sometimes finished by a lace *volant*, but more frequently ornamented with satin ribbon, disposed in various ways and artificial flowers; ruffles are universally worn; one of the most elegant sleeves is divided into three compartments, the upper one quite tight and flat, the others increasing in size to the elbow, the ruffle hanging very low behind, and looped up in front. The evening dresses are worn rather less off the shoulder, and lower on the bosom than last month; if in half-dress, a blond or lace tippet of very becoming form open in front, pointed at the waist, and forming epaulettes on the shoulders, is worn over the tight *corsage*; while, in full dress, the bosom is either draped across, or ornamented with satin ribbon placed *en cœur* behind, the *corsage* cannot be too tight or plain; the only addition being a little cape, reaching about four inches from the top, or three tight bands of ribbon *en arrière*: the very short single *sabot*, flattened at top, is very fashionable; the ruffles to this are not so deep, and the upper part of the arm is fully displayed; flowers or bows of ribbon are usually placed round the *soufflé* fulness of gauze or crape which forms the upper sleeve; the Venetian sleeve cannot be so much in vogue as spring advances. It looks best in the rich and heavy material of winter dresses; the waists remain the same length, and if not pointed in front, has a sash, a rosette with long ends, fixed in the centre, or at the left side; to the extremity of these ribbons is fastened a bouquet of flowers, the same being worn on the *corsage* and sleeves.

Cloaks, Mantles and Shawls.—Both the former will be worn in open carriages in preference to shawls. We have admired several most elegantly-cut mantles lately; the material is always a rich silk or satin, lined with some *tranchant* hue, the silk itself being a more delicate tint; the fancy satin plushes are cut into very elegant borders, and form the trimmings. Evening cloaks have as usual the lined hood. White satin opera cloaks, lined with blue, and trimmed with white, is a most fashionable addition to the evening dress. Shawls will be worn in *negligé*, of the French Cashmeres, and a less expensive kind of Swiss manufacture. Black satin shawls, with black lace borders, have an elegant effect over a *demi-negligé*. Several Oriental shawls have been worn by our distinguished leaders of *ton* of the scarf form, in preference to square ones, which, by a strange caprice of fashion, have assumed the plebeian style of borders seen in Scotch shawls.

Caps.—Muslin is now very generally used for morning caps, the border being Mechlin or British Lace, and coming quite close to the face; a band of ribbon crosses in a slanting direction and meets the brides, which tie in a little bow and two long ends; a few *coques* are placed on each side low on the cheek. *Tulle* caps have a wider border, and raised on one side, a little bouquet placed underneath, another near the highest part of the crown, a band of ribbon crossing the forehead as usual. Several fronts have been worn lately, assuming the appearance of a cap-hat showing the hair above. The little Bernais is still in favour, and certainly nothing can surpass it for lightness and grace: these caps are frequently trimmed with black velvet ribbon instead of gayer ornaments; but all morning caps are now trimmed in a very simple style.

Hats and Bonnets.—Though the *capote* form prevails this month, we have seen some very elegant hats, both in rice straw and silk; the former are almost all bound and trimmed with white. The exceptions in favour of coloured borders have small marabout feathers, instead of flower ornaments, of the same tint as the ribbon. The brim will be worn larger than usual, quite close to the check, and finished with a deep curtain behind. Flowers are again seen under the brim. The most fashionable *rûche* has a large flower on one side (always *en suite* with the trimmings) and a bow of ribbon of the same colour on the other. The favourite ribbons are chequed or striped gauze, with a rich satin edge. The drawn crowns of *negligé* bonnets vary infinitely; the most simple are of an oblong form, with a wide brim, and the crown rising in front; a sprig of flowers placed in the centre of a bow of ribbon, another bow behind, and *brides* tied closely down complete the *capote*. Nothing is more vulgar than a profusion of ribbon on morning bonnets. The bouquets for bonnets and morning hats should be of different flowers, the white rose and lilac, heliotrope and almond blossom, French primrose and hyacinth, and demi veils of British lace (in preference to blond) are frequently sewn to the edge of the brim, and thrown back. The veil patterns this month are extremely light, shewing the satin or other material of the bonnet transparently through the net.

For Neglige Dresses.—The *brillantine*, a very light stuff, chequed or *rayé* in silk; this material is admirable for the wrapping *peignoir*. Stamped jaconet muslins also exclusively for the house. Embroidered *organdies*, very delicate patterns on a white ground, some all white except the border; these dresses are worn with coloured silk *capotes*, and rice-straw trimmed with white.

Evening Caps, Turbans, &c.—The latter have assumed more decidedly the Oriental style, and display the most costly ornaments; in breadth these turbans are becomingly moderate; the one side rising far above the opposite one, and not spreading into these wide wings, so trying to a youthful countenance, and, generally speaking, so disadvantageous to an older one. The materials are of very rich, and light textures, the favourite being a silver gauze; bouquets in jewellery are more frequently the ornaments, than plumes of feathers; one end of gauze, fringed richly, hangs low on the left side; dress caps will be very fashionable this month at dinner parties and theatres; the border is of very deep blond *evasé*, and supported by a wreath of flowers next the hair; blond lappets are frequently added on a lace veil, fixed to the crown behind; the ribbons which trim these caps should be very light, both in texture and tint; they are sometimes passed under the *tulle*, and their effect by this means softened; the *heliotrope*, lilac and rose, are favourite flowers for evening caps, so is the forget-me-not and sweet pea.

Prevailing Colours for the Month.—Pale jonquil, French blue, lilac of two shades, green, and a beautiful tint of fawn colour.

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## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The unpropitious weather during the *fête* of Longchamps, only delayed till the following week the interesting assemblage of novelty prepared for the season; and we had last week the pleasure of admiring the infinite variety of carriage and promenade dresses suited to every age and each variety of countenance. The pelisses are peculiarly elegant, chiefly of fancy silks (chequed and *rayés* designs the favourites) ribbon trimmings decidedly prevail, and spite of all the threats of fashion, the graceful long sleeve is still more frequently seen than any other. The cuffs are deeper and usually pointed, a *rûche* of ribbon going all round. The tops of all the sleeves are flattened a considerable distance from the shoulder, and the cape or *pelerine* cut away at the front almost to the arm-hole. Several pelisse dresses of muslin, lined with coloured sarsenet, have already appeared; indeed this is such a favourite mode, that the Parisians are always impatient to adopt it. Jonquil colour and lilac are the prevalent tints for lining these elegant dresses. The hat should be of rice straw, trimmed either with white ribbons, or *en suite* with the sarsenets. A plume of marabouts, white and tinted, has also a pretty light effect. Mantillas of black, or light-colour figured silks are universal this month. A French grey *glacé* white, aud trimmed with a narrow swans'-down, is still worn in an open carriage.

Hats and Bonnets.—The favourite *capote* in Paris this month is of a pale lilac or rose colour, *glacé* white; a tulle or fine lace veil, at the edge of which is a coloured ribbon, drawn between the net; in front a *bouquet* of the laurel rose, which at present is all the rage. Several rice straw hats are cut in the *capote* form, coming very low on the cheek, and the crown bending forward; some are lined with white tulle, and trimmed with white ribbons, others with blue or rose colour crape: the ribbon chequed *en suite*, and puffs of ribbon under the brim. Bonnets of Tuscan straw are lined *en suite*, and a plume of white or straw colour feathers in front. Herbaut has sent into the fashionable world some elegant crape and French tulle hats; pink and white are the favourites. They are ornamented with roses or branches of the Bengal lilac; under the brim are satin ribbon *coques*; these are formed into a demi wreath, consisting of five or six *coques*, with ends hanging on the cheek. As the spring advances, muslin bonnets will be worn lined, and transparent; likewise a variety of fancy straws, for *negligé*, trimmed with sarsenet ribbon, or black velvet,

Artificial Flowers have reached a high perfection in Paris, and when mingled with natural ones, it is scarcely possible to detect a difference; the foliage is exquisitely delicate, and some wreaths have been worn entirely composed of it; the weeping willow, not inappropriately, appeared at Longchamps on several bonnets; the oak and currant leaf are likewise woven into beautiful wreaths. Several wedding wreaths have been made on the improved plan: the orange blossoms and roses twined together, and fixed to the hair without the aid of pins, by a clasp behind. Other garlands have been made in imitation, but have never equalled the original; the heliotrope and the forget-me-not, are in high favour as cap flowers, and the laurel rose for morning hats.

Hair-dressing.—Flat braids are again worn in the morning, and will be during the season. When curls are seen under a cap or bonnet, we observe they are very much *crêpe*, and brought low on the cheek; ringlets still reign in evening costume, they cannot be too lightly arranged and should rise *à la Sévigne*, level with the parting on the forehead; the bows behind are worn low and twisted into three parts, forming a Grecian knot.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

### CXXXII.—English Earls.

### EARL OF VERULAM.

A dream of beauty! such as came, of old,
To him who lay and watch'd the hosts of light,
As, one by one, their fiery chariots rolled,
In golden pomp, along the vault of night,
Till as another, and another deep
Sent forth a spirit to the shining train,
Their myriad motion rock'd his heart to sleep,
But left light pictures in his haunted brain.

The contemplation of the family of VERULAM is, indeed, the contemplation of "the dream of beauty" described in the above poetical fragment, for so many wise and good men adorn the genealogy that no one can fail to derive both amusement and instruction therefrom. The lives of the virtuous are the best incitements to virtue, and example is frequently found to be more efficacious than precept. It is with much gratification, therefore, that we proceed to point out the brilliant examples of wisdom and virtue that are found in the history of the House of VERULAM, to which our present chapter is devoted. The founder of the family was SYLVESTER DE GRIMSTON, who filled the office of standard-bearer to WILLIAM the Conqueror, at the memorable battle of Hastings, when the Norman Duke triumphed over King Harold, and obtained possession of the English throne. The genealogy of the House of VERULAM, it is thus seen, commences at the Conquest, and the splendid character which its founder gave it has descended unsullied down to its present noble representative. After the success of WILLIAM the Conqueror, his standard-bearer settled in the county of York, where extensive lands were given to him in reward for his services, and within a year he was appointed to the office of Chamberlain to the King. From this SYLVESTER DE GRIMSTON descended, lineally, MARMADUKE DE GRIMSTON, who married FRANCES, daughter of GEORGE GILL, of Hertford, and had three sons, THOMAS, his heir, who left no issue; ROBERT, and JOHN, who, in 1418, was Dean of Windsor. The eldest son dying, without issue, ROBERT came into possession, and he having married the daughter of Sir ANTHONY SPILLMAN, removed from York, were the family had been located since the conquest, and took up his residence upon the estates at Ipswich and Risebungles, in Suffolk, which he had obtained through his lady. He was succeeded, at his death, by his son, EDWARD GRIMSTON, who was twice married, first unto PHILIPPA, daughter of JOHN Lord TIPTOFT, sister and co-heiress of JOHN Earl of WORCESTER, and widow of THOMAS Lord ROOS, by whom he had no family. By his second lady, however, MARY, daughter of WILLIAM DRURY, Esq., of Rongham, Suffolk, he had seven children, the eldest male of which succeeded him.

The great grandson of this gentleman, also named EDWARD GRIMSTON (*temp*, Queen ELIZABETH) was raised to the honour of knighthood. He was a most distinguished man of his time, exhibiting great talents in his legislative and official capacities. He represented the borough of Ipswich for many years in Parliament, and was called to the Privy Council of the Queen. He was also Comptroller of Calais, and when that place was taken in 1558, by the Duke DE GUISE, Sir EDWARD GRIMSTON was among the prisoners who experienced the most rigorous captivity. He was closely confined in the Bastile for a considerable period, but there, invention coming to his aid, he contrived to baffle his enemies and effect his escape. This he did by cutting out one of the window-bars with a file, and letting himself down by a rope, the necessary articles being conveyed to him by his servant, with whom he exchanged clothes. He returned to England, and lived in the enjoyment of perfect liberty and happiness, until he had attained the patriarchal age of ninety-eight, when he laid himself down to rest with the myriad dead, and his son,

EDWARD GRIMSTON, Esq., of Bradfield, Essex, succeeded him. He was much respected as a legislator, and also in his private capacity. His lady was JOAN, daughter and co-heiress of THOMAS RISBY, Esq., of Lavenham, in the county of SUFFOLK, and grand-daughter, maternally, of John HARBOTTLE, Esq., of Crossfield. This gentleman having passed a very honourable and honoured life, departed from this world, and was laid in the grave, that quiet spot "where crowds of buried memories sleep"—

There rest the miser and the heir,
Both careless who their wealth shall reap;
E'en love finds cure for heart-aches there,
And none enjoys a sounder sleep.
The fair one, far from folly's freaks,
As quiet as her neighbour seems;
Unconscious now of rosy cheeks,
Without a rival in her dreams.

The eldest son of the above-described gentleman succeeded him. He was named HARBOTTLE GRIMSTON, and we find that in 1612 he obtained the honour of a baronetcy. He served the office of Sheriff of Essex (his native county) in 1614, and was for many years that county's representative in the House of Commons. The length of this noble family's genealogy prevents us from dwelling upon the characters of its respective members, and we can only add to our mention of Sir HARBOTTLE, that his lady was ELIZABETH, daughter of RALPH COPPINGER, Esq., of Stoke, in Kent, and that he had a family of five sons, the eldest of whom, also named

Sir HARBOTTLE, succeeded him. This is one of the bright lights of the family. Having been educated for the legal profession, he made himself conspicuous by the extent and brilliancy of his acquirements. He represented Colchester in Parliament at the beginning of the reign of Charles the First, and

taking part against the Court he was involved in the troubles of the time. After the death of the King he lived in retirement, but, upon the restoration of Charles the Second, he emerged again into public life, and in 1660, was appointed speaker of the House of Commons. He was afterwards called to the privy council, and nominated Master of the Rolls, and Recorder of Harwich. He was united "in wedlocks sacred bands," to MARY, daughter of Sir GEORGE CROOKE, from which union resulted a family of six sons and two daughters. Death having snatched away this partner of his heart, Sir HARBOTTLE again proceeded to Hymen's temple, leading thither upon this, the second occasion, ANNE, eldest daughter, and eventually heiress of Sir NATHANIEL BACON, K.B., of Culford Hall, Suffolk, and widow of Sir THOMAS MEAUTYS. Having attained the age of eighty-two, Sir HARBOTTLE expired, and his only sorrowing son, Sir SAMUEL GRIMSTON, succeeded him.

This event occurred in 1683. Sir SAMUEL also displayed great talents as a legislator. He was twice married, first, to ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of HENAGE, Earl of NOTTINGHAM, Lord High Chancellor of England, and secondly, to ANNE, youngest daughter of JOHN, second Earl of THANET. He had only one child (the issue of his first marriage) a daughter, ELIZABETH (who became the wife of WILLIAM, second Marquis of HALIFAX) and, consequently, at his decease (which occurred in 1770) the baronetcy expired, while the extensive estates of Sir SAMUEL devolved by bequest, upon his great nephew, WILLIAM LUCKYN, Esq., M.P., for St. Albans, who assumed the surname of GRIMSTON, and was elevated to the peerage of Ireland on the 29th of May, 1719, by the titles of Baron DUNBOYNE and Viscount GRIMSTON. His lordship, upon the decease of his elder brother, Sir HARBOTTLE LUCKYN, in 1736, inherited the baronetcy of his family. The lady of this, the first possessor of a barony in the House of GRIMSTON, was JANE, daughter of JAMES COOKE, ESQ., a worthy and wealthy merchant of the City of London. He died in 1765, and was succeeded by

JAMES, his eldest surviving son. This nobleman married, MARY, daughter of JOHN ASKELL BUCKNELL, Esq., of Oxney, in the county of Hertford, having been ensnared by

"Those charms which she possessed, and which possessing
Made her seem fairer in his anxious eyes,
Than all the world besides!"

In addition to five daughters, Lord GRIMSTON had the following sons. 1. JAMES BUCKNELL, his successor. 2. WILLIAM, who assumed the surname and arms of BUCKNELL, in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his maternal uncle, and dying in 1814, left, by SOPHIA, daughter and coheiress of RICHARD HOARE, Esq., of Boreham, an only daughter, SOPHIA, who married the Hon. BERKLEY PAGET, brother of the present Marquis of ANGLESEA. 3. HARBOTTLE, in holy orders, D.D., who assumed the surname of BUCKNELL, and died in 1823. His lordship died in 1773, when he was succeeded by the above mentioned,

JAMES BUCKNELL. This nobleman was born May 9, 1747, he was married May 9, 1774, to HENRIETTA, only daughter and heiress, of EDWARD WALTER, Esq., by which lady, his lordship had the following family. 1. JAMES WALTER, the present Earl. 2. HARRIET. 3. CHARLOTTE. His lordship was enrolled among the Peers of England, on the 9th of July, 1790, as Baron VERULAM, of Gorhambury, in the county of Herts. He died on the 1st of January, 1809.

We have now proceeded through the genealogy of the House of GRIMSTON, from the Conquest, to its present representative, and we have experienced in the task as much pleasure as, we trust, our brief history will afford the reader. It is highly gratifying to call to memory the persons and events of times past. Indeed, there is no one individual in existence that has not some happy recollections to dwell upon, when fancy exercising its "witching power over the brain," calls into being things that were.

Yes! all returns, the dreams of old,
Which cheating tales of joy foretold;
The sound of some light footfall gone
From the domestic hearth—the tone,
The pressure of some kindly hand,
Far distant in another land;
Some cherish'd look, some hoarded praise!
All that we felt, perhaps felt in vain,
Dwells in the memory again.

JAMES WALTER GRIMSTON, Earl of VERULAM, and Viscount GRIMSTON, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom; Baron VERULAM, of Gorhambury, in the county of Herts; in the Peerage of Great Britain; Viscount GRIMSTON and Baron DUNBOYNE, in the Peerage of Ireland; Baron FORRESTER, of Corstorphine, in the Peerage of Scotland; and, a baronet of England, was born on the 26th of September, 1775. He was united on the 11th of August, 1807, to the Lady CHARLOTTE JENKINSON, daughter of CHARLES, first Earl of LIVERPOOL, and has now the following family.

JAMES WALTER, Viscount GRIMSTON, born Feb. 22, 1809.
EDWARD HARBOTTLE, born August 2, 1812.
ROBERT, born September 18, 1816.
CHARLES, born October 3, 1818.
KATHERINE, born April 18, 1810.
EMILY MARY, born February 4, 1816.
MARY AUGUSTA FREDRICA, born July 29, 1821.
FRANCES SILVESTER, born December 8, 1822.
JANE FREDERICA HARRIET MARY, born, Jan. 17, 1825.

His lordship inherited the Scottish honours* from his maternal cousin, ANN MARIE Baroness FORRESTER, who died unmarried in 1808, and obtained the Earldom and Viscountcy by creation on the 24th of November, 1815. Lord VERULAM is also, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Herts.

Lord and Lady VERULAM are distinguished in the fashionable circles by their elegance and amiability of character, and the splendour of their entertainments. Lady VERULAM has always been one of the most brilliant ornaments of high life, and their hospitable mansion at Gorhambury is constantly the resort of the *élite* of taste and fashion.

The arms of this noble family are as follow. Quarterly; first *ar*, in a fesse *sa*, three mullets of six points, pierced *or*; in the dexter chief point, an ermine spot, for Grimston: second *sa*, a fesse, dancettée, between two leopard's faces, *or*, for LUCKYN: third, *ar*, two chevonels, between three bucks heads, cabossed, *az*, attired *or*, for BUCKNELL: fourth *ar* a fessee dancettée, per pale *az* and *gu* between three eagles displayed, *ra*, beaked and legged *or*, for WALTER: fifth *ar*, a fesse *gu* between three bugle horns *sa*, stringed, *gu*, for FORRESTER; sixth, *gu*. a quatrefoil *or*, for ROWE. Supporters, dexter, a stag regardant ppr. attired *or*: sinister, a griffin, regardant, *or*. Motto, "Mediocria firma."

* They were originally conferred by King Charles the First upon Sir GEORGE FORRESTER, Bart.

## FATHER AND SON.

The mansion of Sir Charles Brandon, in Portman Square, was one of the most elegant, and *recherché* in this gay city; whilst the brilliant parties of Lady Brandon were the constant theme, of envy and admiration. Many and various were the speculations hazarded, as to how Sir Charles had acquired his vast fortune, since a few years past he was living in a humble retired cottage in the neighbourhood of Weymouth; and it had cost him no little pains to obtain the means of an equipment for his son, whom he had been fortunate enough to procure a commission in a marching regiment. Henry Brandon entered the army almost a youth, and having been on foreign service for nearly five years, was daily expected home. He understood his father had gained a large fortune by the death of a relation, but who or what he was he was still unable to discover; he had of late years been amply supplied with money to meet all his expences, and, perhaps, was not anxious to enquire further. Amongst the party who were waiting with much solicitude the young soldier's arrival, was a Mr. Dalton and his daughter; they were old friends of Sir Charles, and though during his retirement they had seen but little of him, in his prosperity they had become daily visitors. Mary Dalton remembered the Henry Brandon of early years, and wondered whether, as a man, he was still the same: she pictured to herself the change, if any, that had taken place, and we may rest assured she painted in the brightest colours of her imagination.

We will pass over the scene that took place on Henry's arrival: the anxious looks and enquiries of Lady Brandon, and the concealed, though scarcely less anxious glances of Mary Dalton, when she perceived, with all her brilliant colouring, she had not flattered the object of her admiration. But why, it might be asked, was there a saddened expression frequently to be seen on Mary's countenance? One would have thought the world had nought of cares for her: the immense wealth of her father was at her disposal; there was scarcely any thing beyond her attainment, had she desired it—what, therefore, could be the cause? It had never been perceived previous to her passing a few weeks with Lady Brandon, during the absence of her father in the country; and, surely, amidst the round of gaieties consequent upon a residence in Portman Square, there could be nothing to make a mind ill at ease with itself, and yet so it was.

In the course of time, during Henry Brandon's stay in town, the friendship he had entertained towards Mary Dalton, as a child, ripened into something more, and he found greater pleasure in her company, than in the round of dissipations a gay capital offered to one who had been so long absent, and had not hitherto possessed the means of partaking the gaities of a town life. There was no reason nor wish on the part of any one to throw any impediment in their way, and Shakspeare's adage, "the course of true love never did run smooth," seemed, for once, likely to be belied, for all the preliminaries of a marriage were arranged without any thing presenting itself to cause delay or anxiety.

It had been determined that, previous to the marriage, a grand party should be given, and, on the appointed evening, Lady Brandon's *salons* presented more than their usual attraction of beauty and fashion; every thing seemed to promise well: the singers were in good voice, the dancing was kept up with spirit, and waltz succeeded waltz. After some time, in order to avoid the rather inconvenient heat of the rooms, Mary Dalton, leaning on the arm of Henry Brandon, sought one of the apartments set apart for cards; there was no one in the room but Sir Charles and Mr. Dalton, who were amusing themselves at *Ecarté*. Mr. Dalton seemed in high spirits, as he was evidently a winner, and Sir Charles bore his loss with much composure, on entering the room it became clear to Henry Brandon, that something had occurred to agitate Miss Dalton, and which he had at first attributed to the heat of the apartments, but it was apparent that her agitation was increasing, though what he had fancied the cause had ceased.

"Well, Dalton," exclaimed Sir Charles, "you are a winner; never mind, give me my revenge—here's double the last stake."

"With all my heart! I shan't turn my back on fortune, though I am not much of a player."

"Lost again, I declare, every thing seems against me."

"Five hundred, Dalton."

"Well, well; be it so."

"Lost again; you have a king turned up, and nearly all trumps—there's no standing against you—say a thousand."

"Well, then, a thousand."

"I've won at last—that makes us even."

"My dear father," said Mary Dalton, with much anxiety, "you are not a winner, had we not better go home now?"

"Home, child! what at this time? No, no."

"But— but—"

"Well, child, what's all this hesitation about; nothing, I suppose, though"—and he turned again to the table, and resumed his game, whilst his daughter continued to look at him with her features almost the picture of despair.

This time the luck had changed, and the cards were not so much inclined to come just as he wished them; trumps were "few and far between," and loss kept increasing on loss. Dalton was a young player, and understood little of cards. As a wealthy merchant, he was accustomed to speculations, and would bear his losses in the way of business without much annoyance, but at the present time he had lost the control over himself, that, as a prudent man he generally possessed, and played in desperation; his losings had at last reached an immense sum, and wishing to retrieve them, he offered to double them on a single game. Sir Charles accepted the offer, and the chances seemed for a moment equally poised; fate at last decided against Dalton, and as Sir Charles played the last card, the eyes of Mary and Henry Brandon met, and that one glance spoke volumes; they knew what each had hoped the other had not known, nor seen, but neither spoke.

Dalton pressed his hand across his forehead for a few moments, and exclaimed to himself, "Ruined—ruined, fool that I am!—I have lost everything! But—to-morrow, Sir Charles, you shall have all; and, then, I am—no matter what—Come, Mary, let's go now. Would that I had done so when you asked me!" And, taking his daughter's arm, they left the room together. Sir Charles remained seated at the table: but was rather surprised, as soon as Dalton had quitted the room, to find his son close the door: he looked up, in explanation of such conduct, and saw his son's glance firmly fixed upon him.

"Well, Sir!" he exclaimed.

"Dalton is a ruined man."

"Well!"

"And you have ruined him."

"Well, Sir! he chose to play, and fortune was against him."

"But, will you insist upon ruining him?"

"If he has lost more than he can spare, that was his consideration, not mine."

"But you lured him on—he scarcely knows the game."

"Am I to be lectured by you—a father listen to the moralizing of his son?"

"Listen to me. It is now nearly five years that I have been absent. I left you in poverty, with an honourable name: I find you in wealth, with a reputation not unsullied."

"I am a fool," said Sir Charles, rising, "to listen to such idle nonsense."

"It may be so. But hear me further. Will you return Dalton the money he has lost?"

"A modest request, and of all persons, most especially from yourself, who will be the gainer."

"It will be no gain of mine. If you will not restore him the money, this very night I leave your house for ever; will strive to forget I ever bore your name, and in some far distant country strive to hide the shame a father has drawn upon me. Father! father! in Heaven's name, listen to me!"

"Why, Henry, should I restore what is fairly won?"

"It was not fairly won."

"How!"

"You know not the humiliation I feel to speak the word; but still I say it was not fairly won. My eyes were on you at the moment, and I saw you pass the card."

Sir Charles seemed much troubled for a few moments, and spoke not. At length, after some time, he said, "Henry—you are deceived. Nay, answer me not; for you have spoken as a son should not. But I am not angry with you. You have much to learn in the world, and with years, experience may come. Leave me now; to-morrow we will speak again of this."

"But, father ——."

"No more to-night; join our friends in the other room, and leave me till to-morrow for reflection. At present I am undecided, and your expostulations will only render me angry, and not avail the suit you urge. Your hand, Henry, since I bear you no malice for your suspicions, though they may be unjust towards me." Saying which, he turned and left the room without joining the guests.

On the following morning, Sir Charles and Lady Brandon were seated in their drawing-room, whilst Henry was busied writing; the subject of the preceding evening had not as yet been recurred to. The names of Mr. and Miss Dalton were announced. Henry looked up, and his eyes met those of his father—but neither spoke.

There was an air of sadness on Dalton's countenance as he entered the room, and he seemed to have passed a sleepless night: his daughter, too, appeared to have participated in his grief: there was no cordial welcome as he took Sir Charles's hand, and he bowed slightly to Lady Brandon and Henry.

"Here," he said, presenting a pocket-book to Sir Charles, "is what I owe you, and I am a beggar."

Sir Charles took the book in his hand for a moment, the anxious glances of his son following his every movement. "Dalton," he said, "I took you for a prudent man."

"It matters little what I was, Sir Charles, or what you thought me—you, at least, should be satisfied."

"You are angry, Dalton."

"There is something more than anger here. Look at her I have ruined, and then say, have I not cause for more than anger!"

"Perhaps you have, but not with me. Listen! I saw you were imbibing a spirit for play; I wished to check it, for you were not cool enough to keep yourself from being a victim to the designing and needy. I have read you a lesson, perhaps, too severely—but you will not forget it: here is your book and its contents. I shall not keep it, for it is not mine: let the half of it, if you will, be your daughter's marriage portion; and be advised by me, never to become a gambler, for you know not, as I do, what is to be endured. Henry, are you content?"

"Father! I have wronged you ——"

"No matter—we will forget the past, and think only of your marriage, if Mary does not object to our so doing, and by her smile I see she does not. I thought at first she looked angrily on me, but it was only for the moment.—All is now forgotten.

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## THE SPRING.

See, gentle Spring, with all its charms,
  Advance with Phœbus' gentle ray,
Revives, and all creation warms,
  Still adding to the lengthened day.
Now labouring rustics gaily toil,
  Cheerful, and possessing health,
While the fields begin to smile,
  Prospect of their future wealth.
Oh, let us every hour employ,
  With innocence and virtuous love!
Life is but a glittering toy,
  Quick the fleeting moments move!

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## LACONICS FOR LIGHT HEARTS;

### OR, SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF ONE WHO HAS SEEN THE WORLD.

Charity is like a naked child, giving honey to a bee without wings. Naked because excuseless and simple; a child because tender, giving honey because honey is sweet; a bee, because it is laborious and deserving; without wings because helpless and necessitous. If you deny to such you kill a bee; if you give to other than such you preserve a drone.

Pride is the ape of charity; in show they are not much unlike: in seeking the one, take care that you do not take up the other. Charity feeds the poor, so does Pride; charity, builds a hospital, so does Pride; in one respect only do they differ. Pride takes her glory from the created, Charity gives her glory to the Creator.

The sum of all humanity, and the height of moral perfection, is to *bear* and *forbear*.

The way to subject all things to yourself is to subject yourself to reason. You shall govern many, if reason govern you. Would you become the sovereign of a little world? Command *yourself*, and your wishes are accomplished.

If you desire that time should not pass too swiftly, use it not too idly. Life in merriment blazes like a taper in the wind; the breath of honour wastes it; the heat of pleasure melts it. They whose lives are passed in pain, are the better satisfied at the time of death.

When affliction befals thee, cast one eye upon the hand that sent it, and the other upon the sin that brought it. If you gratefully receive the message, he that sent it will discharge the messenger.

If you are rich, endeavour to command thy wealth, lest it command thee. If you know how to use it, it is your servant, if not, you are its slave.

Anger may dwell in the breast for an hour, but not repose there for a night: the continuance of anger, is hatred; the continuance of hatred, malice. That anger is not warrantable that has seen two suns.

Be not censorious, for you know not when you judge: it is the lesser error to speak well of an evil man, than ill of a good one. It is also safer for your judgment to be misled by simple charity, than by uncharitable wisdom.

Are you wronged? Bravely revenge the wrong. Slight it and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. They are below themselves, that are not above an injury.

If you take pains for what is good, the pains vanish, the good remains: if you take pleasure in what is evil, the evil remains and the pleasure vanishes. What are you the worse for gain, or the better for pleasure, when both are past.

In seeking virtue, if you find poverty, be not ashamed: the fault is not yours. Though virtue gave a ragged livery, she gives a golden cognizance.

Those that would clean a blot, with blotted fingers, make a greater stain.

Be watchful of those friends that are either silent respecting your faults, or tender concerning your frailties, or who excuse you in your follies: for such are either cowards, flatterers, or fools. The coward will leave you in danger, the flatterer will quit you in adversity; the *fool*, however, will remain constant to you for ever.

Forgiveness is the finding again of something lost.

## THE HOME OF LOVE.

O for a home in a pleasant vale,
With the jasmine round it creeping;
Away from the town and its revels pale,
Where broken and lone hearts are weeping;
Where the bird and the butterfly bask in the beams
That gladden and glory the spot;
The sweetest and purest of love's fairy dreams,
Should be ours in our heart's happy cot.

A bower of roses thy throne it should be,
Enliven'd with warbling birds' song;
In love's true enchantment, the false world should see
Our lives gliding gently along.
And when in the winter and night of old age,
Resign'd and untearful we'd rest;
For hope, with its constant lamp, over the dark,
Should guide us away to the blest!

The truest of life's brief and perishing joys,
Contentment and virtue inspire;
And hearts true and guileless and constant as ours,
No greater can have or desire.
Then come to my home in a pleasant vale,
With the jasmine round it creeping;
Away from the town and its revels pale,
Where broken and lorn hearts are weeping!

## LAST WORDS AT PARTING.

The bride into her bower is sent,
The song and jesting all are spent;
The lovers whispered words and few
Have bade the bashful maid adieu.
The dancing floor is silent quite;
No foot-fall sounds.—Good night, good night!
Sweet sleep be with us one and all.
And if upon its stillness fall
The visions of a busy brain,
We'll have our pleasure o'er again,
To warm the heart, to cheer the sight.
Gay dreams to all! Good night, good night!

## LOVE WITHOUT HOPE;

### OR, THE BRIDAL AND THE BLIGHTED HEART.

### A TALE.

"——— She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek."—SHAKSPEARE.

We can imagine nothing more distressing in nature than a young girl whose affections are placed upon one who remains ignorant of the fact, or is incapable of returning love for love. Woman cannot tell her love. She must remain a prey to wasting agony; must see the one upon whom her heart's hopes are deathlessly fixed, lead another to the altar, when a word from her would prevent the ceremony; but that word she dares not to speak, and the object of her heart's idolatry becomes wedded to another, and her heart is left to break—Love's sacrifice! The heroine of our little tale was a young and joyous villager. She was universally admired for her loveliness and piquant wit, and though the latter often caused the young men to look foolish and embarassed, and her female companions to bite their lips, it never awakened more than a transient serious thought, for the jest was forgotten the moment after it was uttered, for Ellen never failed to apply the balsam of kindness to the wounds which her levity might have made. Still, no one ventured to *love* Ellen; the young men all thought her too wise for them; her idle merriment at the affection of others had made her to be regarded as an enemy to love; and although many wished that they had such a wife, no one dared to propose, for they felt convinced that in such case Ellen would only laugh at them, and make them the jest of the neighbourhood.

It occurred that Ellen became less lively than usual; she was often found busied in thought, neglected her occupations, seldom made one in the festivities of the neighbourhood, but the change was never ascribed to the right cause. The father of Ellen had died about the time, and it was generally believed that it was that event that had thrown a temporary gloom over the once gay and light-hearted peasant girl. Alas! she had been caught in the trammels of love. The heart was fixed upon one who could not return her love.

Walter, the young man who had awakened a passion in the heart of Ellen, which she herself had not believed it to be susceptible of, was a simple, modest young man, and one of those that were most fearful of her whose hopes of happiness were all associated with him. He was honest and industrious, and, moreover, having been left a considerable sum of money

by a relation, he had taken a farm, and being exceedingly prosperous, he was anxious that some one should share his happiness; and, accordingly, he was looking out among his fair companions for one whom he thought capable of increasing the felicity of his home. Ellen was capable of making that home a Paradise, but his highest hopes never reached Ellen.

Had he but asked for the love of Ellen, both would have been happy; but the mental qualities of Ellen seemed to raise her so far above him, that had he thought of loving her, he would not have dared to encourage hope.

Among the companions of Ellen there was one whom the peasant girl had made a sort of confidante; to Anna all the little secrets of Ellen were known; but the greatest secret of all was concealed. Ellen dared not disclose her affection for Walter, even to her bosom friend. Anna was unworthy of the friendship of Ellen; she was hypocritical and treacherous; and though she made an appearance of amiability, forbearance, and general kindness, she possessed the direct contrary of those endearing feelings. Anna had often been the subject of the mirth of Ellen, and although the latter never failed to cover her raillery with acts of greater kindness; Anna, though she affected not to mind the jests of her friend, nevertheless treasured them up, and was anxious for an opportunity to be revenged. And yet this treacherous girl was constantly in the company of Ellen; enjoyed her confidence—her love. Never was one woman more attached to another than was Ellen to the faithless Anna; and yet, in the moments of their utmost enjoyment, when Ellen believed herself sincerely beloved by her friend, Anna was planning schemes of revenge. And she soon found excellent groundwork to proceed upon.

Ellen felt that she loved Walter, but knowing that it would be imprudent to let the truth be inferred by her conduct, she strove to conceal it; and though her heart swelled almost to bursting, she mastered it, and kept the secret from all but one—there was none that suspected Ellen of loving Walter, but Anna. Observing the change that had come over the peasant girl, Anna suspected that Love had some concern in it, and at first taxed her friend with it; but Ellen laughed at the idea. Anna was too cunning to be thus deceived, and affecting to be satisfied by the declaration of Ellen, she went to work in a different manner, and by watching the looks and emotions of the peasant girl, at length discovered Walter to be the man who held the heart of Ellen in captivity.

This was a discovery of the utmost importance to the faithless Anna. She had no sooner made it than she resolved upon a plan to destroy the possibility of the love of Ellen ever meeting with its reward. "It would be a triumph!" she mentally exclaimed, "if I could win this Walter for myself. He is a thriving, and good tempered youth. I might ensure my own happiness, and at the same time revenge myself upon this *wise* Ellen!" And the project was no sooner conceived than it was put into execution.

The following day was appointed for a village festival, and Ellen had promised to attend. It was with a heavy heart that she put on her holiday apparel, for it presented such a striking contrast to the melancholy nature of her feelings. Still a bright spark of hope appeared in the midst of the gloom of her reflections, and she trusted that some accident might awaken a similar passion in the heart of Walter to that which engrossed her own.

Anna had contrived her project well; she had dressed herself with more than usual attention, and had prepared a most beautiful bouquet of flowers, which as Walter approached, she displayed before him, accidentally, as it appeared. The youth was struck by the beautiful nosegay, and paused to remark upon its elegance, when Anna affected indifference, said she did not think it deserved such a compliment, and when the youth replied that it was the handsomest he had ever seen, Anna requested him to accept of it, if he so much admired it. The hook was well baited. Walter caught at the flowers, and was caught himself.

The acceptance of the flowers was followed by an invitation from Walter for Anna to dance with him, which was as greedily accepted by the girl, as the flowers had been by the youth. And they proceeded onwards together. Ellen beheld them approaching, and started when she saw her *friend* leaning upon the arm of him she loved. Anna beheld her emotion, and it made her certain that her suspicions were correct. She ran towards the melancholy girl, and in a tone of cruel gaiety, exclaimed, "Come, Ellen, come, where is your partner? you must dance to day. You see Walter has secured me, and you know Walter is the best dancer among us. Am I not to be envied?"

"I do not feel disposed to dance," was the reply. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Anna. "We'll see if we cannot find a young man that will persuade you to join us. I would relinquish Walter for *you*, but he has been saying so many pretty things to me, that he would consider me ungrateful if I were not to dance with him."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ellen, murmuringly.

"Now, now," continued Anna, "you shall not rail. I know I'm silly and thoughtless, and that sweethearting is a very ridiculous thing, but I like Walter, and therefore all that you can say, would not set me against him. But he will hear us." And then running towards Walter, she caught hold of his arm, and away they proceeded. Ellen remained upon the spot, looking at them as they went onward, and tears started into her eyes as she beheld their happiness, which made her misery complete. When a turning in the road shut them out from her view, she turned her back upon the scene of rejoicing, and retired in sadness to her mother's cottage.

The parent was surprised to see her child so soon, and questioned her upon the subject. "I am very ill, mother. I am very ill," was all that the stricken-hearted girl could say, and she fell upon the chair, fainting.

"My child! my dear, dear child!" exclaimed the parent. "My poor Ellen!" and continued to ejaculate broken sentences, while she endeavoured to revive her. At length the girl opened her eye-lids, and turning her large dark orbs upon the face of her tender parent, murmured, "Dear mother, do not grieve. I shall be better by-and-bye. I feel better now. Do not, do not grieve. It will soon pass!" And throwing herself upon her mother's neck, her bursting heart was relieved by a flow of tears.

The absence of Ellen from the festival was not noticed, because several previous ones had been unattended by her; but the cruel Anna did not fail to notice the effect of her stratagem, and rejoice in its perfect success. Her success, indeed, had been greater than she had expected: she had won upon the feelings of the beloved of Ellen, and contrived to ingratiate herself into his heart. We have said that the youth was good-natured, and easily to be deceived; the artifices of Anna had completely ensnared him, and before the festivities were over he had made professions of love. When Anna

then returned to the fond Ellen, she came as the possessor of Walter's heart.

The utter desolation depictured in the countenance of Ellen, startled her ungenerous "friend", and somewhat moved her to compassion; but the evil genius prevailed, and she pretended not to know the cause of the maiden's grief; forbearing, however, to increase her triumph by repeating the professions of Walter. But the tidings soon reached Ellen, and as her mother did not suspect that anything connected with Walter could much interest her child, she did not attempt to conceal any thing from her; indeed, it was the mother herself who spoke to Ellen of the talked-of marriage between Walter and her friend, and who at the same time expressed her pleasure at the good fortune that had befallen Anna.

It was torture to hear those things, but Ellen determined to bear them. "Heaven, for its own wise purpose, may have prevented what I deem would have been my happiness," she would say, "and I humbly bow in resignation!" She prayed for strength to bear the affliction that had come upon her, and He to whom the prayers of the righteous are never breathed in vain, strengthened and bore her up, and at length she viewed the approaching nuptials of Anna and Walter with composure. Her heart still clung to the youth, but she hid the fact, and even Anna herself, at length believed that it had become a matter of perfect indifference to her. Thus, the delight which the cruel "friend" had felt in snatching away the object of Ellen's love, was checked: and the great triumph became no triumph at all.

Walter had been to London to make purchases for the wedding, and there he had associated with those who had introduced him to all the vices of the metropolis. A fortnight in London had changed the character of the once gentle and innocent youth, and when he returned to lead Anna to the altar, it was with reluctance and indifference. The change that had come over the young peasant was not observed immediately, and Anna anticipated a world of happiness in store for her. The wedding-day was fixed.

The cruel girl had asked Ellen to become her bridesmaid. This was a stroke which Ellen had expected, and she had nerved her heart to meet it. Had she refused, the refusal must have been followed by an explanation; and she could assign no reason for non-compliance with the request of her "friend." For many weeks, therefore, Ellen had been preparing for the trial; and she met it firmly and well. She consented to become the bridesmaid, and even Anna could not detect the falseness of the smiles and gaiety with which the words of consent were pronounced. But the effort made, and the *fiancée* departed, the afflicted peasant girl gave way to the agony of her reflections, and relieved her bursting heart by tears.

It now became apparent that Walter's habits were different from what they had been; he was given to drinking, and had been seen in dissolute company, and it was, moreover, whispered that he had lost considerable sums of money by playing at dice. Still, however, the previous good character of the youth caused the reports to be doubted; but Ellen, whose anxiety to redeem the character of him she loved, in her own estimation, from the obloquy into which those reports had thrown it, had narrowly watched his conduct; had secretly traced him to his private haunts, and had become acquainted with his disgrace. Upon her bended knees she returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved her from such a profligate.

Still her heart clung to him; but now she regarded him only in the light of an erring brother, and fervent were the prayers which she breathed to Heaven for his reformation. Anxious for the safety of her friend, she deemed it to be her duty to tell her of the danger of uniting herself to one whose conduct was talked of as Walter's was; but Anna, who imagined this to be a mere endeavour of Ellen to obtain Walter for herself, declared that she cared nothing for rumours which she knew to be quite false.

"Anna!" exclaimed Ellen, "they may have been proved to be true."

"Who has proved them to be true?" was the quick rejoinder of the other.

"I—I—do not know," replied Ellen; "but—it is talked of. And believe me Anna, I am anxious only for your happiness."

"Then, if you are, pray say nothing more upon the subject. For if you do, I shall think you have a desire to obtain Walter yourself."

Ellen said no more; she looked at her friend reproachfully, and in a moment the conversation was changed to another subject.

The wedding-day came, and Ellen obtained, for that day at least, the perfect mastery of her feelings. Love, that had made her a trembling, abject thing, now exalted her to a heroine. She felt herself more than woman, and up to the altar passed firm and resolute. But it may have been the firmness and resolution of despair. She saw the ring placed by him she loved upon the finger of her friend, and her heart quailed not; her proud dark eye was undimmed by a tear; she heard the words pronounced that linked Anna to Walter *for life*, and her red lip curled into a smile. She was the first to congratulate the wedded pair, and Anna's eyes turned from Ellen's face, for in the latter there was only apparent sincerity and honest joy. The evil-minded girl was disappointed, at the moment when she had expected the highest triumph. They went from the altar rejoicing, and Ellen seemed to be the gayest of the festive throng; but when alone, and in the solitude of her chamber, then she relieved her heart in tears and prayers for the happiness of the wedded pair!

The subsequent misery of Anna was the punishment of her offending. She was neglected by her husband, whose prospects were injured by his own misconduct. Poverty and ruin eventually stared them in the face, and when the evil day came, and they were expelled from their home, it was the cottage of Ellen and her mother that received them. Walter then awakened to a sense of his folly, but it was too late; he was now reduced to beggary, and he and his wife, Anna, were for a time compelled to beseech bread from her who still loved him in secret, and by whom it was most cheerfully afforded; her own loaf, she divided with her friends, and found her reward in her own heart.

Walter soon obtained employment, and endeavoured by the industry with which he pursued it to show that his penitence was sincere; but Anna never held her head up afterwards; she could not bear to meet the glance of her whom she had so cruelly wronged, and now became a prey to all the terrors of remorse. Still Ellen strove to comfort Anna, but in vain; the latter despaired of happiness, and looked forward only to the grave as a place of refuge from the storm of thought that assailed her. The generosity and attention of Ellen awakened the gratitude of Walter, he could thank her only with his tears. Better days were in store for him: by

the death of a relative he had become possessed of means of returning to his old farm, and he hastened to communicate the tidings to his wife and friend. He entered the chamber of the former, with a song of joy, but Ellen met him upon the threshold, and motioning him to be silent, pointed towards a chair in which Anna was reclining, and beside of which stood a doctor and a clergyman, and Walter perceived that his wife was dying. He rushed towards her: Anna gave a suppressed shriek of recognition, and then murmured, "Now I can die in peace!"—"Talk not of dying, Anna—dearest, dearest Anna," exclaimed the phrenzied husband, "I bring you tidings of joy—I'm my uncle's heir!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Anna, "I see in this the hand of Heaven! Oh, may it forgive me as it has rewarded you. Ellen! Ellen, come near me."

Ellen approached, striving to conceal the tears that trickled down her cheeks. "Weep not," said Anna, "your heart's dark hour has passed away, and the creator of mischief is departing. Pray for her, Ellen! Oh, forgive, and pray for *me!*

"I do, Anna, be assured I do."

"But you know not what an enemy I have been to you. Come near me, Walter. You know not what a serpent you took to your bosom when you married me. But Heaven may have ordained it so. You had to pass through the dark valley of sorrow and suffering, and Ellen was too good and innocent to accompany you. I was selected—for I was cruel, revengeful, malignant, and now that you return to happiness and prosperity, I am taken away, and Ellen—good, generous, confiding Ellen, will be the happy partner of your house and home. 'Tis just, 'tis just! May Heaven forgive me?"

"What, what does this mystery mean!" exclaimed Walter. "That you are beloved by an angel, Walter," whispered Anna, "an angel in the form of woman, who has given to us succour and protection when we were cast out from our home, abandoned, and despised. That you were loved by her, when, like a base and cruel wretch, I came between her and her happiness, and—and—"

She gasped and could not proceed: her pale eyes seemed fixed in death, but she raised her hand, and beckoned Walter and Ellen closer to her. Then she took each of their hands in her's, and linking them close together, she made a strong effort to speak, and upturning her eyes to Heaven, whispered "God bless you—God Almighty bless you both; and pardon ME!

Her hands fell from those which she had united, and her eyes closed upon this world for ever. The victim of her own ungovernable passions was no more!

Her last wish was fulfilled. Ellen became the wife of him she had so long loved without hope, and theirs was the happiness of heart and home.

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## ANOTHER SENSATION!—THE MEETING OF THE "SMITHS."

"A band of lovely ladies, from the *East*
Rush'd, like a torrent, down upon the *West*."
HOME, *adapted.*

"The Prince of Capua (Prince Charles of Naples) with his fair bride and suite, have arrived at Mivart's. They are accompanied by Mr. O'Connor, mustachioed *à la Bergami!*" This announcement in the daily papers has set all the fashionable world in a ferment. May Fair is upon the *qui vive*, Grosvenor-square in a bustle, even to the suburban region of Belgrave and Eaton-squares, to the *demi-fortune* vicinity of Harley-street, and the villas in the Regent's Park has the sensation extended, every body is anxious to catch a glance of the fair bride; every lady to see the face of her who has caught a *Prince;* and every gentleman to see the mustachios of the perpetrator of the pleasant pastime of *Smithicide.* Great has been the confusion at Mivart's! Happy Chambermaids! *Beatifie* waiters! that receive the commands of such extra-extraordinary individuals! Sure such a pair was never seen! Never was there such a flight of gilt-edged cards and billets of all the colours of the rainbow, as there has been to the Princess's hotel. Every body has been eager to see the Smith, every body eager to know the Prince. What an excitement for an Easter week. Had Wombwell's menagerie been thrown open, and the wild beasts have taken a pedestrian ramble through the streets of London, the sensation could not have been greater. What a point of attraction was Mivart's! What collections of interesting gentlemen on horseback turned the corner of Bond-street, with their eyes rivetted upon the drawing-room windows of Mivart's! And oh! how happy did the *preux chevalier* deem himself who caught a glance of the sweet sunny face of "the Smith." Oh, Penelope! Penelope! She of ancient times was a fool to thee of to-day!

But the Smiths! Jove! What a meeting there was of the Smiths, when it was known, that she, the queen, the chief—the goddess—the *bona dea* of the ancient and respectable family was in the circles of London again. How high did the hearts of every owner of the euphonious patronymic beat when the daily papers sounded the fact, that Penelope and the Prince were domiciliated at Mivart's! The blood gushed to their cheeks! Their eyes flashed with more than their usual fire; their feet moved "like the twinkling stars;" their lips, like bleeding cherries newly parted, murmured a happy song—Penelope is come again!

But dissentions will occur in the best regulated families. The first gush of joy being past, then came the enquiry as to *which* of the branches of the Smiths the Princess belonged! Each branch put in its claim. The plain "*Smiths*'" asserted themselves to be the rightful owners of the bride. This claim the "*Smyths*'" disputed. Penelope, the latter declared, was of a more aristocratic character than the mere plebeian "Smith" implied; but, thereupon, the elongated and boudoir-savoured "Smythes" advanced, with proud look and confident air, and claimed the beauty for their own. Then came the "Smithsons." Fierce rose the war of words. Great was the din of the rolling vehicles of all descriptions, from the lofty britzska of the loftiest Smythe, to the eightpenny cab of the humblest member of the family who writeth his name with an "*i.*" All were engaged in carrying about their occupants, raking up evidence. Nay, inspired with ideas by the contest of "the ancient family," full of strange hopes, and buoyed up with expectation, a "foreign legion," rejoicing in the name of "Schmidt," came forward and put in its claim! As suddenly as these appeared, they were opposed by the "Schmetzers," who claimed to be descended from the Smith, and brought a genealogical table to show how the orthography of the name had been altered in the course of the travels of their ancestors, from Smith to Smet, thence to

Schmet, and thence by a natural progression to the beautiful Schmetzer! But, stranger than all, and evidently encouraged by the favour with the Schmetzers gained among themselves, on came another troop of Germans, the illustrious "Schneiders," and dogmatically declared that they, and they alone, had the honour of springing from the ancestor of the Princess Penelope! Who shall decide when doctors disagree! Who shall decide when the disputants are the Smiths!

To settle the matter, it was resolved that the dis-united family, or rather the series of families, should meet at a certain hotel, not a hundred miles from Mivart's, to carry a petition to the illustrious Penelope, beseeching her to favour the petitioners, by expressing her opinion as to what branch of the extensive family she belonged. The room was crowded to excess. The Schmetzers were in full force, and shewed the desperate nature of their case by their fierce endeavours to get one of their own party into the chair; but, the Schneiders, who seemed to think that their case was quite as good as the descendants of the Schmets, resisted successfully all their efforts, and eventually, the Lady Drusilla Smith, of Mummiford, who traces up to William the Conqueror, was voted to the chair, by the unanimous voice of the Smiths, Smyths, Smythes, Smithsons, Schmidts, Schmetzers, and the hopeless but persevering Schneiders. She besought the ladies present to exercise their tongues with temperance. Let them look daggers, she said, but speak none, so that the world might see that though woman has a tongue, she is capable of using it with propriety and discretion. Mrs. POLKINHORNE SMYTHE then rose. I maintain, said the respected lady (who was but imperfectly heard, in consequence of a decided lisp which affected her utterance) I maintain that the illustrious Princess whom we have the honour of entertaining at this moment in the metropolis, is descended from that branch of our extended and ancient family which concludes its name with an "*e*." (*Hear, hear! from Miss Sophia Smythe, of Smitstone.*) My great-great-grandfather's-grandmother, Lucy Smythe, it is notorious, was lineally descended from the first cousin of the illustrious Gabriel de Smythe, from whom, whatever may be said to the contrary, the Princess Penelope is certainly descended (*loud cries of "No, no!"*). Respectable ladies may say no, no! but I say, yes, yes! Will any individual lady present, venture to say, the Princess came from that very mean, obscure, and beggarly tribe, the barefooted, ragged-headed set, which a certain lady—(*loud cries of hear, hear! order, order! and great confusion*). Lady JULIA SMYTHE: I rise to order (*cries of question, question!*). I am speaking to the question.—Mrs. FITZSIMON SMITH (*rising with great indignation*): Does Mrs. Polkinhorne Smythe allude to me? (*loud cries of order, order! and chair, chair! which drowned the Speaker's voice*).—The noble chairwoman then rose, evidently labouring under great excitement, for she had been endeavouring in vain to procure order, and hastily brought Mrs. P. Smith to move the first resolution, which the latter did: it was to the following effect: "That a deputation should proceed to the Princess, and confer with her upon a subject of such vital importance to so many interests.—Mrs. COPPLESTON SMITHSON seconded the motion.—Mrs. FITZSIMON SMITH of Ballyshannon, then rose, her feelings evidently much excited; her dark eyes flashing more than their usual fire, and her mouth evidently eager to launch its full artillery. I rise under most extraordinary circumstances, she said, my family has been stigmatized as mean and obscure, as beggarly and ragged-headed, by a lady present. Can I suffer such imputations to pass by me like the idle wind which I regard not; no, forbid it, genius of the Smiths! Mrs. Polkinhorne Smythe has spoken a most vile, calumnious (*hear, hear!*) vile, calumnious, atrocious, and disgraceful falsehood—(*loud cries of order, order! and chair, chair! in the midst of which Mrs. Polkinhorne rose*). I repel the accusation with contempt.—Mrs. F. SMITH: Contempt! What *you!* you! you treat my accusation with contempt? You! how did your father get his money, Mrs. Polkinhorne Smythe!—Lady JULIA SMYTHE, and Miss ARABELLA SMITHSON rose together, the former gave way.—Miss A. SMITHSON: Really, ladies, this is most indecorous behaviour. Mrs. Fitzsimon Smith seems determined to create confusion.—Mrs. FITZSIMON SMITH: Is it you, Miss Arabella, that is libelling me. I've a word for you. Where's your intended? Bo! Miss Smithson sat down, evidently much agitated amidst loud cries of (*order, order! chair, chair!*). The Chairwoman interposed, but in vain, Mrs. Fitzsimon had her supporters, and the Polkinhorne had hers. Great was the din, never were so many beautiful eyes looking so angry at each other, never were so many bright cheeks paled with jealous emotion, never did such beautiful lips emit such ugly words? The scene was really scandalous! The noble Chairwoman ordered her carriage, in despair of reconciling the disputants, and departed. The meeting broke up without coming to any resolution, and the Princess was not assailed by the Smiths, the Smyths, the Smythes, the Smithsons, the Schmets, the Schneiders, or the Schniders; and thus posterity will remain in unblissful ignorance of the branch of the family to which the bride of the Prince of Capua belongs, unless the fair Penelope herself should condescend to publish the fact.

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## LOVES OF THE COURTIERS.—No. III.

THE OPERA CONQUEST; AND MARRIAGE OF LORD JOHN.

'Twas the fourth day of April, at nine,
  Lord John entered the opera door;
He had taken two bottles of wine,
  With Alvanley and D——, just before,
He was gay as a new-wakened lark,
  And as gentle as gentlest dove;
Quite eager to hear GRISI sing,
  And attuned for a matter of love.

He entered the opera pit,
  GIULIETTA was warbling divine!
The house was in rapture, and he
  As she sang, loudly cried, *brava!* fine!
But as upturned his glad eyes
  To the roof of the edifice grand,
(To see if some sylph from the skies
  Would be brought by the song to this land)

His glance on a pit-tier box fell,
  And lo! it was rivetted there;
For there sat in all beauty's pride,
  A damsel most brilliant and fair!
A fine, gay, and graceful young *blonde*,
  And oh, such a small taper waist!
Resplendent with diamonds and pearls,
  (*Entre nous*, all the brilliants were *paste!*)

Lord John thought that never before
Had he seen a girl half so divine,
(You'll recollect, please, that Lord John
Had taken *quan. suff.* of red wine)
"Who is she!" he exclaimed, "who is she?
I must know her—must have her!—od, zounds"
A sage looking man, then replied,
"She's a heiress! with thousands of pounds!"

"A heiress! O, that's just the thing,
Do you know her?" "I do." "My dear friend,"
Quoth enraptured Lord John, "I'll be glad
If some evening with me you would spend.
Call to-morrow—I dine about seven,
We'll talk of this matter. I swear
I'm in love, 'pon my soul, over ears!
I'll marry her. I am a heir!"

The invite was accepted; the sage
Was punctual. They sat down to dine;
And long ere the evening was o'er,
They had emptied four bottles of wine,
And stranger than all the strange things
(My pen trembles e'en as I write)
Lord John found that the lady, like him,
Had been struck by Dan Love at first sight!

"I'm in Paradise!" murmured Lord John;
"I'm in Heaven! None ever did see
A girl half so fair as my love,
A man half so happy as me!"
He shook his fine curls in great glee,
And gave his mustachio a twist,
And the next night the charmer and he
Made a pair in a party at whist.

Miss Sophia was blooming eighteen,
Her glossy hair lovelily curled;
She'd an eye of soft blue—made for love—
And the loveliest lisp in the world!
She made such fine play at his heart,
That before the night came to an end,
He'd written a promise to wed
His beautiful blue-eyed young friend!

Doctor's Commons then soon saw Lord John,
And then, lest the maiden should falter,
Away to Sophia he flew,
And carried her off to the altar.
The words were pronounced, the one
Most beloved on earth stood by his side,
With long open ears he did hear
Her say "Yes"—and then she was *his bride!*

Now behold them at home, at ——— House,
All happiness, rapture and love,
Sophia an angel in satin,
Lord John like an amorous dove!
A knocking is heard at the door,
The bride breathes an ominous sigh,
Lord John in astonishment stares,
And the bride wipes her melting blue eye!

A loud babbling noise just without,
Breaks the silence that reigned in the scene,
The noise it approaches—the bride
Quickly faints, like a tragedy Queen:

"What's the matter!" The bridegroom exclaims,
And a servant bursts into the room—
"Diable!" the latter did say,
And pointed to her in a swoon.

"A horrid thought flashes across
My fond brain!" Lord John franticly cried:
"My stars!" Cried the valet, "My Lord!
You have married a very queer bride!"
"A heiress! His Lordship exclaimed.
"A heiress!" A humbug!" replied
The old valet: Lord John tore his hair,
Smote his head, clasped his fingers and sighed!

The valet continued:—"My Lord,
"You're deceived and bamboozled I fear."
"Oh no," sighed Lord John, "her papa
Bequeathed her two thousand a year!"
All a hum," quoth the other, "alas!
Deep in debt is that lady so gay,"
And Lord John found that for his fair wife,
He had just *twenty thousand* to pay!

MARFORIO.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

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LA GAZZA LADRA.—The arrival of GRISI, and the consequent attraction of *La Gazza Ladra*, at the King's theatre, remind us of the origin of one of the most popular of modern operas. It is very little known, and its description may be acceptable to our distinguished readers, who, while weeping over the sorrows of the innocent *Ninetta*, have not been aware that the story was founded upon facts. A noble lady of Florence, who resided in a house which still stands opposite to the Doric column which was raised to commemorate the defeat of Pietro Strozzi, and the taking of Sienna, by Cosmo the first, lost a valuable pearl necklace, and one of her waiting-maids (a very young girl) was accused of the theft, Having solemnly denied the fact, she was put to the torture. which was then given à plaisir, at Florence. Unable to support its terrible infliction, she acknowledged that she was guilty, and, without further trial, was hung. Shortly afterwards, Florence was visited by a tremendous storm; a thunderbolt fell upon the figure of Justice and split the scales, one of which fell to the earth, and with it, the ruins of a magpie's nest, containing the pearl necklace! Those scales are still the haunts of birds.

A NATIONAL "ERROR."—In the printed directions respecting the reading room at the British Museum, we find the following sapient announcement:—"Silence is absolutely requisite in a place dedicated to the purposes of study." We should like to know how music is to be studied in silence.

SHOOTER'S HILL.—Count D'O——— was conversing with Lord A—— after the latter's duel with Morgan O'C——,

when he took occasion to compliment his noble friend upon his courage in having stood fire so well. "One shot, two shots!" exclaimed the Count, "why, you are quite *Shooter's Hill!*

Lady Blessington.—Lady Blessington has taken the house which was formerly occupied by Mr. Wilberforce, the celebrated advocate of slave emancipation. Tom Moore accompanied the lady, recently, over the premises, and being anxious to repay her ladyship for her kindness in showing him the building, with a compliment, he suddenly fell into a reverie. "What are your thoughts upon Mr. Mooke?" inquired her ladyship. "I was thinking," replied the wit, "of the singular destiny of this mansion; its late possessor strongly contended for the abolition of *slavery*, while your ladyship enforces it!"

THE THRUSH'S NEST.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drunk the sound
With joy, and oft an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day,
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay,
And, by the by, like heath bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers
Ink spotted over, shells of green and blue,
In this small nest I saw with rich delight,
The humblest things are lovely in God's sight!

Calumny.—There is no poison so deadly as the poison *verbal.*

A Proud Actor.—Volange was a favourite actor at the French Opera. He originally performed at Paris, but the patronage of the public gave him a splendid fortune, he had been called by way of eminence, Geannot. This important personage was one evening invited by the Marquis de B—— to an entertainment, with a view to amusing his company. When he arrived, the Marquis led him to the assembled guests, and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, here is Geaunot whom I have the pleasure of introducing." "My Lord!" exclaimed the proud actor, I was Geaunot when I played at the Boulevards, but at present I am Monsieur Volange." "So be it," immediately replied the Marquis, "but as we don't choose to have any but Geaunot here, let *Monsieur Volange* be conducted to the door!"

Antipathy.—It was said in company one evening, that Lady H—— C—— had a strange antipathy to water. "Very likely," replied D'Orsay, who was present," it would wash away her ladyship's rouge!"

Wants.—We are never so much tempted to moralize as after a perusal of the advertising columns of the daily papers. There is something intensely pathetic in many of the sighs which exale from the damp surface of the broad sheet. What hope can be held out to "a respectable young woman without followers," who is so unreasonable as to desire a situation "as nursery maid, where there is no infant?" Or, to a "respectable strong youth who is anxious for a place as light porter?" Both must pine unheeded. The following may be considered rather suspicious:—"A lady of 30 years of age, is desirous of meeting with a situation as companion. She is accomplished, and naturally cheerful, and to an invalid she flatters herself, that she would be an acquisition." Dear creature! who could find in his heart to shut the door in her face? But we fear that this interesting lady has no chance against the experience of a widow. "Wanted, by a respectable widow, aged 39, and free from incumbrance, a situation to superintend the domestic establishment of a widower. To one who has a family which has been deprived by death's mandate of a maternal eye, she flatters herself that her sources would be advantageous." Who doubts it. Ten to one but the widow and the widower are man and wife in a month, and the interesting family no longer lacks the "maternal eye."

MEMORY.

Oh, memory, fond memory,
When all things change we fly to thee,
Thou bring'st us back the by-gone years—
The thoughts—the friends we loved so well,
Even our sorrows—Time endears.
Breathe upon us thy magic spell!
The past, the past floats round me now,
And tones which feeling can endow
With many a charm and many a throe,
Of deeply proved and silent woe,
And *some* that were so full of bliss,
Too much, too bright for life like this!

No Dancer.—A young country squire, at one of the Court balls, was the object of countless jokes at his original style of dancing. Driven out of all patience, he turned to one of the mockers, and said, "Sir, though I dance badly, I fight well." The other coolly replied, "Well, then, fight as often as you please, but dance as seldom as you can."

A Good Reason.—A young lady anxious to appear in the fashionable circles, asked permission of her mamma to attend their friend, Lady W—'s, ball. The mamma, who had become very austere, said that ball-rooms were not places for decorous young ladies to frequent. "But, mamma," replied the young lady, "you and papa were used to go to balls when you were young." "Yes, my dear, but we have seen the folly of it." "Well, mamma," rejoined the young lady, "and I would see the folly of it, too."

Matrimonial Jars.—During a storm in the household of Lord H—, his lordship's better half took occasion to say, "You treat me not like a wife, Lord H—. In former times wives were treated better than they now are. Orpheus went into the infernal regions to fetch his wife back to earth again." "Ay, ay," quoth Lord H—, "and I know some husbands that would readily go down to thrust their wives in!"

THE HOME OF LOVE.

See the honeysuckle twine
Round this casement; 'tis a shrine
Where the heart doth incense give,
And the pure affections live;
Blessed shrine, dear blissful home,
Source whence happiness doth come,
Round thy cheerful hearth we meet,
All things beauteous, all things sweet,
Every solace of man's life,
Mother, daughter, sister, Wife.

The Late King.—When George the Fourth was Prince Regent, George Colman, the dramatist, had the honour of dining with his Royal Highness. The discourse happening to turn on the respective ages of the parties present, the Prince observed to the dramatist—"I think, George, that you and I are nearly of the same age; but are you not the elder of

the two?" George Colman made a very humble bow, and replied, "I do not really think that I could have taken the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness."

Domestic Felicity.—Mr. H— took great delight in tormenting others, and his own family was generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night he retired to bed at a very early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbour's. Sometime afterwards she returned, and finding the door closed, demanded admittance. "Who are you?" cried the husband; from within. "You know who I am," was the wife's reply, "let me in. I am very cold." "Begone, begone, woman!" said the spouse; "I don't know you." "But I must come in." "What's your name?" "You know very well; it's Mrs. H—." The husband burst into a horse laugh. "Mrs. H—!" he exclaimed. "She is a very likely woman, she never keeps such late hours as this!" The lady instantly replied, "If you do not let me in, I will drown myself in the well." "Do so," said the husband. She immediately took up a log of wood, and plunged it into the well, and retired to the side of the door. Mr. H—, hearing the noise, rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time stepped in, and closed the door after her. Mr. H—, almost naked, now demanded admittance. "Who are you!" exclaimed the wife. "You know who I am," replied hubby, "let me in, I am almost frozen to death." "Begone, you knave." "I am no knave," sighed the husband. "I am Mr. H—!" "Mr. H—, indeed!" exclaimed the wife; that's a likely thing! my husband never keeps such late hours!" After keeping the poor wretch shivering in the cold till she thought that she had cured her husband, she re-opened the door, and let him in. He never repeated such a cold trick.

Caroline, Queen of George II.—One of the Princesses having, without the least occasion, suffered a lady in waiting to stand by her chair for a considerable time, when the Royal offender came, as usual, to read to her Majesty in the evening, the Queen would not permit her to sit down, but kept her standing, until she was nearly exhausted; and then, alluding to the manner in which the Princess had treated the lady in waiting, observed, "You are now, my dear, capable of feeling how improper it is, unnecessarily, to make those who are about you the victims of etiquette."

Silk and Pins.—The fabrication of silk was forbidden in Europe in 1536. Two monks having arrived from India at Constantinople, they taught the inhabitants of that town to weave it. This art soon spread into Greece. From thence it passed into Italy and the other countries of Europe. Geneva was most famous in this branch, and in France the towns of Louis and Lyons. Pins first appeared in 1543. They were invented by the English. The ladies had previously made use of little skewers.

A Stage Con.—Why is a female singer at the English Opera House like the fashionable world. Because she is Miss *Haut Ton* (Horton).

A Word to the Ladies.—The advantages of an elegant figure are often lost by the ridiculous folly of wishing to appear very slender. One needs only study the shape of the superb statue of antiquity, the Medicean Venus, to be convinced that the beauty of proportion is injured as much by too slender as by too clumsy a waist. It must be observed also that too narrow stays absolutely destroy gracefulness and ease. The motions become stiff, and the attitudes confined, to say nothing of the fatal accidents which occasionally arise from this violence offered to nature.

Love.—Love is that devotion of heart and soul which ennobles both the lover and the person loved—that undying impulse of attachment that moves the life-flood like a whirlwind—that union of thought, feeling and existence, by which two persons are bound together, that lasts with life, and never knoweth change.

Great Singers.—The celebrated Senessino and Farinelli, Italian singers, when in England together, were engaged at different theatres, and consequently had not an opportunity of hearing each other, until by one of those stage revolutions which frequently happen, yet are always unexpected, they were both engaged to sing on the same stage. Senessino had the part of a tyrant to represent, and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but in the course of the first song, the latter so softened the heart of the enraged tyrant, that Senessino, forgetting his assumed character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him.

AN INVITATION.

Will you come and see me to-morrow evening? Do, Mr. B.
We'll have a little music and reason after tea.

THE REPLY.

What do you ask? Surely you've lost your wits this season;
What, reason after *t*?—Why that is *treason!*

Man and Wife (*A Turkish jest*).—The Khojah's wife, in order to vex him, once boiled the soup too much, and placed it before him. Forgetting, however, that it was very hot, she took a large spoonful, which scalded her mouth, and forced tears from her eyes. "What is the matter?" asked the Khojah; "is the soup so hot as to scald you?" "No, Effendi," she replied; "but my poor deceased mother was very fond of this soup, and I could not refrain from weeping, when the taste of it brought her to my recollection." The Khojah, thus assured, took also a spoonful, which scalded him likewise, and forced him to shed tears. "Effendi," said his wife, sneeringly, "what is the matter? Why are you weeping?" He answered, "My tears proceed from a just sorrow: I grieve that so respectable a lady as your mother should, at her death, leave a child like you behind her."

Characteristics of Cork, Ireland.—Every thing about Cork bears an appearance of wealth. The gentlemen, the ladies, and the tradespeople dress much the same as in London; but among the common people the eternal great-coat hanging down to the heels, and the women's cloak with the hood over the head, are worn even in the hottest weather; under the cloak is generally a brown gown, a green petticoat, and blue stockings, if any of the latter be worn, which is not often the case: under the hood they sometimes wear a mob-cap. The most common vehicle is the jingle, they are very numerous in the streets. The charge is sixpence from any one part of the town to another. Besides these, there are plenty of *Travellers*, as they are termed, which carry in the same manner for one shilling: they very much resemble "Brighton flys." From the moment the slightest intimation is made, or a supposed intention of engaging a vehicle, one is immediately beset on all sides with open mouths, proclaiming the superiority of their respective jingles, and pointing to the miserable horses, so much on a par, that it would puzzle the most learned in horse-flesh to come to a decision. To do so, however, is a matter of necessity, for so long as you hesitate you are almost torn to pieces; but the moment you have fixed upon your jingle, the squabbling is immediately at an end.

Portraits of Carlotta Grisi and Mr. Perrot.
A Scene in the Ballet, called "Le Rossignol," as performed at the King's Theatre.
Drawn and Etched by T. Jones, and Aquatinted by Hunt.
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# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CXLVII. LONDON, JUNE 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—NO. III, OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.... PORTRAITS OF CARLOTTA GRISI AND M. PERROT.
(*A Scene in the Ballet called "Le Rossignol," as performed at the King's Theatre.*)
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, ONE HALF-LENGTH FIGURE, AND FASHIONABLE BONNETS.
PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—TWO MORNING DRESSES, AND SIX HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## CARLOTTA GRISI, AND PERROT.

[*With this number of the* World of Fashion *is given a representation of one of the most effective scenes of the popular Ballet of "Le Rossignol," in which is introduced Portraits of those Stars of the Opera,* Carlotta Grisi, *and* Perrot.]

"——————— An antelope,
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
Were less ethereally light. A mirror,
In whom, as in the splendour of the sun,
All shapes look glorious which she gazes on."
——— Shelley.

——— A scene of beauty!
The winding river, and the vine-clad hills,
And heaven's pure arch of blue spread over all;
With here and there a little cottage home—
The sweet retreats of generous, constant hearts—
Where two, blest in their tenderness, might come,
And revel in that happiness of life
Which springeth from themselves. Here weary care
May lay its burthen down, and be at peace.
Virtue here dwells with joy. And Love
May rest its head upon the lap of bliss!
While birds do sing of heaven overhead,
And odorous winds, flower-fed, with kisses come,
To fan the fainting heart to extasy!
——— Love is not this thy home!
And who will say that Love hath not a life?
Why every tree and flower, and every bird
Tells of its truth, and of its joy and power.
There's not a rose-prank'd seat, there's not a nook,
Flower hung, and o'ercrept by the amorous vine,
Which is not stampt Love's Throne!
——— In scenes like these,
Far, far away, from a despiteful world,
Where coldness veils the throbbing heart, and men
Do strive to seem what they are not, and all
Is false, but woman's love (though woman's heart
Is played with as a toy, and left to break)—
Far from such scenes true Love abides,
And this his chosen home.
——— A band of merry faces,
Children of glad Europhysne, come on,
Pranking, like sylphids on a cloudlet's breast,
"They seem not of the earth, but yet are on't."
Creatures of light and life—the balmy drops
Into our cups conveyed, to make the draught
Go down. Careless they seem, and glad, as if
No cloud had ever passed before their sun,
And all their days were happiness and light.
One brighter than the rest floats proudly on,
Like a glad fawn free'd from confining bounds,
Proud of her beauty, and enchanting wiles:
Her feet like lightning, or the twinkling stars,
Move rapidly, and yet with such superior grace
That while they wonder, audiences admire.
See where she moves! "A mortal shape indeed
With life and love and light and deity,
And motion which may change but cannot die:
An image of some bright eternity:
A shadow of some golden dream; a tender
Reflection of the eternal moon of love,
Under whose motions life's dull billows move;
A metaphor of Spring, and Youth and Morning!"
And now she curvets with immortal grace,
And starts from earth, her eyes upraised to heaven
As if communing with some spirits there,
Anxious to leave dull earth, and fly
To homes where love eternal reigns;
Where truth dies not and virtuous hearts are blest!

Carlotta Grisi is a peerless girl,
Before the splendour of her excellence,
All lesser stars do pale and disappear!
And he who with fond eyes upturned to her,
Drinks draughts of passion from her liquid eyes,
A meet companion is. Perrot the unparalleled!
"An animated Indian-rubber ball"—
Man of no bone! A great original.
A graceful whirligig—a farce refine d;
His curious movements are the Wit of motion,
E'en as Carlotta's are its Poetry!

## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.
AKENSIDE.

It is a well understood fact, that the rulers of a nation give the tone to the manners and feelings of the people. In Courts where dissipation and profligacy characterize the conduct of those who preside, there will ever be found an abandonment of morality, or, at best, a laxity that must be pernicious and dangerous. But, where sovereigns are distinguished for their high sense of moral duty, by their devotion to the principles of virtue, by their attachment to the principles of moral good, and their abhorrence of evil, there will ever be found a corresponding feeling in the courtiers, which cannot fail to produce the best effects upon the people. We have the good fortune to live under the reign of a monarch whose first mortal thoughts are for the welfare and happiness of his people. This is a blessing which cannot be estimated too highly. The King of England has established his throne in his people's affections, and we are sure that millions will unite with us in our grateful and loyal ejaculation, "Long live the King!"

The past month has been devoted chiefly by the King and his amiable and illustrious consort, to the gaieties of life. HER MAJESTY has attended the Opera more than once, and has otherwise appeared among the people. The new comers, the Prince of Orange and his son, are interesting additions to the Court circle, and those illustrious personages cannot have failed to perceive the influence which patriotism and honour in a monarch have over his people.

The Drawing-rooms in the month of May have been of a more gratifying and animating character than any of the preceding ones of the season. This is to be accounted for by the fact of the town being now full of fashionables. The season is at its height, and it may be presumed that not a few of the noble and distinguished persons who attended the first one of the month, had an eye to the State Balls, of which we shall presently speak. We know of one lady who experienced a series of perplexing and mortifying accidents in her anxiety to get to town, and to be prepared. Had her "lord and master" any hand in them? *Some* gentlemen do not like gaiety: but those should not endeavour to restrict the pleasure of their "*better* halves."

The Drawing-room to which we have adverted was, in truth, a choice assemblage of all that is most lovely in nature, and all that is most gorgeous in art. The usual officers and guards of honour were in attendance at the Palace. HER MAJESTY was attended by the Marchioness of ELY, the Countess of BROWNLOW, Earl HOWE, Earl DENBIGH, and others; the King was attended by Lord ADOLPHUS FITZCLARENCE and General FINCH; the Lord and Groom in Waiting. The assemblage was immense, but the KING and QUEEN passed through the fatigue of the day without exhibiting any lassitude; the last lady who had the honour of being received by HER MAJESTY being as kindly and affectionately regarded as the first. HER MAJESTY was attired in a white net dress, embroidered in silver, the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds, emeralds, and blonde; train of lilac tabinet, richly brocaded in silver, and lined with white satin. Head-dress, feathers, emeralds, and diamonds. (The dress of British and train of Irish manufacture).—The Duchess of KENT wore a blonde dress over white satin, the body and sleeves magnificently ornamented with diamonds, amethysts, and blonde; train of rich maize figured satin, lined with white *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with blonde. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds. (The whole of British manufacture).

From this splendid scene we pass to the consideration of another scarcely less important, and certainly more delightful to the parties that were engaged in it, the first State Ball, which was given at St. James's Palace, on the 13th ult. This was a night of perfect luxury. The resources of art were exhausted for the embellishment of nature. Nothing could surpass the splendour of the ladies' dresses, except the living beauties which they enveloped. Nothing could eclipse the diamonds that blazed on every side, save the delighted eyes of the wearers. The preparations for the entertainment were of the most extensive and gorgeous description. A temporary orchestra was fitted up on the south side of the ball-room for the quadrille band; and at the east end, a platform covered with crimson cloth was raised across the entire width for the accomodation of their Majesties and the members of the Royal Family. A sofa of crimson velvet and gold was placed at the back, with a number of chairs on each side to correspond; and above the seats were suspended crimson draperies with magnificent gold fringe. The front of the orchestra was hung with similar draperies. The *Drawing-room*, into which the Ball-room opened, was set out for cards; and the adjoining room (the *Throne-room*) contained a temporary orchestra for a second quadrille party, the front being hung with drapery to correspond with the ball-room. The *King's Closet* was also set out for cards. The company began setting down shortly before ten, and the arrivals continued without intermission for more than an hour and a half. HIS MAJESTY entered the Ball-room soon after ten o'clock: the QUEEN, accompanied by her Royal relatives, followed shortly afterwards. HER MAJESTY was attired in a splendid white satin dress, beautifully embroidered with gold; a magnificent diadem of brilliants, with wreaths of costly pearls tastefully intermixed. Quadrilles, waltzes, and gallopades were danced alternately, to some entirely new music, which was greatly admired. About one o'clock supper was served in the Banquetting-room. On each side and at the western end of this elegant apartment extended a range of tables, set out with every delicacy and rarity that could be procured. The ornamental confectionary in the centre of the tables displayed great ingenuity, and was most admirably executed. The appearance of this room when the distinguished party were seated was splendid in the extreme. THEIR MAJESTIES and the Royal Family partook of a supper at the Queen's House. The number of distinguished persons who attended this royal entertainment was very great. The dancing was kept up till a late hour on the following morning, and when, like "tired birds with weary wing," the guests of the illustrious personages departed from the scene of enjoyment, it was not without casting "many a longing lingering look behind."

In this delightful manner the time of THEIR MAJESTIES have been spent during the month, at Windsor and at St. James's. THEIR MAJESTIES continue in the enjoyment of excellent health, a circumstance which cannot fail to give much pleasure to our readers.

The other members of the royal family are also enabled, by the possession of health, to enjoy the gaieties of the season. The Princess VICTORIA has just attained her seventeenth year. It is thought that next year Her Royal Highness will be declared of age.

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## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

" ——————— Lively and gossipping ;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."
*The Courtier.—A Comedy.*

LADIES IN PARLIAMENT.—The *Ladies Champion* has achieved a victory ; and on the day that this magazine is laid upon the tables of our distinguished subscribers, ladies will for the first time be admitted to the gallery of the House of Commons. This will, indeed, be a " *glorious* first of June." We are most sanguine in our expectations of the good effects of this wise and excellent arrangement. Why should ladies be denied the privilege of hearing the debates in Parliament ? It is cruel enough to deny the use of their own peculiar weapon, the tongue, but it is more enormous to stop up their ears. Besides, by opening the gallery of the House of Commons to the ladies, *wives* will be enabled to keep their watchful eyes constantly over their " *beloved partners*," and be, in truth, their " *guardian angels*." How many honourable and right honourable gentlemen are there, that under the *pretence* of " attending Parliamentary duties," have escaped from their happy homes to some gaming-house, where they have been plundered by the human demons that lurk there. Now, the wife will be able to see if her husband " *does* " go down to the House," and see that he regularly retires from his senatorial labours to the enjoyment of his home. Will not this be good ? Then, the presence of the ladies will certainly prevent many of the indecencies which have been remarked in the House. No gentleman will now render himself liable to be mistaken for an animal with longer ears; and, certainly, the number of *dirty shoes* and *dirty gloves* will be diminished. It will be no excuse for the " gentlemen" at present in the use of such articles, that they represent the *unwashed*. A display of female beauty will supersede the necessity of a *call of the House*, which is attended with great inconvenience, by attracting the young legislators from Almack's, from balls and concerts at which they are too often diverted from their duty in the House of Commons. The presence of female charms will tend to improve the quality of debate, by restraining low and vulgar orators from exposing their ignorance and impertinence. It will infallibly diminish vulgar language. The wives of the parties are too much interested in the honour of their husbands, to admit that they should be satisfied with the sort of explanation deemed *sufficient* by the House for such affronts. If a " gentleman" give another the " lie direct," the lady will think her husband should require something more from the offender, than a simple declaration that he meant nothing personal. The *Temperance* Societies, of course, feel grateful for the new arrangement. We should not be surprised if the ladies were to manifest their admiration of the gallant conduct of Captain BERKELEY, by presenting him with some splendid gift—say a silver shield, since he has championed them so successfully. And then who knows that we may not have a new order of *knighthood*—of the silver shield! We might then have a revival of the age of chivalry. As great things have sprung from slighter causes. At any rate, the ladies owe an address of thanks to the gallant captain ; and if any meeting of the fair should be convened for that purpose, we suppose that Lady JERSEY will take the chair.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—The inhabitants of the City, Finsbury, Islington, and their vicinity, will be glad to hear that the premises, 103, Fore Street (formerly occupied by Todd & Co., the celebrated Silk Mercers) have been taken by S. BENTON & Co., who intend to supply Milliners, and families, with every article in Silk Mercery, Drapery, Hosiery, Lace, &c., with any quantity, at wholesale prices.

LORD S—— AND HIS DAUGHTERS.—The gastronomic attachments of Lord S—— are not stronger than his parental affection. He is very fond of his daughters, who are always to be seen riding about the Parks (for they are capital equestrians) and most frequently his lordship is with them. We have no doubt that they keep *single* on purpose to oblige their kind and indulgent parent. One day lately, a slight mistake occasioned a droll adventure with these fair and noble individuals. Lord S——, it appeared, when his daughters left home on their morning's ramble, had agreed to join them in St. James's Park. The ladies, whose thoughts perchance were occupied more with Almack's, or the state ball, or Penelope Smyth, or some such interesting matter, than with their honoured parent's injunctions, misunderstood his lordship ; and supposing that he had said St. James's *Street*, instead of St. James's *Park*, remained caracolling under a noonday sun in the street, while papa was trotting up and down the Park, wondering what could have become of his young ladies. Moved by some strange apprehension, perhaps, some dream of the last elopement, his lordship summoned the keeper of the Stable-yard gate. " Have you seen my family ?" inquired the anxious papa, " No, my lord," was the reply to his disappointed lordship, who galloped off, and was no doubt in a rather unpleasant state of mind, until the fair ones, tired of their monotonous ramble among the club-houses and shops of St. James's-street, returned to the enlivenment of their home, and we need scarcely add, to the delight of their parent's heart.

PENELOPE AND THE PRINCE.—Penelope Smyth and the Prince of Capua found it difficult to get married. Princes do not marry Penelopes every day. Unable to obtain a license, banns were put up at St. George's Church, Hanover-square. It appears, however, that the Gretna-green blacksmith had already united them. In the books of the Gretna Hymen the following record is made :—" Gretna Hall, May 7, 1836.—Married here, this day, Carlo Fernando Borbone, Principe di Capoa, ji'glio del sa Fransiso Primo, Re del Regnio delle due Sicilie, Napoli d'Italia, and Penelope Carolina Smyth, daughter of the late G. Smith, Esq., of Ballynatray, in the county of Waterford, Ireland." Nor are these the only parties who have visited the Border Temple of Hymen within the last few days ; for, on the 2d ult. we find Francis Butler Rhodes, Esq., of Westerley, State of Rhode Island, United States of America, and Rosalie Felicitè Binet, Caen, Department of Cahraday, France ; and on the 4th, John Skelton, Esq., of Leeds, Yorkshire, and Ruthetta Smithson, Barston, Greengate, Gnnsely, Yorkshire ; followed

by Wm. Smithson, Esq., Wigton, Cumberland, to Isabella Graves, same place." Penelope and the Prince have been dashing about town in a beautiful green-painted close carriage, in which are emblazoned the Neapolitan Royal Arms. In this vehicle they have made frequent excursions to Richmond, Kew, &c.—They were married on the 23d. On the day before, the congregation of St. George's Church were asked for the third time whether any of them knew any just cause or impediment why the marriage should not be solemnized. The inaudible response was, "No," but the banns on the Sunday preceding were, we are informed, forbidden by the Neapolitan Minister, Count Ludolf, attended by his Secretary, the Duke Regina, who advanced to the pulpit and said, "Yes." A communication, it is understood, took place in the Vestry-room between the Count and the Rector, in which the former said it was the will of the King of Naples that the marriage should not take place, but the Rector refused to entertain the objection. A ludicrous circumstance occurred during the ceremony; the Prince's valet, who had been entrusted with the ring, was accidently shut out by the beadles, and a ring was therefore borrowed on the spot from a bystander. The happy and princely couple were congratulated upon the celebration of the ceremony by a numerous party of friends who were present.

Abstracted from every consideration of commercial profit, it cannot be otherwise than a sincere moral gratification to Messrs. Rowland and Son to receive, as they do, from individuals of high and respectable grades in society, numerous voluntary testimonials of the virtues of those productions which have now so long been honoured by public patronage; particularly the Macassar Oil, and the Kalydor. A few days ago, a lady addressed a letter to Messrs. Rowland, thanking them in the warmest terms for the benefit she had derived from the Kalydor while tending her infant at the breast. She described the pain as agonizing, from the extreme tenderness of the skin, until she essayed, almost in despair, the above soothing application. To use the words of the fair correspondent herself, "from that period I have experienced no inconvenience whatever, but, on the contrary, am enabled to continue my maternal duties with the most perfect ease. Rowland's Kalydor, composed of the most precious Balsamic Exotics, is perfectly innoxious, and the entire reverse of a mineral astringent; its effects upon the exceedingly minute vessels of the skin are Purifying, Refreshing, and Invigorating—qualities before which, the host of minor cutaneous affections, as Pimples, Spots, Redness, Sallowness (either natural, or the result of a protracted residence in tropical latitudes) imperceptibly disappear, and are succeeded by a Transparency and Radiant Whiteness, which the sensibility of beauty decorates with a mantling blush; while the more formidable class of eruptions yield to its continued application, and are eradicated by the restoration of a perfect tone and action of the Skin, so essential to health, as well as to personal comfort and appearance. Ladies travelling, or temporarily subject to any deviation of equable temperature, will find in the Kalydor a renovating and refreshing auxiliary, dispelling the cloud of languor from the complexion, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity of the Skin, a suspension of which is the usual effect of relaxation. The neck, arms, and hands, also partake largely of the advantages derived from its use, exhibiting a delicacy of appearance heretofore scarcely attainable, even with the most sedulous care and attention.

London Fogs.—A foreigner, describing the effects of our climate, says, "Last winter, out of a party of two and twenty invited to dine in the Regent's Park, only four arrived, all the others were afraid of losing their way!"

The First Lesson in Music.—An Irish gentleman called on an eminent singing-master to inquire his terms: the maestro said that he charged two guineas for the first lesson, but only one guinea for as many as he pleased afterwards. "Oh! bother the first lesson (said the applicant) let us commence with the second."

Beauty.—The town of New Ross offers a wager of £100, that a handsomer lady will be found therein than in any other town in Ireland!

Count D'Orsay.—We recommend our Fashionable Friends to Wilkinson, of 80, Strand, for the real D'Orsay Hat, he being the sole Inventor and Maker.

A Run to the Races.—Epsom Races "came off" this year under more brilliant circumstances than have characterized any previous years proceedings. The weather set in beautifully; and the noble and gentle seekers of pleasure "set out" in the best style. Upon the road, on the "grand day," the variety and quantity of vehicles congregated together their happy inmates anxious to be present at the contest for the "Derby," made a very pleasant sight, and, of course, there were numerous adventures and upsets. An incipient sportsman, fresh from the counter, mounted upon his jaded Rosinante, and struggling with all his might to be upon the course in time, would be wilfully annoyed by a more fortunate fellow in a gig, and he, in turn, would be urged on by some choice spirits in an open carriage and pair. "All the world and his wife" seemed to be at the races, and the grand stand was crowded with clusters of beauty and exquisitely lit by a broad and genial blaize of sunshine. There were not a few melancholy looking visages, powerfully contrasted with the general looks of satisfaction; many a face grew as long as the race; and these gloomy spots upon the brightness of the assembled company were, there is every reason to suppose, to be attributable to Lord Jersey's *Bay Middleton*, an animal that had the effrontery to beat all his competitors by a couple of lengths. The winning horse of the Derby was this year the favourite, and for once, therefore, the "knowing ones" were triumphant, and those who, with the recollection of the success of the *Queen of Trumps* and others, had again betted against the "knowing ones," were "done." At starting, the horses were *Bay Middleton*, *Venison*, *Colonel Peel's* two, *Sepoy*, *Gladiator*, the *Athenian*, *Alfred*, *Emmeline*, *Muezzin* and *Recruit*. The last-named took the lead and went gallantly on (horse of mettle as it is) to the top of the hill; but there the *Recruit* proved himself to be no match for the old soldiers, and he, falling back, up came *Slane*, *Venison*, *Emmeline*, *Bay Middleton* and *Gladiator*. *Venison*, took the lead to the distance, and here all the *gourmands* present were sanguine in their expectations of the success of a horse which bore such an interesting name, to *them*. 7 to 2 against *Venison* was offered and taken; but alas for the Warrenders and Seftonians! the horse of the delicious name gave way to *Bay Middleton* and *Gladiator*. Then commenced the great and final struggle. On went the whip, deep went the rowels, slash and slash, spur and spur! "*Middleton* for ever!" "*Gladiator* will win!" "Come on *Venison!*" were shouted by the delighted spectators, whose expectation was now upon the tiptoe! O! what a moment of anxiety! Upon that moment depended thousands! And now the goal is

reached, and *Middleton* is declared the winner. There was a good deal of altercation after the race with respect to the start, several of the jockies insisting that it ought not to be suffered, inasmuch as the *Athenian* never went up to the post. But these are matters which do not concern us. We know that it was a fine race, and that it gave a great deal of pleasure to every body—but the *losers*. The RETURN TO TOWN was a series of perplexing accidents and funny adventures. We should like to recount them for the diversion of our readers, but the length of some of our other articles compels us to be brief. On the following day, "The Oaks" was gallantly contested in the presence of a numerous and fashionable company; but the pleasure of the day was spoiled by the intelligence which had been received of the melancholy death of the Hon. BERKELEY CRAVEN, who had shot himself on the previous night, at his reaidence in Connaught Terrace, in consequence, it was supposed, of his heavy losses upon the "Derby." It was said that they amounted to upwards of thirty thousand pounds. Such losses almost cause us to demand from the legislature the abolition of horse-racing. We are afraid that the amusement is become a mere pretext for gambling.

The Oaks was won by Mr. Scott's *Cyprian*, by half a length: Mr. Holdsworth's *Destiny* came in second. It was an interesting race. We should have stated that our illustrious visitors, the Prince of ORANGE and his Sons, were present at these races, and obtained the good opinion of all, by their urbanity and politeness.

MAY FASHIONS.—We visited last week, VYSE'S MAGAZIN, No. 30, LUDGATE STREET, to see his NEW FANCY STRAW BONNET. It is, indeed, very novel and elegant, and we were much pleased in perceiving he had received numerous orders from some of the most Fashionable and Influential Ladies.

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## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

"————Shall we go to the play?"
"Aye, with good-will; but let us look at the bills, and see what food the players have provided for us.
It were time wasted to sit out dull matters."—*Old Comedy*.

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HOLDING it, as we do, to be a waste of time to sit out the dull performances at our theatres, we must still be in the "opposition" to our theatrical managers; for, of a truth, they continue to produce the dullest things imaginable. At Drury Lane, there is Malibran, certainly a wondrous woman, one of those "divine perfections," which the world has but few of, and which it ought to prize, honour, and love; and true it is that when Malibran performs the theatre is well filled! but she plays on three nights of the week only, and the other three are devoted to the most wretched description of dramatic entertainments. Mr. Bunn had the opportunity when he commenced the present season of exalting his reputation and making his fortune; he possessed a large and most talented company, he had, indeed, the *cream* of dramatic talent, and what did he do with it? He exhibited it for two or three nights, and then put it upon the shelf. The house was crowded on the opening night, a multitudinous audience was attracted by the announcement of Shakspeare and Macready. But the play was vilely "got up," and it was quite evident that the managers had no love in their hearts, for either the poet or the actor. A series of expensive shows were then resorted to, most of which failed, and now that Mr. BUNN has MALIBRAN in his service, he exhibits her in her old characters, the *Sonnambula* and *Fidelio*, wherein she has been seen many a time and oft by the playgoing public, and which she is still condemned to appear in, to the great dissatisfaction of all who love novelty. MALIBRAN'S *Sonnambula* is universally known, and it is unnecessary for us, therefore, to enter into a description of its beauties; its simplicity, truth, passion, and to sum up all its excellent qualities, in one short expressive word, its POETRY, is known, and has been felt, and is remembered by thousands, in whose breasts it has touched the chords of sympathy, and in whose minds it has made an everlasting impression. Her *Fidelio* is not so good; it is inferior to SCHROEDER DEVRIENT'S performance of the character. We should say that MALIBRAN scarcely appreciates BEETHOVEN'S music. In the light playfulness of ROSSINI, and his successor, BELLINI, she revels. MOZART with his ecclesiastical severity is comprehended, and powerfully expressed by her, but the grandeur of BEETHOVEN she either does not understand, or will not study with a view to its perfect development. She has acquired many of the peculiarities of the music of her husband, DE BERIOT, and sometimes they have a very pleasing effect.

We have now to speak of the affair between Mr. MACREADY, and Mr. BUNN. The latter having thought proper to substitute opera, show, and nonsense, for tragedy, during the remainder of his season, felt the payment of Mr. MACREADY'S salary a very irksome duty, and he tried by every species of indignity to induce the actor to throw up his engagement in disgust. Among other annoyances, he announced the play of *William Tell*, as an afterpiece, and played only the three first acts of *Richard the Third* (the least important parts of the play) thus degrading the "legitimate drama," of which, by his patent, he is supposed to be the protector, and the legitimate actor as well. It was this last outrage that gave rise to the assault. When the curtain fell upon the fragment of *Richard the Third*, and Mr. MACREADY had left the stage, he had occasion to pass the room door of Mr. BUNN. He entered, and after venting his wrath in some opprobrious words, he dashed his fist into the stage manager's face, a scuffle ensued, the manager called "murder!" and the actor retired. The public espoused the cause of Mr. MACREADY, whom they believed to be the injured party; and when it was announced that he was to appear at Covent Garden Theatre, a report was circulated that the Bunnites would oppose him. When the evening came, however, the friends of the legitimate drama mustered so strongly, and displayed so much enthusiasm in favour of MACREADY, that the few *hissers* were speedily silenced and put to shame. It was, in truth, a splendid sight to see the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in honour of the great tragedian. He never played more finely than upon that evening. The enthusiasm of the audience seemed to give him fresh energies; his performance of the character of *Macbeth* was perfectly sublime. When the curtain fell, Mr. MACREADY, being called for by the audience, re-appeared, and silence being obtained, he addressed the assemblage. After alluding to the mortifying provocations, personal and professional, which he had experienced, he expressed his regret at having been betrayed into an intemperate act, but, at the same time, leading his hearers to infer that he by no means wished his observations to be

understood as an apology to Mr. BUNN. It was the mere admission of a gentleman of an act of imprudence, leaving the cause without remark.

At the same theatre, Covent Garden, a new opera, called "*The Rose of the Alhambra, or, the Enchanted Lute*, the words by Captain POLHILL, and the music by Mr. DE PINNA, has been produced, but with limited success. The story of the piece is very preposterous, and the music, though it be in parts pretty, is not remarkable for its originality. Mr. BARKER, of the St. James's Theatre, personated the hero, and Miss ROMER the heroine. Mr. BARKER's voice is clear and sweet, and if it were not for his redundant cadences, he would become a favourite with the town.

Let us now pass to the consideration of the performances at the KING'S THEATRE, a notice of which should have commenced our dramatic article, but we have been insensibly led to other matters by our introductory observations. The King's Theatre is the most fashionable and most attractive place of entertainment, and the spirited manner in which it is conducted, reflects the highest credit upon the talents and industry of M. LAPORTE, who spares neither pains nor expense in rendering it worthy of the patronage of the *élite* of rank and fashion. Never, at any previous period, was such a constellation of talent congregated within the walls of the King's Theatre, as that, which, by great exertion, and an immense outlay of capital, M. LAPORTE has assembled there at the present moment. In the operatic department, there is GRISI—the resplendent queen of song—whose "music divine" might make a misanthrope open his heart and soul to the charities of human nature, and turn the veriest churl to tenderness and love. RUBINI, the best tenor singer in Europe. TAMBURINI, the prince of baritones, and LABLACHE, the *mighty* LABLACHE—great in every sense of the word, to whose unrivalled powers we have many a time and oft done justice. In the Ballet there is the cousin of GIULIETTA, the sylphic CARLOTTA GRISI, whose feet seems only *par complaisance* to touch the ground, the charming ST. ROMAIN, the fawnfooted VAREN, with KEPPLER, CHAVIGNY, and a host of other graceful votaries of Terpsichore, while the orchestra contains the leading musical professors of the day. With such a company, LAPORTE ought to accumulate a splendid fortune, and the fashionable world will be highly censurable if they do not make him a gainer by his spirited and unprecedented speculation.

Our ever welcome favourite "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*" has been played, with GRISI as *Rosina*, RUBINI as *Almaviva*, and the Prince of *Figaro's*, TAMBURINI. Such a cast is a treat, at all times, to the lovers of music, and one they will not fail to appreciate. In the lesson scene, GRISI introduced the celebrated air and variations from the "*Donna del Largo*, in which RONZI DI BEGNIS was so much admired a few years since; with GRISI it lost none of its attractions, and was loudly applauded: the whole opera went off admirably. The *Sonnambula* of MALIBRAN and GRISI does not challenge comparison, the acting of each is so essentially different; in one we have the perfection of art, and all the resources that experience dictates, whilst with GRISI it is a far less studied performance, and she trusts solely to the impulse of her feelings at the moment, and rarely fails in impressing her audience with the same natural emotions. The powerful assistance of RUBINI as *Elvino*, and TAMBURINI as *Rodolph*, leaves nothing to desire.

A new *ballet* was produced for the benefit of Madlle. ST. ROMAIN, that for splendour and magnificence, throws Mr. BUNN's operas of *Gustave* and *Lestocq* completely in the shade, it is called *Benyowsky, ou les Exiles au Kamschatka*. The plot is taken from KOTZEBUE's novel of the same name, though there are considerable variations in the details: the first act consists of some circumstances in his life, and his introduction to the Empress Catherine, who is very anxious that he should enter the Russian service, which he declines. Catherine renews her offers at a Court ball, which he still determines on refusing, he is, then, by the Empress' orders, seized in the ball-room, stripped of the emblems of his rank, and exiled to Kamschatka. The second act opens in Kamschatka, where we see the exiles undergoing all the hardships of state prisoners. *Benyowsky* combines with the other exiles to effect their escape, and they are seen secretly constructing a ship intended to convey them to China. The Governor, however, has taken an interest in *Benyowsky*, obtains his pardon, and offers him his daughter in marriage, which he gladly accepts. This excites the jealousy and hatred of some of the other conspirators, who, in revenge, betray the plot that has been formed, when a scuffle ensues, during which the Governor is slain, and *Benyowsky* and his wife escape to China. Nothing has been spared in getting up this *ballet*; the costumes are splendid, and evidently drawn from the most authentic sources; the ball-room scene is one of the most beautiful ever displayed in any theatre. The dances are novel and extremely interesting. CARLOTTA GRISI and PERROT danced to admiration a new *pas de deux*, the conclusion of which was extremely effective, and drew down immense applause. The mazourka was also excellently danced by COULON, CHAVIGNY, KEPLER, &c., and some disposition was shewn to encore it. Madlle. ST. ROMAIN has rather taken the town by surprise in this *ballet*; we have always given her credit for being an excellent dancer, but certainly not for the talent she has displayed in this piece; her dancing with COSTOU, in the ball-room scene, was graceful and elegant in the extreme; but her Russian *pas seul* in the second act, is one of the most perfect specimens of dancing ever seen. The enthusiasm of the audience was never exceeded by any performance of TAGLIONI's, the applause was most vociferous; but we must protest against the English practice of encoring dancers in such long and fatiguing performances. ROMAIN, with much energy, expressed the fatigue was too much for her, but the audience were too despotic to consult other than their own amusement; and in dancing it the second time, she gave evident symptoms that the exertion was too much for her; the regular frequenters of the opera we know never encourage these encores, and it is a thousand pities that a few ill-bred persons gaining admittance, heaven knows how, should be allowed to have their way against the wish and feelings of the subscribers. We must not omit to notice COULON's acting as *Benyowsky* which was very impressive; COPERE was the empress, and threw much dignity into the part which her figure rather favours. The scenery is very good; and the putting together almost instaneously, the vessel they have been constructiug in secret, and her sailing away in the last scene, was extremely well managed. The music is entirely new, by BOCHSA, and possesses great merit, perhaps, on the whole, a little too noisy; he has, however, introduced some very beautiful Rusaian melodies, and some effects in imitation of the Russian horns are well managed: many of the airs, also, are light and elegant, and the military bands on the stage have evidently been rehearsed

by the composer himself, as there is a precision and compactness in their playing rarely heard on these occasions. The *ballet* will, doubtless, continue its attractions throughout the season, and, we sincerely hope, amply repay the manager for his liberal expenditure.

*I Puritani* has been produced with the same cast as last year, and GRISI's singing of the polacca, *Il vergin vezzoza*, is sure to be followed by an instant call for its repetition; it certainly is a most splendid *morceau*, and GRISI does it ample justice. TAMBURINI and LABLACHE in the duet, *suoni la tromba e in trepido*, almost infuse their hearers with the same spirit as themselves; their magnificent voices harmonize perfectly in this duet, and no singers will ever be so popular in it as they have been. They seem well aware they can never escape an *encore* when they sing and appear to become reconciled to their fate.

*Otello*, has been played with the same cast as last season, excepting WINTER for IVANOFF, it went off with considerable applause, and so as to induce us to wish that it may not be unfrequently repeated: The beautiful air *Deh Calme* was, in particular, exquisitely sang. On most evenings the Theatre has been crowded to excess, and even on the Tuesday nights it is quite a rare circumstance to see a box untenanted. We hope in our next to be able to give some account of MERCANDANTE's new opera of the *Briganti*. As it is the selection for M. LAPORTE's benefit, and which, we doubt not, will be the most brilliant night of the season, for the subscribers must have every reason to be satisfied, that nothing has been spared to render the opera every way worthy of the distinguished patronage it receives.

ST. JAMES'S.—FRENCH PLAYS.—Madame VERTPRE continues to prove herself a spirited caterer for the public, and novelty succeeds novelty in rapid succession; the company, by playing together some time, have become better fitted in their parts, and play up to each other with greater spirit: minor additions have also been made where they were found wanting, and the company is very efficient.

*La Reine de Seize Ans*, has given us an opportunity of again witnessing VERTPRE's excellent performance of *Christine*, it is a character peculiarly her own, and the varying emotions of love and jealousy she pourtrayed most beautifully. The character of *Christine* is a very difficult one to play with effect, as the wayward love of one so young, and with so much at her command, shows itself very differently to the course of ordinary life: we know of no one who so thoroughly enters into the spirit of the character as Madame VERTPRE, though we have seen it frequently played in France and in this country. CARMOUCHE's lively and amusing vaudeville of *Les Duels*, has been played with much success, and M. ROBERT as *Leon*, *Harcourt*, COSSARD as the blunt *Concierge*, and VIZINTINI as *Polydore Beauchamp*, acquitted themselves admirably.

M. LHERIE, one of the principal comedians of the Theatre de Varietés, has made his first appearance in England, and with very great succeas; he is an excellent actor, and reminds us very forcibly of the late CHARLES MATHEWS, though but a young man. He is very happy in the assumption of different characters, and in lively rattling parts. *Les sept peches capitaux* was the piece selected for his *debût*, and of which he is the author. It turns upon a young man, Edward Walker, who disguises himself as a quaker, in order to introduce himself into the dwelling of another quaker who has seven daughters, from amongst whom Walker is desirous of choosing a wife; he has an interview with each in succession, and selects the youngest on account of some *diligence* reminiscence. In *L'art de ne pas monter sa garde* he was also exceedingly amusing. He is pursued by the Commissary of Police and two of the National Guard, in order to be placed in durance vile for neglect of duty, when he scrambles over a roof into an adjoining house; the Commissary follows after, but LHERIE, who perceives a portrait of the master of the house hanging up, dresses himself on the stage so as to pass for him and deceive the Commissary; he is, however, still unable to escape, and assumes the character of a negress, and to the great annoyance of the simple shopman, insists that she came by appointment, and that something tender has already taken place: he also personates one *Joset Ramoneur*. He was very loudly applauded throughout, and is one of the best actors we have yet had in this country. M. LHERIE is also an accomplished musician, possessing a very pleasing voice, which he manages with much ability.

*Folbert and Polydore, ou le Mari de Cantatrice*, is an extremely amusing piece, and was excellently played. *Folbert* has deserted his wife, about ten years before the piece opens; during his absence, she became celebrated as a public singer, and, believing him dead, is about to be married to a young nobleman, when *Folbert* returns a consummate villain, and in the most deplorable state of poverty. Finding her happiness destroyed and her plans frustrated, she expresses her determination to recommence her career in a foreign country, and the piece concludes with her flight, leaving *Folbert* behind. M. LHERIE played the part of *Polydore*, the brother of the Prima Donna, in a highly humourous and diverting manner, and introduced several charming songs, which he sang with most exquisite taste. *Le Manteau ou le reve du Mari*, introduced a Madame CORREGE to the public in the part of *Emilie*; she seems accustomed to the stage, and will prove an acquisition to the company. Moliere's admirable comedy of the *Tartuffe* has been performed in an excellent manner. Maddle. THIERRET played *Dorine*, so as to enhance her considerably in the good opinion of her audience. COSSARD played the part of *Orgon*, which he frequently performs at the *Theatre Français* with much applause. M. RAY as the *Tartuffe*, also received a due and merited share of approbation; the other parts were well cast, and the comedy gave great satisfaction to a very crowded house. *La Sonnette de Nuit* is a very amusing affair, though with scarcely any plot; LHERIE, however, renders it excessively diverting, and it is impossible to refrain from laughing throughout. An unlucky apothecary has married, and his rival determines, on his wedding night, to subject him to all sorts of annoyances; for this purpose he keeps the night-bell constantly going, and assumes the characters of a young lady very ill, though she don't exactly know where or how; a singer at the opera comique, who has to make his *debut* on the following evening, and has unaccountably lost his voice; and an old portress, with so many grievances she cannot make herself understood on any one of them. If laughter be the criterion of a piece's goodness, M. LHERIE, in the double character of author and actor, has just reason to be satisfied.

*La Chanteuse Polyglotte*, is a laughable extravaganza, in which LHERIE plays in a lady-like fashion; he personates a lady in one of the private boxes who is induced in consequence of the non-appearance of some of the performers, to make her first appearance on the stage, as a substitute on the occasion. He sings the music allotted to the *prima donna*—

*Una voce, Der Alpenlied, Cherry Ripe*, and a French romance: in *Cherry Ripe*, and the German air, he was loudly encored.

SCRIBE'S delightful vaudeville of *Le Marriage de Raisin*, has been very well performed, and VERTPRE as *Madame Pinchon*, was extremely diverting, and our only regret is that the part is so short.

Madame VERTPRE has been unceasing in her endeavours to find out the taste of the subscribers: novelty has succeeded novelty in rapid succession, very frequently two new pieces on the same night, and engagements are entered into with some of the principal Parisian favourites, who will appear during the Season. When we consider the very high rent she has to pay for the Theatre, which was not left to her own choice, we think she has done the utmost that could be expected, and we doubt, notwithstanding the house is always well attended, whether after all her expences are paid, that anything will remain to remunerate her for her exertions as actress and manager. The names of Mddle. PLESSIS, MONROSE and ARNAL, are mentioned as amongst those who are to pay us a visit during the season. The two first have never appeared in this country, and we are certain they cannot prove otherwise than attractive, they are both at the head of their profession in France, and we are confident will become great favourites here. ARNAL, as most of our readers are aware, has performed with the French company some years since, when his laughter exciting qualities were duly appreciated.

The HAYMARKET THEATRE has, thus far in its season, been prosperous: its proprietor has made great exertions to procure the best available talent, and is deserving of support. The French dancers, that have appeared in a ballet called *Zulema*, are not *first*-rate ones, but they have talent, and are remarkable for the neatness with which they execute their *pas*. The principal ones are Mademoiselle JOSEPHINE STEPHAN, and her sister VIRGINIE, and Mademoiselle DANCE. The latter lacks grace, but has considerable expression. M.M. MASSOT and EMILE PETIT, are clever imitators of PERROT. Mr. SINCLAIR, Miss P. HORTON, and Miss VINCENT have appeared in several popular operas with success. They are vocalists of much talent. Two new farces have been produced since the opening; one, called "*My Husband's Ghost*" (a very wretched affair); and the other, "*Railroads for Ever* (a sprightly ephemeral trifle).

At the LYCEUM the performances have been of a very pleasant and attractive quality. Mrs. KEELEY, Mrs. NISBETT, and Miss MURRAY, with WRENCH, SERLE, OXBERRY, and others, form a capital company.

The NEW STRAND THEATRE has been re-opened by Mr. JERROLD, the dramatist, and Mr. HAMMOND. The company is talented, and several clever pieces (including a most powerful one by Mr. JERROLD called "*The Painter of Ghent*) have been produced with success.

DIORAMA.—Le Chevalier Bouton's new painting of the Village of Alagna, is one of the happiest productions of his pencil, whether we regard it as a picture or a scenic illusion: the subject represented is a Village in Piedmont, surrounded by mountains, and the changes from night to early morning are managed with singular effect: the overwhelming of the unhappy village by an avalanche is contrived with so much semble of reality as to make us almost forget we are only gazing on canvass, and the desolation but the illusion of the moment. The View of the Church of Santa Croce remains, no change having been deemed necessary, nor can we well conceive anything could be more admirably managed than the effects of this painting, the early dawn gradually succeeding the gloom, and the bursting forth of the noonday sun are admirably managed, and the illusion perfect.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"Hail wedded love! Life's truest pleasure hail!"

The limited space to which we are this month restricted, compels us to be brief in our record of the marriages and deaths that have occurred during May. Captain W. A. B. HAMILTON, second son of the Right Honourable Lady CHARLOTTE HAMILTON has become the husband of the fair Lady HARRIET HAMILTON, sister of the Marquis of ABERCORN. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, in the private chapel of Lambeth Palace. After the ceremony, the happy pair set off for the Priory, Stanmore, where they are spending the honeymoon. Lady ELIZABETH TOLER, the Earl of NORBURY'S daughter, has given her hand to the Hon. LAURENCE PARSONS, son of the Earl of ROSSE. Captain CODRINGTON of the Coldstream Guards, son of Vice-Admiral Sir EDWARD CODRINGTON, has led to the hymeneal altar, MARY, second daughter of LEVI AMES, Esq. of the Hyde, Hertfordshire. The marriage of the Earl of ANTRIM, to LAURA CECILIA, fifth daughter of the Hon. Colonel PARKER, and niece of the Earl of MACCLESFIELD, took place at St. George's, Hanover-square, on the 3d ult. Lady MARY MARSHAM, third daughter of the Earl of ROMNEY, has linked her fortunes at Hymen's altar with those of HENRY HOARE, Esq. The Hon. JANE LUCY POWYS, youngest sister of Lord LILFORD, has become the wife of the Rev. J. P. MAURICE, Rector of Plympton, Somersetshire. The marriage of Lord VILLIERS with the Lady MARY HERBERT is broken off, in consequence of a dispute concerning the marriage-settlements.

Of the melancholy death of the Hon. BERKELEY CRAVEN we have elsewhere spoken. The Hon. gentleman was uncle to the Earl of CRAVEN. He was in his 60th year. The Dowager Countess of GLENGALL died suddenly on the 3rd inst. She was in her 70th year, and was found dead in her bed. The Duchess of BUCKINGHAM is also dead. Her Grace was the only child of JAMES, third Duke of CHANDOS, who was himself the first lineal descendant of MARY, Queen of France, second daughter of HENRY the Seventh. She was, consequently, the representative of the eldest branch of the Royal Family of England, except that which possesses the crown. One, who knew her Grace well and long, says "A better human being never existed; and but for my high good fortune in her Grace's acquaintance, I could not have believed it possible that so good a human being could exist." We have also to mention the death of Mrs. VANSITTART, sister of Lord BEXLEY.

It is rumoured in high life, that the visit to this country, of the Prince of ORANGE, and his sons, is connected with some domestic matters of great public interest, which involve the consummation of the happiness of two *exalted* and *highly interesting* personages.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions 1836 Morning Dresses

*The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Morning Dresses & Fashionable Millinery*

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND

### MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A promenade dress of grey silk, *glacé* white, the front of the skirt *en tablier*, four bows in the centre, and *coques* on each side; half-high *corsage;* pelerine cape rounded on the shoulder, the under part forming a stomacher, the points meeting under a broad girdle. This tippet is trimmed all round with a quilling of lace. Sleeves quite tight from the wrist to the elbow, the shoulder flattened, and a full *sabot*, formed like a short sleeve; a bow of ribbon and *cordon* placed above. Pale *jonquil*-colour bonnet, the brim large and coming quite close to the face, and trimmed with ribbons *en suite*. Primrose gloves, and grey silk boots with black kid fronts.

Fig. 2.—A plaid French cambric dress, fawn-colour and black. The *corsage* half-high and gathered; square collar reversed, and fastening with a gold brooch. The sleeves tight below, double *sabots* falling to the elbow, and vandycked epaulettes covering the flattened sleeve above. Rice-straw bonnet, bound and trimmed with the palest rose-colour; a bouquet of moss roses on one side, a smaller one under the brim. White gloves, and black silk slippers. A satin shawl (rose-colour, stamped with black) is thrown over the arm.

Fig. 3.—A blue silk dress, brocaded with very small bouquets in black; tight *corsage*, partially covered by a plaited muslin tippet, pointed behind and trimmed with a quilling of muslin. Tight sleeves concealed by four detached falls, each bound with black. Embroidered apron, with a ribbon *rûche* and bows at the pockets. French mob-cap, the crown drawn back to a point by a citron-colour ribbon band, the same placed above a deep curtain behind, and bows cut into points under the border; long *brides* of ribbon hanging loose.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURE.

White muslin dress and black silk *mantilla* cloak, trimmed with broad black lace of an antique pattern. White muslin collar reversed over it, and crossing in points before; a bow of green and white ribbon in the centre; the same used as trimming to a rice-straw bonnet. A white ostrich feather drooping back, and a little wreath of vine leaves under the brim.

### FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

A lilac silk ornamented with branches of *foliage*, the brim large and tied down with broad sarcenet ribbon. A citron-colour drawn bonnet, the crown confined mid-way by a band; *coques* of the silk in front, a deep curtain behind, and a *tulle* illusion veil thrown back, and hanging low on the neck.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A white muslin pelisse, lined with light green sarsenet, the front *en tablier*, trimmed with narrow lace, and small green bows placed down the centre; tight *corsage* and pointed cape, trimmed *en suite* with the dress, having a reversed collar fastened by a green bow; round the throat a white silk colleret; girdle of green and black plaid ribbon, with a gold buckle in front; long sleeves, quite flat at the top, with three full puffs, diminishing in size below the elbow and leaving the lower part of the arm confined by vandycked cuffs; rice-straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with green, a *cordon* of little *coques* under the brim, on the right side a sprig of rose-buds, another rising from a *chevron* of lace placed round the crown; white gloves; grey silk boots with black kid fronts.

Fig. 2.—A figured satin dress, the ground primrose, with a small arabesque pattern in black; tight pointed *corsage*, with *Sévigné* plaits over the bosom, drawn down by a narrow band in the centre; blond lace tucker; tight long sleeves, with double epaulettes, edged with a deeper blond; rice-straw hat, bound and trimmed with French pink, bouquet of roses on each side under the brim, and a plume of three pink and white feathers drooping on the left side; white gloves; narrow gold bracelets, and black satin slippers.

Fig. 3.—A white muslin drses; *corsage à l'enfant*, with a chemisette frilled round the throat; long sleeves, drawn all the way down by muslin bands into regular fluted puffs; black silk mantilla, with a double cape, trimmed the whole way down with a rich black lace; rice-straw hat, very much *evasé*, trimmed with rose-colour ribbons; pale primrose gloves; black silk slippers, and green parasol.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A primrose satin robe, half-high *corsage*, quite tight, the upper part covered by a blonde lace collar, in the centre a bow of yellow ribbon, and one with long ends, fixed to the front of the girdle; full long sleeves with lace ruffles at the wrist; the flatness at the shoulder formed by a band of the ribbon and ornamented by a bow; the hair parted in front, arranged in three braided bows behind, and the braids at each side ornamented with yellow ribbon.

Fig. 2.—A white muslin pelisse over a fine cambric skirt, the fronts open, and trimmed down with a broad lace; at the head of the border, a *cordon* composed of puffs of rose-colour ribbon, girdle and bow to correspond: tight *corsage*, the upper part covered with a tippet, trimmed like the dress, and crossing in points under the girdle. Chip bonnet, lined with rose colour *organdie*, one white feather droops over the crown; a demi-wreath of roses mingles with the *tulle rûche* under the brim, and a very large white gauze veil is thrown back on the shoulder; the sleeves of this dress are tight to the elbow: the upper part arranged in four equal sabots; white gloves and parasol; black kid slippers.

Fig. 3.—A lilac grey silk pelisse, fastened down the front with embroidered buttons; tight *corsage*, and pointed *pèlerine* cape, ornamented *en suite:* white muslin collar, trimmed with lace; full sleeves, with pointed muslin cuffs, edged by a *rûche* of vandycked *tulle*. Rice straw hat, trimmed with green ribbons; a sprig of heliotrope in the front, and a garland of white roses under the brim. White silk gloves, and black slippers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A very juvenile dress of sea-green silk; the short sleeve rather full, with a lace edge. The *corsage* quite plain, the upper part covered by a square cape of embroidered muslin, edged with lace; the hair ornamented with little *cordons* of puffed rose-colour ribbon, and drawn down behind into one reversed braid, which reaches the back of the neck; no curls in front, but simply parted on the forehead.

2.—A primrose satin dress; the bosom trimmed with a *rûche* of white net cut into leaves. White gauze scarf thrown over the shoulders. Diamond collar, with a rich jewelled centre; diadem of oak leaves composed of diamonds, with emerald acorns interspersed. The hair arranged in the Grecian style.

3.—Front view of the juvenile costume; shews the form of the collar in front, fastened by a little gauze scarf. The entire dress is here represented white; the ribbons in the hair, rose-colour.

4.—A promenade dress of jonquil-colour figured satin; the long sleeves drawn flat at the top, by a band of ribbon; tight cuff to correspond. Lace collar, open over a tight *corsage*. White chip bonnet, with a rose-colour curtain band and bow to correspond. The *brides* attached to the edge of the curtain are tied closely down. A branch of honeysuckle ornaments the front of the crown.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A plaid silk pelisse, trimmed down the front with points of the same reversed, and bound with green (the prevailing colour of the plaid) green girdle fastening in front: tight sleeves made like those of a waistcoat with double seams; epaulettes, the points reversed; muslin collar fastened in front by a pale pink cord. Bonnet of the same delicate tint; a branch of moss roses on the crown.

Fig. 2.—A dove-colour silk dress, open in front and trimmed with a double waving *rûche*, each part headed by a pink rouleau, the same continued round a pointed cape, which is confined under the girdle, and cut very deep on the shoulders: long sleeves hanging full to the elbow, and quite tight from thence to the wrist; two bows are placed on each shoulder, and one in front of the girdle; very narrow lace collar fastened with a gold brooch. White silk-drawn bonnet having branches of lyburnam inside the brim, and drooping over the crown; *tulle* illusion veil thrown back.

Fig. 3.—*Fumée de Londre* silk dress, the *corsage* high and quite tight; the colleret of pink satin, formed into small *coques*, and fastened in front with a band; the sleeves are tight from the wrist upwards, and drawn into a double range of flat plaits at the shoulder, the fulness then expanding into three separate *sabots*. A beautiful French shawl, of royal blue, fringed with chenille, is thrown lightly over the dress, and a bonnet of Italian straw, trimmed with white *glacé* ribbon, completes this elegant costume; a garland of blue flowers reclines on one side of the crown, another is placed under the brim; primrose gloves, and silk boots, corresponding with the dress.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A white muslin dress, the *corsage* covered by a pointed cape of very richly embroidered muslin, green *colleret*, edged with purple, and a gold tassel at the end; green silk bonnet, the crown encircled by a band, edged with white lace.

2.—A pink satin evening dress, the short sleeves arranged in falling plaits, and edged with a treble *rûche* of *tulle*; lace cape *à la Sevigné*. The hair in full ringlets, a bird of Paradise plume fixed to the knot behind, and a little bouquet on the left side.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A fawn-colour silk dress, spotted with pink and green; high *corsage*, quite tight, with a seperate fullness draped across the bosom: small collar reversed, and white lace collaret; full sleeves, flattened on the shoulder: rice straw bonnet trimmed and lined with light green; green and white feather drooping over the crown. The skirt of the dress is trimmed with *coques* of the silk placed as a flounce. White satin gloves; black kid slippers.

Fig. 2.—A pink *organdie* pelisse lined with white sarsenet (worn over a cambric skirt) the trimming, a white Mechlin lace; pointed cape, open at the throat, with pointed epaulettes of white lace, pink bows at each end of them; tight long sleeves, Venetian ones over them, trimmed like the dress; pink girdle, tied in loose ends before; white chip bonnet, sprigs of red corn ears inside and on the crown.

Fig. 3.—A white Persian silk, spotted with pale pink, lilac and green; full sleeves drawn into two puffs above the wrist; embroidered muslin cape with lace epaulettes; pink satin bonnet, with white gauze veil; a branch of moss roses on the crown.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

June, the glorious Queen of Fashion, has just brought in her train of devotees, all clad in her bright colours, and ready to display them to our admiration; but taste is ever ready, close at hand, to soften and restrain every exuberance of caprice or a too gay imagination, and render them *recherché*, as well as rich.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—The long-established custom of restricting silk materials to the winter and *demi-saison*, is now abolished; their fine texture, and delicate tints, render them in every way adapted to summer costume. Silk pelisses of one plain colour, are usually lined with another more bright and *tranchant*: this style is too becoming to be easily abandoned. Very little trimming or ornament of any sort is used for morning dresses; a *reversé* of silk, flat bands or a few bows down the side, constitute the most *recherché* fashions. The tight long sleeve, though occasionally adopted, will not be very prevalent this month in morning costumes: it is sufficient that the lower part of the arm is seen, and that the sleeve be perfectly flat at top—a considerable fullness thus restricted to the middle part: this mode renders the high cuff indispensable, and an infinite variety of pretty fancies have appeared in the manner of ornamenting them. Several are pointed, with a *rûche* all round; others formed by plaits, with a bow at the top. A necessary change has been invented in the shape of the pelerine to adapt it to the flatness of the sleeves; where it expands on the shoulder it is plaited, so as to draw the fullness down like an epaulette; but these pelerines are by no means so fashionable as the muslin or *tulle fichûs*, which, resembling a square collar behind, cross *en chale* over the bosom, and terminate in a point at the waist; with the present style of dress, this little tippet has a remarkably good effect. The lined muslin dresses are now in season; some are of Indian muslin, embroidered all over with very small

flowers, others quite plain; the favourite linings for these dresses are, at present, blue and primrose; bows of similar tinted gauze ribbon are placed in the centre of the *corsage;* these dresses are usually thrown open at the throat, and have a *colleret* of plaited *tulle*; we frequently see a large black silk *mantilla* worn over them. The ribbon tippets, a pretty novelty of the month, is, indeed, the very emblem of summer; it has no lining, and the edge is ornamented with a very narrow blonde. Where the ends meet, a little bow is placed, and another at their extremity; in lilac, the effect is quite beautiful; the size of these tippets is exactly calculated to cover the neck with a half-high dress. We have noticed several walking-dresses with a round muslin cape, trimmed with lace, and not coming lower than the top of the *corsage;* from under the trimming on each shoulder came a plaited *tulle rûche*, forming a stomacher in front. Peignoirs have this season been made exactly in their usual form, except that instead of the deep falling cape, a square collar is substituted, which just reaches the shoulder; a variety of pretty materials are made up in these comfortable dresses.

Ensemble of Evening Costumes.—The tight sleeve, which, small as it is, has not, as yet, been able to creep into general favour for morning dresses, reigns supreme at our brilliant evening parties; the light materials, and various ways of ornamenting them, break their stiffness of form, while a deep blond, or point lace ruffle, gives them the true antique effect, which assimulates so well with our present style of dress; peculiar excellence is now required in the nature of the *corsage*, as its defects can no longer be hidden by the ample falling plaits in the sleeve. Beautiful *glacé* and figured satins; *tulles* of various descriptions; crape and laced muslins, constitute the favourite materials; the back of the dress is now more frequently seen gathered next the waist; the front with *Sevigné* plaits across the bosom, and quite tight below it; a novel style of arranging the fullness of the skirt consists in a circle of very small plaits just below the girdle, these are confined again at about an inch distance, and thence is displayed the ample folds of the dress; this improvement is very becoming of the figure. Flounces have been adopted on several dresses, headed by a *cordon*, or detached bouquets of flowers. We subjoin a few specimens of the most admired evening-dresses to be worn this month. A robe of white figured satin, a small cheque of dead white, and on the ground shaded white flowers; the *corsage* low and tight, with a *Sevigné* cape expanding on the shoulders and bound with plain satin, to this is fixed a rich blond lace; two plaited *tulle rûches* twined round a flat, tight sleeve, two others, much deeper, reversed at the elbow and looped up with bows of gauze ribbon. A pale blue crape over white satin, looped up on the right side with blue gauze ribbons, which form large knots, as if ornamenting a pocket-hole; plaited *corsage*, with blue bows down the centre, similar ornaments upon the sleeves, which are quite flat at top, and puffed into double *bouffants* with blond lace ruffles; a blue velvet and pearl *résille* is the head-dress; a white *tulle* illusion over white satin, the skirts looped up at three intervals with bouquets of white roses, in the centre of each flower a little jewel; the *corsage* tight in front, and gathered behind; roses festoon the lace cape and ruffles, which hang very low, diamond collar and ear-rings; in the centre of the bosom a diamond cross.

Hats and Bonnets.—A decided increase in the size of the fronts is observable, and this permits more ornaments under the brim. Rice straw, as usual, prevails as the most *recherche* material. These bonnets are lined with silk, rather than crape or *tulle;* but when June puts forth all its genial rays, the lighter textures will be preferred: a very elegant *capote* is ready for Kensington Gardens, and its beautiful simplicity will doubtless render it a favourite of the season. The material consists of the finest *organdie*, without lining; the ribbons rose colour or blue; and a demi-veil of *tulle* fastened to the edge.—As a most elegant morning hat, we cite a rice straw ornamented with a white feather (the edge lilac,) the ribbon *glacé*, white with a lilac stripe, inside of the brim (which is lined with white crape) *coques* of ribbon, edged with narrow blonde. Another rice-straw, having a bouquet of moss roses, made in *organdie*, the brim very much *evase*, ornamented with a *rûche* of rose-colour ribbon *glacé*. A *negligé* bonnet of Italian straw, trimmed with green velvet bands, and a tuft of marabouts; these velvet ribbons are very fashionable for straw bonnets, and have a most *recherché* effect. Under the drawn silk bonnets, we frequently see little *fichûs* in the same material, trimmed with blonde; the brides and curtain *en suite*. Great variety of taste is displayed in the mode of placing ribbon, blonde, &c., under the brims: we have admired several which had a cordon of *glacé* ribbon separating into rays towards the edge, beneath a garland of flowers. As a general remark, we may say that everything approaching the pyramidical form of ornament is avoided; feathers and bouquets being placed so as to droop on one side, or lean against the crown, which is rather inclined back; branches of foliage are very much worn on Tuscan straws. We never recollect a more decided fashion than the demi-veil, worn with all out-door hats and bonnets; the material is usually *tulle* or Seraphine gauze; if of lace, the border should be narrow and simple, all large patterns for this purpose are avoided.

Shawls, Scarfs, and Mantillas.—This last most graceful finish to morning dress, is now made in a variety of materials. The prettiest we have seen was in embroidered *tulle*, the design very rich, having a palm branch in the middle, the end reached the knee, and a primrose lining gave full effect to the embroidery; in lace and muslin the same shape prevails. Black silk scarfs are worn, in spite of the advancing summer, they are now rounded at the ends, and rather narrower than last month; through a black lace border you see the figure to great advantage: the same shaped scarf is made in light silks; the favourite tints, lilac, grey, light brown, and primrose. Worked pélerines, pointed before and behind, are frequently lined with some delicate tinted sarsenet or satin: square muslin shawls, trimmed with lace, are worn this month. The cashmeres are chiefly in plain colours—green, royal blue, and carmelite, are the prevailing tints: these shawls are likewise bordered with a deep black lace, but the pattern closer than those chosen to trim the scarfs.

Boots and Shoes.—The fronts of walking boots are all of black kid, the other part either silk or a peculiar sort of stuff, very fine and close, the tints either corresponding with the dress or are light neutral ones. Black silk slippers are universally worn in *negligé*, and for walking the French prunella or glazed leather, the latter being inaccessible to damp; a variety of fancy silk and embroidered slippers, others braided in rich patterns, are worn in the boudoir, or over the silk slipper in a carriage. Evening slippers are cut rather deeper

in the fore-quarter than last month, and frequently embroidered in the middle. Very small buckles are also seen. Black satin appears more prevalent than ever.

Jewellery.—It was formerly only for the antiquary or the virtuoso, that the buried riches of Italy were searched; now our fair countrywomen await with equal interest the resurrection of Mosaics, and every ancient ornament entombed in classic ground; in fact, nothing is so fashionable as these relics, and the setting of them tasks the invention of all our first jewellers. Some bracelets we have seen most beautifully imagined, renewing, as it were, the classical purity of taste. Diamonds are worn in all sorts of ornaments, from the princely *tiara*, to the little *gage d'amitié*, on the fair finger of a *debutante*. The delicacy of gold chain work, was never carried to greater perfection. The tight collar, so fashionable this season, is frequently composed of several links, with Mosaics or cameos at intervals. The ladies' watch chains have usually five fine gold links, drawn together by jewelled rings, with a hook that fastens at the waist. The long neck chains are divided in the middle, and this point is fixed in the centre of the *corsage*, supporting a *casolette*, or little trinket. Ear-rings are worn very small: some ladies think the long pendants so becoming, that they pay no attention to the new mode; the little combs worn to fix the side ringlets, are frequently adorned with flowers, in jewellery or diamond leaves, with a garland of flowers crossing the forehead. The saphire and turquoise are the stones most frequently set with diamonds, as *agraffés* for full-dress.

Gloves.—The most delicate tints are alone chosen this month; *beurre frais* is the favourite; a very small gold button fastens them at the wrist. Lace gloves are worked in very open patterns on the hand, and the fingers plain.

Parasols.—Those used in open carriages are very small. White, lined with rose-colour, is the most fashionable; pearl grey, bordered with white; light green and fawn are also in favour. The handles are rosewood, or some very light material, with a silver tip, and ring at the top. For walking we see many ladies with plaid parasols, but these will not be so prevalent as brown ones.

Prevailing Colours for the Month.—Blue of two different tints, a delicate rose-colour, primrose, palissandre, and *vert de pre;* jonquil and rose for linings.

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## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The last week has assembled all the most distinguished Parisian dresses, which in all their proverbial freshness, enhance the cheerful gaiety of our delightful walks: among the most admired costumes, we noticed a most delicate transparent muslin stamped with bouquets of roses; the skirt ornamented with deep flounces, a ribbon drawn through the hem; sleeves *à la Hugenot*, composed of two *volants*, covering the upper part of the arm; a tight cuff, rising in a point, and edged with lace; a rice straw hat, having two pink and white feathers in front; a French cambric (white ground, with a mosaic pattern, in shades of brown) this dress was trimmed with pale blue ribbons *en redingote*, and over it was worn a rich mantilla scarf of black silk, bordered with antique black lace; a blue silk drawn bonnet, and a white lace veil, having no other ornament than a cordon of white roses under the brim. The embroidered muslin dresses, lined with colours, are quite the rage this month; white chequed muslins, for *négligé* and boudoir dresses, are made up in a very elegant simple style; silk and satin shawls, trimmed with lace, or *chenille*, are favourites of the French ladies, since they discarded the stiff sleeve, which rendered the shawl almost a useless appendage; but the mantilla scarf, exactly fitted to the present style of sleeve, is most generally worn with promenade dresses. The Charlotte Corday is the newest and most admired form. The *fichû* tippet is another Parisian novelty, it has a point behind, and crosses over the throat, diminishing in breadth to the waist; these elegant tippets are most frequently made in brocaded silk, fringed, or edged with lace; if in plain silk or satin, the back and ends are worked like a shawl; some very pretty ones we have seen in black *tulle*, worked with natural coloured flowers, the same is likewise adopted in muslin.

French Hats and Capotes.—Very few silk bonnets are now seen, except of the drawn or *capote* form; Italian and rice straw are almost universal; the latter bound with the colour of the trimmings, and ornamented with delicate flowers, or shaded feathers, always some light colour; roses mingling with wild flowers, are very often seen in these bonnets, and the increased size of the brim demands more ornaments underneath it; the *capote à la Grisi* is the favourite shape, and will be seen in our illustrations; this shape is usually made in chip or straw; for *négligé* bonnets, drawn silk is still preferred to all others; plain and chequed silks are those preferred; light green and white, lilac and white, fawn colour and blue; a branch of foliage or a few wild flowers reclining on one side, with a large veil thrown over the crown, completes the simple elegance of a French *négligé* bonnet.

Caps.—The Paysanne form is still in favour, but several new caprices have advanced their claims; amongst these, the most becoming is a little bonnet *rûche*, shewing a portion of the hair behind, and drawn into a point surmounting the knot or braid: in front this cap comes very close to the cheek and ties under the chin; a flower or bow of ribbon reclines on each temple, and a larger bow finishes the pointed crown; the ribbons are usually of gauze and *glaçe*. Most evening caps have lappets rounded at the ends, and hanging low on the neck, or sometimes a blond veil is fixed to the bow behind; very delicate flowers or bouquets of the drooping marabout feathers, are the usual ornaments.

Hair Dressing.—For young ladies, the *Sevigné* curls or ringlets, *à la Anglaise*, are adopted; the hair behind dressed rather low, and brought into a knot or braid on the side, surmounted by a little coronet of flowers, or twined with coloured ribbon, the ends hanging low. Some of the Parisian *elegantes* place the garland across their forehead, the side ringlets being confined by combs which represent foliage, in jewellery; the simple style of parting in front and folding the hair behind without any curls or plaits is certainly gaining favour, but the whole dress should partake of the same simplicity. When tiaras or jewel *bandeaus* are worn, the hair should be dressed full behind, and a few ringlets let fall from the knot or braid: a beautiful effect is produced by repeating the front ornament on a smaller scale, and twining it round the knot.

Artificial Flowers are worn of different kinds, arranged in one bouquet, *par* example:—A rose in the centre with wild flowers round, or a rose and branch of lilac, honeysuckles and hyacinths, branches of foliage executed with most exquisite resemblance to nature, are most frequently seen upon straw bonnets; they are also twined round the hair in evening costume.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXIII.—English Earls.

### EARL OF BROWNLOW.

"Oh, had I nursed when I was young,
The lessons of my father's tongue,
(The deep laborious thoughts he drew
I might have been—ah, me!—
Thrice sager than I e'er shall be.
For what saith Time?
Alas, he only shows the truth
Of all that I was told in youth."

BARRY CORNWALL.

The life of man has been aptly compared to a journey through motley prospects and changing scenes; it is a pilgrimage whose commencement is in ignorance and helplessness, and its termination in decay and death. And as the traveller when he has attained some projecting eminence will pause and look back with busy remembrance on the landscape that stretches behind him, then turn with the eye of curiosity to trace through distant regions his yet untrodden pathway, so are there times and seasons when the pilgrim man, casting aside for the moment the bustling cares of existence, ought to sit down to review the past and anticipate the future. We have frequently had occasion to call our readers' attention to the value of biography, which by presenting points of individual character, affords so many beacons or examples, to be shunned or imitated as the case may be. In some we see the misery ever attendant upon vice and profligacy; in others, the happy consequences of virtue. And we have now the pleasure of submitting a brief genealogical narrative of the noble family of BROWNLOW, the ancestor of the present worthy possesor of that title having won it by the general excellence of his character, and his great talents. Originally, this family resided in Yorkshire; but we find that nearly five hundred years ago, they removed from thence and settled at a place called Pinchbeck, in Lincolnshire, between Spalding and Boston (about three miles from the former.) In 1653, RICHARD CUST, Esq., was the representative in Parliament of the county of Lincoln, but he was expelled his seat by OLIVER CROMWELL. On the restoration of Charles the Second, however, that monarch compensated him by creating him a baronet, Sir RICHARD then became the representative of the borough of Stamford, in Parliament. His lady was BEATRIX, daughter of THOMAS PARRY, Esq., of Kinton, in the county of Lincoln. He died in 1700, and his estates devolved upon his grandson, Sir RICHARD CUST (whose father Sir PERCY CUST, Knight, married URSULA, daughter and heiress of EDWARD WOODCOCK, Esq, of Newtimber, Sussex.) This gentleman became the husband of ANNE, sister and sole heiress of JOHN BROWNLOW, Viscount TYRCONNELL, of the Kingdom of Ireland, by which alliance he obtained the mansion and estate of Belton, in Lincolnshire which the family still retains. Love, that devotion of heart and soul, as it hath been truly described, which enobles both the lover and the person beloved—that undying impulse of attachment that moves the life flood like a whirlwind—that union of thought, feeling, and existence, by which two persons are bound together, that lasts with life and never knoweth change, had two true votaries in Sir RICHARD and his lady, and numerous dutiful children gathered, "like olive branches, round about their table." At the decease of the baronet, on the 25th of July 1734, his eldest son became possessed of the hereditary title.

This was Sir JOHN CUST, who, upon the demise of his uncle, John Viscount TYRCONNEL, without male issue (which event occurred in 1746) inherited the estates of that nobleman; the Viscountcy became extinct. Sir JOHN CUST occupied an important position in the great council of the nation, and by his general urbanity won the respect and admiration of all parties; so much so indeed, that he was elected to the Speaker's chair. When instances like these appear of the advantages of good nature and good feeling, is it not surprising that men do not endeavour, more generally, to imitate the good example. But, alas! the world though it be full of fair faces has but few fair hearts. Men suffer themselves to be carried away by their passions.

"The wind runs through the forests and makes tremble
The aspen and the birch. And who would dream
That 'twas the self same air that fann'd the flowers
So delicately i' the Spring? So it is
With the passions, which are all irregular,
Bound by no limit, tending to no end.
Unless to show how oft the soul of man,
Will bend to the flesh's frailty."

Sir RICHARY CUST, married on the 8th of Dec. 1743, ETHELDREDA, daughter and coheiress of THOMAS PAYNE, Esq. of Houghton on the Hill, in the county of Lincoln. The eldest of his sons (he had several) succeeded him at his death, which happened in 1770.

Sir BROWNLOW CUST was the next Baronet, and he, in consideration of the public and honourable services of his father was elected to the Peerage, on the 20th of May, 1776, as Baron BROWNLOW, of Belton, in the county of Lincoln. His Lordship was twice married. The first lady that he led to the hymeneal altar, was JOCOSA CATHERINA, youngest daughter and coheiress of THOMAS DRURY, of Overstone, in the county of Northampton, by whom he had no family. At her decease, his lordship preferring the comforts of the wedded state, to that of single unhappiness, obtained for his bride, FRANCES, the only daughter and heiress of Sir HENRY BANKS, knight, and alderman of London, by whom he had the following family:—1. JOHN, the present Earl. 2. JOHN COCKAYNE, in holy orders; his lady is ANNA MARIA, eldest daughter of FRANCIS, Earl of KILMOREY. 3. RICHARD, also in holy

orders. 4. WILLIAM, who married, in 1819, SOPHIA, daughter of THOMAS RECONHAM, Esq., of Southborough, Kent. 5. PEREGRINE FRANCIS, a military officer; he married in 1823, ISABELLA, daughter of the late Duke of BUCCLEUCH. 6. EDWARD, also in the army; he married, in 1821, MARY ANNE, only daughter of WILLIAM BOODE, Esq. 7. ELIZABETH. 8. LUCY. 9. ANNE, who married, in 1825, WILLIAM FOWLE MIDDLETON, Esq. Lord BROWNLOW departed this life on the 25th of December, 1807, and passed to the land of eternal peace, where "tears do cease from flowing."

Sleep on, sleep on, ye do not feel
Life's ever-burning fever:
Nor scorn that sears, nor pains that steel,
And blanch the living heart until
'Tis like the bed of mountain rill,
Which waves have left for ever!

Upon the death of his Lordship, his eldest son succeeded to the estates and honours. This personage is

JOHN CUST, now Earl BROWNLOW, Viscount ALFORD, BARON BROWNLOW, of Bolton, in the county of Lincoln, and a Baronet, Lord-lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum, and Vice-Admiral of the county of Lincoln. His Lordship was born on the 19th of August, 1779, and succeeded to the barony of BROWNLOW, on the decease of his father, as we have stated. The exalted merits of the Noble Lord caused his sovereign to invest him with additional honours. On the 27th of November, 1815, he was advanced to the Viscounty and Earldom by the titles of Viscount ALFORD and Earl BROWNLOW. Love, "the lord of truth and loyalty," enabled his Lordship to appreciate the merits and virtues of SOPHIA, second daughter of Sir ABRAHAM HUME, grand-daughter maternaly of JOHN EGERTON, Bishop of Durham, to whom he was united on the 24th of July, 1810. By this lady his Lordship had the following family:—

1. John HUME, Viscount ALFORD, born October 15, 1812.
2. SOPHIA FRANCES, born October 14, 1811.
3. CHARLES HENRY, born September 27, 1813.

Her Ladyship having been called away from this world in 1814, Lord BROWNLOW remained a widower until 1818, on the 22d of September, in which year he was united to CAROLINE, second daughter of GEORGE FLEDGER, Esq., of Arston in the county of Rutland. By this lady his Lordship had three daughters:—

1. CAROLINE MARY, born November 25, 1819.
2. AMELIA, born August 6, 1821.
3. KATHERINE ANNE, born November 18, 1822.

The Earl again became a widower, on the 4th of July, 1824. Desolate again was made his heart and home. Time, the great physician of the soul, restored his Lordship happiness, and on the 17th of June, 1828, he was happily united to the present Countess, EMMA SOPHIA, eldest daughter of RICHARD, Earl of MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

The Arms of his Lordship are Quarterly, first and fourth *erm*, on a chev, *sa* three fountains ppr for CUST; second *or* an escocheon between eight martlets, in orle, *sa.* for BROWNLOW; third, *sa* a fesse *erm.* in chief three crosses, pettée, fitchée, *ar*, for PAYNE. *Crest.* a lion's head, erased, *sa* gorged with a collar, paly, wavy of six, *ar* and *az.* Motto. *Opera illius mea sunt.* The seat of his Lordship is Belton House, Lincolnshire, a most beautiful retreat, where all those who love to "look creation in her holy face," find full gratification and delight.

## THE EMPEROR'S PAGE;

### OR, A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE IN PARIS.

"I saw the lover wandering by,
With wan cold cheek and nerveless air:
He pressed her heart, I heard him sigh,
Oh! what wild thoughts were gathering there."

*From the German.*

'Twas past midnight, as an individual, closely muffled in a dark military cloak, was rapidly passing through one of the most unfrequented of the streets of Paris. It was a black night, not a star being visible in the clouded heavens, a circumstance which seemed suitable to the purpose of the pedestrian, whose concealed person, and hasty movement, pretty plainly indicated his wish to gain his destination unobserved. Suddenly, however, his progress was arrested by the hand of a youth, who emerged from the obscurity of a portal, and held a pistol to the pedestrian's head, and demanded "Money."

"Psha," cried the pedestrian, endeavouring to shake off his new acquaintance, "Away, and don't detain me!"

"I must have gold!" cried the phrenzied youth. "My miseries have maddened me! Refuse me, and this pistol sends a bullet through your head."

The other, perceiving his danger, suddenly disencumbered his right arm of his cloak, and with the velocity of lightning, laid the assailant prostrate. He then passed on; but, suddenly, retracing his steps towards the prostrate robber, he raised him from the ground, and dragging him for some paces towards a lamp which cast a "dim religious light" over a brief part of the scene, he exclaimed, "Aha! Louis Boncœur!"

"Am I discovered!" exclaimed the youth, and falling at the feet of the other, who again drew his cloak closely over the lower part of his face, he ejaculated, "Do not, do not betray me!"

"Sir," replied the other, "my duty to the Emperor will compel me to disclose this atrocity."

"You will ruin me by so doing, for ever! Hear me, Sir, hear my melancholy tale, and then say if I am not deserving of your pity. Since I have had the honour to be in the Emperor's service, the whole of my salary has been dedicated to the support of my poor and aged mother. For three years I have been the sole prop of her weary life; she has no other hope but me and Heaven. I have brought comfort and joy again into her humble dwelling; she was reduced to penury and wretchedness; my father had died in insolvent circumstances, and my dear mother was too aged to work for her subsistence. I endeavoured to gain work, but in vain. Day after day I trod the streets of Paris, and with all the earnestness of ruin, besought—implored employment; but there was no cordial drop in my cup of misery, and at length, I sat down in the garden of the Tuileries, hopeless and despairing. I contemplated suicide; the thought of leaving my dear parent desolate, alone chained me to life: but even that thought was becoming overwhelmed by my despair, when our good Emperor passed me. He was struck with my haggard looks; he questioned me—inquired into the truth of my story, and then, in the benevolence of his good heart, took me into his *suite*. He saved me from despair, and brought smiling joy again into the widow's humble home."

"And you have repaid his kindness," observed the stranger, "by becoming a midnight robber."

"No—no," hurriedly exclaimed the youth, "I am no common robber. Heaven is my witness that until this night—but hear my story out. Among the tradesmen who supply the palace, there is one having a daughter, whose charms made an impression upon my heart, which reason could not dispel. Long did I strive to master love, but in vain. I struggled against the rising passion, but it seemed as if a demon held possession of my heart, for the more I strove to master the bewildering passion, the fiercer did it burn. We met. I told my love—I found it was returned—and disdaining any concealment, I openly avowed to the maiden's father my attachment to his daughter; but he, in all the pride and insolence of wealth, spurned my humble suit, and told me that till the Emperor made me *worth having*, his daughter should not think of me! Seeing that his child's inclinations turned towards me, he introduced a wealthy suitor, and insisted upon her wedding him. I cannot vie with my rival; he lavishes gold and gems upon the lovely Adeline—I have only a humble heart to offer. But *that* she deemed preferable to all the wealth of the gross man of her father's choice; and till this night I dreamed that I was still beloved. But this night I have seen her at his side—her hand in his—her ear turned to his whispering lips—and the love-tributes of gold and gems dazzling before her! I was maddened at the sight. I had clung to the hope that Adeline was constant; that hope was my solace by day, and gave the inspiration to my dreams at night. I fancied the Emperor might one day promote me, when I could demand the hand of Adeline in marriage, in the confidence of being able to support her without detriment to the comforts and enjoyment of my aged mother. This hope is destroyed—my dreams are all vanished—and I only see the despairing certainty of Adeline's affection turning to my rich rival! O, Sir, if you have ever loved—if you have ever known the agony of a situation like mine, your heart may form some excuse for me, when I tell you that in my desperation I purchased this pistol, and determined upon laying contributions upon the public, that I too might throw gold and jewels into Adeline's lap, and rival the favoured one even in his splendour. I saw no other way of recovering Adeline's lost affection—I could not desert my poor mother—the result is as you see. Will you betray me?"

The pedestrian was silent. The youth with passionate emotion caught his arm, and exclaimed, convulsively "Will you—will you betray me?" and again he sunk at his feet.

"I will think upon it," said the pedestrian coldly. "Give me that pistol."

"No! cold-hearted man!" exclaimed the youth, suddenly starting upon his feet. "No—nor shall it be yours till life is out of this wretched body!" and he put the muzzle to his forehead.

"For Heaven's sake, hold!" cried the stranger.

The trigger, however, was pulled! The priming flashed in the pan. The pedestrian then seized upon the weapon, and after a short struggle, wrested it from the youth's grasp.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the pedestrian, "your blood boils!"

"Go," rejoined the youth, "disclose all you know. I am ready to go out upon the scaffold, I am tired of life. Death will be welcome."

"Then come with me." Thus saying, the stranger took him fast by the arm, and hurried with him through the dark and narrow thoroughfare.

They proceeded along various obscure streets, until they suddenly stopped before a door-way in a high and extended wall, and the stranger touching a secret spring, the door flew open, and they entered, the stranger closing the door after them. In a few moments they were in a neat and comfortable apartment, wherein two servants were sitting, who arose on the parties entering, and the stranger taking one of them aside, addressed a few words to him, and abruptly left the room.

It was soon evident to the youth that the servants had been commanded to preserve a strict silence; he was not in a mood for conversation, and this was, therefore, to him a matter of more pleasure than grief: his spirits were broken, and he looked upon death as the only refuge he could fly to for relief.

Soon afterwards, the servants intimated to the youth that he was to sleep there, and that his bed was ready. He followed them, and as he passed out of the room, he perceived that two gendarmes had been stationed outside of the door. They followed him up stairs, and when he was ushered into a small narrow bedchamber, and the door was fastened upon him, he heard the heavy tread of the gendarmes pacing to and fro on the outside. Here, in his loneliness, the thought of self-destruction, again occurred to him. "O, that I could die at once," he inwardly exclaimed. "'Tis horrible to be brought out upon a scaffold, to public execution, before the gazing million. Mother! Mother!" he franticly exclaimed, "to the protection of Heaven I must leave you! This world is done with me. O, Adeline, this—this is *thy* work!"

He searched the apartment with insane curiosity to discover some instrument of death, but the room was bare of furniture, save the bed and its clothes. With the latter he busied himself, and tearing some of the sheet into strips, he was fastening them rapidly together, when a man suddenly entered the room, and sat down upon the bedside. Louis as suddenly leaped into the bed, and the man remaining in the position he had taken up, the youth insensibly fell into a deep slumber, wherein he remained during the night.

It was mid-day when he awoke. The man was still in the chamber. Louis was calmed and refreshed, and when the man asked him if he would arise and accompany him to the gentleman with whom he had become acquainted on the previous night, Louis cheerfully assented. Soon afterwards, the youth stood again in the presence of the cloaked man, whose life he had threatened. It was a dark antique chamber, and the gentleman had taken his place in a recess, in the depth of which his person was dimly visible. Louis entered pale and trembling, and with downcast tearful eyes he approached the man whom he had, in his moment of frenzy, assailed. A chair was pointed to him, into which he fell, and buried his face in his hands.

"Young man," said the stranger, "you show a becoming sorrow: but what avails it? Suppose that you had sent a bullet through my head last night, would your penitence awaken me to life again? Yours is the old story. Every villain is a penitent, when the guillotine stares him in the face."

"O, Sir! spare me—spare me, I implore ——," cried the youth.

"*Why* should I? You should have thought of the consequences of the crime you meditated. But you were headstrong—a fool—and you must suffer for your folly."

"Sir, I am ready to meet my punishment. Do not aggravate it by reproof."

"I will—it is a satisfaction that is due to me. I would show you the extent of your folly, and your crime. I have

made inquiries respecting your story, and find it, in its main points, correct enough; but, *mon Dieu!* you were a fool. You adventured in the field of love, and could not read the woman you adventured with! I would be revenged for the outrage of last night, and am revenged in telling you, imprisoned as you now are, and in a fair way to the scaffold, that your conclusion respecting your mistress, was a false one!"

"False!" echoed the youth.

"Ay, hot-brained boy, false! Your rival, pleased with your devotion, and your attentions to your poor mother, became your friend, abandoned his suit, and even pleaded for you with Adeline's father. He succeeded: the old man had given his consent to your marriage with his daughter, for your rival—the man whom you saw whispering in the eager ear of Adeline—had bestowed upon you a marriage portion of five thousand francs. What think you now, rash boy?"

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed the distracted youth, "it is impossible!"

"Not so; and you shall hear the story from the girl's own lips; for justice allows one more meeting. See, see, rash youth, what your hot blood has driven you to! Fine love yours must be, truly, to doubt a lovely girl who had been constant to you for many months, and resisted parents' frowns and rival's gold, merely because you saw something which your jealous imagination tortured into a crime."

"Oh, forbear; for Heaven's sake forbear!" cried the youth. "If you would not see me fall dead at your feet, forbear!"

"You would have laid *me* dead at yours, last night," rejoined the stranger. "How can you ask for mercy?"

"I knew not what I did. Love, despair, a friendless, aged parent, all—all presented themselves before me. I was distracted—I was mad! You know not—you cannot judge of my feelings then—pray spare them now!"

"Ah, there's your mother, too; when the mad fit was on you, you cared little for her; you thought not that when the guillotine had done its office, she would be left to starve and die—"

"Oh, no; the Emperor Napoleon is the father of all his people, and he will not let the desolate widow perish."

"Hum!" responded the stranger. "I believe you may make yourself happy on that score; the Emperor will protect her. Are you now prepared to take your trial?"

"I am."

"Are you prepared to meet the girl you love? To hear from her own lips the story of her innocence, and the generosity of him you hated."

An inward struggle was evident in the looks of Louis, but after a pause, he faltered, "I am."

"'Tis well," replied the other. "Be firm, young man; the scene that is about to ensue is no common one. You will look upon the face of Adeline, as you never looked upon it before. You will take her hand, but not as the *poor* and *humble* but *innocent* lover. She will not mingle her tears with yours over the story of your poverty and constant worship. Yours will not be the language of passionate *hope*, nor hers of encouragement and *expectation*. You have severed the Gordian knot of your fate, and must endure the issue. Come—she is ready!"

With these words, solemnly and impressively delivered, the stranger pushed open a door, and beckoning the youth to follow him, they entered a dark and narrow passage, at the end of which was a door. They paused.

"She is within this room!" remarked the stranger. "You tremble."

"Oh, Heaven, support me!" murmured the youth.

"Give me your hand," rejoined the other, and as he took the youth's hand within his, he exclaimed, "Be not a craven, Louis, at a moment like this, for the honour of manhood!" And at that instant the doors were thrown open, suddenly.

The blaze of light which illuminated the apartment into which they entered, dazzled the eyes of the youth, for it was so different to the gloom and obscurity of the chambers and passages they had previously been in. The stranger hurried him along to the top of the apartment. A warm hand was then placed within his, a woman's face was buried in his bosom. It was Adeline.

They stood before a nuptial altar! They were not alone. The father of Adeline, and the rival of Louis, were there; the Minister was at the altar, and beside the entranced pair stood the stranger, gazing with delight upon their extacy. Louis gazed at the strange scene before him in wonder and apprehension. His eyes wandered from one to another; but they rested upon the stranger who looked on the scene with a smile. Upon him the eyes of Louis rested, and the stranger, perceiving his amazement, gradually allowed the cloak to fall from his person, and Louis involuntarily dropped upon his knees, as he beheld, in the person of the stranger, his sovereign, Napoleon, Emperor of France!

"Louis!" exclaimed the Emperor, "you have said that the Emperor is the father of all his people. Is your father's mode of punishing the hot-brained folly of his son satisfactory?"

"My sovereign!" cried Louis, "I may not—cannot speak—"

"You *must*, Louis," continued the Emperor, "for I have given my word that Adeline shall become a bride this day; and *you* must fulfil my promise. Come, boy, no tears, no tears: your punishment was ended when you left the dark chamber: the reward of virtue now commences. The Emperor Napoleon will not desert young Frenchmen who gild the declining days of aged parents with filial love, and scatter joy upon their grey hairs. Now let the service begin."

The ceremony was performed. Adeline became the bride of her beloved, and the Emperor Napoleon was the constant friend of the widow's son.

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## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN OPERA DANCER.

"No more—no more—oh! never more my heart
Canst thou be my sole world, my universe!
Once all in all, but now a thing apart,
Thou canst not be my blessing, or my curse."

I was born at Bayonne, in a little street abutting on the Place de Grammont, where my father was prompter, at the theatre; he was a man of rather morose temper, early disappointments having made him of an irritable disposition: his friends imagined him to possess great talents as an actor, but the audiences could never be forced to think the same way, and at times loudly expressed their disapprobation. My mother also was on the boards, and enjoyed some popularity in the Soubrettes, so that betwixt them, as I was an only child, we were in tolerably comfortable circumstances. Of

my infancy I can remember but little, save that I early evinced a predilection for the stage, to which both my parents put a decided veto, until an intimate friend of my mother's, who came on a visit from Bordeaux, a Monsieur Giradau, offered to take me under his care, and give me the advantage of his instructions, in return for which he was to receive half any salary I might gain for a certain number of years. Monsieur Giradau was high in favour at Bordeaux as a dancer, his gyrations in particular being considered wonderful; and an inhabitant of Pau, who was present at the theatre one evening, and had never seen a ballet before, thought he had twisted round so long, that he could not stop when he wanted, and called out for some one on the stage to hold the little man. We returned together to Bordeaux; I was then about fourteen, and with regard to my figure and person, I perhaps ought not to say any thing, but false modesty was never one of my failings, therefore the world shall be enlightened. I was rather inclined to be tall, though it was not thought I should appear so when a few years older; my hair and eyes were almost black, and my complexion that of a dark brunette. Had I believed the admirers that as a child I then possessed, I should have thought myself indeed a handsome woman, but my mother, who used often to remark there was a great deal of wickedness in the world, and she knew it too, taught me the value of the pretty things that were said to me, and I learnt to consider them merely as a homage to our sex.

I by no means found M. Giradau's instructions so agreeable as I thought them likely to be, there was such positioning from morning till night, such bounding and springing, such twisting, turning, and stopping suddenly, as though I were shot, and the little man was eternally bawling out for me to remember the *aplomb* in my descents, and to give the arm a graceful turn, and to smile as though I were looking at an audience, and let them see what excellent teeth I possessed; but to do him justice, with all the trouble he gave me, I have never since seen a master who would bear comparison with him; his method was indeed excellent.

At the end of three years it was decided my debut should take place at Bordeaux, and my father and mother came expressly from Bayonne to be present. The Ballet was a composition of my master, "*Diana and Actæon.*" I was *Diana*, he the unhappy *Actæon.* The rehearsal went very well, and the important evening arrived, with everything promising fairly. The "*Barber of Seville*" was the first piece, and the Ballet succeeded. When the curtain drew up I ought to have run on, followed by my attendant nymphs; I was at the moment unable to move; I felt I scarcely know how, and the remembrance of it makes me smile even now—the music played again, and I was still in the same state, but, at last, making a violent effort, on I went, and faced what I so much dreaded. The audience applauded loudly, and I felt confidence; M. Giradau stood at the side, putting himself into all manner of positions for me to imitate; I scarcely know how I remembered my steps and acting, but I suppose I went through it mechanically, for the applause was very frequent, and I felt every moment more at my ease; the start I gave when I discovered the intruding *Actæon*, must have been very effective, for the audience were most vociferous. The piece altogether went off to admiration, and when the curtain fell loud were the cries for Rose Derval: my master led me forward; wreaths were thrown upon the stage, I curtseyed, looked round the house, and putting my hand to my heart, retired with my most elegant obeisance.

From that day my career commenced. I was flattered by every one; the manager was extremely polite, and consulted me frequently about the arrangements of the ballet, as to whether I considered one thing better than another; in fact, I found my life a most agreeable one. I was paid court to during the day, and at night I was applauded to the very echo. The newspapers were also loud in their praise; one said I came, curtesyed, and conquered: others wrote verses on my eyes, my hands, and my feet, and frequently of a morning I received presents of bouquets with a highly-perfumed billet accompanying, containing poetic effusions, in which the author's intentions were mostly better than his compositions.

I had remarked on the first night of my appearance a gentleman in the stage-box who was louder in his applause than any one of the rest. I know not how I came to observe him at first, but, perhaps, it was finding his eye constantly fixed upon me; he was young and elegantly drest, with a pleasing expression of countenance; for several evenings he occupied the same box, and was always loudest in his applause. One evening I missed him from his place, in vain did I run my eyes over the boxes to see if he had changed his place, but he was nowhere to be seen; it seemed to me as if I danced without spirit, that the audience were not in good temper, they were less vociferous than usual, and when the time came for me to punish *Actæon* for his audacity, I felt inclined to increase his punishment, and to have broken my bow across his shoulders; my anger was not feigned, and I threw so much expression into my actions, that the audience, who had been till then almost asleep, thundered down their applause louder than I had ever before heard them, and, to my surprise, contrary to the express regulations of the theatre, some one was applauding at the side scenes; I looked up wondering at such a violation of the rules, and perceived the gentleman I had hitherto sought in vain.

When the curtain fell he advanced towards me, expressing how much he had been gratified by my performance, and that he had never before seen me play so well; I smiled and curtseyed in return for the compliment, and we were soon in conversation about I scarce know what. I learnt from him that he was the only son of the Marquis de Cabat, and that he was on a visit to a relation in the neighbourhood of Bordeaux; he had intended returning before then to Paris, but he found so much attraction at Bordeaux, that he could not tear himself away; he said he was passionately fond of the theatre, loved ballets to distraction, and thought a beautiful woman was never seen to so much advantage as in the character of *Diana.*

From that evening Julien Cabat was a constant visitor behind the scenes, and my greatest desire was trying each evening to excel myself. I little heeded the applause of the audience so long as he was looking at me; and when he gently tapped his eye-glass against the side-scene, it sounded to me louder than the plaudits of the whole house. If he but said he admired any particular step, I spent the greatest part of the next day in practising it, and generally had the gratification of hearing him say he thought I had danced it better than on the preceding evening.

During the whole time I was at Bordeaux, a period of nearly twelve months, Cabat remained also, and was a constant visitor behind the scenes; he at last informed me that, in consequence of my great success at Bordeaux, he had applied, through an influential friend, and obtained me the offer of an engagement at Paris: this was my most ardent

wish, for I had a presentiment that, at Paris, I should succeed as I had done in the country. My gratitude towards Cabat was unbounded; for years I might have striven in vain to gain what he had so easily obtained; could I feel otherwise than grateful towards him? he had been so assiduous in his attentions, that had I not, from the first, looked upon him with feelings far from indifferent, he would, perhaps, have forced himself upon my affections: with woman, gratitude towards the other sex, under the circumstances in which I was placed, soon changes to esteem, and from esteem to love, is a quick transition. To be brief, we left Bordeaux, for Paris, together, and, on our arrival in the gay metropolis, I found lodgings had been taken for me in the most fashionable "quartier," the furniture of which was splendid and elegant in the extreme, far beyond anything I had hitherto seen at Bordeaux.

The life I past in this gay city for some time was that of most strangers, visiting the theatre and places of amusement, seeking everywhere for pleasure—partaking of all the gaieties and frivolities that were to be procured for money, which was at my command in abundance. I at last received notice that the day was appointed for my appearance, and it would be necessary to attend the previous rehearsals; I felt somewhat nervous on the occasion, as I was going amongst total strangers, none of whom I knew looked with favourable eyes upon me, considering me in the light of an intruder upon what they considered their own privileged rights—the public applause. The rehearsals were, however, proceeded with, and I could not avoid hearing the occasional sneers from the side-scenes.

"What do you think of her '*mon ami?*'" exclaimed one.

"Why, she rather wants grace and *aplomb*, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, yes, she does indeed; don't you perceive she has altogether a provincial air?"

"Quite so, indeed; these provincials always expect to take the town by storm; their heads are turned by the praises of some rustic admirer, and they fancy him the first of critics."

"It won't do, that's clear," exclaimed the other, "it will all end in nothing; one more to be added to the list of promising *debutantes*, who fancy themselves shelved from managerial caprices, and inveigh bitterly against directors for partialities."

I cared little for the splenetic feeling thus evinced against me, nor that care was taken I should overhear it, for I knew too well whence it proceeded.

My first appearance in Paris took place before a very crowded house, and my success was even greater than my most anxious wishes could have induced me to expect. The ballet was the "*Filets de Vulcain*," in which I had previously played at Bordeaux, where it was originally produced, when I played the principal part under the instruction of the composer, to which, perhaps, much of my success must be attributed.

Cabat was delighted with my success, and his vanity was flattered by the praises he heard from every one. I received an excellent engagement from the manager, and during the season continued to gain ground with my audience.

I now found that what I had supposed love on the part of Cabat, was little more than vanity; he was anxious to gain notoriety at my expense, and that his name should be mentioned in connection with mine. Had I then known as much of the heartlessness of the world as I now do, I should have seen through it; but, young and inexperienced, I was an easy conquest, and thought the love he expressed so fervently was true. The attention of the gay world became suddenly attracted towards a dancer who had *debuted* quite in a novel style; she was the admiration of all at first, and her performances were considered unique: she became the fashion of the day, and Cabat following the stream, I was deserted for the magnet of attraction. It pained me much at first, for I had truly loved him; and it cost me many a bitter pang ere I could look with any degree of composure on him, as he still continued a constant visitor behind the scenes of the Academie Royale.

The judgment of the public had been made in haste, and they began to find a thousand faults in my rival, whom they had at first considered perfection; she wanted this, and that; she was not graceful, her style was not pure; and she speedily sank in the estimation of her former admirers. I soon regained my former popularity, and Cabat was again anxious to gain notoriety at my expence; but I had suffered too much from his former heartless conduct, to be again a dupe. Fortunately, at this time, I received a most excellent offer from the managers of the King's Theatre, at London. Paris caused me still many anxious moments, for there was something clinging round my heart that made the remembrance of many places odious to me, and I was desirous of change of scene. I obtained leave of absence from the manager of the Academie Royale, and, accepting the engagement at London, left Paris with a heavy heart, alone—unknown to all, save by report—and caring little what the future might bring forth. I had thus far kept the mastery of my feelings; but I had loved with all the warmth and fervour woman could do, and I dreaded lest my weakness should prevail did I remain longer near Cabat. I threw myself into a corner of the carriage, and, as I left the city far behind me, the tears forced themselves, unbidden, down my cheeks.

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## THE BROKEN HEART.

For her they bade the dance and song
Through their stately halls resound:—
They hoped that mids't the glittering throng
A solace to her grief she found.

They hailed the smile that sometimes play'd
So sadly o'er her pallid face—
Their uselesss cares were well repaid,
One gleam of brighter days to trace.

The hectic fire on her fair cheek
They hailed as health's returning bloom;
The lustre of that eye so meek—
As triumph, gained o'er the tomb!

Thus lured by hope, they scarce perceived
The fearful progress of decay;
Nor, the idol of their hearts believed
Of death, the doomed—the willing prey!

Alas! the taper when 'tis spent
Shoots forth one vivid ray!
A brightness, but in mockery lent,
Ere it for ever fades away!

AMELIA W——

## OH, ASK ME NOT TO SING TO NIGHT.

O ! ask me not to sing to night,
My aching heart would fain comply ;
But, oh ! the thoughts now passing there,
Forbid e'en music's softest sigh !

In this gay world of treachery,
There are who do not suffer pain
At man's inconstancy,
But smile, and love again.

I am not of those heartless ones,
And loving virtue for its own sweet sake,
I became Love's idolatress,
And now my heart must break !

My day of love—a gorgeous one,
Was brief—but ah, how bright !
It will not come again—the sun
Is set, and all is night.

Then ask me not for passion's song,
My aching heart would fain comply ;
But oh ! the thoughts now passing there,
Forbid e'en music's softest sigh.

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## THE SEPERATED ;

### OR, LOVE, TREACHERY, AND REPENTANCE.

(AN ITALIAN TALE.)

When last we took our sad farewell, my hopes seemed all destroyed,
The world without thy guiding hand was but a dreary void ;
The cloud that skirts the mountain tops, oh, would that I could be,
Or the pale moon's reflected form that shines beneath the sea.
So far away ! So far away ! beyond the rocky bound,
With none to love thee, none to strew thy way with pleasure round ;
So long away, the lily fair hath withered by the stream.
And still thou art away, dear love! Oh, would it were a dream.

The Count Rosalvi and the Baron D'Aulklan were friends and schoolfellows in the early part of their lives, when friendship, is most warm, and the young heart unused to the treacheries and deceits of the world, gives it confidence, and expects, without doubting, a full return. As they grew in years, their friendship seemed rather to increase than diminish ; but Rosalvi was kind, generous and honourable ; the Baron, cold, calculating and treacherous ; they were seperated for some years, and when they again met, although each wore the same features, and the Baron appeared as open and true as when they had parted, he had, in fact, become estranged from virtue : he had abandoned himself to profligate courses, and gave unbridled play to his desires. Still he concealed his bad qualities from his friend. It happened that they both became enamoured of the same lady, the young and lovely Rosalie Stephanie, the heiress of a Noble House, whose ancestors had fought and shed their blood in the fields of Italy. Rosalvi made his friend his confident, but the Baron kept his passion concealed in his own heart, and strove to outwit his friend. Rosalie, however, had already given her heart to the Count, and to the bitter disappointment of the Baron, he found that Rosalvi had not only become a successful suitor, but that the noble Count Stephanie, the father of the lady, had consented to an immediate union. Finding all his plans thus frustrated, and that now hope was gone of obtaining the object of his love, he pretended that business of the first importance called him from Italy, and by that means contrived to avoid being present at the wedding, for he could no more bear to look at the happiness of Rosalie and Rosalvi than a fiend can bear to look at the glories of that Heaven which is eternally closed against him.

Rosalie and the Count had been married about six months, when the Baron returned to his forsaken home. He was pale, and his countenance bore the marks of intense thought. Still he assumed an air of gaiety, and Rosalvi who could not entertain for a moment any suspicion of the honesty of one who had for many years been considered as his bosom friend, did not perceive that, under the mask of sincerity and devotion, there lurked the basest passions of human nature.

Rosalvi was about to depart for the wars, the Baron knew it, and that knowledge had induced his return. He hoped to ruin in the husband's absence his empire over the heart of his wife, and destroy the heart and sole happiness of her who had given her love to another. He was received still as Rosalvi's bosom friend. And when the time arrived for the gallant Knight's departure to the battle field, he placed his beloved bride under the care of the playmate and companion of his youth's gay hours, and deemed her then to be as secure as though he had placed her in an angel's keeping.

The wife who had deemed her husband's will her supreme law, and gentle and untutored in the world's bad ways, believed all that her husband did was for her happiness, consented to remain in the Baron's castle, and be under his protecting eye, until her lord's return. They parted : she with all a woman's apprehension lingering upon her husband's neck, while he strove to calm her fears, until his companions became impatient of delay, and the neighing steeds of the gallant knights in the Baron's court yard, seemed to chide him for his long stay :

He held her to his heart, the melting eye,
The flushing cheek, the inly-struggling sigh,
The heavy tremors of her faithful heart
That throbb'd the more, to strive to seem at rest.
The faint fond murmurs gentlest zephyrs bore,
That whispered when the heart could urge no more !

They parted, and the Baron commenced his work of hate. Assuming the most generous friendship, he seemed to anticipate all the wishes of his fair charge ; he made parties of pleasure for her sake, and invited the cleverest poets and musicians of Italy to his castle, and all their songs were in praise of her beauty. His devotion to the wife of his friend seemed boundless, whilst the modesty of his demeanour, the delicacy of his attentions, could not alarm, in the slightest degree, the fair being whom he had marked for his prey.

The Baron and Rosalie were sitting upon a terrace, overlooking the beautiful gardens attached to the castle, over which the declining sun threw its last rays with intense glory, that seemed as if reluctant to leave a scene of such perfect beauty : the minstrels, who had been performing some choice melodies before them had retired, the flowers had folded up their leaves, the birds had ceased their harmony, and the solitary nightingale alone sent up its complaining voice to heaven in the dis-

tant plantations; the tinkling rill of descending waters, and the occasional sound of the sheep-bells afar off, were the only sounds that fell upon their ears. Rosalie was absorbed in the contemplation of this scene of holy beauty, and when the silence was broken by some exclamation of pleasure by the Baron, Rosalie turned her face towards him, and the tears of gratitude started into her eyes. "I cannot express," she said, "the gratitude I feel for your lordship's kindness; I could not have expected to find such true and perfect friendship." "The beauties and the virtues of the Countess Rosalie," replied the Baron, "must awaken such friendly feelings in every manly heart. So that you are *satisfied*, I am rewarded."

The Countess then expressed how pleased Rosalvi would be on his return to find that his soul's best treasure had been so well preserved; but as this was a subject which the Baron was not desirous of encouraging, he insensibly turned the conversation to the beauties of nature, as revealed before them, and their effects upon the heart. The Countess discoursed like an enthusiast: she was an Italian, and had Italian thoughts and feelings:

She was a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
Are most divine. Where earth and sky
Are pictures both and poetry.
Her childhood had passed 'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;
Music, whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's close,
Skies half of sunshine and half starlight,
Flowers whose hues were a breath of delight,
Leaves where green pomp knew no withering,
Fountain's bright as the skies of our spring,
And songs whose wild and passionate tone
Suited a soul of romance like her own.

She warmly entered into the assumed feelings of the Baron, and poured out her thoughts in a full flood of delight.

"'Tis a scene fit to awaken love!" said the Baron.

"To awaken *poetry*," replied the Countess.

"Love is the highest poetry."

"The saddest oftentimes."

"Ay, truly," sighed the Baron; and he turned to the Countess with a look of melancholy and suffering. "There is not in the whole world," he said, "a thing so terrible as hopeless love."

"Time," said the Countess, "is its healing balm."

"No," rejoined the Baron. "No time can heal the heart-wound. There are those upon whom Love passes 'as pass the breath-stain over the glass;' they have not *lived*: they know not what love is: but those into whose heart it hath passed, stake heart and happiness upon the issue, and if they are the losers, no balm revives them but the balm of death."

"But let us hope," said the Countess, "that there are but few such true and hopeless ones."

"But oh, the agony of those few! Countess you see before you one of those wretched beings. You have praised my generosity, my humanity; you give me credit for the possession of the best feelings of human nature, but of what worth are these to me? Indeed, they mock me when they call me good, for I am wretched."

"Your love may not be so hopeless as you think it," replied the Countess. "The lady, peradventure, is not sufficiently acquainted with your deserving. I would that I co ld become an ambassadress to plead for you."

"You are all goodness; but you know not the suit that you would undertake. Countess! she whom I love is —"

"Is whom?"

"Is—*anolher's*.

"Nay, then, indeed," replied the Countess, assuming an air and tone of grave solemnity; "Your case is hopeless."

"Do not, do not, Countess," exclaimed the Baron, "speak to me in such terms of killing gravity. Tell me I am hopeless, but not in such a tone. Ere now the generous warmth of your expressions gave to me trifling pleasure—do not destroy it, I implore."

"Why should I cheat your heart, by encouraging hopes which must be delusive? Baron, I conjure you, for the sake of your own peace, I speak to you as a sister, for you are to me as a brother—I conjure you to tear this guilty passion from your soul."

"Say that I have befriended her I love," continued the Baron, unobservant of the remarks of the Countess—"that I have exhausted the resources of art for her gratification—that I have been ever watchful of her;—that for her sweet sake I have mastered the evil inclinations of my nature—that I have become a suppliant where circumstances had given me a right to command—that I would fall at her feet and swear to protect her ever tenderly, and be unto her as faithful as an angel to his spiritual bride. Had I not reason for hope?"

"You have said, Baron, that she is another's. Had'st thou been all that thou say'st, unto her—had'st thou, indeed, laden her with obligations as heavily as thou has't put upon myself—she could not—would not if she were possessed of woman's virtue, listen to, or encourage thee."

"Countess!" exclaimed the Baron, "I cannot stifle the fire that is raging in my heart and brain. The secret will not be contained within my lips. I throw myself upon your mercy. Treat me as you please. Kill me—torture me—it is *you* I love!"

Rosalie was appalled. She had not until the words escaped the Baron's lips, imagined that she herself was the object of his unlawful passion. For a moment she knew not how to act, but summoning as much courage as she could, she arose from her seat, and was about to enter the castle; but the Baron caught her robe, and franticly implored her to stay. She cast upon him a look of proud disdain. "Rosalie—Countess!" he exclaimed, do not despise me." "I cannot listen to you further," she replied. "Unhand me, my lord." "No, by heaven! Rosalie, you stir not until you speak in kinder terms—until you look upon me less in hate." "I will leave the castle," she replied. "Never, Rosalie," exclaimed the Baron, and he drew her closer towards him. "My lord," she cried, in affright, "desist, I pray, or I must alarm the castle." "That were of no avail," he replied. "This castle is *mine*. Your cries would only bring *my* servants to my assistance. Your shrieks would only bring a multitude to behold the wife of Rosalvi in my arms! You understand me!"

"Good heavens!" cried the Countess, "you do not contemplate ———"

"Rosalie!" exclaimed the Baron, "I cannot endure this agony of heart. I cannot exist without you. You are in my power, and by fair means or foul you must be mine!"

Franticly, he drew the Countess close towards him, and rudely pressed his lips to her fair cheek. Indignant at the outrage, she struck him upon the face, and disengaging herself from his rude embrace, she mounted the balustrade, and threatened that if the Baron approached her she would

precipitate herself to the green sward below. Furiously, however, the Baron stretched forth his hand to seize her, when the Countess clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven, leaped from the terrace to the ground.

For a moment she remained apparently lifeless, and the Baron descended by the staircase to ascertain if she were dead. By the time that he had arrived beneath the terrace, however, she had flown. In amazement, he gazed around but no trace of the fugitive could he discover. He summoned all his attendants, but their search was ineffective, the Countess was nowhere to be found. The garden walls were so high that it was not possible for a fragile female like the Countess to escape by scaling them, and the Baron ascertained that all the gates had long been closed. Full of alarm and apprehension, he returned to the castle, previously ordering, however, some of his most trusty officers to remain all night in the gardens, searching for the fugitive.

The sudden disappearance of the Countess, spread alarm among the inmates of the castle. The superstitious crossed themselves, while the wiser ones observing the disordered looks of the Baron, and being well aware of the baseness of his heart, imagined that he had been guilty of some foul act towards the gentle lady. But they durst not whisper their apprehensions to each other, dreading the vengeance of their vindictive master.

The morning came, and the still restless Baron summoned the officers whom he had left in the gardens, to his presence. They reported that after the most diligent search, they could see no traces of her. At one part of the garden wall in the the outside, there were marks as if a rope ladder had been fixed, but it was not possible that the Countess could have had a rope ladder in her possession, and besides, if one had been fixed it could only have been by some one on the outside. The Baron caused the flight of his charge to be announced in the neighbourhood, and despatched messengers in search of her, while he made further personal inspection in the gardens.

Still the search was ineffectual, and the Baron at length fell a prey to superstitious terrors. He imagined that some good spirit had stepped between him and his victim, and carried her to a brighter and better world.

In a few days the tidings reached the Baron's castle that Rosalvi had been disgraced by his general. And soon afterwards that he had been denounced as a traitor by his rival in arms, Monfredi. In vain Rosalvi had protested his innocence; the artifices of his enemy were too well contrived for the guiltless Rosalvi to frustrate them, and he was arrested and placed in confinement; from which, however, he had contrived to make his escape. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension.

Twelve months after these events had occurred, the castle of the proud and daring Baron D'Aulklan was deserted. No longer the sounds of festivity and mirth were heard in the halls; no longer the weary retainers clustered round the cheerful fires; no longer the wine cup was drained, while the owner presided at the convivial board. That audacious being was now the tenant of a small cell, his bed was of rushes, water his only drink. He had entered a convent, and now passed his days in penitence and prayer. Superstition had unnerved heart and arm. He had pictured the Countess snatched away from his tyrannous purposes by guardian angels; and he feared that he was doomed to eternal perdition. He had forsaken the world, and become a monk; his life was a burden to him, and he courted death.

A noble retinue stopped one evening at the convent of St. Juste, and besought shelter from the weather, and a lodging for the night. The portals were thrown open, and the armed knights were conducted into the refectory, where they were cordially welcomed by the prior, and what refreshments the convent afforded were placed before them. There was a lady in the company, and the rain having penetrated her clothing, she retired with a tirewoman to another apartment; and the good old prior observed that he would send refreshments to the door for her.

The knights were full of battle tales, and all seemed anxious to do justice to the merits of their chieftain, the Count Rosalvi, who having been denounced as a traitor by his enemy, Monfredi, had remained in concealment until the latter having received his death-wound in battle, revealed his conspiracy against his rival, and caused him to be restored to the army, and with increased honours. He had done wonders in the field, and they were now on their way to the court, the war being ended, to place their laurels at the foot of the king. While they were discoursing, a monk entered, who informed the prior that one of the lady's women had requested some refreshment for her mistress. The prior immediately desired the monk to be the bearer of the choicest food upon the table. The latter complied.

The thunder pealed heavily over the convent, and the vivid flashes of lightning startled and terrified even the holiest of the monks. He who had been entrusted to bear refreshments to the lady was more agitated than the rest. He trembled like an aspen leaf in the wind. The lightning seemed to him to flare upon grim spectres in the dark corners of the cells and corridors. His heart beat violently, and the big drops chased each other rapidly down his face. He entered the lady's apartment, and endeavoured to assume a calmness befitting his holy station; at that instant, a terrific peal of thunder followed a flash that spread a frightful glare through the chamber, and the monk's glance falling then upon the lady's features, he clasped his hands in a bitter agony, and exclaiming "God pardon me, a wretched sinner!" the Baron D'Aulklan fell at the feet of Rosalie, Countess Rosalvi.

His screams brought assistance, and Rosalie was soon made aware of whom the miserable object was that lay shrieking in agony at her feet. It was long before the monk could be brought to believe that the living Rosalie was before him, and then he entreated that she would let him depart from her presence. "I cannot bear to remain," he gasped, "in the sight of her whom Providence so strangely rescued from me." He staggered towards the door, and the prior instructed a monk to accompany him, lest in his frenzy he might lay violent hands upon himself. Presently the door of the Baron's cell was heard to close, the bolt was heavily drawn, and then the sounds of the wretched man's supplications for mercy and forgiveness drew tears from the assemblage.

To the prior alone, however, the cause of the Baron's sufferings was revealed, and to him also was recounted the story of Rosalie's deliverance. Rosalvi, on making his escape from captivity, had fled to the Baron's castle, in the expectation that the friendship of its owner would induce him to yield a shelter. Fearful of being seen by the domestics, he had remained concealed in a neighbouring wood till nightfall, when by means of a rope-ladder he entered the gardens, with the view of making his way to the private apartments of the

Baron. He beheld his Countess and the Baron on the terrace, and was about to rush forward and declare himself; but the strange words of the Baron caught his ear, and ere he had time to collect his thoughts, the Countess had precipitated herself to the ground. Suddenly snatching her in his arms, the agonized husband retreated the way he had come, and proceeding to his horse, which he fastened to a tree in the wood; he mounted with his precious charge, and proceeded to a faithful friend who kept him and Rosalie concealed until the dying Monfredi had made the innocence of Rosalvi known, and the latter was invited by his sovereign again to take his place in the field.

Covered with laurels, the Count Rosalvi proceeded to the court, and he and his lovely bride became the most honoured and the most happy of the sojourners there. And the wretched Baron, who remained in the convent of St. Juste, had their constant prayers.

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## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND,

### A SHORT TIME AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

The doom hath passed—and 'mongst the dead,
Dear Mary, thou art numbered!
Silent mourners stand around thy bed;
They hope thou hast but slumbered!
But see—that hope forsakes them now!
The stamp of death is on thy brow!
They gaze—they gaze—still, all are mute:
One sigh from thee might yet refute
The dreadful tale that all is o'er!
That thou, their loved one, breathes no more!
Days, nights, and months, they've watched beside
Thy restless couch of pain,
And marked the slowly ebbing tide
They knew could never flow again!
Yet, still they watched, and hoped on,
Until the vital spark was gone.
While yet there's life we fondly cling
To what the morrow's dawn may bring;
And tho' we mark from day to day,
The fearful progress of decay,
Still—still hope whispers to the heart,
Care may avert the fatal dart!
And even when the arrow's sped,
We scarce *believe*—we only *dread!*
And thus it was with they, who now
Gaze, Mary, on thy marble brow!
Thy gentle soul had passed away.
E'en, whilst for life to God they pray!
The dreaded doom at length they know,
And then bursts forth the tide of woe—
Thy mother and thy sister weep,
They fear not *now* to break thy sleep!
Yet there is one who breathes no sigh,
No tear-drop dims his spell-bound eye!
His is a voiceless agony of grief,
That mocks all outward show—
The tears that might afford relief,
Are parched ere they can flow!
Of what did all his love avail!
It had no power to save—
To cheer her thro' the dreary vale,
Or snatch her from the grave!
These thoughts came rushing on his brain,
And past joys crowded in the train!
Death had a work of terror done,
The *loved*—the *loving*—she was gone!

AMELIA W———.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

GROWING PAINS.—Lord SEFTON, the other evening, while luxuriating in the delight of a venison party, suddenly complained of pain. "What is the matter!" exclaimed a gentleman present. "O, nothing," replied the noble lord, "only *growing* pains." "Growing pains!" exclaimed the other, "at your lordship's time of life." "Ah! that's it," rejoined Lord S., "I am *growing old.*"

A GOOD IDEA.—The lady of Mr. H—— was complaining of his extravagant method of living. "If you go on in this manner," she said, "we shall be ruined." "I'll tell you what I'll do my love," was H——'s reply. "I'll put an advertisement into the newspaper, telling the people not to trust you, for that if they do, they will certainly never be paid.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.—"Don't be in a passion my love," said Lord H—— to his lady on Easter Monday. "Hold your tongue," replied her *warm*-tempered ladyship, "you were in a passion yourself, last Saturday." "Ay," but, rejoined Lord H——, "that was the last day of *passion week.*"

A GREAT MAN.—The Duke of B—— is a man of very large size. One day he took it into his head to make personal inquiry respecting the price of provisions in Hungerford Market. His Grace's dimensions excited the admiration of the polite purveyors, who eagerly solicited his custom. "What d'ye buy, Sir, what d'ye buy?" exclaimed one little thin starveling among the rest. "Nothing, nothing," replied the Duke. "Well, then," cried the little butcher, surveying his grace from top to toe, "only promise to buy your meat of me, and my fortune's made!"

MARRIAGE.—Upon points of affection it is only for the parties themselves to form just opinions of what is really necessary to ensure the felicity of the marriage state. Riches are not necessary, but *competence* is, and after this, more depends on the temper of the individual, than upon personal, or even intellectual circumstances. The finest spirits, the most exquisite wines, the nectars and ambrosias of modern tables will all be spoilt by a few drops of bitter extract, and a bad temper has the same effect in life, which is made up, not of great sacrifices and duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually,

are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort and happiness.

THE BIRD OF THE AIR.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd like thee.
I would that in such wings of gold,
I could my weary heart upfold,
I would I could look down unmoved,
(Unloving as I am unloved)
And while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And never sad with others sadness,
And never glad with others gladness;
Listened unstirred, to knell or chime,
And lapt in quiet, bide my time.

Cloak Lottery at the ———.—Reader, allow me to offer my testimony in favour of the fairness and impartiality with which this lottery is drawn. As you, perhaps, take no pleasure in games of chance, it is probable you may be altogether ignorant of the existence of the one in question; I will therefore explain to you the scheme, leaving it to your own discretion whether or not to try your fortune in it. It is this:—On entering a certain place of fashionable entertainment, you "put in" a cloak or a great coat; a lady visitor to the pit may risk a hood or a shawl; some persons, indeed, will try their luck even with an umbrella. Well, in exchange for your deposit, whatever it may be, you receive a numbered ticket, whilst another ticket is affixed to the article. At the conclusion of the performance the lottery is drawn, from which, as it professes to consist entirely of prizes, and to contain no blanks, you may be almost certain of winning something. It may so happen (as, indeed I am informed, it sometimes does) that in the re-exchange of your ticket, you will receive the identical object which you deposited; but such are the ingenious disorder and confusion with which the various articles are not arranged, and the admirable carelessness with which the duplicate tickets are affixed to them, that such chances are rare. Were it otherwise, the game would be destitute of interest and void of excitement. One evening I tempted Fortune with a cloak, for which I had paid eight guineas only a few days before. On presenting my ticket, numbered 495, I was referred backwards and forwards, from one side of the lobby to the other, for the space of a good half hour; first being offered a lady's black silk hood; next, an old umbrella; but assured, on all hands, that I had not the slightest chance of drawing such a cloak as the one I described, or indeed any cloak at all, upon my unlucky No. 495. This being apparently the nature of the game, I suppose I was wrong to complain, for I was rebuked accordingly. So I waited patiently in the hall for another quarter of an hour, till it was cleared of all but two or three visitors and the gentlemen drawers of the lottery; when at last a ticket actually "came up" of my own cloak! but bearing the number 595. Much, however, as I was interested in the game, and fortunate as I considered myself, I shall not play it again, inasmuch as, amongst other inconveniences, it induces late hours. Upon this occasion it detained me nearly three three quarters of an hour after the conclusion of the performance, and occasioned me the loss of a party with whom I was engaged to sup.

An Interesting Wife.—When Mr. T—— C—— and his lady were at Melton, a party of gentlemen went out with the husband to ride. Mrs. C—— and some ladies stood at the drawing-room window observing the "turn out." Mr. C——'s horse suddenly became restive, and, at length, threw its rider with much force upon the ground. The ladies at the window instantly expecting a scena, ran to the bell-ropes, but instead of fainting at her husband's fall, the interesting Mrs. C—— turned from the window, exclaiming, "That fool, Tom C——! He is the worst rider in England!"

NIGHT AND LOVE.

Dearest love, ever gay is the clear noon of day,
With the birds happy song and the bloom of the rose,
But at night, roses weep, and the little birds sleep,
All still as the green leaves on which they repose:
Yet night, my love, night! O, 'tis dearer to me,
Though the flowers are in tears, and the sun does not shine;
For thou art the flowret I ever would see,
And the music I'd hear is that sweet voice of thine.

Connubial Penitence.—An interesting illustration of connubial felicity was given a few days ago at one of the Police Offices of the metropolis, where a case transpired, the nature of which the reader will understand by the following amatory epistle, which we preserve for the sake of Benedicts who may happen to be in the same deplorable condition as the writer.—"My adored Wife!—I implore you to return to your distressed husband. Little dost thou know my sufferings since your abrupt departure from home. You are constantly in my thoughts. I have wandered up and down Vauxhall for the last week to get a glimpse of your dear form. For the last three days I have touched no kind of food—I cannot eat, drink, or sleep; and I shall not be long for this transitory world if you don't return to me. Give me one trial, dearest of wives, and I promise you faithfully to anticipate every wish of yours, and behave better than ever I did."—What fine fun John Reeve would make of this!

Compliment to English Ladies.—The following truly Persian compliment to English beauty, is a literal version of an imitation of one of the Odes of Hafiz, written by Mirza Sayyid Ali, of Shiraz:—

Give, O give, yon rosy boy, the charming cup of British wine!
It delights, it warms, and fills with joy the fainting heart.
My heart is subdued and wasted by the lovely idols,
Chief of whom is the idol of English birth.
They are all sugar-lipp'd, and speak words of sugar-candy,
You would say that the very dust of London produces honey.

Love in a Hurry.—A gentleman, who was sitting in the dress boxes at one of the theatres, became suddenly enamoured of a young lady who sat with some friends a few seats before him. Anxious to make his sentiments known, he wrote with his pencil in an abstracted leaf from his pocket-book—"May I inquire if your affections are engaged?" This he handed to the young lady, and she having shewn it to her friends, shortly afterwards wrote underneath his question—"I think I may venture to say they are not. But why do you ask?" and then returned the paper. The gentleman then wrote on another leaf—"I love you! I am single. I have a thousand pounds a-year. My name is ———. I live at ———. I am not in debt. I have a good house; and I only want a good wife to make me completely happy. Will you be mine?" It is almost needless to say that an oral communication took place between the gentleman and the young lady's friends, and the affair terminated in the young couple being united in wedlock.

Matrimonial Jars.—A gentleman, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to a celebrated wit, in a fine sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and felicity. "The husband," said he, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," replied the wit, "I hope *your* house is insured."

A MAY SONG.

O, talk no more of "hope delayed,"
When we 'mong flowrets stray;
Thy love with love shall be repaid,
Now it is joyous May.
Then come with me my fairy lass,
Ah, come with me I pray,
For soon the happy month will pass,
The bloomiug time of May.
O, sigh no more, my gentle maid,
Cast all thy griefs away;
And roam with me in sunny glade,
While it is lovely May.

The King and the Carriage.—In the early part of the last century, Prince Menzikoff, the favourite of Peter the Great, sent from Petersburg a handsome English coach as a present for the King of the Calmacs. Some time afterwards, an Ambassador from the Khan arrived at the Court of the Czar to make a representation that one of the wheels were broken, and to desire the Prince to let him have another wheel. The courtiers were curious to know what use had been made of the carriage. The Ambassador told them that his master gave audience to the Envoys of the neighbouring Khans in the said carriage, and that on solemn days he dined in it. The pole he had looked on as superflous, and had caused it to be cut off.

Caustic Wit.—A celebrated poet was one day standing beneath a portico, to avoid a violent shower of rain, when he observed two ladies at a window opposite, laughing at him and the rest of the people who were retreating from the shower. He took out his pencil, and wrote the following lines, which he employed a boy to convey to the mirth makers:—

Ladies, your tittering mood this truth discovers,
From rain, like others, you'd run helter-skelter:
But, should the clouds pour down a shower of lovers,
You'd run a race down stairs to quit your shelter.

The Prince and the Fortune-Teller.—About forty years ago, you could not pass through Holborn during a certain portion of the year, without observing a string of carriages drawn up near a large house, the upper floors of which appeared magnificently furnished; and the many well-dressed people seen going in and coming out, could not but make you ask who it was that received so many fashionable visitors in such a dingy district. You were informed that "the celebrated Mrs. Williams," the renowned caster of nativities and teller of fortunes, honoured Holborn by residing in it; and if you were fortunate enough to meet amongst your male friends one who had paid the lady a visit, you heard that she was a very handsome, though somewhat dark woman. The females differed on the subject of her beauty, influenced doubtless by the good or ill fortune foretold to them. Amongst the numerous applicants to this Lilly in petticoats, she had the honour of numbering the Prince of Wales; and although his Royal Highness endeavoured to preserve a strict incognito, he was hailed by his title on entering the abode of astrological research. The Prince did not scruple to tell the result of his visit. "The lady informs me that I shall live to be King, although my stars decree I am not to be crowned." In the autumn Mrs. Williams usually visited the various resorts of fashion, Bath, Clifton Hotwells, Brighton, &c. The sequel proved, however, that she was a false prophetess.

LOVE, AND THE SETTING SUN.

How fast he sinks, that glorious orb of light!
To see him seated on his mid-day throne,
Who had but deemed him fix'd for ever there,
So high, so proudly rode he o'er the world!
And is it thus with Love? Whose early beam
Shines out as full of promise, as it never
Could know decline. Has Love its setting too?
Look! now he fades—and now he's gone! Poor world!
But poorer heart, whose light of love is sped!
The departed sun
Will ride again as bright a course to-morrow;
But love once set can know no second rising!

A New Reading.—A provincial actor, thinking to improve upon the celebrated lines in the tragedy of *Cato*—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it"—

exclaimed as follows:—

"'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more—*we'll do without it!*"

Very Clear.—At a recent public meeting, in Exeter Hall, the weather being very warm, there came behind a very stout little gentleman another person tall and raw-boned. The latter held a memorandum-book in his hand. "What do you mean, Sir, by crowding and jostling me?" exclaimed the stout little man. "Who are you, Sir?" "Sir!" replied the other, "I am one of the gentlemen connected with the *press*." "I thought so," was the immediate rejoinder, "for you have nearly squeezed my ribs in!"

THE RETURN OF SUMMER.

Summer is come with her leaves and her flowers,
Summer is come with the sun on her bowers;
The lark in the clouds, and the thrush on the bough,
And the dove in the thicket, make melody now;
The noon is abroad, but the shadows are cool,
Where the green rushes grow in the dark forest pool.
We seek not the hedges where violets blow,
There alone in the twilight of evening we go;
They are love-tokens offered when heavy with dew,
To a lip yet more fragrant, an eye yet more blue:
But leave them alone to their summer soft dream,
We seek the green rushes that grow by the stream!

A Curious Cat-o'-Nine-Tails.—Robert of Gloucester says that Queen Elfrida used to whip her step-son Edward, son to King Edgar, with *wax tapers*, so that when he grew up he "*hated the sight of a candle.*" Few, certainly, would make light of such a flagellation.

BELL, PRINTER, 28, CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND.


Portraits of Madame Malibran, Mr. H. Phillips Mr. Templeton, Miss Poole, & Messrs. Bedford, Seguin, Weiland, &c.
In the Last Scene of the new Opera called "the Maid" of Artois.

Published by Bell, Removed to 28, Craven Street, Strand, July 1. 1836.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CXLVIII. LONDON, JULY 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—NO. IV, OF THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.... PORTRAITS OF MADAME MALIBRAN, MR. H. PHILLIPS, MR. TEMPLETON, MISS POOLE, AND MESSRS. BEDFORD, SEQUIN, WIELAND, &c.
(*In the Last Scene of the New Opera, called "The Maid of Artois," as performed at Drury Lane Theatre.*)

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE DINNER AND MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE WEDDING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## MALIBRAN.

With the present number of the World of Fashion, we lay before our subscribers a Scene from the new Opera of the *Maid of Artois*, in which are given Portraits of Madame Malibran, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Templeton and others. In our dramatic article the plot of the opera is sketched, and therefrom those of our subscribers who may not have had an opportunity of seeing Malibran in the character of *Isoline*, will be able to form some idea of the interesting scene which our engraving represents. Malibran is one of the most wondrous women of the present day: she is an exquisite musician, a fine actress, and a brilliant vocalist; and aware as we are of her ability to improve the music of inferior composers, we reckon that Mr. Balfe is not a little indebted to her for the attraction of his new opera. Some of the compositions are given by Malibran with inimitable force, purity and pathos. In the scene represented, her acting and singing are beyond all praise.

"Now is her voice a tempest swift and strong,
On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves we sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which when the starry waters sleep
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends the soul in its voluptuous flight."

Malibran is the daughter of the late Signor Garcia, who for some years was first tenor singer at the King's Theatre. She married an American, M. Malibran, a person many years older than herself, and whose property was not so great, we believe, as it had been represented. They did not live very happily. M. Malibran died a short time ago, and recently Madame Malibran gave her hand to M. de Beriot, the performer on the violin.

## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

"Take them for all in all,
We shall not look upon their like again."
——— Shakspeare.

The past month has been one of great gaiety in the roya circle; the illustrious individuals who preside upon the British throne, are in a state of health the most gratifying to their loyal subjects, and they have been dispensing their hospitalities, and enjoying the pleasures of the season both at Windsor and in the metropolis. We regret that our limits this month enable us only to give a brief record of the scenes in which their Majesties have participated.

On Saturday, the 11th, the King held an Investure of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, when the illustrious visitor, General his Serene Highness the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg was introduced between General the Earl of Rosslyn and Admiral Sir James Whitshed, Bart. preceded by Bath King of Arms, bearing the Riband, Badge, and Star of the Order, upon a crimson cushion, and by the Gentleman Usher of the Order; when his Majesty was graciously pleased to put the Riband, with the Badge attached, over the right shoulder of his Serene Highness.—A State dinner was afterwards given by his Majesty, in the Waterloo Chamber, to the several foreign Princes, the Knights Grand Crosses of the Order of the Bath, the Officers of the Order, and a party of Nobility and Gentry. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards was in attendance in an ante-room, and performed favourite selections during the evening. After some toasts had been drunk, that of the new Knight of the Bath, the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg, was given, with the Prince of Orange, and the Prince Ernest of Philippsthal. Salutes were fired, after some of the toasts, from the terrace of the Castle. His Majesty and his illustrious party subsequently returned to St. George's Hall, where the Queen received the distinguished visitors.

The Duchess of KENT and the Princess VICTORIA, attended by the Lady KATHERINE JENKINSON and the Baroness de LETZEN, arrived at the Castle on a visit to THEIR MAJESTIES on Monday the 13th. In the evening their Royal Highnesses were present at the grand dinner in St. George's Hall, where covers were laid for nearly 100 persons.—On the next day THEIR MAJESTIES visited Virginia Water. All the Royal and illustrious personages staying at the Castle accompanied THEIR MAJESTIES to this delightful retreat, where every arrangement had been made that could contribute to the enjoyment of the scene. Luncheon was served up in the principal marquee, and the band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) was stationed on the water near the shore. The beauty of the weather induced the Royal party to remain on the lake till after six o'clock, when they returned to the Castle, where a banquet was given in the evening in St. George's-hall.

The last Drawing-room for the season was held by HER MAJESTY at St. James's Palace, on Thursday the 16th, when a grand assemblage of the *élite* of beauty and fashion crowded round the throne of England's Queen. The dresses were splendid in the extreme. HER MAJESTY was attired in an elegant *tulle* dress, richly embroidered in silver, the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; with a train of rich silver tissue, with handsome border, lined with white satin; head-dress of feathers and diamonds. The Duchess of KENT wore a beautiful *tulle* dress over white satin, ornamented with diamonds and pearls; a train of rich maize figured satin, tastefully trimmed with satin and blonde, and lined with white satin; head-dress, feathers and diamonds. The dresses of HER MAJESTY and the Royal Duchess, as well as those of many ladies of distinction, were entirely composed of British manufacture. HER MAJESTY was attended by the Duchess Dowager of LEEDS (Mistress of the Robes) the Countess BROWNLOW (in Waiting) the Marchioness of ELY and the Countess of SHEFFIELD (Ladies of the Bedchamber). The KING was attended by the Great Officers of State and the Officers of his Household. Lord LIFFORD was the Lord in Waiting, and Sir JOSEPH WHATELEY the Groom in Waiting. The Duchess of Kent came in State, escorted by a party of Life Guards.

In the evening there was a small dinner party at the Palace. After dinner the QUEEN visited the Italian Opera.—On the following evening the KING gave a dinner to the Directors of the Bank and the East India House, and the Officers of the Trinity House. Covers were laid for seventy. The dinner was served in the grand banquet-room, on a long table in the middle, with a cross table at the end, at which HIS MAJESTY and the most distinguished guests took their seats. The plateau included a number of splendid epergnes and candelabra, and the room was brilliantly illuminated by five ormolu chandeliers. HIS MAJESTY wore the uniform of the Corporation, with the star of the Order of the Garter.—On the following day, HIS MAJESTY honoured the Duke of WELLINGTON with his company, at the grand banquet given by his Grace in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo. About fifty officers, including the Prince of ORANGE, who were engaged in the battle, were present. Previously to the gallant Duke's entertainment, a grand review took place in Hyde Park, which was attended by THEIR MAJESTIES, the Prince of ORANGE and his sons, and the other Foreign Princes at present in this country. The regiments reviewed consisted of the three regiments of Foot Guards, the two regiments of Life Guards, the Oxford Blues, two regiments of Lancers, and a park of horse and foot artillery.—The QUEEN has attended the Opera and Drury-lane Theatre, and has honoured the Duchess of BUCCLEUCH and other Noble families with visits. Thus, happily, have the lives of THEIR MAJESTIES been passed during the month of June.

We feel great pleasure in stating that the operation of removing the cataract which had for so long a period obstructed the sight of his Royal Highness the Duke of SUSSEX, has been performed, by Mr. Alexander, with every prospect of complete success. It occupied from 10 to 15 minutes. The daily bulletin exhibited at Kensington Palace is highly favourable.

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## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

" ——————— Lively and gossipping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."
*The Courtier.—A Comedy.*

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—Her Royal Highness the Princess VICTORIA has arrived at an age when it must be expected that rumours of overtures for her hand, and projected marriages, will abound in fashionable and other circles. Although we do not believe in the truth of any one of the many reports that are whispered about at present, it may be interesting to our readers to notice some of them which carry most weight. A rumour which originated in the salons of Paris, is now going the round of our circles to the effect that M. DEDEL, in the name of the King of the Netherlands, had made a formal demand of the Princess VICTORIA for the eldest son of the Prince of ORANGE. It is represented that our Sovereign is personally in favour of this demand, and that his Majesty consulted his Council upon it, who, persisting in the intention of leaving to the young Princess the free choice of a husband, communicated the demand to the Duchess of KENT. That Princess replied that her daughter had already decided in favour of the eldest son of the Duke of SAXE-COBOURG. This young Prince as well as his brother, is distinguished for his understanding and good conduct as much as by his external advantages. The world would approve of this resolution of the Princess VICTORIA. As soon as the answer of the Duchess of KENT was known, it is said that couriers were sent off to different parts of the Continent. It is further represented that the marriage will not be delayed; and that the formalities by which according to the laws of etiquette, protocol must precede the union of a Prince and Princess, are being executed.

HYMENEAL WIT.—Count d'Orsay was asked the other day, at the Travellers' Club, whether he thought that the marriage between the Prince of Capua and Miss Smyth would be considered binding. "Of course," was his reply; "*four* negatives must make an affirmative." In the diplomatic circles this marriage has been termed "*the Quadruple Alliance.*"

WANT OF GALLANTRY.—Lord ——, a new Benedick, does not seem to be so particular in his attentions to his interesting bride, as one would expect a young and gallant gentleman to be. We believe that his lordship has a sincere affection for his lady, and it is because that we would not have him sacrifice to any foolish prejudice, that we notice his

apparent coolness of manner. Where heart is firmly linked with heart, we do not see why the parties should be ashamed of the fact being known to all the world.

Courting by Advertisement.—A novel and very curious method of corresponding has been hit upon by some ingenious individuals, namely, by advertising their wishes and desires in the morning newspapers. And these advertisements appear to be so much upon the increase, that very soon we may expect to see a *treole* sheet of the *Times* resolved upon by the proprietors of that journal, in consequence of an inundation of such extraordinary correspondence. Sometimes these advertisements do not exceed one syllable, for instance, "Come!" "Yes." Occasionally they lengthen into a sentence, as "I saw you wave your hand, but dared not return your salutation." In truth, persons having rebellious wards or daughters would do well to keep spies about the office doors of certain newspapers. This being leap year, is, we suppose, the reason that there are so many lady advertisers. A timid maiden who shrinks from the thought of betraying her attachment to her suitor in a *tête-à tête*, will not hesitate to confess her secret in the graceful columns of a morning print. The beacon lamp placed by Hero on the tower of Sestos, never made the heart of the immortal swimmer Leander, throb with greater delight than the brief advertisement "*Come!*" must have communicated to the modern adventurer in the troubled sea of love. How significantly does the courageous damsel insinuate the gentle affirmation "Yes," in a corner of the "leading journal!" Was that journal ever before selected to do the office of a lady's page! What consolation must have been given to the melancholy youth, suffering under the bitter pangs caused by an unanswered wave of his kid-gloved hand, when his lady-love condescended to advertise that her inability, not her inclination, was the source of the imagined slight. And to pay half a guinea for the advertisement! Love takes no heed of gold, nor silver either. *O! Vivant les annonces des dames! Vive l'an bissextile!* While upon this subject we may caution our fair readers against fellows who advertise for wives. Their sole pursuit is the attainment of wealth. We think that like broken gamblers they sometimes venture their last half-sovereign on a forlorn hope. One *gentleman* has advertized that he would give any person five hundred pounds that should procure for him a wife. To be sure he would, if the wife had five *thousand!*

Royal Wit.—At the recent dinner given by his Majesty to the members of the Jockey Club, Lord Westminster was boasting of his horse Touchstone, and offering to back him for a large sum against any thing that could be named in the field. "I accept the challenge," said the King, "and will name to beat him *by a neck*." The match was concluded, and his Majesty, called upon to name his favourite, amidst a roar of laughter, named "*The Giraffe*."

We recommended last month, Wilkinson, of 80 Strand, as making the Count D'Orsay Hat, which is a very becoming shape to many; and we really think he has now the most fashionable gentlemanly Hats in London.

The Latest Lions.—The three young Princes who made their *debût* in the fashionable world at the Marchioness of Salisbury's rout a few evenings ago, are become a great attraction in fashionable circles. Their manners are very prepossessing.

We can recommend Messrs. Joseph's Scouring Drops, for taking all grease and stains out of silks, merinos, cloths, &c.

## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

KING'S THEATRE.—The tide of popular favour seems to have set so strongly towards this theatre, that the house is nightly crowded to overflowing soon after the opening of the doors, and those who spend an extra half hour at the *toilette*, must not be disappointed if they are obliged to stand all the evening; for the courtesy towards the fairer beings of creation extends not, we are to say, so far as relinquishing a seat, on a crowded night at the opera. It really speaks much against the politeness of the present day, to see a fellow six feet high with the strength as well as the manners of a bear, enjoying a seat during the evening, whilst some delicate creature is standing next to him ready to drop with fatigue: our only wonder is, that men can be found so utterly void of all feelings of what is due to a woman, and what the customs of society cede to them.

The *Assedio di Corinto* has been produced with all the principal characters, cast as they can only be at this theatre, La Grisi, Tamburini, Winter, and Lablache as the priest, instead of Giubilei who performed the part last year. Most of our readers are aware that this opera was originally produced at Naples, somewhere about the year 1820, under the title of *Maometto secondo*, where it did not meet with very great success; it was afterwards tried at several of the other Italian theatres, but did not gain much in favour. When the struggle of the Greeks for liberty was the predominant subject of interest at Paris, this opera was partly re-written and adapted to the feeling of the moment in favour of the Greeks; its success was then considerable, and it has continued ever since to maintain its ground as a favovrite, and great expense was bestowed upn the getting up in this country in new scenery and dresses: its greatest fault is noise, which becomes, at last, wearying to the ear: there are, however, some exquisite passages and beautiful melodies, particularly the *duetto* with Tamburini and Grisi; and inimical as we are to introductions, we cannot deny that Costa's *scéna*, in the opening of the second act, is one of the *morceaux* of the piece, and admirably adapted to Grisi's style of singing, and one she frequently sings at concerts with very great applause. Lablache as the Priest, is deserving of especial notice; in that he is willing to lend his powerful assistance in playing an inferior part, and in making that part what no one else could have done. His magnificent voice was, perhaps, never heard to more advantage; for although there is not much to do, yet what there is, particularly suits him, in the air *questa nome che suona vittoria* in the third act he was most vociferously applauded, and some disposition was shewn to encore it.

Donizetti's opera of *Marino Faliero* was performed, for the first time this season, for Lablache's benefit, when the *beneficiarès* merits attracted a good house. Grisi was the *Helen*, Rubini *Fernando*, Tamburini *Bertricci*, and Lablache *Marino Faliero*. This opera contains many beautiful passages and some masterly harmonies, whilst the general character of the music is more severe than we have been accustomed to in Bellini's operas; the duet in the first act, between Grisi and Rubini, "*Viva la mia memoria*" is a beautiful composition, and waa esquisitely sang, as was also the duet between Lablache and Tamburini, "*Tremar, tu*

*sembri e fremeremi,*" they were both encored, which was also the case with RUBINI'S air in the second act "*Mi tornano presenti,*" we were much delighted with GRISI'S manner of singing the charming *aria* in the third act "*Dio dermanta a mi perdona*, it was given with exquisite feeling, and most loudly applauded. LABLACHE'S personation of the Doge is certainly one of the most masterly pieces of acting on the stage, particularly in the scene where he is about to be led to execution, and his wife confesses that she has deceived him: we missed, however, the charming *Barcarolla* in the second act, which was always so great a favourite; surely with the host of talent at this theatre, some one might be found to do it justice, it was so much in keeping with the beautiful moonlight Venetian view as to be a perfect *bijou de Théatre.*

LAPORTE'S benefit was an overflowing house to all parts, not excepting the stage, on which occasion her Majesty graced the theatre with her presence. The performance were the *Puritani*, and a new *ballet* in one act, entitled *L'Amour et la Folie*, the scene of which is laid in one of the Greek islands, and the characters allegorical; there is some very pretty grouping; and we were much pleased with a *pas de deux* by COSTOU and ST. ROMAIN, and also a *pas de trois*, by PERROT, GRISI, and ANCEMENT: it was extremely well received. GNECCO'S opera of *La Prova d'un Operia Seria* was the conclusion, and LABLACHE and GRISI, as usual, proved the source of much amusement as the composer and Prima Donna.

"*Anna Bolena*" has also been performed, and GRISI has gained fresh laurels by her excellent performance of the unhappy Queen. She was in splendid voice, and sang divinely. RUBINI sang the beautiful air "*Vivi tu,*" with more than his usual success.

MOZART'S charming opera, "*Don Giovanni,*" will always be attractive to the lovers of good music, and more especially with the present powerful cast. TAMBURINI was the *Don*, and LABLACHE the *Leporello*, and a most amusing part he made it. RUBINI'S singing of the beautiful air "*Il mio tesoro*" is certainly one of his most successful efforts: he seems to enter so thoroughly into the spirit of the music. GRISI was the *Donna Anna*, and ASSANDRI as *Zerlini*, enhanced the favourable opinion already entertained towards her by the Subscribers. "*Batti, Batti,*" was sung by her with much feeling and power.

"*The Brigant,*" is announced for TAMBURINI'S benefit, and we feel confident from what we have already heard of the music, that its success in this country will be very great; the delay in its production has arisen from a desire on the part of the management to have the chorusses (which are very grand) properly rehearsed.

DRURY LANE.—After considerable delay, Mr. BALFE'S new opera, *The Maid of Artois*, has been produced, and with the most decided success. Indeed, the acting and singing of MALIBRAN would have rendered it popular were its merits fewer than they are. The music is striking and effective, and as original as most modern English operas. Mr. BALFE has a good memory, and he has also, much taste and talent; for his recollections of other musicians are strung together in a most admirable manner. The Opera, altogether, is quite as good as the *Siege of Rochelle*, and will afford as much satisfaction. It opens with a scene in one of the public places in Paris, the period of the action being at the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. *Jules de Montangon* (Mr. TEMPLETON) a young countryman, from the province of Artois, enters in a state of dejection. He has come from his native village in search of *Isoline* (Madame MALIBRAN) his betrothed bride, who has been lured to Paris by the *Marquis de Chateau Vieux* (Mr. H. PHILLIPS) and whom *Jules* believes to have deserted him for his more wealthy and powerful rival. In his despair, a Sergeant presents himself, learns that he is in grief, and penniless, and under the pretence of serving him enlists him as a recruit. *Isoline's* friend *Coralie* (Miss HEALEY) has an appointment with the Sergeant; *Jules* recognizes her, learns that his mistress is in Paris, and at the same moment makes the unpleasant discovery that his pretended friend has enlisted him. He is surrounded by a detachment of his troops, and marched off to the barracks. *Coralie* bears the intelligence of this disaster to *Isoline*, who, although exposed to the temptations of the Marquis's wealth, and the influence of his persuasion, has resisted all, and remains true to her lover. The *Marquis* enters; *Isoline* implores him to save her lover, and to restore her to him. The first request the *Marquis* is willing to grant, but upon a condition which makes the second impossible—namely, that *Isoline* will become his. After a long and passionate struggle, she consents to sacrifice herself, if by that means alone she can restore *Jules* to liberty. Immediately after the departure of the *Marquis*, *Jules* enters by the balcony. He has discovered the place of *Isoline's* retreat, has deserted from his regiment, and arrives, worn out by fatigue and drenched by the storm. A tender scene ensues. *Jules* believes her to have been guilty of infidelity; but at length, convinced by her simple but solemn assertion of her innocence, he proposes to her to fly with him from the hotel of the *Marquis*, which she readily consents to do. The raging of the storm delays their departure, and the *Marquis* enters. An altercation ensues between *Jules* and the *Marquis*; the latter draws upon his rival, who, in his own defence, wounds him. The *Marquis's* followers and soldiers rush in; the lovers are separated, and *Jules* hurried away to his doom. The second act opens at a fort on the sea coast in French Guiana, where *Jules*, in the dress of a slave, is enduring the sentence of transportation to which his offence against his superior officer had exposed him. A ship from France is seen in the offing, and a boat's crew land with despatches, One of this crew, a seeming sailor-boy, is *Isoline*, who, in this disguise, has fled from France to aid in her lover's rescue or to share his fate. She changes her male attire for the garb of a sister of charity, has an interview with *Jules*, which she procures by bribing the gaoler, but their raptures are interrupted by the arrival of the inspector, who having learned *Isoline's* story, and being captivated by her charms, offers his addresses to her. She repulses him, and he is about to proceed to violence, when *Jules* rushes forward, and having seized a gun, brings the inspector to reason, and locks him up in one of his own dungeons, while with the assistance of a negro slave, the lovers make their escape to the desert. Just as the escape takes place, the new governor of the colony arrives. This is no other than the *Marquis de Chateau Vieux*, who has accepted a foreign employment, for the purpose of dissipating the grief which the loss of *Isoline* and his remorse for having destroyed her happiness had occasioned. The third act discovers the lovers in the desert. A red interminable waste of sand surrounds them. *Jules* has sunk exhausted on the ground, and *Isoline* is supporting his head upon her knee, He is bleeding from a stab he has received, and the hot sand of the desert has worked itself into his festering wound. She empties the water gourd which was about his neck upon the wound, and binds it with her handkerchief. He revives,

and they propose to continue their flight, when *Isoline's* strength fails. She is dying from fatigue and thirst; the gourd is exhausted; she sinks upon the ground dying. No human help is near, and hope seems extinct. The wretched lover throws himself upon the apparently lifeless body of his mistress in utter despair. At this moment a distant sound of martial music is heard. A procession accompanying the governor to the capital is seen crossing the desert: the sound rouses *Jules*. The escort approaches; some of the attendants bring refreshments, and *Isoline* is revived, but only to see her lover once more in the power of the inspector, when the negro slave invokes the protection of the governor. The marquis recognizes *Isoline* and *Jules*, who expect that a still more dreadful fate than that they had just escaped awaits them; but the marquis, touched with their sufferings joins their hands, and their sorrows are at an end. The acting and singing of MALIBRAN is uncommonly beautiful and touching; she is a wonderful woman and well deserving of the popularity she enjoys. Nothing can be finer than her performance of *Isoline*. Mr. TEMPLETON is very effective in *Jules*. Mr. H. PHILLIPS in the *Marquis* displays his fine manly voice to great advantage. The opera is indeed well performed in all its characters and it has been repeated every evening of MALIBRAN'S engagement.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. MACREADY has increased his fame by another great tragic impersonation. He has appeared at this house as the young, ardent, and disinterested fatalist, the hero of Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD'S tragedy of *Ion*. The character is one of originality and beauty, and it has been aptly compared to a noble Grecian statue, sculptured by a Grecian chisel; but with the grace and dignity of the statue, it has its coldness also. There was but one actor on the British stage that could make the statue live, and that actor has completed Mr. TALFOURD'S triumph. The tragedy of *Ion* is a play far superior to all modern dramatic works with a few great exceptions, original in thought, elevated in sentiment, graceful and occasionally poetical in diction, classical in style, it comes among them like a light breaking upon the dark. Mr. TALFOURD has struggled wtth a subject undramatic of itself and mastered it; the result of his labours is a play which, while it presents the graceful proportions, the majesty and dignity of the Greek dramas, possesses much of that variety of interest which is necessary to enchain the attention of a British audience. The doctrine of Fate, the old Grecian notion of destiny, is not clearly intelligible to a modern Eglish audience, and as the whole interest of the play arises therefrom, it can never become very popular upon the stage. Unable to comprehend the motive of the characters, they must occasionally appear to a great portion of the audience as engaged in the performance of ridiculous acts; the noblest flights of enthusiasm, the most self-devoted obedience to the call of duty, will be considered as things too extravagant for serious contemplation or belief. You cannot put the feelings of the heathen world into a theatrical audience of the present day, and we feel persuaded that many of the persons who have expressed their approbation of the tragedy in the theatre, if asked to describe it, could not give a satisfactory reply. The play will have a sempiternal existence in the closet: on the stage we fear it will expire with MACREADY. While that actor remains, however, *Ion* will be among the most approved, popular and attractive of his personations. Mr. MACREADY has perfected a great work, he has invested the bold and beautiful outline of a master's picture with robes of majesty, and grace, and terror; he has put a soul into a lovely but lifeless frame, demonstrating the power and excellence of the histrion's art. The story of *Ion* we have only space briefly to tell. The Oracle of Apollo is consulted respecting a plague which is desolating Argos, and the reply is, that the plague will rage until the King of Argos and his race are destroyed. From among the Argive youths, *Ion*, a foundling, is selected to be the minister of Fate, and his sacrificial arm is arrested only by the discovery that the monarch is his father. Another hero destroys the *King*, and eventually *Ion* fulfills the Oracle's decree, by killing himself: the plague ceases, and peace is restored to Argos. This is but a meagre outline of a play which has a great deal of human character in it, heightened by occasional bursts of poetical eloquence. The mutual loves of *Ion* and *Clemanthe* is a charming episode. The character of *Ion* in all its varied traits is embodied and depictured with a poetical spirit, and indeed, metaphysical skill. We never saw a more perfect exposition of mind than was given by Mr. MACREADY in a brief soliloquy at the end of the second act, commencing—

"O, wretched man, thy words have sealed thy doom."

It was a depictured struggle of reason with imagination. In the earlier scenes of the play, wherein *Ion* is represented merely as an ardent enthusiastic inmate of the temple, Mr. MACREADY charmed his audience by the pathos with which he delivered a description of the plague:—

"If thou hadst seen the warrior when he writhed
In the last grapple of his sinewy frame,
With conquering anguish strive to cast a smile
(And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
Waning beside him—and his limbs composed,
The widow of the moment fix her gaze
Of longing, speechless love upon the babe,
The only living thing which yet was hers,
Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
Yet with attenuated hand wave off
The unstricken child; and so embraceless die,
Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart:
Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief
In sullenness or frenzy."

*Adrastus*, the King, conscious that his life is drawing to an end, shuts himself up in his palace, and there holds "crimson revel," forbidding the approach of any adviser. *Ion* undertakes to remonstrate with this "frantic king," and forces his way into the palace; here the bold, but modest demeanour of the actor was in perfect unison with the spirit of the character, and in bringing the frantic tyrant to his feet, Mr. MACREADY displayed some of the highest qualities of his art. In the scene where he devotes himself to the work of the gods, the suddenly awakened heroism of the enthusiast was a fine contrast to the previous gentleness of his demeanour. It was as if a sense of duty had unbarred the door and let his soul out. We cannot proceed as we could wish through the whole of the merits of this great performance.

The only other novelty at Covent-Garden that merits notice, is a musical piece, called *The Sexton of Cologne*. The plot of this piece is very old. It turns upon the premature interment of a Burgomaster's daughter, who, to all appearance, dies on her wedding-day, and, according to custom, is buried within a few hours after in all her bridal finery. The *Sexton of Cologne*, to save his family from starvation, resolves to

descend into the tomb and rob the *Lady Adelaide* of her jewels. The first ring he draws from her finger is the charmed one; the spell is broken, and the lady recovers from her death-like slumber. The music, which is of a very ambitious character, is the work of Mr. RODWELL; it has some pretty melodies, but they are not very original; still they will have some popularity, and will be heard in the drawing-room. We will give a specimen of the words. The book describes them as the poetry of Mr. FITZBALL:—

A Bride! Oh, happy title!
How beautiful to wear!
To know the heart you prize the most,
Is only yours to share!

There's nought so blest in nature,
Though the world be vast and wide,
With the gold ring on her finger,
As a fair young bride.

The veil around her falling,
The chaplet o'er her brow,
The rose betraying on her cheek
The bosom's tender glow!

Though in her eye a tear drop,
'Tis sorrow's latest tide;
There's nought so blest in nature
As a fair young Bride!

The season at this theatre terminated rather suddenly, on the 22d ult.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. MORRIS is exerting himself strenuously to make his theatre attractive; the performances at this house are very amusing and effective. Miss ELLEN TREE is now added to the company. She made her first curtsey in the character of *Lady Townley* in the comedy of the *Provoked Husband*, a character which she sustained with grace, elegance, feeling and skill. In the course of the performance, she was frequently and most deservedly applauded. Mr. VANDENHOFF was the *Lord Townley*, Mr. BUCKSTONE the *Squire Richard*, Mr. WEBSTER *John Moody*, and Mr. STRICKLAND *Sir Francis*, which characters were by them very respectably sustained. Mrs. GLOVER was a charming *Lady Wronghead*.

A new *ballet* has been produced, entitled *The Swiss Nuptials*. This is another of the works of M. DESHAYES, and, like his *Zulema*, it is clever and interesting, and affords the French dancers fresh opportunities for the display of their Terpsichorean abilities. The two STEPHANS execute some pleasing *pas* with grace and skill, and Madlle. JOSEPHINE DANCE also manifests considerable talent and power. The *ballet* was much admired, and perfectly successful.

A new drama called *The Ransom* has been rendered popular by the truthful and exquisite acting of Miss ELLEN TREE. Her performance is quite equal to anything on the French stage.

ST. JAMES'S (FRENCH PLAYS).—M. MONROSE, the celebrated comedian of the Theatre Français, performed for the first time in England in BEAUMARCHAIS'S comedy of the *Barbiere de Seville*. We are so much accustomed to associate with *Figaro* the *al factotum*, and the *all idea*, that we feel a disappointment when we find their place supplied with dialogue. M. MONROSE, however, did much to reconcile us to our disappointment: he is, in every sense of the word an excellent comedian, light and elegant without buffoonery; with him it is all sterling acting, there is no straining to excite a laugh, except by the most legitimate means. It is really most gratifying to be enabled to witness a genuine comedy well played, which the *Barbier* certainly was, for Mademoiselle LABEAUME was an excellent *Rosina*, and introduced the air of *Liberté* from ADAM'S Opera of the *Chalat*, which she sang with much taste and feeling. COSSARD was a most efficient *Bartolo*, and RAY as *Almaviva*, played with much spirt. The Comedy was, throughout, greatly applauded. In *Le Mari de la Veuve*, MONROSE is truly excellent, his wife passes for a widow, and on his return he finds a young advocate, *Leon Auvray*, assiduous in his attentions to his wife, and without disclosing himself as her husband, he agrees with *Leon* that as they are rivals, the one who can give the strongest proof of her affection shall be left in possession; the husband of course produces the strongest proofs, and the young advocate chooses the niece instead of the aunt. MONROSE seems exactly suited to his part, and played it throughout in the most spirited manner. ROBERT as *Leon* was much applauded. Madame CLAIRVAL was also very efficient as the wife and widow. M. DAVID, an actor of condsiderable reputation at the Theatre *Français*, has also joined the company. He possesses superior talent, and in the higher walks of the drama is very successful. We were much pleased with his performances in the *Tartuffe*, there is a warmth and earnest manner about his acting that is certain to keep the attention of the audience always fixed upon him. In FAGAN'S comedy of *Les Originaux*, MONROSE is truly excellent. His performance of the duellist who insists upon it that he has given a man the lie which the other is not willing to agree to. As the Italian Master dealing in maccaroni and Bologna sausages, and the dancing master, deploring the recent loss of his wife, and confusing his regrets with the lesson he is giving, were each most finished pieces of acting: we have rarely seen an actor who identifies himself so much with the different characters he assumes, it seems as if each had been particularly studied. *Le Marriage de Figaro* was performed throughout in a most superior manner, all the prominent parts being sustained bythe actors of the Theatre *Française*. MONROSE was the *Figaro*, DAVID the *Almaviva*, COSSARD *Antonio*, and THIERRET *Correge*, and Mdlle. MONROSE as *Susannah*, the *Countess* and the *Page*, were all that could be desired. In the third act, where *Marcellina* claims to be the wife of *Figaro*, MONROSE was truly excellent. DAVID was also spirited and gant in the libertine Count.

BRUIS and PALAPRAT'S amusing comedy of *L'avocat Patelin*" was well played, and excited much laughter. MONROSE was the needy advocate, and COSSARD the *Draper*. The scene before the Judge was excellently performed. *Madelon Friquet* is an interesting draama, though we are sometimes at a loss to find what object the plot serves. *Madelon* is a young and handsome *Blanchisseuse*, who has become rather too intimate with a Mademoiselle *Guimard*, a *danseuse*, lending herself in some degree to further her friend's intrigues; and in order to save her from discovery, assumes her place, and thus loses her lover, to whom she was on the point of marriage, and is discarded by her friends. In the second act, she is found living away from her friends, endeavouring to support herself by her exertions as a *blanchisseuse*, but is still the same gay *Madelon*. Her lover, *Tranquille*, also appears, and is ready to marry her, but something occurs a second time to excite his suspicions; he leaves the room in anger, and getting intoxicated, enlists for a soldier. *Madelon* at length proves her innocence to the satisfaction of all, and procures *Tranquille's* discharge from the Colonel, who is out-

witted by her on the occasion. We were much pleased with Mademoiselle DORSAN'S performance of the part of *Madelon*. She played throughout with much spirit, and received considerable applause. *Tranquille* was also ably personated by M. MARS. Madame VERTPRE has contributed greatly to the amusement of the subscribers by her delightful performances in *La Chatte*, *La Marriane*, *La Fiole de Cagliostro* and *Les trois Maitresses;* in the last in particular, her acting was truly excellent, and well deserved the repeated applause it received.

QUEEN'S (FRENCH PLAYS).—This theatre has undergone considerable alteration, for the purpose of adapting it to French Plays. Commodious stalls have been placed in front of the pit, and the interior of the house seems to have a far more elegant appearance than we could have anticipated: the private boxes, in particular, are most tastefully arranged. The company has been selected with judgment, and seems well suited for the performance of vaudevilles and light comedies. "*Les Memoires d'un Colonel de Hussard*," was performed on the first night: it is a lively amusing vaudeville, managed with SCRIBE'S usual tact. A gay Colonel of Hussars has been placed in confinement for a few days, in consequence of the regiment under his command having charged without orders during an engagement. In order to wile away part of the time, he undertakes to teach a bashful young *sous* Lieutenant, also in confinement, the art of love-making; and the object of their attentions is a certain incognita who appears in the prison. The pupil finds a note addressed to the Colonel, appointing an interview, and substitutes another in its place, naming a different spot, and keeping the appointment himself, the Colonel, of course, has his walk on the terrace for nothing; and on his return, shivering with cold, finds his pupil has been more successful, and as a proof produces a ring the lady gave him. The ring, to the Colonel's annoyance, proves to be his wife's, and the incognita coming forward, the Colonel finds in her his wife—it appearing that in the dark the pupil was mistaken for his instructor, the affair is satisfactorily arranged, the Colonel declining to give him any further instructions. Mademoiselle IRMA played with much spirit as the *sous* Lieutenant, who preserves a bottle of Eau de Cologne as a *gage d'Amour*, and receives frequent applause. This lady is an actress of very superior talent, and we are glad to see her again in some of her favourite characters. There is scarce any one at present on the French stage who has been so great a favourite in this country, or whose acting has been more generally admired. There is frequently so much of nature in her acting, that we almost cease to consider it as a personation; added to which she also brings the assistance of great personal attractions. LAPORTE was, as usual, highly humorous and diverting as the gay Colonel, and caused much amusement by the *naiveté* of the instructions directed against himself. In "*Les suites d'un Marriage de raison*," we were much pleased with the talented manner in which Mademoiselle IRMA performed. She played with much feeling and judgment, and enlisted the feelings of the audience very strongly in favour of the noble-minded *Suzette*. M. MASQUILLIER also proved himself an efficient representative of the jealous *Bertrand*. *Le Chaperon* is written with much spirit, and is highly interesting. A young widow has determined to devote her time solely to a younger sister, and her wish is to see her settled in life. A quondam admirer, however, presents himself, and proposes, not for her sister, but herself: she refuses, stating that it is not her intention to marry again, but after her sister's marriage to retire to a religious house; and he is given to understand that under the circumstances she does not wish to see him again. He finds out, however, that any one pretending to the hand of the sister will be welcome, and accordingly, to the great surprise of the widow presents himself as a suitor, and in all the tender things said to the younger sister, he contrives that they shall indirectly apply to the other. He requests five minutes' conversation with the sister, informs her of his plans, and she agrees to assist him by accepting his offer (much to the annoyance of her intended husband). This piques the widow, and she finds out that she really loves her admirer, and as the guardian of her sister, refuses her consent to the match. This is inveighed against by both as tyrannical; but the widow remains firm, and says though she refuses him her sister's hand, he may accept her own. This, of course, settles the affair to the satisfaction of all parties. We were much pleased with the acting of Mademoiselle ADAM; it was quiet and without effort, and yet every word told upon her audience. She is decidedly an acquisition to the company, and is certain to become a favourite. MASQUILLIER also performed the Lover with much spirit. "*Louis XV. Chez Madame du Barri*," has been frequently performed in this country, but it will always bear repetition. Mademoiselle IRMA, as the charming *Countess* played with much ease, grace, and vivacity, and obtained considerable applause. LAPORTE, as the drummer *Nicolas*, was irresistibly droll, and performed the scene where he breakfasts with the King with excellent effect.

"*Les anglaises pour rire*, *Les gants Jaunes*;" "*La famille de L'Apothicaire*;" "*Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garcon*," with other light and interesting vaudevilles, have also been produced, and afforded much laughter and amusement. The house has been very well attended since the commencement, and likely to answer the expectation of the *Entréprencurs*.

LYCEUM.—MRS. KEELEY is delighting numerous audiences here by her acting in a piece called *The Farmer's Story*, and some of the pleasant burlettas. WRENCH'S drolleries are also very amusing.

The STRAND, ASTLEY'S, and the other minor theatres are prospering.

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PANORAMA.—The *Isola Bella*, on the *Lago Maggiore*, is the subject chosen by Mr. BURFORD this year, and a more lovely scene he could not have selected; the view is particularly adapted for this species of representation, affording full scope to the artist for the display of brilliant colouring. The spectator looks towards the terraces of the Borromean palace, which are covered with every variety of plants, the orange and lemon trees being most prominent, whilst the aloe also attracts attention. The surrounding lake and mountains are beautifully painted; and, from a long residence on the spot, we can bear testimony to the extreme accuracy of the view.

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## CONCERTS.

BOCHSA'S morning concert this year was on an entirely novel plan, the interior of the King's Theatre being lighted as if for an evening performance, and the appearance of the house from the number of well dressed ladies in morning costume, presented a truly elegant appearance,

particularly as the house was crowded in every part; the selection was uncommonly good, comprising nearly all the Italian, French, and native talent in London; BOCHSA performed a melo-dramatic concerto, entitled 'the power of imitative music,' being an illustration of Collin's Ode to the Passions, SHERIDAN KNOWLES giving the recitations; as a composition, it possesses very great merit, and was played by the Beneficiare in most excellent style; he also performed his highly interesting *Voyage Musicale*, which met with so much success the last season; on the present occasion he had the assistance of some beautiful scenery and tableaux vivans; the idea was extremely good, but the scene-shifters having no ear for music, contrived to spoil the intended effects, this was much to be regretted, as it would otherwise have been the source of much amusement. Considerable curiosity was excited by the announcement of an English song from LA GRISI. "*Let the bright Seraphim*" was the selection, and we need not say she sung it, as she does everything, delightfully; we were much surprised by her pronunciation of English, as we were not prepared to find she had made so much advancement in the language as she has done: between the parts, CARLOTTA GRISI, SAINT ROMAIN, and PERROT, performed the principal dances from *Beniowsky*, so much to the satisfaction of the audience as to obtain several encores. The programme was so excellent that the most inveterate economist could not have grudged his half-guinea on the occasion.

DE BERIOT'S concert was tolerably well attended, but the programme presented nothing more than the same things that have been performed at almost every other concert this season, if we except a new concerto by DE BERIOT, and MALIBRAN and GRISI in a ductto, which was certainly beautifully sung; but we cannot see there was any reasonable grounds for raising the tickets to a guinea each.

OLE BULL gave his third and last concert on the stage of the King's Theatre, when he performed a *concerto*, an *adagio religioso*, introducing the lamentation of a mother for the loss of her child; a *Polacca Guerrier*, and *a Fantasia*; M. BULL is unquestionably a man of very superior talents and perfectly master of the difficulties of his instrument; his style, however, his peculiarly his own, and has the merit of being totally devoid of trickery; his tones are full and clear, and his harmonics almost superior to PAGANINI'S, added to which, he has a remarkable facility of executing very quick passages; his performances throughout were received with immense applause; he is a young man, seemingly of quiet unassuming manners. A. M. SOWINSKI made his first appearance in this country on the occasion, and performed the *March*, from *I Puritani*, with variations, on the piano-forte, much to the satisfaction of the audience. Miss FANNY WOODHAM took part in a duet witn RUBINI, and sang an air of ROSSINI'S, in which she displayed much taste and feeling, with superior powers of execution.

M. BENEDICT'S CONCERT was, without question, one of the best of the season, whether we regard it as such from the excellence of the company, or the superior attraction of the programme. The *Beneficiare* performed on the occasion a new Concerto, in A flat, a Duo with THALBERG, and also with DE BERIOT, in all of which he confirmed the opinion we already entertained of his being one of the first pianists of the present day. MALIBRAN sang delightfully a new Aria of BENEDICT'S composition, "*Quant io t'ami*," which was deservedly encored. The air is pleasing, and will, doubtless, soon prove a favourite. GRISI and MALIBRAN also sang, for the second time, the Duetto from *Semiramide*, "*Ebben a te ferisci;*" and we need scarcely say, it was sung in the most exquisite manner. M. DE BERIOT performed the charming Duett from the *Sonnambula*, and we have seldom heard him to greater advantage. Several *morceaux* were introduced from the forthcoming Opera of "*I Briganti*," which met with much applause, and in one of which, GRISI was encored. The room was crowded, even to the very back of the orchestra, and many must have left unable to procure places any where.

BERRETTONI AND BENNETT'S CONCERT was very well attended, and the selection an excellent one. MALIBRAN, GRISI, and all the talent in London being engaged. M. THALBERG appeared, and we are sorry to say for the last time in England. He performed a "*Romance et Hymne nationel Russe*," with variations; also variations on an Air of MEYERBEER. To those who have not heard M. THALBERG, any description would give but a faint idea of his performances, for it can only be called wonderful; no one has as yet attempted what he seems to perform with the greatest facility. All the resources of the instrument seem at his command; and we can scarcely believe that the chords struck, proceed from one pair of hands; he possesses, at the same time, the most exquisite touch with unequalled brilliancy and execution. We are free to confess that we were not hitherto aware that so much could be made of the pianoforte; and our surprise is greater to find such skill in so young a man as THALBERG. RUBINI and LABLACHE sang a duetto by GABUSSI, called "*La Ronda*," which was much applauded; it has a novel effect, and is a composition of much merit. RUBINI'S air from "*Il Bravo*," was sung with great feeling, and deservedly encored. The whole concert went off extremely well.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

We have only space left us this month to record the names of those in the fashionable world who have entered into wedded life. SOPHIA, fourth daughter of Lieut.-General Sir GEORGE ANSON, G.C.B. and M.P., has given her hand to JAMES JOHN, eldest son of JAMES KINLOCH, Esq., of Brunswick-square. The Right. Hon. MARIA JANET, Baroness Semphill, in her own right, has become the bride of EDWARD CANDLER, Esq., of Merton Pinkney. The Rev. HENRY GRIFFIN, M.A., of St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight, has led to the hymeneal altar, FRANCES SOPHIA, relict of T. M. NELSH, Esq., of Merefield Lodge, Essex, and niece of the Countess Dowager of MULGRAVE.

The Duke of GORDON has passed away from this world, to the great grief of many noble families, and indeed of all to whom his Grace was known. The Hon. HENRY GREY BENNETT is no more. Death has also deprived society of the Rev. Dr. M'MAHON, Bishop of KILLALOE.

Hymen is preparing his torch for many of the beauties of Fashion's world. Lady ELEANOR KENNEDY, daughter of the lote Earl of CASSILLIS, is about to bestow her hand on Sir JOHN CATHCART, of the Life Guards. M. ANCILLON, the Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs at Belgium, will shortly be united to the Marchioness FLORA DE VERQUIGNEUL, Lady of Honour to the Princess LOUISA of the Netherlands.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Evening & Morning Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning Dresses.

(2.)

The Last & Newest Fashions 1836. Morning Dresses

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Wedding & Morning Dresses.

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

### DINNER COSTUME AND MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A dress of citron-colour silk, having a pattern of roses traced slightly in black upon it: the front, *en tablier*, with a reversed trimming of white lace set into triple bands of silk. Pointed *corsage*, separate from the dress, with a *Sévigné* cape formed of bands, and trimmed with lace like the skirts. Short *bouffant* sleeves, the fullness divided into two parts. Turban of white gauze, rising highest on the left side. Sprigs of small red flowers, in form resembling ears of corn, separate the two compartments, each of which is composed of full plaits; white gauze ribbon *brides;* gold ear-rings and bracelets; white gloves, and black silk slippers.

Fig. 2.—A white cambric dress, having a deep flounce of embroidered muslin; high and tight *corsage*, with a small worked collar reversed. A novel style of scarf, formed of broad black ribbon edged with pink and green, is fixed to the shoulders with bows of ribbon, and meet at the waist; is tied in a large knot in the centre, and hangs with long fringed ends to the top of the flounce. A drawn pink crape bonnet ties close under the chin, and is ornamented with branches of the French naisette rose. The sleeves of the dress are tight up to the elbow, and the fullness above divided into two equal parts by a broad band of muslin.

Fig. 3.—A lilac grey cashmere silk dress; the skirt ornamented with a rich border traced in black; tight *corsage*, with a similar ornament forming a *fichû* cape; white lace collar, reversed; the long sleeves are drawn into five compartments by bands of the traced pattern. Blue silk bonnet, very much *evasé* in front, tied down with blue fringed ribbon, and ornamented by two large bouquets of the forget-me-not; another sprig under the brim. Primrose gloves; black silk slippers.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A green silk dress, the *corsage* gathered behind; plain muslin collar, reversed; full long sleeves, the upper part separated into full *sabots*. White silk bonnet (the brim extremely deep) trimmed with lilac grey fringed ribbons. A bouquet of flowers of the same tint.

2.—*Reversé* of the second whole-length, shews the shape of the scarf behind.

### FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

A chip hat, lined with pale citron-colour crape; ribbons *en suite;* a branch of the pomegranate blossom on the crown and under the brim.

A drawn blue and white silk *capote*, the brim large, and blue bands of ribbon.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A dress of purple cashmere silk, spotted with black; tight *corsage*, covered with a white lace tippet, which meets in a point at the waist; a bow of pink ribbon, stamped with a pattern of roses, is fixed in the centre, and hangs in long fringed ends. The sleeves have jockey epaulettes drawn tight to the arm, and the fullness below confined by the tight cuff. An Italian straw cottage bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbons, has a novel kind of ornament introduced round the crown; this consists of pink bands let into the straw horizontally; bunches of the cluster French rose are placed on one side, and under the brim. The hair is parted in flat braids.

Fig. 2.—A morning dress of white jaconot muslin, embroidered all round, and having a light green ribbon drawn into a broad hem. The entire dress trimmed with Mechlin lace. The *corsage* is a French wrap, open on the neck, and crossing under a green waist-ribbon. The sleeves are tight, like a waistcoat, with an upper fall looped above the elbow. A drawn green silk bonnet, with large bunches of purple flowers, comprises this elegant costume. Lilac gloves, and black silk slippers.

Fig. 3.—A pale blue silk dress, the *corsage* separate from the skirt, quite tight, and with a wrapping plaited cape above; Blue ribbon girdle, and gold clasp; very full sleeves, and jockey epaulettes, drawn tight on the arm and edged with lace. Reversed lace collar trimmed *en suite*. White chip bonnet, lined and trimmed with blue.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A white jaconot muslin, lined with rose-colour; the body and sleeves resembling the above whole-length. White chip hat, lined and trimmed with pink, and sprigs of pink flowers drooping over the brim.

2.—A *demi-negligeé*. Pale blue dress; *corsage à l'enfant* edged with lace; white muslin scarf, and a cordon of white gauze puffs encircling the hair. In each puff a small Chinese rose without foliage.

3.—A citron-colour dress, trimmed with white *tulle coques*. Short sleeves with a *rûche* to correspond. The hair in plain braids.

4.—A white cambric dress over it. A French grey mantle, embroidered with crimson dahlias; pink colleret, and pink drawn silk bonnet.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

### MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A white muslin robe; the front *en tablier*, formed by bands of pink ribbon, edged with lace; the fulness of the long sleeve confined by similar ornaments, placed in a spiral

form; low *corsage;* white chip hat, ornamented *en suite* with three pink and white feathers.

Fig. 2.—A painted muslin dress, with a double flounce; tight *corsage*, and draped *Sévigné*, drawn down to a point in the centre; long sleeves, with tight epaulettes and cuffs; lilac satin scarf, trimmed with black lace; citron-colour bonnet, with yellow roses under the brim, and one rose rising high on the crown.

Fig. 3.—A grey silk dress, tight *corsage*, and full long sleeves, divided into three compartments; lace collar reversed; blue and white silk scarf; white chip hat, trimmed with blue and white ribbons.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A citron brown dress; lace tippet, and green silk bonnet, trimmed *en suite*.

2.—A white cambric dress, and white silk bonnet, trimmed with lilac; lilac scarf thrown over the shoulders.

MILLINERY.

Three fashionable morning caps, composed of white French *tulle*, and trimmed with blond lace.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

WEDDING DRESS, AND MORNING COSTUMES.

Fig. 1.—A painted muslin, the *corsage* ornamented with the fashionable plaited cape; three small epaulettes *en stage* on the shoulder, cuffs to correspond; pink girdle; pink crape hat, with pink and white feathers.

Fig. 2.—A dress of white muslin over a white satin skirt; low *corsage;* and *Sevigné* cape of broad lace; tight short sleeves, with double ruffles *en suite*, three rows of pearls round the neck, supporting a gold cross; roses and orange blossoms in the hair; a beautiful lace veil attached to the braids behind; white kid gloves, and white satin slippers.

Fig. 3.—A brown corded silk pelisse, fastened down one side with bands of the same; tight *corsage*, and pointed tippet over it; tight sleeves, with tripple *sabot* puffs at the elbow; white muslin collar, and gold brooch; chip bonnet, trimmed with green ribbons, and ornamented also with bouquets of poppies and corn flowers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—*Reversé* of the First whole length. The dress described in fawn colours; the bonnet lilac grey.

2.—Reversed view of the bridal costume.

3.—Another of the Third whole length. The dress represented in lilac, and the chip bonnet trimmed with citron colour.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

Fig. 1.—A bonnet of fine *Oiseau de Paradis paille de rez, à la Anglaise*, simply trimmed with ribbon of a colour a shade darker than the bonnet, the inside being ornamented with bunches of wheat-ears on each side. A dress of pale pink and white figured *Mouselaine de Soie*; a stomacher body *à la Mignonni*; the cape of the same material, edged with a handsome blonde; a long hanging sleeve, caught round the bottom with a band, the lower part of the sleeve caught up in front by a bow of satin, the bottom of the sleeve being edged with a broad pink satin ribbon and blond; long embroidered white kid gloves; parasol *à la chocolat*.

Fig 2.—A bonnet of satin, colour of cerulean blue; the crown of it round, a bow of ribbon, with two long ends, fastens the fan of satin which covers the crown, and another bow is placed on the right side; two splendid ostrich feathers falling over the left of the crown; the inside tastefully arranged with blonde and ribbon. An elegant carriage pelisse, composed of embroidered muslin over a silk skirt of pale lemon colour; the front of the pelisse being gathered and caught up at intervals with satin rosettes of the same colour as the under dress; a tight body, with a *hanclose* fall of blonde, falling from the neck; the sleeves very full at the top, and caught at intervals with a rosette, each of which having a long end attached, the lower part of the sleeve being tight and showing the shape of the arm to great advantage; lace ruffles *à la Stuart*.

Fig. 3.—A bonnet of fine *paille de rez*, with a bunch of Provence roses placed carelessly on the left side. A splendid dress of pomona satin; the bottom of the skirt trimmed with a full flouncing of blonde, headed by an inlet of the same material; the body full, and adorned with a cape of blonde round the back, and forming a stomacher in front; a splendid ribbon, a shade darker than the dress, edged with blonde, is placed twice round the waist *à la Turque*; the sleeves are composed of four buffons, the centre of each having bows of narrow satin edged with blond.



## LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY.

The prevailing effect of fashionable toilets this month will be simplicity. As the summer advances, probably a few changes may be observed, but at the present moment, no great difference in the form of either morning or evening dresses is observable, only they are made in lighter and less expensive textures, and devoid of any but the most simple ornaments.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—At a season when our fashionables begin to wish for the morning *fête* and evening *dejeuner*

"On the smooth lawn with fragrant roses bound,"

as an exchange for the heated glare of lamps and diamonds at this time, the pelisse and *demi negligé* robe supersede more elaborate toilets, and certainly our charming countrywomen never look to so much advantage as when dressed in an elegant morning costume. The *rédingote* style is more in vogue than ever, and the skirt, which is thus open in front, displays a petticoat richly trimmed round the hem, while the upper dress (whether silk or muslin) is ornamented in a very simple manner; if the pelisse is closed, the fastening is usually on one side; if made to open *en tablier*, always in the middle: The favourite long sleeve has the fulness laid in regular plaits from the wrist to the elbow, and above, divided into two large *bouillons*, having a *rûche* or bow between them, assimilating with the trimmings of the dress; at the shoulders, it is, as usual, quite flattened; a small *fichû* tippet, pointed before and behind, shews the *corsage* to advantage, leaving the arm free, though we sometimes see epaulettes added; these must be very carefully arranged and drawn gracefully down over the shoulder. A favourite pelisse this month is made in simple white muslin, with a coloured ribbon drawn into a broad hem all round; the same on the tippet, and twice repeated round the cuffs. Lined

muslin dresses are the most generally worn for breakfast parties, &c.; they admit of the richest embroidery, and as essentials in the wedding *trousseau*, are often most beautifully worked. The prettiest we have seen this summer, was embroidered in columns of roses up the skirt, and from each division two other roses branch out, so as to form a wreath round the hem; on the sleeves were bouquets of roses, and the *corsage* ornamented *en éventail* to correspond. *Organdie* and *tulle* dresses are made in a similar style, and will be worn this summer as half-dress particularly by young ladies. It may be observed, that all the fancy muslins, &c., are made up as round dresses; the *corsage*, a French wrap, and the back gathered; a *rûche* of colored ribbon, or edging of lace, is the only trimming required. Several distinguished ladies have been seen in nankeen pelisses, braided *en suite*; these dresses, of course, are only worn in the country; as a sea-side dress, the fashion unites warmth with lightness and simplicity. Chali and shawl dresses: the latter of a very beautiful texture, are likewise ready for the same purpose; these are usually made up in the *peignoir* style, with large bows down the front; a deep cape, edged with the same ribbon; very full sleeves, the lower part tied tight to the arm, and a velvet colleret round the throat.

Hats and Bonnets.—The former are worn extremely *evasé*, a fashion which restores the trimmings of gauze or blond, mixed with artificial flowers, to fill up the space under the brim; a novel style of ornament, likewise adopted this month, consists of colored velvet, formed into cockades, the ends hanging low on one side. Rice-straw continues the favourite material, and we shall instance some very elegant hats, lately worn by our distinguished fashionables; one, lined with pale blue, blue gauze ribbons, and a long white ostrich feather; another, trimmed with cerise velvet ribbon, the feather white, edged *en suite;* a primrose satin lining, the hat bound with the same; bouquet of white roses, mixed with the leaves of the laurel rose; a most delicate white crape lining; the ribbons satin gauze, and a bird of Paradise plume placed on one side. Bonnets are worn chiefly of straw, and lined with crape or muslin, the latter drawn *en capote*; silk drawn bonnets are no longer considered an elegant *negligé* the crowns are rather oval, and rise in front; very little trimming is used; but the ribbons are rich and wider than usual; striped and chequered satin gauzes are the most fashionable for straw bonnets; a band and bow, with moderately long *brides* of sarsenet ribbons, is quite sufficient; black velvet ribbons are likewise still in request, particularly on the tuscan straw; the curtain is worn very deep. and not full; flowers, if chosen for *demi-negligé* bonnets, should be of very delicate tints, but a branch of foliage is more *recherché*; some of these green wreaths are exquisitely made, they are laid on the left side of the bonnet, and rise towards the crown.

Dress Hats and Caps.—The *Norma* cap is at present unrivalled, and will be the most *recherché coiffure* of the season. It leaves the hair visible behind, and, in fact, is merely a circlet of blond, and blond and flowers arranged according to the taste of the wearer. Another pretty head-dress consists of *coques* of gauze twined round with ribbon. This *cordon* having passed round the knot or bows of hair at top, comes across in front and thence passes to the side like *brides* or lappets. The Charlotte Corday cap is certainly little like that worn by the unfortunate heroine, but it rises in something of that primitive form and has always lappets attached to it for dinner parties; nothing can be in better taste. Dress hats are worn extremely *evasé* in front and raised still more on one side. The feathers droop over the raised side, and a bandeau of their color crosses the forehead. These hats are worn in chip satin and *tulle*. *Demi negligé* hats have usually a blond *rûche* under the brim, and flowers instead of feathers as their ornaments.

Caps.—Those worn in the boudoir, or under a bonnet, are just now seen of infinite variety; the crowns usually small and drawn into points (but not a high one); the border flat in front, and extremely full on the temples; bows of ribbon placed amongst the plaits, or a little garland of flowers. A very pretty morning cap is composed of French *tulle;* having three bands of narrow satin ribbon, crossing in front and meeting the brides; the crown, oval, and supported by one of these bands, under which is a wire ribbon; this French cap is formed at the sides like a bonnet, and ties closely down; a cockade of ribbon may be placed on one side, and a smaller one behind. Some ladies wear a flat-bandeau of lace under their bonnets, with a velvet or gold band just seen in front.

Shawls, Scarfs, &c.—The most *recherché* shawl of the season is merely a revival of a fashion we always admired:—the white china crape, embroidered in the most lively colors; the pattern small and generally of flowers. Some have borders, others a centre, with the edge fringed; very delicate wreathes of foliage, on a garland of roses; the same shawls, of pale neutral tints, embroidered with flowers; or white with foliage, are likewise very fashionable. Scarfs of rich silk, fringed at the ends, or trimmed with black lace, are thrown over morning dresses, and give a very elegant effect; in *negligé*, we frequently see muslin scarfs; those lined with colored sarsenet, and worked at the ends, may be worn with a dinner dress.

Capes and Collars.—Lace canezons will be more worn than any other shaped tippets; the epaulettes are made appropriate to the flattened sleeve, and the ends meet in a point below the waist. Collars are worn smaller than of late, and square; the embroidery on muslin ones, usually consists of a wreath surmounted by open work; for half-high dresses, the newest style of lace cape is very narrow, pointed before and behind, and cut square on the shoulder (this form is likewise made in gauze ribbon and edged with a narrow blond). All muslin dresses have cuffs *en suite* with the tippet.

Aprons.—Those worn quite in *negligé* are of dark cambric, with a flowered border and pockets on some handsome shawl pattern. Silk aprons of very beautiful designs, for the breakfast table or boudoir. The prettiest we have seen was primrose silk edged with lace, and an embroidered border of oak leaves. Satin and lace aprons will be worn, but whatever the material, the form is the same, very full, and plaited into a narrow compass, so that the upper part only extends half-a-yard. Dress aprons are made very short, the pockets always trimmed with lace.

Boots and Shoes.—Black silk shoes will be preferred to kid during the very warm weather, and silk boots, buttoned with gold buttons at the side, are universally worn for promenades. The most elegant are of shades of brown and grey. A rich figured stuff is also in vogue for walking boots, the fronts very short and square, with a black tassel on the instep.

Fashionable and Appropriate Materials for Morning Dresses.—For morning *peignoirs*, printed jaconot muslins, the designs very small; either a *reunage* of little

flowers on coloured rays; the trimmings of the same; very wide long sleeves, confined at the wrist by a deep cuff. The skirt open in front, shews a cambric petticoat worked round the hem. For sea-side dresses, plain cashmeres of dark tints, made *en redingote*, and fastened down one side with bands of black velvet, and a row of buttons covered with the same. A Tuscan straw bonnet trimmed likewise with black velvet.—Carriage Dress. A stamped French muslin, the pattern, bouquets of flowers; *corsage à la vierge*, draped across with a tight band, confining the fulness in the centre; full sleeves, with a deep flat epaulette tightened round the arm; very deep cuff, letting the fulness come between the two bands; two flowers round the skirt. Black silk scarf trimmed with black lace. Another dress of *gros de Naples*, lilac and white cheques; lilac silk *mantilla* trimmed with black lace; chip bonnet lined and trimmed with satin; a branch of the heliotrope on one side.

Ensemble of Evening Costumes.—As the sleeve diminishes, the *corsage* fits more closely to the sylph-like form upon young aspirants to fashion. So much does the skirt expand, and not content with its own veritable and real size, it has now superadded the flounce. This disproportion must be submitted to during the present season, for the mode is quite imperative. When the dress is of *tulle*, or muslin, these flounces may be made in lace or embroidery; when the skirt is silk they must be of the same material, or black lace. In the former case, Brussels lace is preferred to any other. *Tulle* and *organdie* dresses embroidered, or occasionally worn over a coloured skirt, are in high favour for social *soirées* and dinner parties. Slight white silks, painted or stamped in small patterns, are a very elegant fashion of this month. A black or white lace scarf, tied round the throat, gives a very graceful finish to these dresses. Plain white muslins, with a deep white lace flounce; white sarsenet waist-ribbon, the ends hanging long; painted gauze scarf, and a few *coques* of ribbon in the hair, form the *ensemble* of a costume more graceful than any studied toilet. Short sleeves are usually seen tight, with a double ruffle (the upper one placed on the centre of the sleeve). These ruffles are sometimes made in plain French *tulle*, with a narrow satin ribbon placed at equal distances along them. As several evening dresses are now made with long sleeves, taste is displayed in varying the disposition of their fulness; but we generally observe on all a flat epaulette, edged with narrow lace, or with a *rûche* of quilled *tulle*. The *fichû à la paysanne* is quite the rage this month, and nothing can be more becoming to a youthful figure. The style of this little addenda to an evening dress will be seen in our illustrations. When the gown is lined with a colour, or trimmed with ribbons in the broad hem, a large bow of the same is placed on one side of the skirt, and makes the simple costume assume a more dressy character. Sashes are very general, they fasten on one side, and have long ends of different proportions. These are sometimes fringed or trimmed with a bouquet of flowers.

Hair-dressing.—The most elegant *coiffures* are decidedly much lower than during the Spring; the side-curls rather more *crêpe*, and the hair in front not so uniformly parted. Several young ladies still adhere to the rigid style of bands, twisted tight round from each temple, and meeting in a knot behind. Another mode consists in parting the hair behind, plaiting each division, curling the ends, and bringing these long braids round, high on each side, the curls falling *à la Sévigné*. Plain gold bandeau, *coques* of velvet, or satin ribbon, twined with pearls or demi-garlands of very delicate feathers, are the usual ornaments. Several of our youthful *debutantes* adopt the French knot of ribbons, raised high above the braids of hair behind, with three ends of different lengths hanging from it.

Jewellery.—Though at this season its claims to notice cede to more rural ornaments, still the few novelties permitted are so decidedly good that we must not pass them over. The gloves and buttons are truly a Parisian device; they are very small, and either in wrought gold or enamelled; some are black, with a little diamond or torquoise in the centre; two of these buttons are placed on each glove, and a miniature chain fixed between the two. The clasps for neckerchiefs, *fichûs*, &c. are made in the same style; but being larger, admit more fancy in the device; a motto or name is often formed by very small diamonds on a plain ground; plain gold circlets are worn on the hair, and as bracelets for morning dresses. The fashionable combs (worn to support the side-curls) are chiefly ornamented with cameos; neck chains, of enamelled links, are very long and clasped with gold; the watch-chains, as of late, formed of separate links, with jewelled rings to unite them.

Prevailing Colours of the Month.—Pale blue, lilac, *mauve*, rose-colour—not deep, *fumée* and grass green.

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## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

To repeat that all the old fashions are revived, is scarcely necessary, yet there remains little further information. Paris, though deserted for the baths, chateaux, &c., has sent her favourites to their rural retreats laden with the laces and neglected damasks of their grandmothers. The much admired *peignoirs* lately made up here, exactly resembled those antique patterns we admire in the representation of the old French comedy. The scarf mantles of black mode, edged with net lace, are nothing more than the mode cloak of the last century, and Monsieur Perré has invented a style of lace, knit with the hand, which cannot be known from the antique open lace. It appears decided that flounces will be worn, they have been added to most of the new muslin and *tulle* dresses; those of silk we still see unincumbered by them, at least in morning costume, in expectation of warm July days. The French dresses are chiefly made with half high *corsages*; a *fichû* handkerchief edged with lace and fastened with a Cameo, makes this a morning costume. The Bengal muslin scarfs are in high request for demi-toilettes, the pattern is worked in tints so brilliant, as to resemble precious stones. The Memphis silk is preferred to all others by our fair Parisians this summer; it is a mixture of silk with the finest cashmere wool, and forms a drapery at once pliant and rich. The *negligé* drawn bonnets are all now worn with very deep brims, a demi-veil usually attached to it. Several straw ones, likewise imitate them in this most comfortable fashion. The chip and crape bonnets are still worn, like the hats, *evasé* in front, and low at the sides. The French caps, worn under bonnets, are quite straight across the forehead and ornamented with *coques* of velvet ribbon on each side. The French scarfs intended to be worn with simple white dresses are of infinite variety and beauty. They are sometimes made in ribbon and fringed at the ends; but instead of resembling a straight *étole* scarf, the present mode is to cut them into a point behind, and fasten them on the shoulder with bows of ribbon.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXIV.—English Earls.

### EARL OF ST. GERMANS.

"Thou noble dwelling! Who could gaze on thee
Untouched by tender thoughts, and glimm'ring dreams
Of long-departed years! Lo! nature seems
Accordant with thy silent majesty.
The verdant hills, the bright reposing sea,
The lonely forest, and the murmuring streams;
The gorgeous summer sun, whose farewell beams
Illume thy noble walls, and tinge each tree,
Whose green arms round thee cling. All do appear
To thy calm beauty ministrant, and form
A scene to peace and meditation dear." RICHARDSON.

THESE reflections were suggested by the contemplation of one of the family mansions of the noble lord whose history we are about to sketch upon our page. In the far west, beyond the fertile hills of Devon, and girt about with the Cornish mountains, and the sea stretching far beyond, the Earl of St. Germans has a noble seat, which contemplation might choose for her dwelling, and find ample food and satisfaction.

The Earl of St. GERMANS is now declining in the vale of years; but in his time he has been one of the most cheerful and attractive ornaments of fashionable society; using the pleasures of life without abusing them, and extracting the sweets from the flowers that grow around the path of human existence, and without being wounded by their thorns. Unlike those who are continually seeking out real trouble from imaginary causes, and who, as though life wanted the relish of a little sorrow to temper the sweetness of existence, are continually apprehending dangers which live but in their own minds, or picking up offences and starting quarrels from the phantom of their own humours or passions; his lordship has ever been desirous of converting even the waters of bitterness into sources of pleasure, and honeying the most distasteful cup that the decree of fate may have given to his lips. Half the existence of some is spent in dispelling the delusions of fear, or in bringing about reconciliation for offences that were never given. The Earl of St. GERMANS is a wise man, and his declining years are illuminated by the sun of happiness and joy:

"'Tis pleasant, thus to contemplate a man
Whose life in virtue passed, now sinks,
Declining with the many wise and good;
For whom, when life is past, good men will sigh,
And hold his memory dear."

The family of St. GERMANS is an ancient and honourable one. It flourished for several generations in the county of Devon, but the genealogy at that far distant period it is not possible to trace with the desired correctness. In the fifteenth century we find it removed into Cornwall: and we shall take up the genealogy at the year 1520, when JOHN ELIOT married JANE, daughter of JOHN BONVILE, of Shute, in the county of Devon. The great grandson of this gentleman, RICHARD ELIOT, Esq., purchased the lands upon which stood the Priory of St. Germans, in Cornwall, and bestowing upon it the name of Port Eliot, resided there with great hospitality, conducting himself like a true old English gentleman; and "while he feasted all the rich, he never forgot the small." This worthy ancestor of the noble lord whose history we are describing, died in the year 1603, and his estates fell into the hands of his son,

JOHN ELIOT, who received the honour of knighthood (an honour, be it observed, far superior in those times to what it is now considered.) He distinguished himself in that stormy period of our history, the reign of Charles the First, when he represented the county of Cornwall in Parliament, and exerted all his influence an opposition to the court. He was appointed by the House of Commons one of the managers of the impeachment of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, for which, with Sir DUDLEY DIGGES, the other manager, he was subsequently committed to the Tower, but soon afterwards he was released. In the year 1628, Sir JOHN ELIOT, with other members of the House of Commons, was again sent to the Tower, for refusing to answer before the Privy Council, for their Parliamentary conduct, and on the 29th of May in that year, an information was exhibited in the Star Chamber against Sir JOHN and his companions, for their "undutiful speeches," upon which charge being afterwards arraigned before the court of King's Bench, they were adjudged to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure, and to give security for their good behaviour, and Sir JOHN was also fined two thousand pounds. These gentlemen were subsequently offered their freedom, upon the terms of making submission; but they rejected the proposition, and Sir JOHN, stedfast to his principles, died in the Tower on the 27th of November, 1632.

They die—they dead return not. Misery
Sits near an open grave and call them over,
O youth, with hoary hair and haggard eye.
They are the names of kindred friend and lover
Which he so feebly called—they all are gone.
Fond wretch, all dead, those vacant names alone
This most familiar scene, my pain—
These tombs alone remain.

Sir JOHN ELIOT, in his days of youth, and liberty, had married a worthy lady, REDIGUND, daughter and co-heiress of RICHARD GEELY, Esq., by whom he had a numerous family. His eldest son, JOHN, succeeded to the estates. This gentleman died in the year 1685, leaving an only son, named DANIEL, who, having but one child, and that one being a daughter, bequeathed his estates to his cousin, EDWARD ELIOT, Esq., grandson of NICHOLAS ELIOT, fourth son of

the afore-mentioned Sir JOHN ELIOT. This gentleman died in 1772, without issue; consequently the property devolved upon his brother,

RICHARD ELIOT, ESQ. This gentleman maintained the hospitable reputation of his family, and for a long course of years the mansion, Port Eliot, was distinguished by his behaviour. He was a man of considerable talent, which he manifested in some offices of trust, the duties of which he fulfilled with credit to himself and general satisfaction. He was a member of Parliament, and was, moreover, appointed auditor and receiver-general to the Prince of Wales. Among the Court beauties, this gentleman regarded with deep devotion, HARRIOT, daughter of the Right Hon. JAMES CRAGGS, one of the Secretaries of State; and not deeming love to be an idle passion, he did not discourage it.

He gave not what men *call* love,
But could she accept not
The worship the heart lifts above,
And the Heavens reject not?
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar,
From the sphere of our sorrow!

To this lady Mr. ELIOT was united on the 4th of March, 1726, and a family of three sons and six daughters resulted from their happy union. He died in the year 1748, and was then succeeded by his eldest son,

EDWARD ELIOT, Esq. This gentleman also distinguished himself in a legislative capacity. He represented the county of Cornwall, in Parliament. His worth and attainments were beyond the ordinary character. He assumed by sign manual the additional surname of CRAGGS, and on the 30th of January, 1784, he was elevated to the Peerage by the title of Baron ELIOT, of St. German's in the county of Cornwall. His lordship, upon whom "honours sat well," was united in wedlock on the 25th of September, 1756, to CATHERINA, only daughter and heiress of EDWARD ELLISTON, Esq., of South Weald, Essex, and cousin maternally of GIBBON, the celebrated historian. Three sons were the result of this marriage. 1. EDWARD JAMES, who pre-deceased his noble parent. 2. JOHN, who succeeded to the Peerage, and 3. WILLIAM, the present Earl. His Lordship died on the 28th of February, 1804, and then his eldest surviving son,

JOHN, became the second Baron ELIOT. In the person of his lordship the family acquired further honours; for reward keeping pace with desert, his Lordship was on the 30th of September, 1815, created Earl of St. GERMAN'S, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother,

WILLIAM. His lordship was twice married; in the first instance to CAROLINE eldest daughter of the Hon. CHARLES YORKE: and, secondly, to HARRIET, daughter of the Right Hon. REGINALD POLE CAREW. On the 17th of November, 1823. This worthy nobleman breathed his last sigh to this world of which he had been a bright ornament, and his brother WILLIAM, the present noble Earl, succeeded to the honours.

WILLIAM ELIOT, Earl of St. German's, in the county of Cornwall, and Baron ELIOT, of St. German's, was born on the 1st of April, 1766. His early life was distinguished by the openness and generosity of his nature and disposition, and in maturer years he realized the expectations that were formed of him. In the year 1797 his lordship led to the hymeneal altar GEORGIANA AUGUSTA, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford. Her ladyship died in 1806, leaving the following family:—

1. EDWARD GRANVILLE, Lord ELIOT, born August 29, 1798. His lordship married in Sept. 1825, JEMIMA, daughter of the late Marquis of CORNWALLIS. His lordship recently distinguished himself on a mission of great importance, to Don CARLOS, in Spain; so much so, indeed, as to win the admiration of the political opponents as well as the friends of Don CARLOS.

2. CAROLINE GEORGIANA.

3. SUSAN CAROLINE, married on the 8th of July, 1824, to Colonel the Hon. HENRY LYGON.

4. CHARLOTTE SOPHIA, married in July, 1825, to the Rev. JOHN MARTIN.

His Lordship remained for three years a widower, and then (1809) took to wife, LETITIA, eldest daughter of Sir WILLIAM P. A'COURT, Bart. But this lady was not permitted long to enjoy her noble partner's fortune and happiness.

There was too clear and blue a light,
Within her radiant eyes;
They were too beautiful, too bright,
Too like the distant skies!
Too changeable the rose which shed,
Its colour o'er her face,
Now burning with a passionate red,
Now with just one faint trace.

Death bereft the noble Earl of his much loved partner within a year of their nuptials. In the year 1812, his Lordship espoused his third wife: this lady was CHARLOTTE, daughter of Lieut. Gen. JOHN ROBERTSON, who died in the following year. In 1814, his Lordship again appeared at the hymeneal altar, then allying himself with SUSAN, youngest daughter of Sir JOHN MORDAUNT. By his three last marriages his Lordship has no family.

The Arms of the Earl of St. Germans are quarterly: first and fourth, are a fesse *gu*, between two bars gemelle, wavy, *az* for ELIOT; second and third, *sa*, on a fesse *or*, between three mullets *erm*, as many crosslets *erm*, for CRAGGS. Crest of *Eliot*, an elephant's head, couped, *ar*, collared *gu*. Crest of *Craggs*, a dexter and sinister hand and arm, couped at the elbows, armed *or*, garnished, *ar*, grasping a sword of the last, pomel and hilt gold. Supporters, two eagles regardant, wings expanded *ppr*, each charged on the breast with an ermine spot. Motto, *Præcedentibus insta*. Besides the mansion in Cornwall which we have already mentioned, his lordship has another beautiful seat, Downham-prey House, Gloucestershire.

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## FLORANTHE;

### OR, THE INTERRUPTED NUPTIALS.

(*A Romantic Tale.*)

"I might have passed a blissful life
In peace, to guilt unknown,
Possessed of beauty and of truth—
*Her* heart was all my own—
To me, alas! how vainly given—
I spurned the sweetest gift of Heaven."

MALCOLM.

Among the vine-clad hills of Spain, rearing its head in proud and majestic grandeur, stood the castle of the wealthy Don Alvarez d'Accona, a man of easy belief, superstitious, cruel, and revengeful. He was honourable so far as the discharge of all his obligations went, but in his estimate of

human character he might be biassed and controlled by any artful persons whose interest rendered it worth their while to impose upon his easy nature. When he entered life he had every disposition to happiness, and to procure the same enjoyment for all that depended upon him: he married a young and graceful, but delicate and fragile girl, who was capable of realizing all his most romantic dreams; but he was of a quick and suspicious nature, and when she seemed most happy, Don Alvarez would imagine that *he* was not the creator of her happiness. Unable to appreciate the worth of woman's character, unable to understand the deep devotion of woman's love, he imagined her enthusiasm to be affectation, and that it was meant to cover something that she would conceal. Thus, tortured by unnecessary and idle fears, Don Alvarez became a miserable and moody man; the original kindness of his nature was deadened, and he was known only for one whose animosity it was fatal to awaken.

There were those, however, who experienced to the full, the advantages of the better traits of Don Alvarez' character. They were the parasites and fawners to whom he ever presented an open ear, and who profited largely by his credulity. One of these, Don Juan de Mendazza, was a cold, crafty, calculating villain, he had endeavoured to undermine the virtue of the true and gentle wife of Alvarez, and failing, had, with demoniac cruelty, resolved to destroy her reputation in the opinion of the one in whose good opinion only she desired to live—her husband. One son had arisen from the nuptials of Alvarez with this fragile girl, and the father regarded him with true paternal affection. Mendazza timed his villany well, and one day when the husband was enthusiastic in his expressions of his friendship and regard for the smiling villain, the latter began vaguely to hint at the wife's inconstancy. For a time Alvarez rejected the base suspicion. He would not believe the dark and mysterious matter, and suddenly retired from the presence of the human fiend. But it was evident that his words had made a deep impression upon the husband's mind. In a few days, Mendazza and Alvarez were again together. "I would know further of that horrid business you spake to me concerning, a few days back," exclaimed the husband, and then imitating the cool and fraudulent behaviour of the slanderer of Othello's wife, the Spaniard disclosed a story of deep infamy, cunningly expressing his regret at intervals, a disinclination to proceed, and his disbelief in the matter, while at the same time he was most earnest in endeavouring to make the husband entertain it. In short, by a series of diabolical stratagems and misrepresentations, the villain made the guilt of the innocent wife so apparent to the husband, that the latter, infuriated and relentless, drove the gentle wife from her home and from his heart, and without hearing a word from her pronounced her doom, that she should never see him more. A female child that had just been born, and which the villain Mendazza had given him cause to hate, was sent away with her: the boy Gonsalez was kept in its father's protection.

The gentle wife sunk under her affliction, and like the blighted lily, drooped her head and died. She made an effort in her last moments to obtain an interview with the partner of her heart, but he refused to see her, ordered her to be spurned from his gate, and she returned in loneliness, and broken hearted, to the vine-dresser's cottage where she had taken refuge, and there her gentle spirit became emancipated from its frail tenement of flesh, and departed on the wings of a dove to the eternal mansions of the blest.

Alvarez was struck with sudden emotion when the tidings of his lady's death was communicated to him; but still believing the story of the treacherous Mendazza to be correct, he determined that the child which she had left should become dead to the world; that her birth should never be known, and that when arrived at a befiting age she should enter a nunnery, and take the veil. He therefore sought the vine-dresser's cottage, and holding out to him the temptation of a well-filled purse of gold, he won him over to his purpose. The vine-dresser was to leave that part of the country and it was to be reported that the child was dead; the vine-dresser was to adopt it as his own. Don Alvarez continuing secretly to afford the means of its support. These arrangements completed, Don Alvarez returned to his castle, and was happy again with his parasites and false friends.

Let us now pass over eighteen years of the history of the individuals who have appeared in our story. Don Alvarez was then declining in the vale of years: his day of life was sinking into the sear, the yellow leaf; but still the same credulity, the same masterless passions characterized him as in his younger days. Gonzalez, his son, had become a gallant and noble youth; with all the spirit and courage of manhood, he inherited his maternal parents virtues, and it was a source of some pleasure to his father to see him rising to man's estate gifted with such attractive qualities. He had just attained the age of twenty, when, having joined the Spanish army in an engagement with the Moors, he had distinguished himself so much as to obtain a mark of admiration from the King. The war ended, he returned to his home with the army. Passing through one of the beautiful valleys of Spain, an accident occurred to him by the stumbling of his horse, and his arm was broken. Unable to proceed with the army, he was left in a small cottage, the sole inhabitants of which was an aged woman and her daughter, a beautiful and kind-hearted girl, who paid the utmost attention to the stranger, and administered to him with angelic kindness. Gonzalez was won by her artless simplicity and her generous attention, and the broken arm was no sooner healed than he felt that a much more dangerous wound had been inflicted upon his heart. Floranthe was the constant companion of Gonzalez' hours; she would wander with him in the glades and groves impervious to the noonday sun, and listen to his charmed words while he discoursed of things to which her young mind had been a stranger. The warrior youth gladly became the instructor of the rustic maiden, and never was pupil more attentive than Floranthe. But the time came when they were to part, Gonzalez could not remain longer in his retirement; his arm had long been healed, and Don Alvarez was impatient for his return. Neither he nor Floranthe knew how dear they were to each other until that the bitter time of parting came,

"That hour which makes a world of misery in the heart."

For the last time Gonzalez and Floranthe wandered over their old haunts together. It was at the calm and solemn eventide. A few faint stars looked down upon them: the winds were hushed, or rather they only kissed the foliage into a soft sigh.

"The air was precious with the breath of flowers
That had been weeping—and the harps of eve
Played vespers to the stars. And in the blue,
The deep blue sky (how beautiful she looked!)
Stood the young moon! Her cheek was *very* pale
As was Floranthe's.

In that evening came the confession that they *loved*. And oh, the poetry, the glory of that revealment! They stood beneath the arch of Heaven. Floranthe trembling as the lily that gently quivered in the breeze. Gonsalez pressing the trembler to his bosom, and offering heart and soul to her he loved. These were moments of extasy, of happiness too great to last. The word was murmured by the lips of Floranthe, and the young hero knew that he was beloved! And then the hour of parting came. Gonsalez was to depart early on the morrow. They proceeded to the cottage home of the maiden in silence, and when they came to the door, Floranthe upturned her large dark eyes (dimmed with the tears she could not restrain) to her lover's face, and gently murmured "You will not forget me," in terms so musical, so melancholy, that the hero, unable to reply, pressed her hand fondly to his bosom, and the tears that started into his eyes, convinced the maiden that the fear which had induced her words was idle.

In the morning Gonsalez departed. Floranthe had not pressed her pillow all the night; she feared to sleep lest she should miss the last opportunity of seeing him for whom her young heart beat with its first wild passion, "that pure feeling life only once may know." With all a maiden's modesty, however, she concealed herself from observation, when at sunrise she beheld her lover and his companions emerge from the house, and mount their horses for departure. She beheld Gonsalez look anxiously up to her chamber window, but feelings of delicacy prevented her from appearing. His companions found it difficult to tear the young hero from the spot, but at length he yielded and they departed. When they had mounted the hill which commanded a view of the cottage, Gonsalez turned to take a last fond look, and then he beheld the object of his hearts devotion observing him. Immediately he doffed his plumed cap, and sent kisses on the winged air; the white scarf of the maiden fluttered in the breeze, and then, Gonsalez, following his companions, lost sight of his beloved.

As soon as it was possible for the youth to form an excuse for leaving his father's castle for some days, he sat out for the cottage of Floranthe. He arrived, but found it desolate! He could gain no tidings of her nor of her parent. Some peasants in the neighbourhood informed him that they departed with two individuals who had arrived at the cottage evidently for the purpose of conducting them away, and who had prevented them from having any communication with the peasantry after their arrival. Gonsalez was distracted; unable to account for the mysterious disappearance, he became oppressed by a thousand strange fancies, and returned to his father's castle in despair.

Meanwhile, Don Alvarez was endeavouring to complete his project with respect to the daughter whom he had abandoned, and was making preparations for placing her in a nunnery. He had sent to the vine-dresser in whose charge he had lodged her, expressing his intentions, and was surprised to find that the man had been dead for some years, and that his wife had forborn to mention the fact fearing lest the annual stipend allowed for the maintenance of the child should be stopped, and the girl should be taken away. Don Alvarez immediately ordered the woman to quit her then abode, and take up her residence in a cottage near his castle, that he might have a personal eye over their proceedings.

Gonsalez, one sultry evening, tired with a melancholy ramble, threw himself upon a seat in a rude arbour that had been formed upon the margin of a lake, and there remained buried in thought as to the mysterious disappearance of the peasant, Floranthe. Suddenly he was aroused by a female figure that passed hastily before him. He started upon his feet. Could he be mistaken. "Heavens!" he cried, "it is—it is Floranthe!"

The girl upon hearing her name pronounced, and in such a passionate tone, turned her head to perceive from whence it came, and in another moment Gonsalez and Floranthe were locked in each others arms!

After the rapture of the moment, the lover asked the cause of the mysterious disappearance of Floranthe and her mother, but the girl was quite unable to give a satisfactory reply: she only knew that her parent was influenced by the two men who came for them, and that they now occupied a cottage close to the spot where they were then standing, Gonsalez was delighted to find that his beloved one was so near to him, and in passionated terms he described the rapture that he felt. The happiness of the moment was disturbed by a sudden outcry that fell upon their ears. The noise seemed to approach them, and in a moment Gonsalez beheld his father clutching by the throat a man who was endeavouring to escape from him, and continued to scream for help. Before Gonsalez could approach, the man had fallen to the ground, and the incensed Alvarez had struck his foot upon his breast. In a moment Gonsalez was at his father's side, endeavouring to save his victim. "Oh, Gonsalez, my son, my son!" cried the infuriated man, "you know not the extent of this monster's baseness! Behold Don Juan de Mendazza, the serpent, the viper whom I have warmed in my breast—and who has stung my soul—my *soul*, Gonsalez, my soul!" Gonsalez had by this time raised the fallen man, and was supporting him, "Strike him to the earth, my son," cried Alvarez, "behold in him the traducer of your sainted mother! The fiend who urged me to an act that has doomed me to eternal perdition. I have detected his infamies—oh, God! can I be forgiven!"

The distracted parent fell to the earth, overcome by the agony of his thoughts, and some of the attendants having by this time arrived, alarmed by the outcries, the speechless De Mendazza, and the fainting Alvarez, were both conducted to the castle, while Gonsalez accompanied Floranthe to her mother's cottage.

In the course of the night, the villian De Mendazza, finding all his knavery detected, and that his career of enjoyment was stopped, terminated his existence by plunging a dagger into his breast.

Don Alvarez became an altered man: conscious of the injustice he had done to the human angel which heaven had linked his heart with, and that her death was owing to his cruelty, he became sad and despairing, and his thoughts now were engrossed by a scheme for raising his discarded daughter to the station to which she of right belonged. But fearful of what the world would say of his past conduct were he immediately to acknowledge her, he remained in a state of doubt and irresolution: his paternal feelings urging him at once to receive his daughter to his arms, and his fears of the babbling tongue of the world again withholding him.

While thus contending between love and fear, Alvarez discovered the attachment which subsisted between Gonsalez and the peasant, Floranthe. The discovery stupified him with wonder and amazement. Upon the instant he ordered the youth into his presence, told him that he knew of his connec-

tion, commanded him to tear out any love there might be in his heart for the peasant girl, and to think of her no more.

"My father!" exclaimed the youth, "you would command an impossibility. My heart—my soul are given to Floranthe."

"You must not think of her!" cried the father with frantic emotion.

"Bid me do aught else!" replied the youth, "and I will cheerfully obey. Bid me sacrifice my life, but do not ask me to sacrifice my love."

"Gonsalez!" exclaimed Alvarez, "you will drive me mad. Disobey me in this particular, and heaven's eternal curse will light upon you?"

The frantic parent rushed out of the room, and instantly ordering his horse he departed to a neighbouring nunnery. Meanwhile Gonsalez sought the habitation of Floranthe, but there the mother met him, and forbade his entrance. The words were, "You must not see Floranthe more." He besought an explanation, but the old woman refused to be more explicit, and to his supplications only mumbled the fatal sentence, "you must not see her more!"

Gonsalez, oppressed with bitter grief, was departing; as he passed the end of the cottage garden, he beheld the face of his beloved among the vine-leaves. "Gracious heaven!" she cried, "what is all this mystery?"

"I know not—I care not," replied Gonsalez. "My father is proud of his noble ancestry, and is unwilling, no doubt, that I should marry a peasant, greatly as her virtues may ennoble her. But I have sworn to you, Floranthe, that no human power shall obstruct our marriage, and I am ready to fulfil my oath and make you eternally mine. Will you consent to join your hand with Gonsalez at God's altar? Within this hour, the compact we have made in love, shall be sealed by the priest's blessing. Despite a father's frowns, you shall be mine."

For a time Floranthe refused to consent to the hastily-formed wish of her lover, to whom she represented the fatal consequences that might ensue. But Gonsalez would listen to no arguments, and urged to phrenzy he drew his sword and threatened to fall upon its bare point, if Floranthe would not consent to put it out of his father's power to prevent the completion of his happiness. Moved by his phrenzy, Floranthe complied, and the lover departed in search of a friendly priest, and with a promise to fetch her within an hour.

Within the hour Floranthe and Gonsalez stood before the altar in the chapel of the castle, admission to which he had gained by a private passage, the keys of which Gonsalez had obtained; and the priest stood there prepared to do his solemn office, and link two of the purest and best of created beings in bonds of deathless union. Gonsalez was now at the summit of his heart's ambition, and he stood gazing upon the trembling and tearful Floranthe, with ardent and passionate emotion. The venerable priest commenced the sacred ceremony: the words of indissoluble union fell from his lips, and Gonsalez had taken the hand of Floranthe to address to her the vow that would bind him to her for ever, when the cry of one in fierce impatience fell upon their ears, and at the next instant the father—Don Alvarez, who had rushed, pale and haggard into the chapel, stood in the midst, his lips chattering, his eye balls distended, but quite unable to speak. He stood a monument of woe and terror. Gonsalez strove to recover him, and when the old man could speak he muttered in fearful accents, "Is the ceremony finished?" The priest replied in the negative. The old man clasped his hands in thankfulness, and cried, "God be praised!" And then looking at the terror-stricken pair, he continued, "Gonsalez! Floranthe, is ——"

"Whom—what my father?" inquired the youth.

"She is—*your sister!*"

A cry of agony and affright burst from the whole of the party. The girl fainted and fell at the foot of the altar. The priest closed his book, and Gonsalez gazed in bewilderment upon his father. The tale was soon told. Alvarez made a full confession of his treatment of his departed wife, and of his abandonment of his child, and falling before the altar he clasped his hands, and besought the forgiveness of heaven. In the midst of these proceedings of woe and terror, the supposed mother of Floranthe entered the chapel, and falling upon the earth before Don Alvarez and the priest, she besought the latter to hear her confession of an act which preyed heavily upon her soul. The priest bade her rise, but the woman continued upon the ground, and cried "I dare not look upon Don Alvarez's face: he has been good to me and mine, but I have deceived him, deceived him grossly."

"How! In what manner?" cried Don Alvarez.

"Floranthe is *not* your daughter."

"Not mine!"

"No, Heaven forgive me! Your daughter died while an infant. But my husband being aware that if that fact were known to you, you would withdraw your bounty, urged me to conceal the fact, and to cause an orphan niece of ours that Heaven had thrown upon our protection to personate your child. We buried your daughter as secretly as we could, and then moved to another part of the province. I have often felt distrest because of the guilty act, but I hope, by confession and penitence, to obtain mercy."

"Then!" cried Gonsalez, "Floranthe may yet be mine."

"My son," replied Don Alvarez, "I have too deeply tasted of the cup of bitterness to dash your life with needless sorrow. Let us make inquiries into this woman's story; and if it be true, Floranthe shall be yours, and to me she shall be a daughter."

Cheered with these hopes, Gonsalez bore the still fainting object of his love from the chapel. Within a few days, however, they stood before the altar again. The truth of the woman's story had become established, and Don Alvarez welcomed Floranthe to his bosom as the wife of his beloved son.

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## A MATRIMONIAL EXCURSION TO GRETNA GREEN.

"——What say you to a flight to Gretna-green?
"——I should like to know something of that terrible place, before I ventured there."—*Modern Comedy.*

"I'm married!—I'm married!—I'm married!"
"*Every one has his Fault.*"

Fired by the spirited example of the spirited Prince of Capua and Penelope Smyth, whose names shall be immortal! and the record of whose many marriages shall live until Hymen's torch is extinguished, and the name of matrimony shall be unheard in the civilized part of the globe, I screwed my courage to the sticking-place and "popt the question" to an adorable young lady who had a fortune of—I won't say had many thousands—at her own disposal in the three per

cents., but who was watched most vigilantly by two of the most crabbed pieces of human antiquity that ever scandalized the honoured and honourable sisterhood of old maids. I popt the question, "Will you take a peep at Gretna-hall?" My fair one was delighted with the idea. She was quite an enthusiast, and loved the idea of a coach and four darting like lightning over the country, and the forging of hymen's fetters by a blacksmith. In this latter respect, however, she was disappointed, for though the fetters are forged so admirably that they cannot be unfastened easily, it is not a blacksmith that does the work, but a very decent parsonable-looking individual, who fills the double office of parson and landlord of Gretna-hall. For the sake of all aspiring Strephons, and romantic Chloes who may sigh for a matrimonial pilgrimage to the Gretna Hymen, I will describe the whole matter, I will unveil the pleasing mystery. They do not marry at the "old original" marrying-place, Springfield, which is nearly a mile from Gretna-green—at least nobody of any consequence is married there; it is only the resort of the poor and needy, of those who are desirous of having the knot tied cheaply; people of any appearance are conducted straight to Gretna-hall, a short distance further on, where there are more comforts and convenience, and a public-house is made to look as pastoral and arcadian as art can make it. But first let me speak of the old marrying-house. It is a very small unsightly inn, at present kept by one John Sowerby, who exhibits his sponsorial and patronymic upon a large board over the entrance door. It was at this house that the works of the "blacksmith" were accomplished in former times. This person was David Laing and numberless were the pairs that he made happy, or *miserable* for life. Since his occupation, the edifice has undergone no alteration; it is still in its old state, and many who relish old associations might be inclined to prefer this house but for its pot-house, Wappingish look, which renders it objectionable to the fastidious, and those whose pursuers may not be exactly at their heels. Upon the windows of this house many scribblers have been pleased to bear testimony to hours spent very agreeably, and on the walls others have recorded their perfect happiness. Some of the sentences are in rhyme, others in plain prose, a few have given expression to their raptures in a kind of composition which is neither prose nor poetry and yet are both: such, for instance, as "O! the beatific bliss of wedded love, Jonathan Thomson was here elevated to the highest pinnacle of human felicity, and now enjoys a perfect Paradise. So do I, Mary Thomson.

What imaginations do such scraps as the above give rise to! The happy Jonathan first glancing upon the sunny face of his beloved, and then upon the wall, the delighted Mary hanging upon his neck the while! And then, Mary, after the declaration of Jonathan's love to posterity, borrowing his pencil to add the affectionate and emphatic, "*So do I.*" Charming Mary! Where is the bachelor that such a picture as this would not make anxious to take unto himself a wife!

But in our progress—that is to say, in the progress of myself and the young lady who has made me remarkably felicitous, we passed Springfield, and drove past the finger-post which directs inquiring travellers to the temple of Hymen, and along the charming drive up to the door of Gretna-hall. Here we were received by the son of the landlord-clergyman, a young gentleman of modest and delicate appearance, with an exceedingly gentle look, and a ditto voice. He is the father's substitute when the old gentleman is out of the way and parties are in a hurry. He received us very politely, and understanding our business, expressed his readiness to make us happy instanter. But as we had no cause to apprehend a quick pursuit, we preferred waiting for the old gentleman, and in the meanwhile passed the time in inspecting the house and pleasure-grounds. The house is a very neat country-looking inn; everything is tidy and respectable, the mistress is very polite, and the servants remarkable civil. There is no vulgar joking heard, there are no grins seen upon the faces of the domestics, no winking nor chuckling, but everything is conducted as it should be. Weddings are considered as matters of business, and the call for the parson is regarded only as would be a call for a bottle of wine. There is always a clergyman in the way, be it remembered; if papa be out, the innocent-looking son is at home, and if the young gentleman should be abroad, the old one is sure to be present. This arrangement is made with a view to the accommodation of those to whom a minute may be of consequence. The house is not large, but it is convenient, well arranged, and furnished. The site as a country residence is equally calculated for retirement and meditation, exultation, or repentance. Few, however, go to Gretna-hall for repentance; *that* comes after their departure.

Every accommodation that lovers can require is afforded; there is a charming little garden to walk in, embellished with flowry banks, beds of roses and tulips, exhaling their perfume and delighting the sight with their beauties. It is a retreat worthy of Calypso, and the arbours are literally impervious to the eye of a robin. Here, when we arrived, a couple whose necessities were more urgent than our own, and who had escaped from their pursuers, only by an accident which occurred to the coach occupied by the latter, one of the wheels of which had fallen off, were wandering about and looking most romantically interesting, the nuptial knot having been tied by the young gentleman I have before alluded to. It would not be strictly proper to mention names, but I may say that the parties were not unworthy of each other. If the lady's fortune was somewhat smaller than what the rank of the gentleman might have given him a title to, her beauty and virtues fully made up for the deficiency. The pursuing party came up shortly afterwards, but finding it to be too late to stop the ceremony, after many angry words had passed a reconciliation was effected and the parties immediately set off for England again.

When the landlord arrived, I was agreeably surprised to find him a very respectable and intelligent looking man. In person, he is slight and fair: he is about forty years of age, of prepossessing manners, and mild and respectful in his demeanour. He was dressed in the style of a respectable layman, or farmer, altogether in rural costume. I understood that he is always to be found in a hurry, always sober, and able to perform his duty. My bride was rather timid, and he did much to make her composed, encouraging her with kind words, and appearing to feel as much interested in her situation as if she had been his own child. He performed the ceremony with propriety, and a gravity befitting the solemn occasion. A regular entry of the marriage was made in a book kept for the purpose. I was given to understand that the entries in this book are copied, after some months, into the register, which latter alone is submitted to the inspection of inquisitive strangers. The whole scene and proceeding so far surpassed my expectations, that I may truly

describe my wedding-day as the happiest day of my life. Then did I feel the force of the poet's lines.

" O, happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentle fate unites, and in one lot
Their hearts, their happiness, their being blends!"

We spent some days at Gretna, and very pleasantly were those days spent. Three couple besides ourselves were united during our stay, but we saw only one of them; the others were not anxious to meet the curious eye of strangers, and confined themselves to their respective rooms. The couple that we did see were individuals of distinction in the fashionable world, but whose flight, although attended with some extraordinary circumstances, the newspaper people did not get hold of. I fully expected to see columns of the *Herald* and *Post* devoted to the interesting matter; but the individuals have happily escaped notoriety, and as during our stay at Gretna Hall, the foundation of a friendship was laid between us, that seems likely to last for life, I shall not say a word more concerning the subject. I have not repented my visit to Gretna Hall. BENEDICK.

## WILT THOU FORSAKE ME?

Forsake thee! No! my dearest love,
My life!—my soul!—believe me;
Then art so guileless and so fair,
I never could deceive thee.

The world may change—the heartless world,
That smiles while it deceives thee;
And whispers mockeries of joy,
The while it would bereave thee.

Tho' friends who flatter thee to day,
May not to be thine to-morrow;
The lips that echo loud thy joy,
May not record thy sorrow.

When fortune checks her brilliant tide,
And joy, its rainbow ray
No longer sheds upon thy path,
False friends all die away.

The heart where love hath fixed its home
Is thine while life shall last;
Should sorrow come, it shelters thee
Until the cloud be past.

And when in troubled hours of care,
Thou canst not with it cope,
That heart clings to thee fondly still,
And whispers—"There is hope!"

I'll *not* forsake thee, dearest love!
Whatever ills o'ertake thee;
The world may frown, false friends deceive,
*I* never will forsake thee!

EKARD.

## THE POETRY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Many of those who are acquainted with the leading traits of the character of England's maiden queen, are unaware that she was a clever *poetess*. She was a woman of much learning, very shrewd, and frequently displayed poetical talents of a respectable order. We have lately seen a very curious old book, entitled the "art of English Poetry", in which the abilities of the Queen are spoken of thus quaintly. "But last in recital and first in degree is the Queen, our sovereign lady, whose learned, delicate, and noble muse, easily surmounted all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sense, sweetness, or subtlety, be it ode, elegy, or epigram, or any other kind of poem, whenever it shall please her Majesty to employ her pen, even by as much as her own excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her humble vassals." This is of course servile flattery: the Queen was clever, but there is nothing in her compositions that would make them worthy of such exalted commendation. She preferred the light and lively style, and we have no doubt but that the courtiers of the time persuaded her Majesty that she was the first wit of the age. Elizabeth was a vain woman and always presented a greedy ear to flattery. The best specimen of her wit that we have seen is a rebus upon the name of a gentleman of the Court named Noel. It runs thus:—

"The word of denial,* and the letter of fifty,
Is that gentleman's name who will never be thrifty."

Collins, in an account of the House of Stanhope, mentions a distich in which the Queen gives the characters of four Nottinghamshire Knights; but it is perfect doggrel and therefore quite unworthy of preservation. The following is piquant and clever. Sir Walter Raleigh having written on a window the following line:—

"Fain would I climb, yet I fear to fall,"

The Queen, whose observation it was evidently meant to attract, wrote underneath,

"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all.

These are curious relics, and afford some little insight into the private habits of the Court of Elizabeth.

We have alluded to the Queen's flatterers, the following is a fine specimen of the bathos. It was written upon the funeral of the Queen.

"The queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall;
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam blind after;
I think the bargemen might with fewer sighs,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes;
For howsoe'er thus much my thoughts have scann'd
Sh'ad come by water had she come by land!"

## MEPHISTOPHILES AT COURT;

### AN INTERCEPTED DESPATCH TO THE WORLD BELOW.

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
An' faith he'll print them!"—BURNS.

My last communication was upon topics of great interest, my present will scarcely less interest your Majesty. I have, indeed, enjoyed great happiness since I had the pleasure of being despatched on a voyage of discovery to this delightful metropolis. I have made you acquainted with my *grand*

* Formerly spelt *Noe*.

*success* at the Opera; indeed, so greatly were my expectations exceeded in that lovely resort that I shall pay it another visit. But what do you think, my Lord? I have been to Court. Regularly presented, as Monsier Le Noir, a gentleman in his travels. *Entre Nous*, I fancied that as I proceeded past the throne, there was sulphur smelt. I trembled, of course, but I immediately caused the Duchess of B——— to break her scent-bottle, and the sulphur was overpowered by the sweeter perfume.

*Mem.* Always to take a scent-bottle with me when I go to Court.

But, hey! Mephistophiles, methinks I hear your Majesty exclaim, you are rambling over very dry ground. We want to hear the successes that have attended your progress. I acknowledge my error, and will proceed to the business in hand. *Mais—mais—mais*—upon my honour, for once I am at fault. To confess, I expected a large concourse of victims, and am disappointed. You are not aware of the character of the Court of St. James's. I have been in all the palaces of the world, and have netted souls in abundance; but here, they all seem to be under the influence of the *bona dea*, who has made her temple in the heart of the Queen! Here pops out the secret of my prolixity. You don't know what struggles I made to secure a dozen—only a dozen. If I could only have obtained that trifling number, just to fill Charon's boat comfortably, and make him in a good humour, I should have been content; but ah! *c'est evident* that Mephistophiles will do very little here. I saw a little beauty whom I thought I could catch. I threw out a bait—it caught! and as I handed the *belle dame* to her carriage, she whispered that she would be at the next Sunday conversazione of Lady ———. I was in raptures, of course. I contrived to get an invitation to Lady ———'s, and on the Sunday evening, looking as much like a gentleman as I could, I entered her Ladyship's mansion. There were grouped round the card-table, her Ladyship and a little interesting coterie. My beauty had not arrived. To beguile the time I made a set at her Ladyship. Exposed a purse of gold. Her eyes were fastened on it. Down I sat to a game. Easy work, said I to myself, and so it proved. Her Ladyship did smile so agreeably while she won my money!—for I let her win, of course. How furiously she did strive to ruin me! Amiable lady! Purse after purse was exhausted! Her Ladyship was in raptures, and so was I. The company gazed at us in delight. There was a lot of dowagers envying her Ladyship! Poor fools! They little thought what I was playing for. But I shall not lose sight of them. Her Ladyship declared me to be the most amiable and interesting gentleman she had ever met with! I possessed such a sweet temper, and paid my debts of honour with so much good will. Poor soul! She little thought what I had bought for my money!

Presently in came my beauty. She was the *femme*—that is to say, the interesting wife of a country gentleman, a very good and worthy person, I believe; but he loved agriculture and rural felicity; the lady preferred fashion, balls, routs, and the other gaieties. They married, and the lady thought that she should be happy in her husband's rural home; but after the honeymoon they led a cat and dog kind of life. The lady had brought a large fortune, and thought she had a right to give herself airs; the gentlemen thought he had a right to be master of his own household, and, therefore, endeavoured to put upon his better-half the bridle of restraint. My lady was restive, and the worthy husband was ultimately glad to let her have her own way for the sake of a quiet life. The lady triumphed, as your Majesty is well aware that the ladies always do; and while her husband was amusing himself with his roses and cabbages at Elysium cottage in ——shire, the wife was rattling about town, and making what they call a "sensation." And then she looked so modest all the while! No doubt she considered herself very praiseworthy, and right-spirited. *Pauvre enfant!* She rushed as it were into my arms!

It is needless to tell your Majesty how I secured the prize. You know my way. And here the lady herself had paved the road for me. The affair got wind. The newspapers paragraphed it—a domestic *brouillerie* ensued. There was a separation, and much weeping and wailing. But I held tightly by her heartstrings. I was too good a judge to let so fine a prize escape. The lady had put herself under my protection, and I should have been unkind if I had let her go. There's a fine moral in this, if the world could but see it. But the world is so blind, and so passion-led, that I have small apprehension of my triumphs being restricted, by my achievements deterring people from rendering themselves liable to my visitations. If they were, Mephistophiles and your Majesty might despair. *N'importe!* I kiss your Majesty's hands.

*St. James's, June 25th*, 1836. MEPHISTOPHILES.

## A PLEA FOR WOMAN.

MY "Lords and Masters!"—for so the law or the custom of society ordains that woman should consider you, let me say one word in reproof of your conduct to our sex. You all boast of your entire "devotion" and your "gallantry" to our sex; but, at the same time, you are guilty of great injustice towards us. In how confined a circle have you placed us, in regard to all that is good in this world! Your laws, made by yourselves, deprive us of all we may be possessed of, all our chief good; your customs, established also by yourselves, and sanctioned by our weakness, subject us to a thousand fetters, and place us under the yoke of innumerable prejudices, compressing the energy of our thoughts, and scarcely allowing us to take one step, or risk one word, without being exposed to all the severities of public opinion, often erroneous and always pitiless. Your aim has been to conserve for yourselves the monopoly of every pleasure, even of every human faculty; and when, if by chance, you cannot refuse our taking a share in them, it seems as if you had lost a part of what belongs exclusively to yourselves, and that the exercise of our natural rights was an assault on your egoistical privileges.

If a woman attempts to engage in the higher order of scientific or literary pursuits, and to be carried away by the ascendancy of a lively imagination, and an easy wit; if she seeks to tread in that path which is open to all who are ambitious to tread in it, immediately she finds criticism arming itself with its sharpest arrows;—in society, it attacks the person of the author;—in the public journals it vilifies her talents. The works of a female excite a restless curiosity concerning the author. Is she pretty, they would advise her to limit her success to that which she may obtain in a drawing room; has she more sense than beauty, they are eager to inform the public of it: in a word, criticism, when directed to her is always personality; the book is forgotten for its author; she is pursued by indiscreet curiosity, and the whole public is made acquainted with her life, conduct, connections, and she lives in a constant state of agitation, conscious that she is surrounded with spies, eager to pick a hole in her garment.

A twofold peril incessantly attends all female writers of being attacked by the public. We will suppose a philosophical romance written by a female. If therein is found a faithful picture of life, and its various scenes; if the vices of the great and their various follies are attacked, the writer will then be reproached with having forgotten her sex. If this female writer has already arrived at a certain age, she will be spoken of as one who has been in, and yielded to, the dangers attendant on society; if she is young, some sharp and severe epigrams will be showered on her, which will cause her to be pointed at, and may be sufficient to embitter her future life. On the contrary, should the book be written with all the coldness of a novice of fifteen, it will be pronounced tiresome and flat, without any interest, and be condemned to perpetuity, on the shelves of the bookseller: thus, the female author runs always the risk of losing her renown, either as a woman of wit or delicacy. Yet this is not all: if the work is good, do not imagine that these gentlemen will consent to let one of our sex have the honour of having composed it:* it is received as an axiom that a woman cannot of herself write a good work. Consequently they affirm she has had some male friend to help her, and even name him who has corrected the style and invented the subject; whom they gallantly style the *embellisher*. There is scarce one woman who has not thus found herself stripped of her literary glory; truth and justice suffer thereby, but the *honour of masculine pens* is saved, and that is the essential point.

Prejudices of every kind have found their way, and become deeply rooted in modern manners, and those who maintain them do not fail to arm themselves with quotations from some satirical poets, though the ridicule attached to what they then satirized is no more. The times are changed; a solid education, which never excludes agreeable manners, gives now, to our females, a variety of good instruction: they are made capable of appreciating the literary treasures of every country in Europe; they have studied the living languages, and many have had opportunities of observing different customs; and men ought not, from self-love, to assign to us a lower place in creation; surely we may be allowed, as well as them, to sketch on paper the result of our reflections, the artless relations of the passing scenes of life, and the thoughts our imagination may give birth to, which are often marked by more delicacy than theirs.

Let us not, then, destroy our pens and yield up the palm of literature; but let us also profit by the rapid and admirable progress of enlightened intellect; a time will come, when it will be acknowledged that a woman may have sense and wit, and be able of herself, to compose a work worthy of general approbation; that a youthful female may study the world, and know its errors without participating in them; that it is possible to be at once a respectable writer and a good mother; and, in short, in the distribution of virtues, talents, and glory, God has has not given all to man, while he refused every thing to woman.

A BLUE.

## THE IMMORTAL SCIENCE OF COOKERY.

It is an old and received axiom that cooks are sent to this world by the President of a place unmentionable to ears polite: but this is ungenerous and unjust. We will champion that immortal science which affordeth new luxuries every day, and we know that beneath our banner we shall have a thousand of the finest spirits of the age. Sefton and Warrender armed cap-a-pie—carving-knife in hand—and a glorious host. What do we live for? To eat and drink. Man should be called the cooking animal! There is none other animal that keeps a kitchen! Cookery is looking up. It is the greatest of all the sciences. Ude ought to have a monument, though he was not the first who stood up for the honour of cooks; he only imitated the example of M. de Mouthier, *chef de cuisine* of the great Madame Pompadour, of which illustrious *chef*, we will give to our readers a brief description. Mouthier was one who lived for and in himself; his body was a body corporate—a town—a world in itself. His character may be inferred from the conduct of the prime minister of the time, the Marquis de Breteuil, who condescended to take instructions from him. Breteuil was an indefatigable man of business, he worked so hard that the king called him his "labourer."

In order to resist all desire of sleeping, he was used to have a coffee-pot placed beside him, out of which, he from time to time helped himself to a cup of coffee; when the business was finished, the coffee-pot was changed for two, three or four bottles of wine until he became insensible; he was then carried to bed where he slept for 24 hours, and sometimes more, without moving. Once having drank more than his usual quantity without obtaining the forgetfulness he wished for, his *valet de chambre* brought a new bottle such as the Marquis had pointed out to him, and pouring out a large glass of it, the Marquis drank it off at one draught, saying to a friend who was present, "You'll take half a glass with me?" The friend judging by the colour of the wine that it was Malaga, did not scruple to accept the offer. Breteuil then poured out some wine in M. de Chauvelin's glass, and drinking some himself, put the empty vessel on the table, saying, "*it was a nice light wine!*" But the other being desirous of tasting in his turn, perceived that the valet had changed the bottle, and that "the *pretty light wine*" was brandy.

Breteuil called the stupor which he thus procured, "*gaining a new life;* not that he loved wine, but simply that it was the word he employed to indicate the choice he had made of a means of reposing his body after the excessive fatigue to which he had submitted.

Breteuil borrowed this system of compensation from Mouthier; the latter made great pretensions to physical knowledge, for which reason he was called the *Doctor*. While attending Madame Pompadour one day in her dressing-room, he took occasion to speak in very exalted terms of his art; terms such, in fact, as the king would have used, when conversing on the politics of Europe. He made great complaints of the state of discredit into which *the science of cookery* had fallen; calling, in aid of this assertion, all the authorities of ancient times collected from history. He asserted that sufficient importance was not attached to the influential effect which cookery exerted over the destiny of empires, nor on the general tendency of royalty to mercy and tyranny. "Do you believe," he would say, "that it is the same thing to speak to a prince whose digestion is bad, as to one in whose stomach the sundry aliments *are judiciously and sweetly compounded*. Do you think that a hungry judge, or one that is well fed, makes the best magistrate? Do you believe that a suitor does not pay his court more advantageously to his mistress after a good

* It has been said (falsely, as we think) that Lady Blessington is *assisted* by Count D'O——, in her literary productions.

dinner, than when his stomach is in a state of sufferance? People do not sufficiently reflect, he added, upon the influence of the kitchen." He declared that Madame de Maintenon never allowed any meats to be served up to the king but what were in harmony with the designs she had upon him. Did she desire to irritate the king, and indispose him towards any one who was about to see him in the evening, the dinner would be composed of indigestible food. Did she wish to turn the facility of his character to advantage, a light diet and cool wine produced a beneficial result.

The courtiers added to Mouthier's pride by their fulsome flattery. As it was well known he was a man of credit, there were many of the principal nobles who made the art of cooking their study, in order to talk with him; in fact, there were some who owed to his protecting talent their splendid pensions and valuable offices. M. de Nurcaur, who had performed prodigies of valour at the siege of Bergen-op-zoom, and who was not able to obtain any recompense from M. Belleisle, having learnt that his *valet-de-chambre* was a cousin of Mouthier, introduced himself as a connoisseur of the *grand art gastronomie!* and in the midst of a discourse on stew-pans and kettles, he gave him to understand that a lieutenantcy in the regiment of Black Musqueteers had been some time promised to him, but that not being able to obtain its accomplishment from either the Marshall or the Minister, he had no longer hopes of it, unless he could interest the King in his favour. A few days afterwards, Louis XV. having called for Mouthier to consult him about a new sort of *blanc-mange* that he had invented, the skilful cook, after having paid the king all the necessary compliments that his fine discourse merited, told his Majesty that *M. de Nurcaur, who formerly passed for one of the most knowing connoisseurs of the art, had never been able to succeed so well.* The King instantly inquired who was that M. de Nurcaur whose taste was so much in harmony with his? Mouthier related the Bergen-op-zoom history, and the injustice of M. de Belleisle, so effectually, that ere the lapse of eight days, Nurcaur was in possession of the desired lieutenantcy!

What say you, reader, to cookery after this?

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

Hints to Marrying Men.—Those who may be disposed to matrimony, should bear in mind that happiness in the marriage state depends not on riches, nor on beauty, but on good sense and sweetness of temper. He will never be tired of a woman whose love he takes pains to keep alive. If he be not well guarded, he will probably fall a prey to beauty, or some other external qualification of little importance in the matrimonial state. He sets his heart on a pretty face or a sprightly air; he is captivated by a good singer or a nimble dancer, and his heated imagination bestows upon the admired object every perfection. A young man who has profited by the lessons of experience, is not so easily captivated. The picture of a good wife is fixed in his mind, and he compares it with every young woman he sees. "She is pretty, but has she good sense? She has sense, but is she good tempered? She dances elegantly, or sings with expression, but is she not vain of such trifles? Judgment and sagacity will produce a deliberate choice; love will come with marriage, and in that state it makes an illustrious figure. In looking for a wife, a man cannot be better directed than to a family, where the parents and children live in perfect harmony, and are fond of one another. A young female of such a family seldom fails to make a good wife.

The Picture-Destroyer.—Sir John Soane, being displeased with his picture in the rooms of the Literary Fund Society, and the Society not complying with the Knight's wish to have it delivered up to him that it might be destroyed, an enthusiastic friend, the editor of a well-known literary periodical, gained admission to the room when no other person was in it, and deliberately cut the picture to pieces with his penknife. A wag says that if J—— had not destroyed the *face*, the society would have lost the Knight's *countenance.*

Cuts and Pictures.—"J——n did slashing work upon Sir John Soane's picture," said one of the Literary Fund wits to another. "Yes," replied the latter," and he has thereby proved himself a very clever fellow." "How so?" "By multiplying a single picture into several *cuts.*"

HOPE.

Hope is a bright, a sempiternal star,
Shining secure in love's extensive sphere;
By whose soft light the traveller from afar,
Sees what he wishes, and forgets to fear.

Gaming.—Locke considered gaming to be a contemptible and frivolous occupation. He was one day in company with Buckingham, Halifax, Shaftesbury, and other wits of the day. Conversation having ceased, cards were proposed. Locke, who detested play, took out his note-book and began to write. They were all desirous of seeing what he had written. The great metaphysician had taken down the words of the players, and each laughed at the nonsense he had uttered, and could scarcely believe that he had spoken it. "Now," said Locke, "you see what men of sense become at the gaming-table!"

GIRLHOOD.

'Tis the morning of life! Be lively and gay
As the birds which around thee sing.
Yet remember that morn is but part of thy day,
And that evening its shadows will bring;
And the darkness of night must soon follow that eve,
When the fast-fading twilight hath taken its leave.

'Tis thy spring-time of being; yet bear in mind
Its summer will soon be here;
Its autumn will linger not long behind,
When flowers and leaves turn sere;
And winter will come, for it comes to us all,
And the flower must die and the leaf must fall!

Theatrical Squabbles.—Much has been said of the affair between Macready and Bunn, but such altercations are not unfrequent in the dramatic profession. A lady of

the name of MONTAGUE, was, some years ago, a favourite actress at the Hull theatre, where a Mrs. HUDSON shared with her the tragic chair. Those ladies could never agree, violent quarrels were continually occurring, and each lady had her respective party, distinguished by the appellations of the "Montagues" and "Capulets." Mrs. HUDSON selected the play of *Henry the Second*, for her benefit, in which Mrs. MONTAGUE was cast for the *Queen;* but the character was so repugnant to her inclination, that she grew sulky, and refused to study the part. When the play was to begin, an apology was made for her, it being said that she "had been prevented, by illness, from studying the part, and, therefore, begged permission to read it." Mrs. HUDSON's friends immediately started up to resent the insult, and the audience siding with them, Mrs. MONTAGUE was called upon to account for her conduct. At length, amidst considerable uproar, on she went, in a rage, and told the audience that she would *read* the part, but that illness had prevented her from studying it. The audience replied, that if she did not perform the part as was her duty, they would send for the cookmaid from the first alehouse in the neighbourhood to read it. Upon hearing this, she placed herself in a tragic attitude, and exclaimed aloud—"So, I may not be permitted to *read* the *Queen?*" "No, no, no—off, off, off!" "Well, then," cried she, in a voice of thunder, "*Curse you all!*" and throwing the book at a man's head in the pit, she made her exit amidst the laughter of some, and the indignant hisses of other portions of the audience.

TASTE IN DRESS.—Upon this interesting subject we are able to lay before our readers the following piquant observations from the talented pen of the Hon. Miss Caroline Beauclerk, of whom and whose recent publication we may have another occasion of speaking. "I am not surprised at a London ball-room striking foreigners with admiration. The patrician and courtly bearing of the high-born ladies of fashion, and the aristocratic thorough-bred look of their daughters bear away the palm from every other country. I admit, that when an Englishwoman is *ugly*, it is to a surpassing degree. I wish my pretty countrywomen would reform both their style of dress, and their mode of dancing. The subject of female dress has been deemed important enough to be commented on by Addison, and many other learned men. Sir Philip Sidney maintained that "the comeliness of the clothes, depends on the comeliness of the body." Julius Cæsar passed an edict, forbiding unmarried women wearing jewels. Female attire has now no such guardians; *fashion* rules all with despotic sway. If sleeves resembling balloons are in vogue, the Brobdignag of five feet nine, and the Liliputian of four feet odd, wear them the same size. Why should not every lady have a style of dress of her own, instead of adopting that system of uniformity which exists in a London ball-room? Every chaperon is seen dressed in the "regulation" satin robe, with the ordinary accompaniment of a velvet or crape hat and feathers. The young ladies all dressing so much alike, give a *salon de danse* the appearance of a large national school."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR MARRIAGE.—The King of Calebar, or as he is generally called, Duke Ephraim, has a profusion of wives, whom he keeps in a square frame of mud huts, having a communication from the back part of his house. A recent traveller obtained his Majesty's permission to see the ladies. There were about sixty Queens, besides little Princes and Princesses, with a number of slave-girls to wait upon them. His favourite Queen, the handsomest of the royal party, was so large that she could scarcely walk, or even move, indeed, they were all prodigiously large, their beauty consisting more in the mass of physique, than in the delicacy or symmetry of features or figure. This uniform tendency to *en bon point*, on an unusual scale, was accounted for, by the singular fact, that the female upon whom his Majesty fixes his regard, is regularly fattened up to a certain standard, previously to the nuptial ceremony, it appearing to be essential to the queenly dignity that the lady should be enormously fat. A very fine young woman that was undergoing this ordeal, was sitting at a table, with a large bowl of farinaceous food, which she was swallowing as fast as she could pass the spoon to, and from, the bowl and her mouth; and she was evidently taking no inconsiderable trouble to qualify herself for that happy state, which Pope tells us is the object of every woman's ambition, that of being Queen for life, the royal road to which, in this country, lies through a course of gormandizing. The same custom extends to the wives of the great men, who undergo a similar operation before marriage. On the morning of their wedding day, they are seated at a table to receive presents from their relations and friends; a yard of cloth from one, some silk from another, some beads from a third, according to the taste and capacity of the donors. My companions were not much struck with the beauty of the Queens, for they declared that some of the pretty young slave girls had much more lovely looks. Each of the Duke's wives bring or send a jug of water for his large brass pan bath every morning, and his favourite wife remains to assist in his ablutions.

THE GREAT WANT OF CALAIS. (*A sigh by a Tourist.*)—No substance in nature, saith the philosopher, may more properly be called the *common want* of all the vegetables, of all the animals, and of all the races of mankind, than *water;* and yet at Calais they have no water—except the rain water which they catch in public tanks constructed for the purpose, and that which is brought in carts from a place six or seven miles off—though she has plenty of beautiful spring-water at a short depth below her surface. This was ascertained, soon after the English and the French had left off cutting each other's throats, by a company of Englishmen who bored, and speedily finding an abundant springing up of pure water, they sent to England for the necessary pipes and machinery to raise the water for the public use; not doubting but that the public, or the public authorities, or both together, would be delighted to second their enterprise. But they were mistaken —they reckoned without their hosts—the pipes and machinery came, but they were seized as prohibited wares by the custom house officers; the authorities of Calais refused to interfere; the English water-seekers departed without having taken anything by their motion; and the good people of Calais remain to this day as scant of water as they were five hundred years ago. Consequently the cleanliness of their houses is a dry cleanliness — produced by sand scouring, instead of water scouring; their personal ablutions are few and far between; and the fly-spots are allowed to remain in the inside of their coffee-cups as well as on the outside; for their water is almost as dear as their wine, and the people who deal in the water (or *l'eau* as the learned call it) go about the streets continually, crying "O!"—in a tone dismal enough.

WORTH AND WEALTH.—Worth and wealth are seldom found together. The pool is full to the brim whose water is unfit for drinking.

A Piece of Antiquity.—"That man," said a gentleman, who was passing through the Strand, as he directed the attention of the latter to an old man, who was perambulating with advertisement boards before and behind him, "that man is a descendant of a very *ancient* and *wealthy* family." "Ay," replied the other, "He looks like an ancient ruin *boarded up*."

City Delights in the Olden Times.—An old writer, speaking of the metropolis in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says:—"The citizens be famed and noted for their industry, and warille abide by their shoppes, and sticke untoe their marchandize like unto leeches, except on the Sundie, whenne they doe snuffe the fresh air, and perambulate unto the Pindar of Wakefield and Islington, where are to be sold sugared cakes and well frothed syllabubbes. These be their principal summer delights; though some of the bettermost sort do on the last even of the week sleep at the surrounding villages; but thenne these be only they whose bagges are well filled, and they would be deemed most unthrifty and get into doubtful credite, where they absent from their shoppes at nine o'clock on Monday morning." How are the times altered, from Queen Elizabeth's days to these?

"Away."—A shoolmaster was examining one of his pupils in etymological parsing, when the latter came to the word "away", which he confidently pronounced to be an adverb. "No, no," said the master, "how can you think so? Do you know of any noun with which that word can be connected to express its quality? Did you ever hear for instance, of an away horse, an away field?" "No, sir!" replied the precocious wit, "but I have heard of *a-weigh* bridge."

WOMAN'S GRAVE.

Here Woman—Woman, the Devoted, sleeps,
No more Love's vigil, cares keen watch she keeps;
No more shall fear on her keen pulses press,
Nor her unconquerable tenderness
Weigh down her head of beauty, nor enchain
Her life with feelings too akin to pain;
No more Dissimulation shall beguile,
Nor Treachery smite and murder with a smile:
Nor base Ingratitude contemn and spurn,
Nor Faithlessness consign her soul to mourn;
But thy bright winged, and starry nature, blest
At once with freedom, triumph and with rest,
Rejoins its kindred spirits and resigns
Each care that with Humanity entwines;
Love and her spirit take their joyful way,
To hail at last, the pure and perfect day!

Byron's Pranks.—The following interesting particulars of the youthful pranks of Lord Byron were gathered from the lips of Nanny Smith an old domestic, who spent many years at Newstead. A great part of Byron's time used to be passed on a sofa, reading. Sometimes he had young gentlemen of his acquaintance with him, and they played some mad pranks, but nothing but what young gentlemen may do and no harm done. Once, it is true, added Nanny Smith, he had with him a beautiful boy as a page, which the housemaids said was a girl: for my part, I know nothing about it. Poor soul! he was so lame, he could not go out much with the men; all the comfort he had was to be a little with the lasses. The housemaids, however, were very jealous; one of them, in particular, took the matter in great dudgeon. Her name was Lucy: she was a great favourite of Lord Byron, and had been much noticed by him, and began to have high notions. She had her fortune told by a man who squinted, to whom she gave two and sixpence. He told her to hold up her head and look high, for she would come to great things. Upon this, added Nanny, the poor thing dreamt of nothing less than becoming a lady, and mistress of the abbey; and promised me, if such luck should happen to her, she would be a good friend to me. Ah! well-a-day! Lucy never had the fine fortune she dreamt off, but she had better than I thought for: she is now married, and keeps a public-house at Warwick.

EVENING.

My window's open to the evening sky,
The solemn trees are fringed with golden light,
The lawn here shadowed lies, there kindles bright,
And cherish'd roses lift their incense high.
The punctual thrush, on plane-tree warbling nigh,
With loud and luscious voice calls down the night,
Dim waters flowing on with gentle might
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.
Poets, whom nature for her service rears,
Like priests, in her great temple, minist'ring stand;
But in her glory fades when she appears.

A Clincher.—R——— was saying at his club, a few evening's ago, that during his travels in the East, he saw a juggler place a ladder, in open ground, upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds, and stand upon the top erect. H——, who was present, immediately exclaimed, "Poo, poo, I saw another do the same thing with additions: when he arrived at the top, he pulled the ladder up after him!"

Cheap Wine.—"I had this claret direct from France," said a gentleman to his company, I gave some of my hounds for it." "Egad, then," replied one of the party, "you had it *dog cheap*."

A Miser's Cloak.—G——, whose pernicious habits often make him the butt of ridicule, was passing Crockford's one day in a very short and scanty cloak. "Look at that miserable curmudgeon," said Duncombe to D'Orsay, who stood at the window, "Did you ever see a gentleman with so short a cloak," "and yet," replied D'Orsay, "it will be *long enough* before he has done with it."

A Merry Life.—The Duke of ———, who is not remarkable for intellectual greatness, one night exclaimed in a large circle of friends, "Whenever I happen to say a foolish thing I always burst out a laughing." "Upon my word," remarked the pretty Lady Julia B——, "Your Grace must certainly lead the *merriest life* of any man in England."

LOVE'S INVITATION.

O, my love, night is come, the soft night is come,
And fled is the glory and splendour of day:
The bright flaming sun with the daylight hath gone,
To his palace of ocean, love, far, far away;
O, night my love, night, to a lover is dear.
When the wind is all hushed, and the moon in the sky,
Then haste to thy lattice, love, quickly appear,
With the smile on thy cheek, and love's glance in thine eye.

BELL, PRINTER, 28, CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND.

*The Tomb of Heloïse & Abelard.*

*As it appears in Père la Chaise at Paris.*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

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THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVING OF "THE TOMB OF ABELARD AND HELOISE,"
*As it appears in the Pere la Chaise, at Paris.*
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND FOUR-HALF LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES, &c.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—FOUR MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## ABELARD AND HELOISE.

"O, names for ever sad, for ever dear,
Still breathed in sighs, still uttered with a tear!"
POPE.

THE Engraving which forms the first of the embellishments of the present number of the "*World of Fashion*," represents an object of universal interest and attraction. It is the Tomb of two most devoted and most unfortunate lovers, whose constancy remained unshaken through a long period of trouble and care, and whose last wishes were that their ashes should be mingled, in death.

Peter Abelard was born in the village of Palais, in Britainy, in the twelfth century. He lived during the reigns of Louis le Gros, and Louis the Young. His father's name was Beranger, a gentleman of a considerable and wealthy family, and who gave his children a liberal and pious education, especially his eldest son Peter, whom he endeavoured to improve and enlighten by all possible means, because there appeared in him an extraordinary vivacity of wit, joined with an excellent temper, and all imaginable presages of a great man. Abelard applied himself to the studies of philosophy and divinity; and after exciting much jealousy and envy in the schools wherein he studied, he set up a school of his own in the town of Melun, ten leagues from Paris, where the French Court resided at that time. His reputation made great progress, and he was induced to remove his school to Corbeille. Two years afterwards, he returned to Paris, and applied himself wholly to the study of divinity, and devoted himself to the Church. All his philosophy could not guard him from the attacks of love. He was now in his twenty-seventh year. He had a poetical vein, and made many little songs which he would sing with all the advantage of a pleasing voice and style. Priest though accident made him, he was formed for a lover.

Not far from the place where Abelard read his lectures, lived one Dr. Fulbert, a canon of the Church of Notre Dame. This canon had a niece (some said she was his daughter) residing in his house, whom he educated with great care and affection. Her figure was well proportioned, her features regular, her eyes sparkling, her lips vermillion and well formed, her complexion animated. She had a surprising quickness of wit, strong memory, and a considerable share of learning, joined with humility: and all these accomplishments were attended with a manner so graceful and fascinating that it was impossible to see and not love her. Such a female was a dangerous companion for a young priest. Abelard saw her, and conversed with her. The charms of her beauty and eloquence made such an impression upon him, that he conceived a violent passion for her. And now he, who had formerly abandoned all other things for his philosophical studies, quitted all other engagements to attend his new passion. In vain did Philosophy and Reason importune him, and endeavonr to draw him away from such a dangerous object: he thought of nothing but Heloise. Fulbert was anxious to increase the knowledge of his niece, and Abelard, who knew his intentions well, offered to become her instructor, and to reside in Fulbert's house. The offer was accepted, to the joy of the lover, who was now going to live with her who was the only object of his desires, and whom he should see and converse with every day. Abelard thus writes concerning his passion for Heloise, to his friend, Philinthus:—

"There was in Paris a young creature (ah! Philinthus!) formed in a prodigality of nature to show mankind a finished composition. Dear Heloise! The reputed niece of one Fulbert, a canon. Her wit and her beauty would have fired the dullest and most insensible heart; and her education was equally admired. Heloise was a mistress of the most polite arts. I saw her. I loved her. I resolved to endeavour to gain her affections. The thirst of glory cooled in my heart, and all my passions were lost in this new one. I was so far from making advances in the sciences, that I lost all my taste for them; and when I was forced to go from the sight of Heloise to my philosophical studies, it was with melancholy and regret. Love is incapable of being concealed: a word, a look, nay, silence speaks it. My scholars discovered it; they saw that I had no longer that vivacity of thought to which all things were easy. I could do nothing but write verses to soothe my passion. Love was my inspiring Apollo. My songs were spread abroad, and gained me frequent applauses.

Those who were in love, as I was, took a pride in learning them."

The danger of the situation wherein Abelard was thus placed is apparent. Abelard loved his pupil, and that love was returned: they loved "not wisely but too well." In a moment of excitement and thoughtlessness, the amiable Heloise fell. They eloped.

When discovered by Fulbert, he commanded Abelard to repair the dishonour he had done his neice, by marrying her. Abelard consented to do so, and they were privately married in Paris. Fulbert, however, was no longer the kind obliging relative that he was before this event, and in order to rescue Heloise from his tyranny, it was agreed that she should retire to a convent, where she should take the habit of a nun, all but the veil, so that she might easily come out again when their circumstances should be more favourable. This resolution of Heloise gave Fulbert the more sensible affliction, because, so far from covering her own reputation, it completed her shame. He considered it Abelard's contrivance, and determined to be revenged. Meanwhile the lovers spent their hours most agreeably. Abelard could not live long out of the sight of his dear wife, and she was equally anxious for his presence. He made frequent visits to the convent of Argenteuil, to which she had retired, and Heloise having become a favourite with the nuns, they contrived facilities for introducing her husband to the convent, and to her chamber.

The furious Fulbert persisting in his designs of vengeance, found means to corrupt a domestic of Abelard's, who gave admittance to some assassins, hired by the uncle, to destroy him. The men were taken and punished, but Fulbert contrived to exculpate himself. The after part of Abelard's life was a series of misfortunes and persecutions. The convent of Argenteuil having been destroyed, Abelard, by the permission of the Bishop of Troies, gave to Heloise the house and chapel of the Paraclete with its appendages, and placing there some nuns, founded a nunnery. Pope Innocent II. confirmed this donation in the year 1131. This was the origin of the Abbey of the Paraclete, of which Heloise was the first Abbess. Here she behaved with so much prudence, zeal, and piety, that she won the hearts of all. Then Abelard resolved to separate himself for ever from his beloved Heloise. The latter dreaded this separation. She was younger, and consequetly, more ardent than Abelard. She had retired from the world only in compliance with the wishes of her husband; and resolving to be all obedience, she strove to conquer her desires, and be silent. But she felt the force of love in spite of all resistance. Abelard was conscious that the nature of his profession was such, that he ought to devote himself exclusively to religion, and then ensued those struggles which form such an interesting feature of their history. Abelard died on the 21st of April, 1142, and his body was sent to the chapel of the Paraclete, to Heloise, there to be interred according to her former request of him, and to his own desire. Heloise survived him twenty years. She passed those years like a religious and devout abbess, frequent in her prayers, and entirely employed in the regulation of her society. In the calendar of the House of Paraclete, she is recorded in these words:—"Heloise, mother and first abbess of the place, famous for her learning and religion."

The following passage from one of the letters from Heloise to Abelard is very truthful:—"I have made it an observation since our absence, that we are much fonder of the pictures of those we love when they are at a great distance, than when they are near us. It seems to me that the farther they are removed, those pictures grow the more finished, and acquire a greater resemblance; at least, our imagination, which perpetually figures them to us by the desire we have of seeing them again, makes us think so. * * * What cannot letters inspire? They have souls; they can speak; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart; they have all the fire of our passions, they can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present; they have all the softness and delicacy of speech."

Here is another very beautiful passage:—"If there is anything which may properly be called happiness here below, I am persuaded it is in the union of two persons who love each other,—who are united by a secret inclination, and satisfied with each other's merits; their hearts are full, and have no vacancy for any other passion; they enjoy perpetual tranquillity because they enjoy content."

Another excellent passage is thus poetically rendered by Mr. Pope:—

"May one kind grave unite each helpless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame;
That ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings,
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their hands,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with instinct pity mov'd,
"O! may we never love as these have lov'd."
And, sure, if Fate some future bard shall join,
In sad similitude of griefs like mine;
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms, he must behold no more:
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender, story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost,
He best can paint them, who has felt them most."

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## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

"Take them for all in all
We ne'er shall look upon their like again."

The British throne was never filled with more honour and dignity than it is by those illustrious individuals who now reign, King William and Queen Adelaide. We see them exercising great hospitality and benevolence, and doing all in their power to promote the happiness and prosperity of their people. During the month that is now terminating, the time of their Majesties has been spent chiefly with their illustrious relatives, and numerous have been the little family parties made by them to Kew, Virginia Water, &c., at one of which, to the last-named beautiful resort, their royal highnesses the Duchess of Kent, and the Heiress Presumptive, were present. Pleasure is not suffered to interfere with the religious duties of their Majesties, who are constant in their attendance at divine worship, and thus set examples of devotion to their people. The Landgravine of Hesse Homberg, who quitted this country on the 18th, naturally en-

gaged a great deal of their MAJESTIES' attention previous to the departure of her Royal Highness. One delightful morning was spent at the old Palace at Kew, in the drives and grounds of which many hours were passed by the Royal party. Her MAJESTY has paid a visit to his Royal Highness the Duke of SUSSEX, whom we are happy to state, has perfectly recovered his sight. Lord ASHBROOKE has been honoured by receiving a visit from their MAJESTIES. The QUEEN attended the opera, on the night of Madlle. ASSANDRI's benefit, to see the new opera of *I Briganti*, with which her MAJESTY was much pleased.

The KING's Levees have been, as they usually are, numerously and brilliantly attended. The gentlemen of England delight in offering their respects to a Monarch to whom they are so much attached. Several diuner parties have been given at the palace of St. James's, and at Windsor Castle.

A delightful musical party was given at St. James's on the 15th. The Duchess of KENT, the Princess VICTORIA, the Duke of CUMBERLAND, and a numerous assemblage of rank and fashion, were present. The KING intended meeting his guests at dinner (which was served out in the grand banquetting room) but owing to temporary indisposition, his MAJESTY was compelled to forego the pleasure, and he dined in his private closet. After dinner, the concert commenced. The suite of state rooms were brilliantly illuminated for the reception of the evening party. The principal singers were the delightful GIULIETTA GRISI, who warbled "*Casta Diva*," from the *Norma* of BELLINI, with all her wanted power and brilliancy. The aria *Io tu veggio*, from DONNIZETTI's *Marino Faliero*, was given by RUBINI, and LABLACHE trolled forth the notes of the air "*El dite o rustici*, from the *Elexir d'Amoré*, of the same composer, with tremendous effect. Madlle. ASSANDRI and Signor IVANHOFF was heard to advantage in ROSSINI's duetto *Mira la bianca luna*. TAMBURINI gave his favourite *Vi ravviso* from the *Sonnambula*, and some of the most beautiful concerted pieces from the operas of ROSSINI, PACINI, DONIZETTI and BELLINI, were capitally executed by the distinguished foreign performers we have named. Between the parts of the Concert, Miss ROSINI COLLINS, a child about seven years old, was introduced to their MAJESTIES, and played a concerto and fantasia on the violin, accompanied by her father, to the great satisfaction of the Royal party.

The departure of the Landgravine sensibly affected her illustrious relations; but we are happy to state that the general state of THEIR MAJESTIES health is such as to afford gratification to their loyal subjects.

Prince GEORGE of CAMBRIDGE, and his tutor, will shortly depart for the Continent, on a visit to the parents of Prince GEORGE, the Duke and Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, at Hanover.

On Sunday, the 19th, the QUEEN attended Divine Service in Westminster Abbey. HER MAJESTY was accompanied by Prince ERNEST of HESSE PHILLIPSTHAL. A new chant, composed by Mr. TURLE, was performed. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of HEREFORD. On HER MAJESTY entering the Abbey, the Coronation Anthem was played.

The Prince of ORANGE and his Sons have departed from England, to the regret of a vast body of distinguished persons, whose friendship they had gained during their residence here. On Saturday, the 16th, they paid their farewell visits, and after parting with a select circle that had assembled at the Earl of JERSEY's for the purpose, and which included the Dukes of WELLINGTON and BEAUFORT, they proceeded to St. James's, where they were engaged to dine with THEIR MAJESTIES and the Royal Family. The Prince of ORANGE passed the evening with THEIR MAJESTIES, and on the following morning, at six o'clock, three of the royal carriages were sent, to conduct the Princes and their suite to the Tower, where they were to embark. Lord FITZROY SOMERSET, who had been directed by the KING to attend them to the steam-packet, accompanied them on board. The vessel was the *Batavier*. A guard of honour of the Grenadiers, commanded by Captain TOLLEMACHE, was ordered to attend the Tower Stairs; but the Prince of ORANGE, who is remarkable for the celerity of his movements, had embarked before the guard turned out, and the soldiers were hurrying to their arms after the Princes had stepped into the boat.

The Princess AUGUSTA has taken up her abode at Frogmore for the season.

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## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

"——————— Lively and gossipping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."
*The Courtier—A Comedy.*

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—Speculations concerning the marriage of this young and highly interesting Princess, continue afloat upon the Continent, although in our own circles the subject is seldom mentioned. We have before stated that we do not believe in the truth of any one of these reports, our own conviction being that the subject of them has not yet been seriously thought of by the parties most concerned. However, as some of these reports are credited in the highest circles, it would be foolish to treat them as contemptible. The following are the latest speculations. They are curious, and will excite many a smile. The projected marriage between the Princess VICTORIA and the Prince of SAXE COBURG will be highly important in many points of view. It is to be remarked that Belgium and Portugal are *already* allied closely with England, and that the descendants of ERNEST, *the Pious*, occupy two Catholic and one Episcopal throne; but the change which will be effected between the *reigning family* in England and *the people* is still more important. The Whig Ministry will not view with satisfaction the renewal of a former alliance, or the formation of a still more powerful alliance on the Continent. Germany is also *deeply interested* in this union. Hanover, which cannot always be purely German, as is proved by her declaration relative to the new system, will take her natural position with regard to the neighbouring States, and the political and commercial relations of Germany will become very much *simplified*, for it is not to be doubted that the northern States which have not yet joined the commercial union, will follow their *natural inclinations* as soon as the considerations which have withheld them shall no longer exist. Denmark will be obliged to give up its claims on ships passing the Sound, and Holland to relinquish its transit duties when they can be dispensed with; and England herself, *if she consults her own interests*, will gain by a more complete developement of the commerce and industry

of Germany. A contemporary publishes the following:—"Notwithstanding various reports to the contrary, it is said in the highest circles, that the amiable manners and attentions of an illustrious and very accomplished foreign Prince, now in this country, have made a deep impression upon the mind and affections of the '*Rose of the fair State*,' and that time is likely to consummate the desired union."

The Bachelors Fete.—The Bachelors are determined to win the esteem of the fair! They are determined no longer to be the butts of their ridicule! If they cannot win their *love*, they are determined to gain their respect and admiration. Honour, to the gallant *celebataires*! say we, and sure we are that all our lady readers will echo our ejaculation. Another *fête* has been given this year, and it has surpassed the last. Of a truth, this is a capital method of ensnaring hearts. We should not be surprised to hear of a dozen marriages, or more, resulting from the *fête* at Cremorne House. The hard-hearted fair, who refused the addresses of her *adorateur* in the saloons of Almack's, may have been moved to pity and compassion, and then to something more tender, in the dancing-room at the Bachelors' *fête*, the sides of which were decorated with festoons of roses, red and white, alternately, and connected together with links of jessamine and other delicate flowers! Why, this was a perfect arcadia, and the nymphs and swains must have fancied themselves "dancing into bliss." Who could forbear falling in love in such a delightful place? Then again, the whole was lighted up with splendid lamps, and at that period the spacious grounds presented a gorgeous appearance. Supper was announced at midnight. A *déjuné* had been given in the morning. The music and viands were exquisite, all was perfect and delightful. The committee of management consisted of Lord Redesdale, Lord Sandwich, the Hon. Mr. Vivian, the Hon. W. Riddell, and Mr. Hope, who are deserving of the thanks of every bachelor present for the excellent arrangements for delighting, more particularly the *fair*. A few such *fêtes* as these, and there would be a terrible mortality among the race of bachelors!

The Stupid Book.—Our readers must have been sickened by the puffs and advertisements which have appeared in the papers of a stupid book called the *Diary of a Desennuyée*, and which the publishers would have the world believe is the work of some extraordinary person. Now we see nothing extraordinary in the book; it is a mere melange of nonsense, common-place observations, silly stories and twaddle. And we should think it the production of some garretteer in the employ of the publisher. The persons and manners described, as it has been justly stated, have a kind of *reflected* fashionable air. The incidents consist of such mighty matters as dinners, suppers, and intrigues about "cabbages and turnips," rides in the Park, dances at Almack's, lounges in the Zoological, and trifling occurrences among English "society" on the Rhine, and French "society" at Paris, mixed up with a due quantum of scandal, love, and false sentiment. Lords and ladies are rife; initials with dashes are met with, and the whole "ingredients of our cauldron," form a capital mess to furnish matter for newspaper paragraphs and to deceive the unknowing. The person who is supposed to write all this is an Irish widow with six thousand a year; who having been afflicted with a brutal husband, and wearied with the dulness of an Irish estate, from her nineteenth to her twenty-sixth year, comes to London on the death of her lord, sees a profusion of strange things, has a lot of admirers, goes abroad to avoid a marriage, and returns to be a bride. And this is the stuff of which the endeavour is being made to force the public into admiraiion! O, dear!

Honest Legacy.—A lawyer having bequeathed to a lunatic asylum a sum of £10.000, concludes his legacy in the following terms:—"I gained this money from those who passed their lives in litigation, and therefore it is but an act of restitution."

Table Wit.—A gentleman at a fashionable entertainment, a few evenings ago, in striving to get forward for a cup of tea, having succeeded in getting a lump of sugar into his cup rejoiced at it, as, he said, "it was so far a guaran-*tea*."

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## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

KING'S THEATRE.—The announcement of a new opera, by the author of *Elisa e Claudio*, will at all times excite considerable interest in the musical circles; the recollections of that beautiful opera being too firmly fixed in the minds of most lovers of music to be easily forgotten. The *Briganti* was originally produced at Paris towards the close of last season, where it met with very great success; but the sudden illness of Grisi prevented its being played more than a few nights, so that it comes upon us with all the freshness of a new opera. The music was originally written to embrace the talent of the present company at the King's theatre, so that all the parts are well suited.

The subject is taken from Schiller's celebrated drama of *The Robbers*, though there are considerable variations throughout from the drama. The piece opens with a *fête*, preparatory to a wedding, which is given by *Conrad* (Tamburini) in honour of his intended marriage with his cousin *Amelia* (Grisi). She, however, detests *Conrad*, and is passionately enamoured of his brother *Hermann* (Rubini) whom the tyranny of *Conrad* has forced into exile, and he endeavours to persuade her of *Hermann's* death. *Hermann*, however, is not dead, but has become the leader of a band of robbers, and appearing, discloses himself to *Amelia*, when he is surprised by *Conrad*, and the act finishes with recriminations and vows of vengeance. The second act opens in a gloomy forest, where the robbers are discovered carousing; after a time they all fall asleep except *Hermann*, who hears a voice complaining from one of the adjoining towers; he arouses his companions, the doors are forced open, and the prisoner freed. In the prisoner, *Hermann* recognizes his father (Lablache) whom he had supposed dead, and who has been incarcerated by *Conrad* in order that he may usurp his possessions. *Maxillian* does not recognise his son, whom he had driven from his house. After a short time he bewails the loss of his son, when *Hermann* discloses himself, to the great joy of the old man, which is, however, a little alloyed by the company in which he finds his son. In the third act *Conrad* is seen burning with the desire of vengeance, and furious at the hate displayed towards him by *Amelia*: an alarm is given, the castle is attacked by *Hermann*, and *Conrad* hastens to repel the attack. After some time *Hermann* enters pale and distressed, stating that *Conrad* is no more, and that he has unhappily fallen by his sword. The father repulses *Hermann* as a fratricide, but eventually pardons him, as the act was involuntary; just as everything seems to promise happiness to *Hermann* and *Amelia*, the

robbers claim their chief, and bound by his oath he is obliged to follow them, forsaking father and mistress.

The music throughout is of a very high order, and will fully sustain the reputation of MERCANDANTE; the harmonies are very masterly and well worked out, and some beautiful melodies are interspersed which are remarkable for their chasteness and elegance. There is no overture, but merely the prelude of a few bars of the opening movement. TAMBURINI's opening Aria, with a French horn accompaniment, was excellently sung. GRISI's Scena, "*Quando Guerrier mio splendido*," is exquisitely written, and was sung with great feeling and expression. The Duetto between GRISI and TAMBURINI, "*Se per te non ha diletto*" is also a beautiful composition, and was much applauded; the Finale to the first act is finely written, and the subject well worked out. In the second act, RUBINI's "*Prayer before the picture of the Virgin*," preluded by an introduction on the Violincello, is very beautiful, and was most deservedly encored; and the Duet in the same act between RUBINI and LABLACHE, "*Deh risparmia ch'io racconti*," is one of the finest things in the opera, it suits LABLACHE's voice admirably, and is evidently a favourite with him; for he gave it with so much vigour and feeling as almost to electrify the audience, who were unmerciful enough to encore a portion of it: certainly, a just tribute to the singers, but then the great length of it should be considered. GRISI's aria in the third act, "*Ah di quai dolci*," is certain to become a favorite, as it is a beautiful composition, and will bear frequent repetition. GRISI sang it charmingly, and was loudly encored; it is particularly adapted to the full clear tones of her voice: and though it will be frequently sang, we are certain no one will ever equal her in it. The chorusses are very grand, and great pains had evidently been taken with the rehearsals, and show that the chorusses in this country, where sufficient time is allowed for the production of an opera, are much better than they generally prove themselves. The points were all well given on the present occasion, and there was much compactness in the *forte* passages. This opera bids fair to rival the *Puritani* in its attraction, and we sincerely hope will repay the manager for the liberality displayed in its production.

PERROT's benefit presented the unusual attraction of a *cavatina*, from the *Lucia de Lammermoor*, by CARLOTTA GRISI; her voice is a *soprano* of moderate power but pleasing quality, and managed with considerable skill: we were by no means prepared to find her so good a singer as she proved herself, but how could she be a GRISI and not sing well; the applause was loud at the conclusion, and a strong disposition was shewn to encore her, but the length of the *cavatina* prevented it. PERROT and GRISI afterward danced the *tarentella*, and most admirably they danced it, after the true Neapolitan fashion; and PERROT, who has recently finished an engagement at Naples, seems to have turned his journey to some account; we wish the dancers would more frequently give us these national dances, for there is always an interest attached to them, independent of the skill displayed by the *artistes*.

DRURY-LANE.—The season here is at an end. The glories of BUNN are over: his sun is set, never, we hope, to rise again. The trickeries which he resorted to, to bolster up Madame MALIBRAN have been ridiculous in the extreme, and his puffs about a despatch to Brussels, and we know not where else, have been admirably burlesqued by the English Opera Company, who have issued a proclamation to the effect that *they* had, after a long and arduous negociation, succeeded in inducing that "unrivalled" actress, Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, to gratify the inhabitants of London by a series of performances at their establishment. In consequence of this engagement, they had dispatched couriers to New Holland, Jericho, Timbuctoo, and Owhyee, to postpone the engagements of the unrivalled actress at those anxiously expecting places! We are surprised at so gifted a creature as MALIBRAN countenancing such a vile system of puffery. She may depend upon it, that if she suffers it to be continued she will lose by it. The public will consider her a mere mountebank, and refrain from attending her exhibitions. The Drury Lane season terminated on Saturday the 16th, when was performed Mr. BALFE's opera of the *Maid of Artois*; a piece called the *Hunter of the Alps;* and the last Act of the *Sonnambula*. In the first, MALIBRAN delighted her audience with her acting and singing in the interesting part of *Isoline*, and in the concluding scene in particular, where she is attending upon her fainting lover in the desart, she was much and very deservedly applauded. MALIBRAN is certainly one of the most wondrous women of the present age, and we, therefore, much regret to see her mixed up with any charlatanerie. After the opera she was called for, and was received with renewed cheers. The *Sonnambula*, the greatest triumph of MALIBRAN, was very finely given, and at its conclusion, wreaths and bouquets were thrown in profusion at the feet of the charming cantatrice. The National Anthem being loudly called for by the audience, it was given by the whole of the performers, the last verse being sung by MALIBRAN with tremendous energy and effect.

HAYMARKET.—The principal novelty of the month was a new one-act farce, or rather extravaganza, for it is full of the most startling improbailities, called *Make your Wills*. The plot—*if* "plot" it can be called—runs thus:—*Charles Ireton* (Mr. SELBY) marries a very amiable young lady against the consent of his uncle (Mr. STRICKLAND) a rich gouty old gentleman, who makes up his mind to disinherit his undutiful relation. Another relative, *Solomon Plotwell* (Mr. WEBSTER) endeavours to ingratiate himself into the good graces of the old gentleman, in order that he may be left his heir. The house-keeper, who sees through the knavery of *Plotwell*, prevails upon the old gentleman to feign that he is dead. Great is the consternation of the two nephews. *Charles* is deeply grieved at the death of his relative, whom he sincerely loves; the other is grieved merely because the old gentleman has died without making his will. The latter then has recourse to a stratagem. He bribes the servant, *Brag* (Mr. BUCKSTONE) to personate his master, and, in the presence of a lawyer, gives directions for his will. *Brag*, accordingly, disguises himself; the lawyer comes in, and to the consternation of *Plotwell*, the servant gives a large legacy to himself! *Plotwell* cannot disclose the imposture, however, because he is himself the prime mover of it; and he becomes the victim of his own arts. *Charles Ireton* goes to behold the remains of his uncle, and while expressing his regrets at the loss of a relative whom he so sincerely regarded, the old gentlemen starts into life, receives his affectionate nephew to his arms, accepts his daughter-in-law, and discards the knave, *Plotwell*. This trifle was very amusingly acted, particularly by BUCKSTONE, who in the knave who outwits his knavish employer, excited much laughter, and was greatly applauded. The piece may have a temporary popularity, but its life cannot be a long one. Several amusing comedies have been performed

at this theatre in an efficient and able manner. Miss Ellen Tree is an excellent comedian, and merits high encomiums; she is seen to particular advantage in such parts as *Mrs. Lovemore* (*Way to Keep Him*) *Letitia Hardy* (*Belle's Stratagem*) *Olivia* (*Bold Stroke for a Husband*) and *Hypolita* (*She Would and She Would not.* In the drama of the *Ransom*, her serious talents are displayed to great advantage.

LYCEUM.—M. De Pinna's opera of *The Rose of the Alhamòra*, which it may be in the recollection of our readers was produced a short time ago at Covent-Garden Theatre, has been reproduced here, Captain Polhill, the author of the words, giving so much money per night to the company for performing it! This is a proceeding so perfectly contemptible in itself, that we should refrain from noticing the performance, did not the merits of one or two of the performers demand observation. Of the merits of the production, an inference may be drawn from the fact of Captain Polhill *paying* to have it performed! Miss Shirreff was the *prima donna* of the piece, and she executed some very mediocre music very effectively; she gave an interest by her performance to that which was in itself dull and worthless. Mr. Wilson also sang with judgment, skill, and feeling: he displayed all the fine qualities of his voice with admirable effect, and was much and deservedly applauded. There is not a performer on the London stage, who is more deserving of public patronage than this pleasing and attractive singer. Of the rest of the performers engaged in this opera we cannot say one word in praise.

A new farcetta, called *Mrs. White*, and a burlesque, after the manner of the Olympic burlettas (and a long way *after* them) called *Theseus and Ariadne* have also been produced by this company. The first is droll, but rather too broad. Coarseness is not humour. The other was (for we have to speak of it in the past tense, it having had only a few nights existence) disgracefully vulgar, and most offensive.

ST. JAMES'S.—French Plays.—Mademoiselle Plessis, who is considered in France as the successor of Mars, made her first appearance in this country as *Valerie*, in Scribe's comedy of that name. She is quite young, apparently not more than seventeen; tall and well formed, with fair complexion and expressive features. Her acting, which is formed decidedly in the best school, is chaste and forcible, whilst her articulation is particularly distinct, every word being heard. *Valerie*, though in three acts, has but little plot, being simply the circumstance of a blind girl, whose lover, a young surgeon, performs an operation by which her sight is gained, and she recognises at once the form of her lover. Mademoiselle Plessis performed throughout so as to fully confirm the great reputation she has gained in France, where it is understood she is a pupil of M. Sanson. The applause was very great from all parts of the house, and she was called for at the conclusion to receive an acknowledgement of the good opinion she had gained with the audience on her first appearance. She was ably supported by M. Ernest, from the *Odeon*, who also made his first appearance on the occasion; he seems quite at home on the stage, and will prove an efficient representative of the *premier rôles*. *La Jeune Femme Colére* is the same as our own *Day after the Wedding*, which the English version follows very closely. Plessis as *Rose*, the new made wife, giving way to all her violent ebullitions of temper, to which she assigns the gentler name of vivacity, was, indeed, excellent; and all the variations from anger to repentance were beautifully pourtrayed.

Arnal, whom most of our readers must remember playing a few seasons since at the Haymarket and Olympic, has also been added to the Company at this Theatre. He is an actor of considerable comic powers, reminding us very strongly, by his manner of acting, of John Reeve. He performed in the very extravagant, though amusing vauderville, of *Une Passion*, in which he sustains his original character of *Antenor*. *Antenor* is a youth much given to the romantic, and who lives opposite an artist's study. From the artist's window he perceives a lady whom he imagines is constantly looking towards his room, and, as he supposes, after him; consequently, he falls desperately in love, addresses letters to her, which falling into the artist's hands, renders him jealous of his wife, and throws the house into confusion, until the matter is cleared up by *Antenor* declaring who is the object of his attachment, which turns out to be nothing more than a milliner's block, dressed up for the artist to design from. *Antenor*, however, determined to have a wife, takes one in the person of Lilia, a relation of the artist, who has been in some degree a party to the deception. Arnal was highly humorous and diverting throughout, we were also much amused by his acting in "*Monsieur and Madame Galocharde*," where a man treats his wife rather slightingly, until she attracts the notice of the King, which immediately arouses his feelings, and he becomes again attached to his wife, reasoning. that if she be worth the attention of a monarch, she must possess attractions.

*Le Marriage Raisonable* is an interesting vaudeville, and Plessis plays charmingly the part of a young widow, whose first marriage having been unhappy, she determines to unite herself to a man exactly the opposite of her first husband, and listens to the addresses of a steady, quiet, automaton-like person; she is, however, turned from her intentions by a wild, rattling, yet noble-minded man, who believing her in poverty, which she has pretended for the occasion, declares himself ready to marry her, whilst the more prudent one declines uniting himself to a woman over head and ears in debt. Plessis performed the part with much spirit, and was greatly applauded in the scene where she proves to her lover that the faults he supposes her to possess, were only assumed for the occasion. We have seldom seen Vertpre to more advantage than in Carmouche's excellent vaudeville, *La Femme de L'avoué*. She plays it charmingly, entering fully into the spirit of the part; and the business-like off-hand manner in which she arranges the affair of her husband's clients is exceedingly amusing. The part seems exactly suited to her style of acting, and we should imagine it to be a great favorite with her.

QUEEN'S (*French Plays*).—This theatre still continues its attractions, being much and fashionably attended: the selections have been principally light and amusing Vaudevilles, with occasionally some of the higher order of Dramas; the managers wisely considering that though it be wise at all times to laugh, yet the representation sometimes of pieces where our commiseration, instead of laughter, is excited, renders the amusement more varied and agreeable by the contrast. The French are particularly successful in a class of dramas we do not possess on the English stage, where the working of some master-passion is vividly pourtrayed, and the whole interest of the piece is made subservient to the display of character. "*La Fille de L'Avare*," is a Drama of this class; and we were much pleased with the manner in which it was performed, all the

characters being well sustained. "*Monsieur sans Gene*" is a very amusing piece, where an impudent fellow, upon the strength of having once been at school with a gentleman residing in the country, invites himself to his house; and the master being from home, turns everything into confusion, until the latter returns, who, of course, speedily ejects him. LAPORTE, as *Sans Gene*, was irresistibly droll, keeping the house in constant laughter. "*Les deux Edmon*" has been played several times, when that excellent actress Mdlle. IRMA performed the part of *Madame Germaine*; her representation of the character is one of the best things on the stage; it is natural and effective, and she exactly hits off the wife, who knows her own power over her husband, and is determined to tease him a little, in order to cure him of his jealousy. The author has not done much for the character, therefore greater praise is due to an actress who makes it appear the most prominent in the piece. MOLIERE'S excellent comedy, "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," has also been produced, and excellently performed, the principal part, *Monsieur Jourdin*, being played by LAFORTE. We do not remember to have seen him previously in the character, but we doubt not we shall have frequent opportunity, as it is one that seems to suit him remarkably well. He was excellent in the scenes where he employs the master to teach him the accomplishments befitting a gentleman. The fencing scene, in particular, was highly ludicrous. The Italian Opera House lent part of its company on the occasion, in order that the comedy might be well sustained in every part. ASSANDRI sang two Italian airs most charmingly; and COSTAN and D'ORSAY danced the celebrated *pas de deux* from "*Benyowsky*." "*La Famille de L'Apothicaire*," has been often performed, being a great favourite in this country, and it is hard to refrain from laughing at the perplexities of *Barnabé*, the *Garcon Apothicaire*. IRMA, as *Henriette*, played with much spirit; however trifling a part may be, she always contrives by her excellent acting to make it one of the best in the piece; and even where she has nothing to say, her by-play is sure to attract attention. She has judgment enough, unlike too many of our English actresses, not to refuse a character because it is not sufficiently good for her; but makes the character by her talented performance more important than it has hitherto been considered. This is the true test of an actress's merits; for it cannot always be expected that an author will sacrifice all the characters for the sake of one, unless he finds, as in the case of Mademoiselle IRMA, that he may do so without dreading the result. We hope this lady will form one of the company next season, as she is certainly one of the most popular actresses in this country.

The STRAND THEATRE is prospering, owing to the production there of some lively burlettas, and the admirable acting of Mrs. NISBETT, and the other members of the *corps dramatique*.

SURREY THEATRE.—VESTRIS has been playing here, in conjunction with Mr. C. MATHEWS, and an American, "Bone Squash Diabolo." We never visit the Surrey Theatre, nor could VESTRIS, or the strange American, tempt us there.

VAUXHALL and the COLOSSEUM have each a variety of excellent attractions, and are well attended every night that they are open.

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A NEW OPERA BY LINDPAINTER.—A new three-act opera, by LINDPAINTER, has been produced at Stuttgard. Its title is *The Power of Song*. Hitherto this musician has treated serious subjects only; public curiosity, therefore, was strongly excited to witness his success in his first attempt at comic writing. The result has surpassed every expectation. The piece went off triumphantly. Independently of several vigorous concerted movements, it comprises some delicious melodies, which have produced an impression upon the public justifying the title of the opera—*The Power of Song*. All the airs are lively and alluring, displaying the stamp of neatness which characterise the French romances, and which rapidly sink into the memory of the public. Moreover, M. LINDPAINTER has avoided that negligence with which the Germans are chargeable, whenever they attempt what is called light and easy music. For these composers are accustomed to consider the comic opera as a thing beneath the gravity of a German; or as a facetious self-committal, which a man may perpetrate once during his life, in order to show that he is capable of spirit and vivacity when he is so inclined. LINDPAINTER has understood what was required of him: he has written light music, without compromising the dignity of style which appertains to a composer of real talent. All the vocal department is richly scored. There are charming duets, delicious trios, and even a romance, full of grace and sweetness, which will not be long in emigrating beyond the Rhine; for the words are French, and the melody to which they are adapted must please every French ear. The following is the burthen of the song:—

"Combien j'ai douce souvenance
Des lieux cheris de mon enfance:
Hélas! qu'ils étatient beaux, ces jours
De France!"

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## CONCERTS.

CURIONI evinced considerable judgment in the arrangement of his programme, there being more novelty than is customary at these establishments. Singers do not consult their own interest in giving the same airs that have been sung at every concert during the season, to say nothing of their frequent performance on the Opera Stage. AUBER'S overture to *Acteon* was well played; there is some good music in it, and we should think it would do very well for the piano-forte. BOCHSA performed his *Panorama Musicale*, and a musical effusion to the homage of BELLINI, including airs from his most popular operas. Miss CLARKSON played some variations, founded on the trio in HEROLD'S *Prè aux clercs* in a very superior manner; she has an excellent touch and brilliant execution, with much taste and feeling; she was loudly applauded. CARADORI sang charmingly the Scotch ballad, *Jock o' Hazledean*, and was loudly encored. MALIBRAN'S new cavatina was exquisitely sang, but we did not much admire the music, it wanted soul, though it displayed the accomplished singer's powers of execution. GRISI repeated *Let the bright Seraphim*, and we certainly never before heard it so well sung; she seemed in excellent voice. DE BERIOT performed a solo, that is to say, he played an Adagio movement, and when the audience were expecting either a Rondo or an Allegro movement, much to their surprise, made his bow instead. IVANOFF'S Cavatina, "*Ah! se tu fassi moi*," by ALLARI, we were much pleased with, it suited his style uncommonly well. Some of the music from the *Briganti* was also performed. The concert gave great satisfaction to a very crowded room,

which we were glad to see, as CURIONI is an old and deserving favourite of the public.

LIPINSKI's Concert was well attended, and afforded much gratification. M. LIPINSKI performed a Concerto and an Air with variations, on the Violin; his style is founded in the best school, and his execution excellent. In the harmonies he is particularly felicitous; his intonation is extremely correct, and he bows with much vigor; added to which, his compositions prove him to be a perfect musician—he was much applauded. It was stated in the programme to be his first public performance, and if such were the case, a very auspicious one. Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT's Fantasia on the Harp was a very masterly performance, and shewed great command over this most difficult instrument; he introduced some of the old English airs, and displayed great taste in their arrangement. MALIBRAN, GRISI, Mrs. ANDERSON, and most of the popular favourites lent their assistance on the occasion.

GIUBILEI's concert was very numerously attended, although the programme presented nothing very attractive on the score of novelty, despite the talent engaged. We are surprised at Madame MALIBRAN lending herself to such trashy absurdities as, "*When a little Farm we Keep*;" a class of airs considered the peculiar property of the minor theatres, and very much out of place among the elegant *habitués* of a Concert room. GRISI sang the beautiful duett with ASSANDRI, from "*Norma*," *Deh! con te.* CARADORI ALLAN was also much applauded in DONIZETTI's air, "*Io l'adia.*" The overture to "*Fidelio*" was performed, but not with much success. The singers were under more than usual obligation to COSTA, as the orchestra seemed to evince very independent feelings in the accompaniments, forgetting that it is their duty to follow the singers, and not lead them.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"And o'er that cheek, and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.—BYRON.

Lovely as woman may be under the ordinary circumstances of life, she never appears so exquisitely beautiful—so spiritual—as when she stands before the altar pronouncing the words of the matrimonial compact. Whatever her temper or disposition may be, for the moment she is all goodness and gentleness, a perfect type of the angels. Could she but retain the same feelings throughout her existence, what a perfect Paradise the world would be to her! Let us hope that those whose names we are about to record as having been married during the month of July, may experience such felicity. First of those for whom our good wishes are expressed is the fair FRANCES S. PLACE, only surviving daughter of the late W. W. JONES, Esq., of Guvrey, Carmarthenshire, who has been led to the altar by RICHARD OUSELEY, Esq., son of Sir W. OUSELEY, and nephey to Sir GORE OUSELEY, Bart. It gives us pleasure to state that the nuptials of MARGARET, eldest daughter of the late Colonel C. P. GRAHAM, and relict of the late Sir M. B. CLARE, with his Excellency Lieutenant General Sir HUGH HALKET, of the Hanoverian Service, were solemnized at Cromarty (N.B.) on the 12th ult. SYBILLA the accomplished daughter of the Lord Bishop of EXETER, was united on the 16th ult, at St. Marylebone Church, to the Rev. FRANCIS DE BOULAY. The following marriages have also occurred:—Lord CHELSEA, eldest son of Earl CADOGAN, to MARY, third daughter of the Honourable and Rev. GERALD VALERIAN WELLESLEY, brother to the Duke of WELLINGTON, and grand-daughter of the late Earl of CADOGAN. The bride was attired in a superb dress composed of Brussels lace, over white satin, with a veil of the same material. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair set of for Seaham Hall, the marine villa of the Marquis of Londonderry. The marriage of Colonel LESLIE to Lady MARY DOROTHEA EYRE, daughter of the Countess of NEWBURGH, was solemnised at Slindon Hall. The Hon. JOHN DUTTON, second son of Lord SHERBORNE, has been united to LAVINIA AGNES, sixth and youngest daughter of the Hon. Colonel PARKER, of Ensham Hall, Oxon, and brother to the Earl of MACCLESFIELD. Shortly after the ceremony the bride and bridegroom departed for Holmwood, the seat of the Earl of ANTRIM. At the mansion of Mr. HENRY THOMAS HOPE, his brother, Mr. ADRIAN JOHN HOPE, led to the hymeneal altar the highly accomplished and beautiful Mademoiselle EMILY MELANIE MATILDA RAPP daughter of the late General RAPP, and Mrs. DRUMMOND, of Melfort. The ceremony took place in the blue drawing-room. The bride wore a Brussels lace dress, *à colonnes*, with short sleeves; Brussels lace manilla, over rich white *poult de soie*; and a large square Brussels lace veil, with chaperon and mancini of orange blossom. On the 19th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Bryanstone-square (the ceremony having been previously performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church), the Hon. EDWARD PRESTON, eldest son of the Right Hon. the Viscount GORMANSTON, was married to LUCRETIA, eldest daughter of the late WILLIAM JERNINGHAM, Esq., and niece to the Right Hon. Lord STAFFORD. The Princess THERESA, eldest daughter of the reigning Duke of NASSAU, is betrothed to the Prince of OLDENBURG, a Lieutenant-General in the service of Russia.

Lord CLIFDEN is among those whom the hand of death has taken away from the sublunary world; and the relatives and friends of Sir MATHEW WHITE RIDLEY, Bart., are also mourning for the loss of that much-respected gentleman. Mongwell House, Oxfordshire, is now the scene of lamentation, for there, on the 15th ult., ELEANOR, the youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. CHARLES BATHURST, of Sydney-park, Gloucestershire, breathed her last. Sir FRANCIS FREELING, the respected Secretary of the Post-office, is now no more. He died on the 10th ult.

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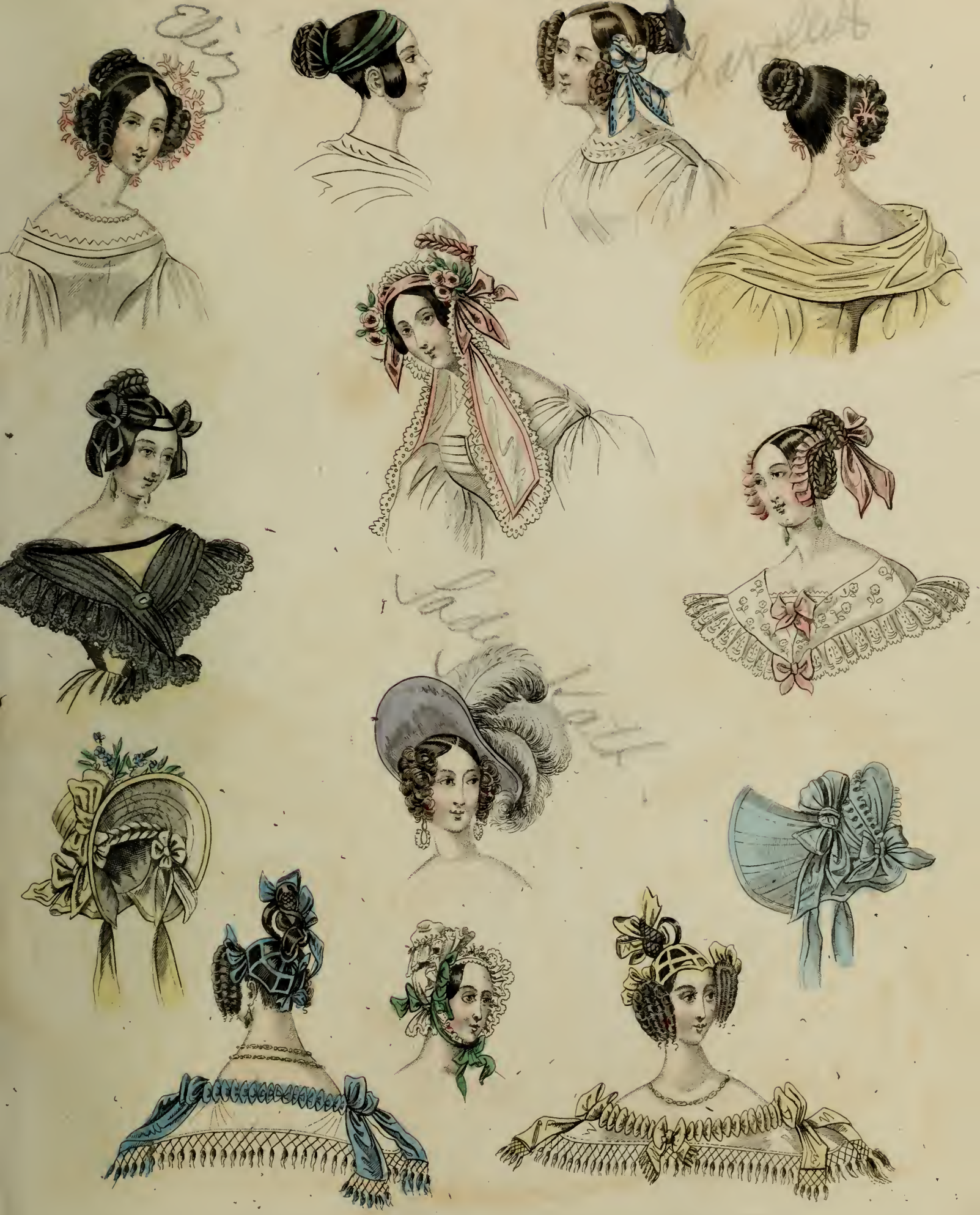
Among the marriages said to be upon the tapis, there is no one that excites more interest than that of his Grace the Duke of SOMERSET with Miss SHAW STEWART, sister to Sir M. S. STEWART. The Duke is upwards of sixty years of age, and a widower; the intended bride is under thirty, and is greatly accomplished. Costly *trosseaux* are in preparation. The marriage between the Hon. Miss MAYNARD, eldest unmarried daughter of the Lord Viscount MAYNARD, with T. R. INES, ESQ., is fixed to take place at Eastnor Hall, the seat of the noble lord, in the early part of this month.

The Last & Newest Fashions, — 1836. Morning Dresses

*The Last & Newest Fashions — 1836. Morning Dresses.*



The Last & Newest Fashions — 1836. Fashionable Head Dresses. (3)

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning Dresses.

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

MORNING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A muslin pelisse lined with blue sarsenet, a double flounce round the hem, the upper division being reversed and supported by a muslin *rouleau*, through which is drawn a blue ribbon, a blue bow in the centre, and girdle *en suite*; pelerine trimmed with the *rouleaux*, and jockey epaulettes; long sleeves divided into regular puffs all the way down; white silk bonnet, lined and trimmed with blue; lancer feather, and *demi* lace veil sewn to the edge of the brim.

Fig. 2.—Pink silk dress embroidered in white chenille *à colonnes*; tight pointed *corsage*, with a crossing drapery from the shoulder; very full sleeves, arranged in small *bouillons* at the shoulder, under these a tight band; the same repeated at the wrist, the fullness being between; close bonnet of Italian straw, trimmed round the edge with a *rûche* of pale pink ribbon and narrow blond edge curtain, *brides* and bow to correspond; in the centre of the latter, a bouquet of roses.

Fig. 3.—A dress of clear white muslin spotted pink and green, the *corsage* open at the throat, and trimmed with a broad Mechlin lace; tight long sleeves; black lace mantilla and scarf; primrose gloves and black silk slippers; straw bonnet, trimmed with dark *ponceau* ribbons, and having a bunch of field flowers on one side of the crown.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Reversed view of the first whole-length. The dress being white, the pelerine trimming and girdle of primrose.

2.—A *négligé* bonnet trimmed with black velvet, white gauze veil sewn to the edge.

3.—Another trimmed with *cerise* velvet ribbons and a sprig, poppies and corn-flowers; *tulle* illusion veil.

4.—*Reversé* of the third whole-length; the bonnet has black velvet trimmings, and the dress is white *batiste*.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESSES.

Fig 1.—A white silk spotted with roses; tight *corsage*, half-high, with a *crepe lise chemisette* and upper cape; tight long sleeves, a cuff, and double *rûche* of the silk at the shoulders; girdle of pink and white ribbon. White chip bonnet, lined with light green, green trimmings, a branch of French roses rising high on the right side, and a rose on each temple, one yellow, the other pink.

Fig. 2.—A pale citron-colour satin petticoat, and over it a tunic dress, two shades deeper, trimmed all round with white *chenille* embroidery; wrapping *corsage*, arranged in small plaits, sent into two embroidered bands on the shoulder; broad satin girdle; a rosette in front and four others down the skirt; full sleeves, separated by narrow bands of embroidery, into seven *bouillons*, which diminish in size to the wrist. White silk bonnet trimmed with green ribbons; a green ostrich feather, tipped with black, drooping over the crown.

Fig. 3.—A lilac grey silk pelisse, fastening with bows down the left side; tight *corsage*, having a row of small puffs in front; lace *fichû* collar, and black *rûche colleret*. *Amadis* long sleeves with high cuffs, and double epaulettes of black lace. Primrose drawn silk bonnet, trimmed *en suite*, with a sprig of "Forget-me-not" in front of the crown.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

FASHIONABLE HEAD DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—Antoinette curls, and coronet plait; branches of coral descending on each side close behind the curls.

Fig. 2.—The hair divided in front and brought low on the cheek in flat braids; the long hair drawn into a Grecian knot, round which passes a narrow green velvet band, separated into three, across the forehead.

Fig. 3.—The front hair parted and dressed in *Sevigné* curls at the sides; on the left a bow of blue and white ribbon. The hair behind in bows, supported by a wide plait.

Fig. 4.—Reversed view of the first head-dress.

Fig. 5.—Primrose crape dress, bound with black velvet; black lace mantilla scarf, draped across the bosom, and fastened by a gold brooch. The hair simply parted; two narrow bands of black velvet across the forehead, and velvet bows on each side, the ends hanging low.

Fig. 6.—A half-dress cap of white *tulle*, with lappets; the crown rather high and inclined forward; round it passes a braid of pale pink ribbon, band and bow *en suite*. A bouquet of roses on each temple, and pink ribbon to trim the lappets.

Fig. 7.—A Spanish hat of lilac silk, with three beautiful drooping feathers of a paler tint.

Fig. 8. and 9.—Reversed and front view of a *résille* head-dress, with bows on each temple, and one above the braids of hair. *Sévigne* ringlets on the temples; one of these ornaments is in blue velvet, the other in pale jonquil. The *corsage* (of a square form) is trimmed with *coques* of satin *en suite*.

Fig. 10.—A French mob cap, ties close under the chin, green gauze ribbon.

Fig. 11. and 12.—Two fashionable silk bonnets, one of citron, the other blue. In the latter a sprig of the "Forget-me-not."

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A white cambric robe; half-high *corsage* cut square; full sleeves, drawn at the wrist with a double band of pink ribbon, a bow being placed on the upper one; muslin *mantilla* scarf (double cape) lined with pink, and trimmed all round with British lace; a gold brooch fastens it at the throat. White chip bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbons, a branch of wild roses on one side the crown, and a bouquet of rose-buds mingling with the *tulle rûche* underneath the brim; lilac gloves and kid slippers.

Fig. 2.—A flounced silk dress (*fumée de Londres* tint). The *corsage* open and high, trimmed with a lace fall, a blue ribbon inserted as a heading to it; full long sleeves, drawn tight down at the top by a narrow blue band, having a blue bow in the centre; similar make at the wrist, while the blue

ribbon encircling the neck hangs in long fringed ends under the girdle. A white silk bonnet, bound and trimmed with blue ribbons, completes this elegant costume; round the crown is a garland of blue roses. The gloves are primrose, and the shoes black silk.

Fig. 3.—A fine jaconot muslin, white ground, spotted with pink and green; tight *corsage* and pointed capes, trimmed with a quilling of the muslin, the same repeated on the shoulder, and at the top of a high cuff; white lace collar reversed, fastened by a gold brooch; gold clasp to the girdle. White silk bonnet, trimmed with royal blue velvet ribbons; three small pink roses under the brim, and two white ostrich feathers drooping forward from the crown. A beautiful white crape shawl bordered with blue and gold colour *chenille*, and embroidered at the corners *en suite* is thrown over the dress.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—An evening dress of light green silk; tight *corsage*, with a separate cape, rounded at the shoulders, and coming to a point in the centre of the bosom; this cape is edged with narrow blond, and has bows of green ribbons on the shoulders; tight short sleeves, and white lace ruffles. A gold *agraffe* is suspended round the neck by a string of pearls, and the hair is braided with rich gold chain-work. An arrow pierces the upper plaits, and sprigs of small pink flowers, with foliage, are placed amongst the curls.

2.—Reverse of the third whole-length, the dress represented in white *batiste*, the bonnet trimmed with black velvet, and the shawl black lace.

3.—Reversed view of the first half-length. The dress described as pink crape, and a white lace scarf worn over the neck.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—A white cambric dress; the *corsage* gathered, half-high, and set into a worked chemisette front; sleeves full to the elbow, and quite tight below; black lace mantilla lined with sarsenet; white crape bonnet, lined and trimmed with pink, having a *tulle* veil sewn to the edge.

Fig. 2.—A white muslin dress, having three tucks, and drawn through each a jonquil satin ribbon, a little rosette placed on each at the right side; tight *corsage*, with a pointed *Sévigné* cape, trimmed *en suite;* jonquil-colour girdle and bow with short ends; double *bouillon* sleeves, with bows and bands, a ribbon likewise in the hem of the ruffle; black lace long mittens, the pattern very open; chip hat, extremely *évasé* in front, trimmed and lined with jonquil-colour, a branch of yellow roses on one side.

Fig. 3.—Juvenile costume:—White cambric robe, Vandyked at the hem; loose trousers, edged *en suite:* tight *corsage*, cut quite square and trimmed with Valenciennes lace; sleeve tight to the elbow, with little ruffles, a blue rosette in front; blue girdle, and rosettes fastening up the braids of hair on each side; grey silk boots, with kid fronts.

Fig. 4.—A white muslin dress, flounced with the same material, and scalloped at the edge; tight *corsage*, pointed at the top, and ornamented with a *Sévigné* cape of broad lace; long sleeves, confined in a *bouillon* at top by a band and lace ruffle, moderately full to the wrist, and finished by a tight cuff; lilac girdle, with a rosette and long ends; lilac ribbons in a French mob cap, on each temple bunches of the purple grape; primrose gloves; black silk slippers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A white muslin dress, trimmed across the bosom with three bands of blue ribbon drawn into separate hems; blue bows at the top of tight short sleeves, and triple ruffles edged like the *corsage;* a garland of small blue flowers round the knot of hair behind, and boquets of the same on each temple.

2.—Lilac silk dress, with pointed pelerine cape edged *en rûche*, bows on the shoulder, and repeated twice on the full long sleeve, round collar of worked muslin reversed; primrose silk bonnet, trimmed *en suite*, with a sprig of the major convolvoli on one side, and separate flowers under the brim.

3.—Reversed view of the first half length; the dress being trimmed with pink, and pink flowers in the hair.

4.—A white muslin lined with myrtle-green, Vandyked ribbon round the corsage and sleeves, and a green velvet resile band, with two large bows on the hair.

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## LONDON FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

On the eve of their departure from town, our fair friends may now decide on every point relating to their *toilettes de Campagne*, and we flatter ourselves a more interesting *ensemble* of all that can delight the tender fancy, was never submitted to our readers; each dress alluded to, and each ornament worn with it, have been sanctioned by some distinguished leader of ton.

Make and Material of Morning Dresses.—At this season the promenade and *negligé* costumes are of far more importance than evening dresses, and more variety appears in them than we have remarked for some seasons past; flounces are very much worn; but many ladies whose height will not bear this division of the skirt, prefer the *bouillon* ornament, separated by bands of the silk or muslin; the antique trimming, *à la Ninon*, is revived, showing the under skirt flounce high up, with quilled ribbon, the upper being rounded off in front, and edged *en suite*. The high *corsage* is usually plaited in front, the plaits crossing over from the shoulder; the back slightly gathered; sometimes the body is quite tight, with an upper drapery, plaited and caught up in the centre of the *corsage*. The sleeves are universally flat at top, the plaits drawn down very low on the arm; thence the fulness is variously disposed; sometimes in two large puffings, with a high straight cuff, nearly reaching the elbow. Many new dresses have the bishop sleeve caught up at the elbow in a graceful *negligé* style; the equal division of fulness, in five puffs, is become very common; if we were to cite the most *recherché* style of long sleeves, we must give a preference to the *gabrielle*; this curious mode is tight to the elbow, where a double ruffle (of the same material as the dress, and edged with lace or ribbon) falls about a half-quarter's depth; the rest of the sleeve consists of horizontal plaits, drawn tight to the arm. With respect to the materials of morning dresses, white muslin of different kinds and textures are so universally worn as to be considered the fashion of the month; some of the newest chequed muslin are beautifully fine and transparent; others are rayed, and some have small white flowers woven in a very novel manner into the lined muslin; pelisses, as usual, display very beautiful embroidery; this is either placed down the fronts, or on the *corsage*, where it forms itself into the exact shape, and terminates in a point before; epaulettes, cuffs, and worked girdle, to correspond; these *recherché* dresses are always trimmed with lace. Clear muslins,

chequed or striped, with a narrow-coloured line, are favourite morning dresses; they should be trimmed with a ribbon *rûche* of the same tint, and made in the most simple manner. At the sea-side, *foulard* silks will be worn; these dresses, made *en rédingote*, have a deep pelerine, pointed before and behind, and trimmed all round with ribbon of the prevailing colour in the silk; plaids will be more worn than the mere intricate patterns formerly seen as *foulards*.

Ensemble of Evening Costume.—The skirt remains of the same extreme fulness, rather longer behind, and gathered instead of plaited round the waist; the *corsage* square and low; the sleeves, either in a range of small *bouffants*, or tight to the elbow with double ruffles; if in *bouillons*, an *agraffe* or tassel is placed between. For our summer dresses, the simple net ruffle, edged with a narrow lace, has superseded the more costly point and Mechlin. A chemisette or *fichû* completes the toilet. A curious mixture sanctioned by fashion, is the plain white muslin dress, with black velvet *pauvre* girdle; sleeve knots and bracelets: the effect is very good on a tall figure. The flounce is gaining favour daily, especially on figured muslins. The following details may be relied on as descriptive of the most approved evening dresses to be worn during the ensuing month:—A robe of white *organdie*, the flounce caught up at intervals with bows of primrose ribbon, the same inserted through the hem; *corsage à la vierge*, with bows on the shoulders confining a *fichû*, which is pointed before and behind; primrose girdle, and band separating the double *bouillons* of a short sleeve; very deep ruffles, edged with blond; black net mittens and colleret; small chip hat, white lancer feather tipped with primrose; pearl bandeau over the forehead, and pearl brooch in the centre of the colleret. An embroidered white muslin over a blue silk skirt, the pattern *à colonnes;* pointed *corsage*, with drapery crossing to each side, and an embroidered stomacher between; Bernais cap, with lace lappets and a black velvet bandeau, on which is sewn a string of pearls, two tassels hanging on one side; the lappets also fastened to *brides* of black velvet. A green and white spotted silk dress, flounced and trimmed round the *corsage* with a fall of the same material, edged with lace; white lace *fichû*, lined with sea-green satin; double *bouillon* short sleeves, the ruffles composed of white net edged with lace, a green ribbon run through the broad hem above; white lace cap, with a demi-veil thrown back, and a little garland of foliage across the front; ear-rings and bracelets of wrought gold.

Riding Habits, at the present moment, form an essential department ef the toilet. The favourite colours are royal blue and *fumée de Londres*. The *corsage* pointed before and behind, cavalry tassels at both points, and a single row of buttons down the front; the skirt very full and rounded behind; trousers fastened underneath the foot with a narrow strap; the hat lined with satin, or straw-coloured silk; instead of a ribbon round the crown is worn a braid, which falls gracefully on one side with a little tassel; silk cravat formed into regular plaits, and fastening in a small bow with two pointed ends; the sleeves of the habit tight to the elbow, and moderately full above; narrow cuffs with buttons unfastened.

Boots and Shoes.—Grey and dust-colour silks of various textures form the most fashionable boots. Some are spotted, others plain *gros de Naples*, buttoned on one side, and fringed at top. During this warm season silk fronts are preferred to kid. Silk slippers are likewise worn, embroidered round the back quarter, and having a pretty rosette surrounded by embroidery in front: this new style of slipper is very becoming; the colour should be some neutral tint, in fact, no decided or bright colour is worn either for boots or shoes. Black satin for evening dress shoes, as usual.

Hats and Bonnets.—We observe no remarkable change in the form of either, but infinite taste and variety in the mode of ornamenting both the simple *capote* and the carriage hat; it is proposed to diminish the size of the brim during the autumn, and a few of these bonnets have already appeared. The following are chiefly selected for summer excursion, the sea-side, &c. In morning *negligé*, a white cambric drawn bonnet, the texture remarkably fine; the bows and *brides en suite*; a demi-veil, of British lace, and *tulle rûche*, without any ornament under the brim; a large straw bonnet, the crown oblong and sewn, straw-colour sarsenet ribbons in preference to black velvet, though the latter is frequently seen, a knot of ribbon on one side; a pink crape bonnet, covered with white crape, the reflected tint is beautifully delicate; a fine Tuscan straw, brim of moderate size, edged with a white satin *rûche*, white satin ribbon trimmings, and a large white rose, with foliage on one side, *tulle rûche* under the brim, with small bows of white satin, and a rosebud on each temple. A chip hat, *évasé* in front, lined with primrose crape, or blue broad dark-coloured ribbons, in double bands, with a little bow behind, lancer feather, white, and edged to correspond with the lining; by a curious caprice of fashion, flowers are worn with the velvet, or *ponceau* sarsenet ribbons; the favourite flowers are poppies, roses, and carnations.

Morning Caps are now a very important consideration; they have experienced some change, especially in the *brides*, which are of net or muslin edged with lace; several caps have been seen almost resembling a little hat, with coloured ribbons drawn into the crown, and the brim having a curtain behind; these caps have a veil sewn to the edge, and a little wreath of flowers underneath; the pointed crown is also seen, the front retreating towards the end, having the border quite close to the face. Black net and lace caps are again in fashion, they are always trimmed with coloured ribbons and flowers *en suite*.

Capes, Collars and Pelerines.—This warm season calls into life, together with other butterfly beauties, all kinds of light inventions for converting a *corsage decolleté* into a morning costume. Amongst these elegant novelties, nothing is so much admired as the *fichû paysanne*, which just covering the neck, and rounded behind, crosses over the bosom and hangs in plaited ends below the girdle; these pretty tippets are made of various materials. The pelerines to *negligé* dresses are cut very large, entirely concealing the bust, and permitting an ease of dress adapted to this season; when, on the contrary, the *corsage* is displayed, a fall of lace or quilling in net or ribbon on plaited bands form a *reversé* all round in imitation of the pelerine cape. A very simple and pretty ornament to the morning *peignoir* consists of a ribbon passed round the throat and formed into a bow in the middle of the *corsage*, the ends crossing this little colleret should be edged with lace. The worked muslin collars are rounded on the shoulders like a cape, but cut straight behind; they should in fact exactly reach the point of a half-high dress, and set perfectly flat to the figure.

Scarfs, Shawls and Mantillas. — Muslin scarfs, trimmed with lace, are as fashionable this month as the black silk ones; some are lined with coloured sarsenet, and considered very becoming. Crape scarfs, having a delicate border,

the same tint, raised in relief all round. Large black lace shawls are quite the rage in Paris; with a morning white dress and white *negligé* bonnet they have a very good effect. White China crape merinos, with embroidered borders, French cashmere, and a new mixture of silk and wool called the Donna Maria, are all in vogue for square shawls; the latter specimen has beautiful flowers, on *arabesque* designs, raised in relief, the ground being a tint darker. Mantillas have not varied perceptibly in form; when made in muslin they are usually scalloped round, or trimmed with British lace; sometimes a coloured ribbon is inserted through the broad hem; black ones are edged with a quilling of black satin ribbon, or of old-fashioned black lace.

Parasols vary much in size, some being, in fact, small umbrellas, whilst the little white pink-lined parasol, with its accacia wood and mother-of-pearl handle, seems destined for the hand of a fairy queen; white chequed silk, with white silk fringe and lining, is a very fashionable parasol, the stick of rose-wood, with a silver hook. Ebony and mother-of-pearl is the most *recherché* mixture.

Reticules.—In defiance of the season, these are chiefly made of velvet, black, emerald or red; the form varies, some are very pretty, imitating little baskets; the usual shape, however, is the lozenge, in compartments with a gold acorn at each point; gold clasp, and a little gold chain which fasten it to the girdle: these bags are more fashionable when not embroidered.

Prevailing Colours for the Month.—Pale rose, jonquil, cerise and tea-green; blue and primrose for linings, and dark *ponceau* for trimming straw bonnets.

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## ELITE OF PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Our French ladies have the advantage over London ones, that a second triumph awaits them on quitting the turmoil and excitement of their gay capital. Unlike our *élegantes*, who, weary with pleasure, still sigh on quitting it, the Parisian belle takes it with her for a time to the woods and lakes of Montmorence and Enghien; there she is metamorphosed, her jewelled brow crowned with simple flowers, and her magnificent robes of satin and lace, exchanged for the charming fresh toilette *decampagne*, white muslin or *organdie*.

Morning Dresses.—A painted muslin flounced deep round the skirt. The *corsage* tight, and thrown open at the throat. Long sleeves tight from the elbow, double ruffles, and bands above them. Lace *chemisette*, with a falling collar. Fancy ribbon *colleret* fastening under the girdle. Black silk apron, embroidered round with a pattern of roses, and edged with black lace. Black *tulle capote*, trimmed with rose-colour, a large moss rose in the central bow. A pale blue silk *rédingote*, open in front, and edged with black velvet, white cambic skirt, flounced at the hem. Pelerine trimmed like the dress. Sleeves with double *bouillons*, separated by velvet bands. Black net *capote*, trimmed with blue ribbons; a blue flower on each temple. A *peignoir* of white muslin, with a broad hem all round the skirt and cape, through which is inserted a rose-colour or blue ribbon; cambric petticoat, flounced with worked muslin, seen under it; very full long sleeves, with cuffs tied by rose-colour bands, lined. Girdle of embroidered muslin lined *en suite*. Bernais cap, the lappets of thread lace, set into pink *brides*, and hanging low on the neck, pink bow and a bouquet of white rose-buds on one side; another of white cambric worked all round, and edged with Valenciennes lace; a lilac ribbon encircles the throat, passing under the girdle, and hanging in long ends. A pink silk dress; black lace scarf, mittens and cap; half high *corsage*, tight sleeves to the elbow, with knots of black velvet on the arm; black lace ruffles, edged with pink ribbon.

Juvenile Costumes.—The dress of Parisian children has always been cited for its elegance, and though some of them may object that it renders not children, but miniature women of fashion, still we can scarcely behold these fascinating little creatures running in crowds, as we daily behold them, through the shady alleys of the *bois de Boulogne*, without admiring the freshness of their graceful costumes, and the taste with which each dress, though essentially alike, is adapted to their *tournure*. The little robe is usually of white, or rose colour, rather longer than it was worn last summer; short sleeves; the body without plaits, and open at the throat; the trowsers loose, and trimmed with a narrow lace; grey silk boots, and black mittens; a lined sarsnet, or cottage straw bonnet, the latter trimmed with black velvet. The little full sleeve has given way at the enchanter fashion's wand to the *chemise* sleeve, quite tight, and ornamented with three flounces, one above the other. When the dress is white, a band of worked muslin, placed between each fall, has a pretty effect; and this trimming is always repeated round the *corsage* and skirt. The *rédingote* form is preferred, opening in front; a petticoat, worked at the edge, is seen just below. Another very pretty costume consists of a white lined muslin, or white cambric dress; the body cut square and low, surrounded by a reversed trimming, forming epaulettes on the shoulder, and meeting in a point before. This style of dress fastens down the front with little bows of worked muslin, similar ones being placed on the shoulder; round the edge of the pantaloons and skirt, a narrow Valenciennes lace; *fichû* of embroidered *organdie* on a light ribbon, the ends confined under the belt. Another favourite dress for little girls in Paris is made in clear muslin, chequed with a narrow line of blue or rose colour; a festooned ribbon of the same tint, quilled round the skirt; waist ribbon *en suite*, tied in a knot with long ends; a bow of ribbon is likewise placed on one side of the bonnet, which ties closely down. The lined muslin, and *organdie* drawn bonnets, are most fashionable, though several children of distinguished families are seen in English straw ones; the cap worn underneath is edged with a double quilling, which meet under the chin, and is flat across the forehead.

Coiffures en Cheveux.—The *résille* is still in vogue, but we most frequently see it of a very light open pattern. Sometimes only the outline is preserved without any crossings of pearl or velvet. A very favourite mode of dressing the hair is the Bertha; ringlets are brought from behind, and fixed above the temple, the front hair curled in a row of smaller ones, a braid twined with flowers supports the long curls, coming low at the back of the head. A false plait, when the hair is not very thick, placed as a coronet at top, and a single flower, *en suite*, with the wreathes rising on one side of it. Sprigs of coral are very fashionable ornaments in the hair: they should be placed just behind the side ringlets; a triple bandeau of ribbon, or three strings of pearl meeting in one behind, with a tassel and bow on one side. Nothing can be more *récherché* or elegant than this simple ornament. A bunch of ribbon, *en étage*, with three long ends, is another favourite ornament, it is worn just behind the plaits or braids of long hair, and these are placed far back on the head.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXV.—English Earls.

### EARL OF MORLEY.

"We watch the summer leaves of flowers decay,
And feel a sadness in the spirit thrown,
As if the beauty fading fast away
From Nature's scenes, would leave our hearts more lone,
More desolate, when sunny hours are gone;
And much of joy from outward things we find,
But more from treasures, that may be our own:
Through winter's storm; the higher hopes of mind,
The trust which soars from earth—earth has no chains to bind!"

Mr. Moore, in his beautiful prose poem of the *Epicurean*, describes very forcibly, the desolate and melancholy lives of the heathen philosophers, whose ideas of existence were bounded by the lines of time; who, having no thought, or hope of futurity, regarded death with terror. It could not be otherwise than that the most intelligent of these heathens dragged on their existence in perfect misery, and the poet exquisitely describes his hero meditating upon the perishableness of himself and of all around him. Shut out as he was by his creed from all hope of a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow boundary of this, every minute of delight assumed a mournful preciousness in his eyes, and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighbourhood of death. Those hands he had prest—those eyes, in which he had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life, that should never die—those voices that had talked of eternal love; all, all he felt were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave no thing eternal, but the silence of their dust. In his ecstacy, he cries:—

"O, were it not for this sad voice,
Stealing amid our mirth, to say
That all in which we most rejoice
Ere night may be the earth-worms prey;—
But for this bitter—only this—
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of dreaming to its depth the whole,
I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
If bliss made gods, a deity."

What was wanting to make the bliss of the Epicurean is possessed by us; the bliss which could not be found in the gardens and groves of the heathens, in walks leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance, glades opening as if to afford a playground for the sunshine, temples rising on the very spots where imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace; the bliss which could not be found there, is enjoyed by us in our creed, by which we have the assurance that as renewed life comes to the lifeless tree, so will the soul revive to life again after the winter of its days on earth is past. It is this reflection that reconciles us to the loss of our relatives and friends;—it is this reflection that enables us to regard with composure the great, the wise, and the good, passing away from this world, for we have the confident hope that they have passed to other and brighter mansions above the skies, where joy reigns eternal, "where the hearts of all are known, and sinless love is blest."

The contemplation of the genealogies of our nobility inspire in us similar feelings, and we now request our readers to go with us through the history of the noble house of Morley. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the family established itself at South Molton, in the county of Devon. Edmund Parker, Esq., married Amy, daughter of Sir Edward Seymour, Bart., of Berry Pomeroy, in the county of Devon, by whom he had, besides Edmund, his heir, and some other children, William, of Hoberton, Devon; whose grandson was Alderman Hugh Parker, of London, who was c eated a Baronet, in 1681, with remainder to his nephew, Henry Parker, from whom descended the gallant Admiral, Sir Hyde Parker (grandfather of the present Sir William Parker, Bart., of Melford Hill, Suffolk) one of those great naval heroes who caused the British flag to float triumphantly on the seas during the late war. Admiral Parker was nominated to the chief command of the British fleet in the East Indies, and sailed from England to assume that important station in the Cato, and having watered a few months after at Rio Janeiro, was never subsequently heard of.

At the death of Mr. Parker (the leading subject of these remarks) he was succeeded by his eldest son, Edmund, and on the latter being called away from this world, his son, George Parker, Esq., came into possession of the estates. This gentleman was twice married, in the first instance to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Fowell, by which lady he had no family; and secondly, to Anne, daughter of John Buller, Esq., of Turvel. His death occurred in the year 1743, when his eldest son succeeded him,

"And never sire had worthier son."

This was John Parker, Esq., of North Molton, a gentleman distinguished for his many virtues in private life, and who endeared himself to a host of friends by his amiability and kindness. He married a lady eminently caclulated to perfect his happiness, Catherine, daughter of John, Earl of Poulett, by whom he had a family of three daughters and the following sons,

1. John, his successor.
2. Montague Edward, of Whiteway, in the county of Devon. He was married, in 1775, to Charity, daughter of Paul Perry, Esq., and died in 1813, leaving two sons.

John Parker, Esq., died in the year 1768, and was then laid among the silent dead;"

The city of the dead! How still it seems,
Where crowds of buried memories sleep,
How quiet Nature o'er them dreams:
'Tis but our troubled thoughts that weep;
Life's book shuts here—its page is lost,
With them and all its busy claims;
The poor are from its memory crost,
The rich leave nothing but their names.

His successor was his eldest son, JOHN PARKER, Esq., a gentleman who courted public favour and won it. He entered Parliament as the representative of the county of Devon, and discharged the duties of a legislator with perfect satisfaction to his constituents, and credit to himself. So much did he distinguish himself in his senatorial capacity, that he obtained the approbation and friendship of the Government, by which his talents were rewarded with a Peerage. On the 18th of May, 1784, he was created Baron BORRINGDON, of Borringdon, in the county of Devon. The seat of Borringdon had come into his family by the marriage of his ancestor, JOHN PARKER, Esq. (who died in 1611) with FRANCES, daughter of JERONOMY MAYHEW, Esq.) His lordship while attending to public duties, did not renounce the Graces; he enjoyed the *dulce* while he assisted in perfecting the *utile* of society. He mixed in the gay circles of fashion, and many a fair star was conducted by him through the old fashioned "country dance." In that now-despised dance, says a modern novelist, there were innumerable opportunities of little significant attentions, which are wholly impracticable in the measured steps of a quadrille. To lead down the dance with the partner whom you preferred, was sometimes the prelude to an offer at the end of it; in poussette many kinds words might be uttered, and even the separation in hands across was but momentary. But now it is all a system of setting and rigadooning; the gentlemen and ladies seem afraid of each other; they figure away as if they were in the presence of their dancing master, and resign a partner with whom they can have no communication beyond a few syllables, with the same composure as they make a balancée. In the happy days of the "country dance," it was permitted for a lady after dancing down twenty or thirty couple, to take a little breathing time at the bottom of her set with her partner; and here the interrupted converse of the dance was frequently renewed with spirits accelerated, not jaded by the exhilerating exercise in which they each joined. It may be presumed that Mr. PARKER enjoyed frequent opportunities of this kind of offering his vows at the shrine of the fair FRANCES, daughter of JOSIAH HERT, Archbishop of TUAM, to which lady he was happily united in the year 1763. His lordship did not experience the bliss of connubial love with this lady for long, for death snatched her away from his heart and home, and made them desolate. No children resulted from this union. His Lordship took unto himself a second wife, in 1769; the lady whom he then selected to share his happiness being THERESA, daughter of THOMAS, first Lord GRANTHAM, by whom he had the following children:—

1. JOHN, the present Earl MORLEY,
2. THERESA, who was married April 17, 1798, to the Hon. GEORGE VILLIERS, brother of the Earl of CLARENDON, and who died March 25, 1827.

Lord BORRINGDON was at last summoned away from this world, which he had ornamented, and he passed to the "bourne from which no traveller returns," with resignation and content. Death had no terrors for him, and after a long life spent in the practise of virtue, eternal rest was welcome.

Thou art welcome, O, thou warning voice,
My soul hath pined for thee;
Thou art welcome, as sweet sounds from shore
To wanderers on the sea:
I hear thee in the rustling woods,
In the sighing vernal airs,
Thou call'st me from the lonely earth,
With deeper tone than theirs!

Lord BORRINGDON from this "lonely earth" was taken on the 27th of April, 1788, when the present Earl MORLEY succeeded to his title and estates.

JOHN PARKER, Earl of MORLEY, Viscount BORRINGDON, of North Molton, and Baron BORRINGDON, of Borringdon, in the county of Devon, D.C.S. and F.R.S., was born May 3, 1772. The Viscounty and Earldom were obtained by creation on the 29th of November, 1815. His Lordship has been married twice. In the first instance he led to the hymeneal altar, on the 20th of June, 1804, AUGUSTA, second daughter of JOHN, Earl of WESTMORELAND, by which lady he had no surviving issue. This marriage was dissolved by Act of Parliament, on the 14th of February, 1809; and on the 22d of August, in the same year, his Lordship was united to FRANCES, only daughter of THOMAS TALBOT, Esq., of Grenville, in the county of Norfolk, by whom he has

EDMUND, Viscount BORRINGDON, born June 10, 1810.

Earl MORLEY is Colonel of the North Devon Militia; his town-house is Kent House, Knightsbridge, his seats are both in the "garden of England," as it is justly called, the county of Devon. They are Saltram and North Molton.

The ARMS of his Lordship are *sa*, a stag's head caboshed, between two flaunches *ar*. CREST: An arm erect, vested, *az*. slashed *ar*., cuff of the last, the hand grasping the attire of a stag, *gu*. Supporters: dexters, a stag, *ar*.; sinister, a greyhound regardant, *sa*. each collared, *or*. and thereto a shield appendant, *gu*.; that on the dexter charged with a horse's head, erased, *ar*., bridled *or*., the sinister with a ducal coronet of the last. MOTTO: *Fideli certa merces*.

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## THE DOOMED FAMILY.

### A LEGEND OF THE HARTZ.

"But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death
He comes."——BYRON.

In the wildest part of the Hartz, scarcely a league from Mayence, stands the princely castle of the Wernheims; and like most of the ancient German edifices, it is the source of many a legendary tale, handed down by the peasantry from father to son, with such additions as time rarely fails to make. The following is one related by a guide whom we had employed, a few years since, to conduct us to Heidelburg across the Hartz.

The Castle of Wernheim has been for centuries the resi-

dence of a noble family of that name, one of the most distinguished in the Empire, alike for noble birth, wealth, and the learned attainments of its different members. One of its possessors, Count Rudolf of Wernheim, was reported to have carried his knowledge farther than the rest, and to have striven to learn the secrets of the other world; but little was known of him more than by report when he took possession of the Castle, which he inherited by the sudden death of one of the family. He had little expected to become the inheritor of the vast wealth of the Wernheims, as the then possessor was a young man but recently married, whilst Rudolf looked forward to little beyond the career of learning, and such as his great attainments might procure him in the world. His scanty patrimony was scarce sufficient for maintaining himself, even as a student, and the transition from comparative poverty to almost boundless wealth, might easily be supposed to work some change in a man's nature; but more was to be attributed to the bias his early habits had given him, and the report that he secluded himself through pride from the neighbouring gentry was unfounded. However, he suddenly, after some time spent at the Castle, departed for Vienna, and was little thought of. The legend saith that the demons of the Hartz had long striven to bring about the downfal of the Wernheim family, and that it was through their agency that the several possessors of the Castle, had died in succession, childless, and the remote branches who were to inherit the property were becoming very circumscribed, and there was every probability of the family being extinct. Rudolf had left for Vienna, tired of the monotony of a single life, and desirous of bringing back to his estates one who might perpetuate the family name.

The legend goes on to say that Rudolf, from his great learning, was almost more than the demons could easily master, unless by some act he placed himself in their power, and they determined, therefore, to prevent his marriage; for this purpose, they created a being in human semblance, of most exceeding beauty, and sent her forth into the world to further their schemes.

Rudolf had stopped at a small hostelrie one evening on his road to Vienna, and was gazing listlessly from the window, when a carriage drove up to the door and a lady descended: she was alone. The mistress of the hostelrie, after a few minutes, ascended to say that a lady had arrived, but they were unable to afford her any accommodation, as Rudolf's servants had taken possession of all the rooms, that she would continue her journey after she had taken some refreshment, and perhaps he would allow her to be served in the room where he then was, but the lady could not hear of his leaving the room on her account. To this Rudolf most willingly acceeded, and the lady entered. She was of most surpassing beauty, of a tall commanding form, dark languishing eyes, and all that Rudolf had pictured to himself as pefection in woman; had he sat down, pencil in hand, to paint woman in her most enchanting form, he would have drawn such a woman as then stood before him. Ere the evening had passed away, Rudolf had become a slave to the allurements of the being before him; he hung with breathless expectation upon every word she uttered; his soul drank in deep draughts of passion, and he felt he had found the woman with whom life could be one course of happiness and joy. When the lady first entered the room she was all smiles and gladness; but after a time her glances fell frequently on Rudolf, and often as they did so a melancholy air seemed to come across her, and at times a scarcely suppressed sigh would escape her. Rudolf, as a student, plainly clad, and with nought to work out the advantages nature had given him, was ever reckoned handsome, and his proud manly air was often the theme of admiration with the softer sex; with riches he had spared nothing to add to his appearance, and the lofty bearing of a noble sat well upon him. It might, therefore, not cause him much surprise that the lady should cast anxious glances on him, though he much wondered at the air of sadness at times stealing over her countenance. The lady complained that fatigue prevented her continuing the journey that evening, and by Rudolf's orders, a room was prepared for her, and they parted, promising to meet in the morning ere they continued their respective journies.

When Rudolf retired to his room he threw himself on the bed, seeking in vain for sleep, it came not at his bidding, and restless he turned from side to side for hours, until the night was at its darkest. He had almost fancied he had gained the repose he sought, when a sudden light beamed through the room; he gazed in wonder, and saw standing near the window the lady with whom he had passed the evening; he tried to spring from the bed, but found himself powerless. She looked upon him for some moments steadfastly; there was an air of great sorrow in her countenance, and by her motions she seemed to warn him of some pending evil; after a time she moved her lips as if about to speak, when a wild, fearful noise, seemed to arise round the house, a faint sigh escaped the vision, and all again became darkness. Rudolf sank into a slumber that lasted until the broad light pouring through the window warned him the sun was far advancing in its course. He was soon up, and recalled the vision of the preceding night to his remembrance only to consider it as the offspring of an overheated imagination and restless slumbers.

The lady had already risen, and was waiting for him; she seemed more beautiful than ever, but there was still the air of sadness of the preceding evening, and she seemed to look on Rudolf with an air of pity, but this soon wore away. Ere the day had passed Rudolf had declared the object of his journey to Vienna, but that it was in her power to render it unnecessary; a slight tremor passed over her lovely frame as he spoke, and after a moment's hesitation she replied,

"She would not hide her feelings; they were no longer her own. She would consent to all he wished—but"—and she hesitated.

Rudolf eagerly sought to know the reason of her hesitation.

"It was," she replied, "that he must engage that neither himself, nor aught that might bear his name, should ever return to his estates in the Hartz, and then," she said, her eyes beaming with delight, and her lovely countenance assuming an air of gladness, "we may be happy; but should you forget your promise — should you at any time return — I am—"

"What!" exclaimed Rudolf.

"What! you must never know."

"But what can that be if thou art not as now—the angel of my idolatry?"

"Mark me, then, Rudolf of Wernheim. I came not here a being such as you conceive me. I came to seek thy ruin—to be thy destruction, here and hereafter; but when this form was given me, and with it all that woman could desire to obtain admiration, it was to gain thy affections—yes, even thy love; to render thee my slave; to lead thee as I might—

even to thy destruction; to be thy curse! You look upon me in amazement, but I speak the truth, more than I should have done. But hear me further. With this form they gave me a heart—black, false, and deceitful, it should have been—devoid of feeling save for itself—one that could look on suffering without commisseration—feel not the love it would excite, and be a contrast to the form I bear; they could not do it; they could not create a being suited to their purpose, with a heart discordant to the rest, and—but why should I hesitate?—I have felt what I have striven to excite in others! As you love me, never question me further; for if neither I nor thine revisit the Hartz, there is no power can reach us that we need dread: we may wander where and as we wish, free and unrestrained. A lover always promises what his mistress asks, and Rudolf the more readily did so as he had no wish to return to Wernheim; it possessed no attractions for him, the world had changed; he lived not for himself, but for another; her will should be his law—her wishes his commands—to render her happy the sole object of his ambition; Wealth he had at his command to purchase all they could desire; palaces in Vienna and Prague, castles on the Danube, where nature and art had expended all their resources in rendering them fit residences even for a sovereign: but these he sought not. The lovely Adeline wished to quit for ever the German Empire, and Rudolf, who had no wish that differed from hers, readily acquiesced. France became their residence; scarce any trace remained of the proud Lord of many castles; his name was changed, and a simple dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood of Paris was for years the happy abode of the wealthiest noble in Germany. But Rudolf was, indeed, happy; year by year his affection grew stronger; he was a father, and children, rivalling in beauty their parents, were the admiration of all who beheld them. But time wore away, and the boys grew to manhood, and tired of an inactive life, they wished to travel; but to this their parents gave a decided refusal, and as they found that it pained their mother when any allusion was made, they forebore to press their request. One of the sons, however, almost against the wishes of his parents, determined on visiting the remote parts of France, where war was then carrying on, in order to observe the operations of the campaign, but with the express stipulation on the part of the parents that he would not quit France. It chanced that during the war he once made one of a number that had advanced against the enemy, who found themselves suddenly attacked ere support could be brought to assist them, and the consequence was, they became prisoners to the Germans. The ransoms demanded for their liberation were most exhorbitant, and quite beyond the means of young Wernheim's attaining sooner than by sending to Paris to his parents, to whom he felt the money would be no object. The war, however, seemed at once to assume a different character and the Germans, who had hitherto been the pursuers even far into France, became in turn the pursued far into their own country, carrying with them their prisoners. This was the cause of much annoyance to the young Wernheim, who knew that his parents particularly desired that none of the family should ever enter Germany, though of the reason of their objections he was ignorant; he was, however, forced to submit to circumstances; he could not controul and go whither he was directed. The officer, in whose charge he was, pushed on before the army; he was a native of Heidelburg, and, desirous of seeing his family, and being charged with prisoners of distinction, he was allowed to proceed at once to that city; his road lay over the Hartz, and with him of course went the young Wernheim. As the night began to advance, and the look of the heavens betokened a coming storm, the officer inquired of the guide where they could find shelter for the night; he was informed that at something less than a league in advance was the castle of Wernheim, where there was no doubt the steward could give them welcome, as Count Rudolf of Wernheim himself did not reside at the castle. The party pushed on in haste to avoid the storm that seemed ready at every instant to burst upon them; they found a ready and hospitable welcome, and the evening passed away more happily than the different positions of the guests would have led them to expect, and at night they retired to their rooms. The storm seemed to have kept off until the night was far advanced, and the inmates of the castle were all at rest; when suddenly it burst forth with unexampled fury, the thunder pealed forth, echoing back from the Hartz, until the castle seemed to shake from its very foundation: one clap of thunder, far louder than the rest, was followed by an awful crash that told of some sad work of destruction.

"Look," said our guide, pointing with his staff to a tower differing somewhat from the rest, "that, you see, has been rebuilt; on the night of which the tradition speaks, that tower was struck to the earth, and beneath its ruins perished the young Count of Wernheim. It was afterwards ascertained that on the self-same night the dwelling of Rudolf of Wernheim, near Paris, was destroyed by fire, and but one escaped the flames—that one was Rudolf of Wernheim himself. He had lost all that called him father, or husband—he was alone in the world, bereft of all he loved and cherished—a sad heart-broken man, with wealth enough to command all the world had to offer, but it nought availed him—he had lost what he could not re-purchase. He looked an instant on the scene of desolation before him—the spot where years of joy and happiness, of sweet serenity and calm content, had passed away unheeded; but, now, all was gone, and for ever—he dashed his hand across his brow—a single groan betrayed the emotions that could not be controlled, and slowly turning away, went none knew whither, for nothing more was ever heard of him."

The family from that day never flourished; the remotest branches were sought from time to time to find one to be its chief, but by some fatality they have died away, leaving none to perpetuate its name; and the Castle is all that serves to mark the once noble family of the Wernheims, or as the peasantry still call them "THE DOOMED FAMILY."

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## LOVE'S PILGRIM.

I see thee, love, when sunshine lies upon the deep blue sea,
When the pale moon trembles in the brook, I think, my love, of thee:
I see thee, when alone I pass upon my weary way,
And when the shadows of the night the traveller dismay;
When through the cool and tangled grass singeth the lonely rill,
I go into the thicket green, where all beside is still;
Thy face is painted on the air, I fancy thou art near!
The sun sinks down, the stars shine forth!—Would thou wert *really* here!

## THE FORSAKEN;
### OR, REJECTION AND REPENTANCE.

*A Tale of Fashionable Life.*

"O, beautiful thou art,
Bright lily of the wave!
What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the fair? Thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?
O, Love is most like thee.
The love of Woman; quivering to the blast,
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast
'Midst Life's dark sea."—MRS. HEMANS.

It is by some supposed that woman loves but once — that passion is exhausted upon one object—that she knows no second love, but that should circumstances withdraw from her the first idol of her affections, and she be led to the altar by a second wooer, she can never entertain that pure and spiritual regard for him which she entertained for the first. That this is a correct opinion, to a certain extent, is proved by much evidence in life; but let it be understood that all women are not alike in the construction of their minds, ideas, and feelings, and consequently that while some find it impossible to love twice, others there are as truly devoted to a second as to a first love. Our present story is of one of those lighter beings of earth's mould, whose heart and soul first love absorbed, and who clung to the first object with undying attachment. Julia Falkner had met with Captain Walsingham while upon a tour with her father in Italy. Englishmen, when they meet in foreign lands, become warmly attached to each other; the mere circumstance of their being countrymen give them claims upon one another's friendship, and as Mr. Falkner and Captain Walsingham were proceeding upon the same route, their companionship became close and intimate. Walsingham was a gay, vivacious officer, desirous of seeing the world; he had travelled through many parts of the Continent, had mixed with all conditions of society, but without finding anything to reconcile him to absence from his native land. Struck with the personal charms of Julia, who had just entered her eighteenth year, he devoted himself to the task of discovering whether or not her mind was as estimable as her face, and to his delight he found her far superior to all other females he had met with, and soon the friendly feelings wherewith he had at first regarded her ripened into warmer and stronger ones.

It were useless to describe the progress of love; suffice it that long before the Continental ramble was concluded, Julia and Walsingham became devotedly attached to each other. And Julia was then the constant companion of Walsingham in the morning ride, the morning walk, and in the evening conversazione. He would sing to her the most beautiful portions of the newest operas, while she accompanied him on the harp or the piano; and their loves glided on, time passing almost imperceptibly, in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. And Julia, fine romantic creature that she was, believed that this happiness would last for ever: she judged the heart of man by her own feelings, and we need scarcely say that woman's feelings often return a false verdict.

"Love, thou hast hopes like summer's, brief and bright
"Moments of extacy and maddening dreams."

Those hopes, those moments, and those dreams were pleasing, but brief, indeed, were they! Like the brightness of the butterfly, they endured but for a short summer, and then came the winter—the night—the misery of knowing that she was no longer beloved!

What human misery can be compared with that, when woman who has loved with intense idolatry, discovers that she has built her faith upon a broken reed, that he whom she had made an idol of in her heart, and worshipped, is false—that her hopes are all gone—her prospects all blighted—that he who was more than all the world to her is gone from her for ever—that the prop, the staff, upon which she had relied for support in her pilgrimage upon earth, is broken! What misery is comparable with that?

And where can the forsaken find sympathy? Not in the world, for that is full of false and hollow hearts; the many affect to contemn such feelings as hers: the few who can feel are too much occupied with their own feelings to pour the balm of compassion in the wounded hearts of others. And thus runs the world away. Hearts break, and victims die; yet they go out from the world almost unheeded; there is a moment's grief, and the gone ones are forgotten in the new scenes and the new characters that are continually starting up in the phantasmagoria of life.

Walsingham, with Julia and her father, returned to England, Walsingham still the most passionate of adorers, and Julia imagiuing that the cup of her happiness was nearly full, and that her union with her lover would soon be solemnized. They had been about three weeks in England, when Walsingham besought her to name the day. They were discoursing in a shady nook of the gardens of Mr. Falkner's country seat, of poetry, and genius, and beauty, and the effect of each upon the heart. Walsingham declared that there was more poetry in a woman's face than in all the books that had been written; and Julia to oppose him, read passages from her choicest poets. Among others she read the following:—

"Common as light is love,
And its familiar voice wearies not ever
Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air.
It makes the reptile equal to the god!
They who inspire it are most fortunate.

"As I am now;" exclaimed the Captain, upturning his eyes to the fair face of Julia, which was suffused with a delicate blush.

"Do you consider it fortunate to *love?*" she timidly inquired.

"I knew not happiness till I knew love," he replied. "Before I saw you I was a restless, unhappy being, wandering from spot to spot in search of pleasure, but finding none, was obliged to content myself with those transient joys which by the world are accounted happiness, which they receive as happiness, but which soon fly away, and leave a sting behind. Are not you happy Julia?"

"You say you love me. I know your worth—your virtues. Can I be otherwise than happy, to feel that I am beloved by *you?*"

"Generous, excellent girl!" exclaimed the lover, and pressing her delicate hand within his own, he whispered, "And will not Julia bind me to her for ever with the nuptial chain?"

Julia replied not: her face was cast down to the earth.

"You will, you will be mine!" exclaimed Walsingham. "Now would I not exchange my lot for that of the greatest monarch on the globe!"

And before they left that shaded nook, Julia had given her word to stand before God's altar with the man beloved by her, and there to pronounce those words that should make her his for ever. The day was named for the wedding. It was a distant one, because Julia had promised to spend a month with some dearly-beloved relatives in the country, who were about to depart for India. Walsingham promised that he would remain in town only to settle some business of a pressing nature, and then rejoin Julia in the country.

They parted; Walsingham repeating his vows of unalterable fidelity, and Julia placing implicit confidence in his words. Happy would it have been for her had that separation not occurred; for during that separation the heart of Walsingham was lured from the gentle and innocent Julia by one who understood the arts of the world, and thought Walsingham what she would herself term a "good catch."

About a week after the departure of Julia, Captain Walsingham made one at a party at the Countess of E——'s, whereat much fashionable company was present. Among others there was the proud Lady Lucy Leicester, a woman of much personal beauty, and much world-knowledge; she was proud of her charms, proud of her accomplishments, proud of the admirers which she found constantly around her. Many were the suitors for her hand, but they were mostly younger brothers, and younger brothers are not acceptable in the eyes of a woman who has "all her wits about her." "Love and a cottage," she knew had a very romantic and interesting sound; but when any interesting young gentleman, with a fine face and well-brushed whiskers, but a younger brother, would in reply to her refusal in consequence of their mutual poverty, set forth the delights of cottage love, she would inquire, "But what should we do for our bread and butter?"

This was the woman destined to become the rival of Julia Falkner. Captain Walsingham's fortune was sufficient to remove all Lady Lucy's apprehensions about "bread and butter," and when he appeared she thought that she had never seen a handsomer man. It would be said that she felt love for him at first sight; but we doubt whether such a woman could love at all. Lady Lucy was intimate with a particular friend of Walsingham's, who was also present, and by means of whom Walsingham was introduced to her whose contrivances were to give such pain to the gentle and trusting Julia.

Lady Lucy exerted all her arts to captivate Walsingham; she was accomplished, and had a general knowledge of European literature; she had travelled, also, in the same direction as Walsingham had, and they talked over the scenes they had passed through, and the lively remarks, the piquant sketches, and the satirical touches of Lady Lucy, could not fail to give Walsingham a favourable opinion of her. Then their conversation passed to music, and at the request of Walsingham, Lady Lucy sat down to the piano and displayed one of the finest voices in the world. It has been said by some one that a good piece of music and a fine voice will turn the heart of any man; and these things certainly turned the head of Walsingham. Before the evening was over, his love for the far-away Julia was shaken.

On the following evening, Walsingham and the Lady Lucy were again together. They met at the friends who had introduced them to each other. Lady Lucy, who had determined upon conquest, was attired in a dress eminently calculated to set off her fine figure to advantage; she was literally covered with jewels, and when she entered the rooms, there was a general buz of admiration. Many were they who strove to be the companion of the Lady Lucy for that night, but she had fixed upon her man before she entered the house, and it was with delight that she beheld Walsingham making his way through the crowd towards her. In a moment he was at her side, and pouring the oil of flattery into her ear. That ear, however, was accustomed to such honied accents, and, being no novelty, they were encouraged only for the sake of the flatterer, who seemed pleased to find his compliments so well received. During that evening, the Lady Lucy practised a thousand little artifices to ensnare the heart of Walsingham, and knowing that he was attached to another, she felt the necessity for proceeding with caution and care. Gradually then she lured him into her net, and every moment served to draw him closer towards her. Walsingham did not think that he was doing wrong, or that his affections were becoming estranged from Julia Falkner. He reasoned thus: "Julia is absent, and surely she would not wish me to shut up myself in my room, and forbear mixing in society, and paying compliments where they are due. Besides, I shall shortly rejoin her." He meant to rejoin her, but he did not. The next night he made one in a party to the Opera; Lady Lucy was of that party. On the following day they went to Richmond, and the departure of Walsingham which had been fixed for that day, was delayed. "Julia will surely forgive the extension of my absence for one day," he said to himself. But that day brought with it other arrangements. Lady Lucy's aunt was about to give a ball, and Lady Lucy would not take a denial from Walsingham. "Kind girl!" thought Walsingham, "how amiable! how beautiful!" The Lady Lucy then occupied more of his thoughts than did Julia.

A fortnight afterwards, Walsingham received a letter—it was from Julia, who, unable to account for his continued absence, had become alarmed, and feared that he was ill. She declared her intention of coming to town immediately, "for," were the words of her letter, "I am sure if you are ill, the presence of your Julia, and her attentions, will do more to restore you to health, than all the physicians in London." Walsingham read this letter with some remorse. "What a villain I am!" he exclaimed. "What am I doing? How unjustly am I behaving to this amiable girl!" This train of thoughts might have been continued until the determination was formed of throwing himself at Julia's feet, and soliciting her forgiveness, but at that moment Lady Lucy's carriage drove to the door, and therein was his relative and the woman who had "marked him for her prey." They insisted that he should accompany them to the exhibition. And Lady Lucy spoke in such a sweet voice, and so fascinating was her manner, that all Walsingham's ideas of penitence, and Julia, had departed, and he sunk into the Lady Lucy's slave.

That day completed the work of the fair enchantress; from the exhibition they proceeded to the house of Walsingham's relative, and there, by some accidental circumstance, they were left alone. Solitude is a great encourager of love! and ere their solitude was broken in upon, Walsingham had fallen at the Lady Lucy's feet, and breathed vows of stedfast devotion and love. For a time the enchantress affected to be surprised and agitated, but her heart was bounding with joy; for the moment had arrived which her heart had longed for; it had panted for this declaration, like the hind at noon for the cooling brook, and it had come. Walsingham was ardent and impatient; he besought the Lady Lucy to accept the offer of his heart and hand. Eventually she smiled consent.

And on that very day Julia Falkner arrived in London. At the very moment Walsingham was on his knee before her proud rival, Julia was penning a note to acquaint her lover with her arrival. On the envelope was written "Immediate," and his servant had therefore traced him to where he was: it was delivered to him in the presence of the Lady Lucy. She had just implied that Walsingham's love for her was returned.

Walsingham took the letter, and read it with sudden emotion; then tore it into a thousand pieces, and threw it into the fire. Having done this, he returned to his seat by the side of the Lady Lucy. "That letter has affected you," she said. "There are no unpleasant tidings in it, I hope."

"No, no," he replied, "that is—the news has given me some pain, but—but I will not afflict you with the recital of the circumstance—a mere matter of business—I—I" and he contrived to turn the conversation.

Julia received no reply. She waited in burning anxiety, hour after hour, for some answer to her affectionate epistle. None came. She summoned the bearer of the note. "Did you see Captain Walsingham?" she inquired.

"No, Miss Julia, he was from home," was the reply; "he had gone out with his aunt, Mrs. Cavendish, and the Lady Lucy Leicester."

"Ah! he is well then," thought Julia, "my fears were idle. He has not yet received my note; he will be here by and by, and then I will scold him for his unkindness in not keeping his promise with me."

But Walsingham came not: the night passed, and Julia had not seen her lover; Then came the idea that she was forsaken! "Merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, as the thought flashed upon her brain, "he has abandoned me!" And she was soon convinced of the justness of her inference. The newspapers blazoned the fact that "a marriage was talked of in fashionable circles between Captain Walsingham and the lovely Lady Lucy Leicester."

"God bless them!" cried Julia, when she read this fatal paragraph, "I may die—I feel that my poor trusting heart will break; but my last prayers shall be for his happiness!"

Twelve months after this, Julia Falkner was an altered girl; she no more mingled with the gay throng, not a smile was ever seen upon her face; the rose had fled from her cheeks, and her only delight was to be alone. Her kind parent did all in his power to encourage happy thoughts, but in vain. There was no happiness for her, and it was a melancholy pleasure to her to sit looking upon the articles which Walsingham had given to her, and to recal to her memory the hours when they had lived and loved together, and he was innocent, and she was happy. And Lady Lucy Leicester was the bride of Walsingham. The day of their marriage had been fixed, and every thing was prepared for the wedding; the proud beauty felt secure of her victim, and relaxed her exertions. All her time was not now given to him, and one evening, at Almack's, piqued at some slight inattention on the part of Walsingham, she would not dance with him. She accepted for a partner Sir John Malamour, a profligate sprig of fashion; a man whom Walsingham detested. Nor was this all, the Lady Lucy was so well pleased with her new acquaintance, that she accepted an invitation to a ball he was about to give in the following week. Walsingham reproved the Lady Lucy for this thoughtlessness; her pride rose at the reproof: but she would not offend her lover, and promised to be more careful in future. "I must not forfeit my word this time," she said, "but after the ball, depend upon it, I will not see Sir John again." Walsingham was pacified, and they were friends and lovers again.

The ball-night came, and Walsingham remained with the Lady Lucy, until it was time for her to dress. "I am very melancholy, Lucy," he said. "Something tells me that this ball will be productive of much unhappiness to us both."

"Do dissipate those jealous apprehensions, my dear Walsingham," replied Lady Lucy, calling up one of her sweetest smiles, and placing her hand within his, "do dissipate them, or you will make me fear that I shall have a suspicious husband."

She spoke those words in such a kind and fascinating way, that Walsingham pressed her white hands to his lips and asking pardon, wished her a pleasant evening, and retired.

On the following morning, early, Walsingham was at the house of his beloved; but she had not risen. She had not come home from the ball until past five o'clock. "She must have found great amusement at the ball," he thought, and retired. In the course of the morning, Walsingham returned. The Lady Lucy was then *engaged*, and could not see him. This was something extraordinary; for she would see Walsingham at all times. A thought flashed across him, and he bribed the servant to tell him whom it was that Lady Lucy was engaged in conversation with: his worst fears were realized—it was Sir John Malamour.

He heard the name, and that was sufficient; he darted up the staircase, and paused at the drawing-room door; he heard voices in conversation; they spoke low, almost in whispers; the one seemed importunate, the other coy. He distinguished the voices of Malamour and the Lady Lucy; his hand was upon the lock of the door, and in an instant he pounced upon the pair. Sir John was at the feet of Lady Lucy, pressing her hand to his lips. In the excitement of the moment, Sir John was struck to the ground by Walsingham. The Lady Lucy shrieked and fainted, the servants were called to her assistance, and Walsingham left the house.

A duel was the consequence. Malamour was dangerously wounded, and Walsingham fled. In a few months Malamour recovered, and Walsingham returned; the friends of the Lady Lucy endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation, but Walsingham refused to listen to them. He had renounced and abandoned the false beauty. And Malamour, who had no idea of marriage, went not near her. The affair was made public, and the Lady Lucy was ridiculed by some, and scorned and contemned by others.

One evening in autumn, Julia Falkner and her father was sitting in their cottage porch, observing the setting of the sun, the head of the maiden was reclined upon her parent's shoulder, and her thoughts were busily occupied with the one lost object of her affections. A solitary horseman was observed coming down the hill leading into the village, and Mr. Falkner, perceiving it to be a stranger, wondered whom his visit could be to, for the village was in a secluded nook, and it led to nowhere. The horseman was soon lost to sight, and Mr. Falkner then directed his attention to his daughter, whom he endeavoured to encourage and console. In conversations with her father Julia ever took much pleasure; by his precepts he showed the way to eternal life, and his example was consistent with them. They were engaged in animated discourse, when suddenly the stranger, whom Mr. Falkner had seen upon the hill, presented himself at the garden-gate.

"Whom may this be?" said the venerable gentleman, "I will arise and see."

But the eye of the maiden was quick—the image was too deeply imprest upon her mind—she clung to her father's arm, and exclaimed, "Father, father! it is *he!*"

"Whom?" exclaimed the parent.

But the girl was unable to reply: she had fainted upon her father's arm.

The stranger entered the gate, and he approached them. "You do not know me, Mr. Falkner," he said, "sorrow and remorse have altered me ——," and he then perceived that Julia had fainted. "God!" he cried, striking his hand upon his forehead, "what a villain have I been to this angelic girl!"

Mr. Falkner recognised the voice, and with tears in his eyes, he besought Walsingham to assist in the recovery of his child.

The penitent had returned to Julia's feet.

She could not but forgive. And within a few days the beautiful Julia Falkner and the penitent Walsingham stood before the altar of that little village church, and there in the presence of the venerable father of Julia, they plighted their troth, and became as one. The misery, which both had endured, served only to brighten their happiness, and Walsingham, possessed of his angel wife, blest the hour when he was awakened to a sense of the character of the Lady Lucy Leicester. The happy pair, in their cottage home, enjoyed the truest and purest felicity; the Lady Lucy dwells in the circles of fashion, joyless, hopeless, and despised.

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## THE KING AND THE QUEEN.

O, where is the land of the brave and the free?
It is set, like a gem, in the midst of the sea,
And the waves that beat round it embracing its strand,
Seem the music of Freedom for Loyalty's band;
O, there never was isle, and there never will be,
Like England, the fort of the brave and the free.
Blest with loveliness peerless, with valour so tried.
Independence our staff and fair honour our guide,
We will tread in the path where our forefather's grew;
We will honour our King, and be virtuous and true:
And for ever, delighted, we'll toast and we'll sing,
Our Queen! Heaven bless her! and God save the King.

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## BILLETS-DOUX;

### OR, GATHERINGS IN THE AMATORY WAY.

*By a Connoisseur.*—No. I.

"There are some shrewd contents in those same papers."
——— Shakspeare.

A few words, by way of introduction. Gentle Reader! I am a bachelor, my age concerneth you not, I am a bachelor, let that suffice. Neither doth it matter whether I am a bachelor by necessity or inclination. I am single, that is enough. And it is because of my being a bachelor that I am enabled to lay these extraordinary papers before you. The time that would have been occupied in attending upon a wife I have devoted to the collection of *billets-doux*. I think them the most pleasant study in the world. There are so many ways of making love; and such strange ideas people have of love. Well, I have devoted much time to the collection of these letters. Where I could not beg I have bought. I have also bribed to obtain them; not a few have I stolen. But this matters not. You may depend upon their being authentic. I shall conceal names for obvious reasons. I can imagine the surprise of some distinguished ladies when they shall find their *billets-doux* published in my collection. And some of them tell most extraordinary stories; some are laconic, some funny: some are on little bits of rose-tinted paper, and composed of not more than a dozen words, others extend to a sheet of foolscap, and double crossed, first with black ink and then red ink! But not to waste time in prefacing, I will merely add that I have much pleasure in submitting my collection to the distinguished readers of the "*World of Fashion.*"

——— A Bachelor.

I.

Lord —— presents his kind compliments to Miss Sophia A——, and begs to acquaint her that he has received her papa's permission to make her an offer of his hand, which he does with great sincerity and affection. When will Miss A—— grant Lord —— an interview?

II.

My Dearest Angel!

Why do you stickle at such a trifle as a disparity in our ages. You must be aware that there is the same disparity in our fortunes. I do not boast of my wealth, dearest Sophia, but you must take it a *leetle* into account. Now do let me obtain a license. My cottage in Hampshire is perfectly ready for occupation. The upholsterers have been down there this month. You don't know what pretty devices they have finished under my directions in the principal rooms. There is a great vacant space left in the drawing-room for a picture of you and myself, which I am desirous that the President should paint. I should like to be in character. What character should you like to be taken in. I should like them to be Romeo and Juliet. What say you my beloved? I have ordered some of the choicest perfumes in the world. Now do let me have an answer. Please tell your father I have cancelled his obligation to me for the last thousand pounds,

Your's till death.

———.

[This is a cunning contrivance of the old fox, to win the love of the girl, through her *gratitude*. But it would seem that she had an insurmountable objection to wed with grey December.]

III.

My Life!

I saw you at the fancy fair this afternoon and thought you avoided me. Why was this? I went to Lady T——y's stand, and bought of her a beautiful present for you, with the intention of making my way up to you with it. I then saw you led off by that penniless scape-grace Lord ——'s younger brother. I hope that puppy is not my rival. I should have come after you and insisted upon an explanation, but that stupid fool the Duke of ——, and his wife, held me by the button, and I could not get away from them, as I did not wish them to know I was looking after a lady. Now do be kind, my soul—my jewel. I am dying for thee Sophia. I cannot exist without thee my lamb. Has your father received the horse I sent him? It's a beauty, and cost me—but I will not say how much. Do love me my dear Sophia. I am sorry I cannot make one in your party this evening to Vauxhall, tell your father, for I am suffering under an attack of rheumatism, occasioned by walking with you and him that nasty damp evening. But my heart will be with you. Do write me a tender letter. Most passionately your's.

———.

[His lordship is about *sixty-three.* In the next letter he seems to be in a passion. We should suppose that many intervened between this and the above; but we have not been able to procure them.]

IV.

Sophia! You are deceiving me. You have said that you would endeavour to love me. You have written tender things to me. I have given you all my confidence—all my heart—all my soul—all my fortune. What more can you want? You told Lady M—— last night that I am too old for you. Your father does not think so, and he is wiser than you. You do not hesitate to accept my splendid presents, your father does not hesitate to take my money. What have I not done for the family, and after all "I am too old." Sophia! let me not think you deceptive and ungrateful. Do not let me think that I have taken a serpent to my bosom that will sting me. Answer me truly, have you not received letters from Horace —— ? Have you not written to him? You know that the day is fixed for our wedding. I am already your affianced husband, and I may lay my commands upon you. I command you to desist from corresponding with that young man. Think of the guilt of it. I have ordered the white satin slippers, and B——— says that he will get the music you require, but he thinks it will be too difficult for you. Mind, let me hear no more of your folly. I cannot take you to the Opera on Saturday for these Easterly winds, and your unkindness, have unnerved me. Your father and you can use my box. Thine, as thou useth me,

———.

[The lady and her father both seem to have resented this haughty epistle. The following, and last of the series, is more kind.]

V.

Dearest Love!

I was in ill-health—no doubt the babble was false. Forgive me. I did not doubt your gratitude; you say gratitude would impel you to do many things, but I hope that I have awakened warmer feeling, my sweet love. Let us say no more about my ill-tempered letter, and tell your father he can draw upon my banker at three months for five hundred. Remember, *Wednesday next.* The houskeeper at the cottage writes me to say that every thing is ready, and the tenantry are anxious to see the bride. Is not this delightful? Ours will be a charming honeymoon. All love, all extasy. Good night, dearest. Would that I could sleep till Wednesday.

Dear love, your own fond

———.

[Some of my readers may recognise the author of these epistles, for it is not a *hundred* years ago that they were written. He married the girl—his victim—and truly a victim was she! Her father, who sold her to this old Lord, is now passing his life, away from his creditors, at Boulogne. Lord ——— well knew that his wife could not love him; she endeavoured to do her duty. The puppy alluded to in the above letters, the younger brother of Lord ——— still annoyed her with his importunities. She threatened to acquaint her husband—but the fool persisted. He was observed by Lord ——— (the husband) and after that, the poor wife led a miserable life, indeed. She was a generous hearted creature, and most virtuous too: but she could not allay her husband's suspicions, and now they live in a state of perfect misery. The good temper of the wife is spoiled; their home is perpetual discord, and each of them would doubtless be glad if they could be free again. The lady is the only one to be pitied. Lord ———'s punishment he fully deserves, and it is happy to think that he punishes himself—for a more worthy creature than Lady —— breathes not in this land.]

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## UNHALLOWED LOVE;

### OR, THE PRIEST AND THE ENTHUSIAST.—*A Tale.*

" ——— Would our life could—like a brook
Watering a desert—glide unseen away,
Murmuring our own heart's music—which is love
And glassing only Heaven—which is Love's life,
I am not made to live among mankind."

——— E. L. Bulwer.

In one of the low neighbourhoods of Paris, the resort of vice and crime, the police were endeavouring to discover the abode of one Madame Marie, who had been discovered guilty of robbery. She had entered a jeweller's shop, and, under the pretence of inspecting some common articles, had abstracted a valuable watch and appendages from a tray upon the counter. The jeweller's boy who was attending upon her had witnessed the robbery, and instantly seizing her, he called for help; but the woman struck him a violent blow which felled him to the ground, and instantly she fled. A female who was passing by the shop at the time, recognised her, and though she effected her escape, it was known that the robber was Madame Marie. This woman was about three and twenty years old; for the previous five years she had been known to the inhabitants of the vicinity as a woman of a romantic nature, and of dissipated habits, which latter were occasioned, as she represented, by a circumstance which could not be disclosed while she lived. There were the remains of much beauty in her countenance, and her manner was above that of the class with whom she associated. The charitable believed that she was insane, and theirs was the correct inference; others represented her as a bad, wicked woman, of whom they should be aware. Few knew of her place of residence, although she was personally well known in the neighbourhood, and the officers spent the day in search of her in vain. On the next day they renewed their inquiries, and were more successful. They found the lodgings of Madame Marie.

It was at the summit of the building in a dirty alley, the resort of poverty, disease, and crime; there resided the worst people of the city, it was the chosen haunt of infamy. There they found the lodging of Madame Marie. On inquiring, they learnt that she had not been seen to go out that morning, and they therefore ascended the crazy staircase, which trembled at every step they took, in the certainty of securing their prisoner. Arrived at their destination, they knocked at the door. All was silent within, they knocked again, still no one answered. A third time they knocked, and called for "Madame Marie," but still no answer came. "The bird is flown" said one. "Or rather," replied another, "she suspects the nature of our visit. Let us force the door."

In a moment the door was broken open, and the officers entered the room; they were almost suffocated with the fumes of charcoal that filled the apartment, and were compelled to draw back until the pure air had entered the room. Then they returned, and the first object they beheld was Madame Marie lying dead upon the floor. Upon a table was a written

paper, and this described the melancholy story of her life. It was as follows:—

"I am detected. My enemy, the woman C——, saw me as I left the shop. I know she will tell of me, and I know that my time is come to die. I have been long expecting this, therefore let me give the whole story of my life, and then, good night. I am an Italian, I was born at Florence, my parents were respectable; my father was a tradesman with good prospects. My mother died soon after I was born. I received a tolerable education and was happy. My happiness was suddenly blighted. My father died, and though his circumstances were not embarrassed, his affairs got into the hands of an ill-disposed relation, who made it appear that the whole of the money available for me was but little. I was then apprenticed to a milliner in Paris, I was quick, and soon became proficient. At eighteen, I commenced business on my own account; success crowned my efforts, and I could cast care behind me. I was reckoned beautiful, and had admirers; but my heart was in my business. I could think of nothing else.

"I went one day to mass in the church of St. ——. A fiend must have led me there—for on that day commenced my misery—my despair. I had not been long in the church when I beheld the young priest ——, and suddenly an indescribable emotion came over me. It seemed as if living fires had been kindled in my heart and brain. I could see none but him. I could only hear his voice. My religious duties were forgotten, I could worship but one—and he was ——.

"I discovered that the object of my idolatry was in the daily habit of visiting two old maiden ladies who were very devout, and who lived in a distant part of Paris. I instantly formed the idea of abandoning my business, and becoming a menial in the house where the young priest visited, that I might see him every day. I acted upon that idea. I disposed of my business, for a trifle; and I waited day after day in the expectation that one of the servants would be dismissed, whose situation I might apply for. Day after day did I hover about the house, and, oh! what happiness I felt when I saw the young priest pass and repass! Those moments were moments of deep delicious joy. I could have bowed my knee as he passed, and worshipped him.

"Such passion was guilt. It was a wicked passion, and dearly have I paid for it! It was forbidden enjoyment; but I thought nothing of guilt, I was thoughtful only of him I loved. At length, I made acquaintance with the domestics, and was occasionally employed in trifling matters in the house. Sometimes I have caught the tones of the priest's voice in conversation with the ladies, what sweet music to my heart! How I envied the ladies! By and by one of the servants was discharged and I was called upon to supply her place. My object was accomplished. Now I had not only the satisfaction of seeing the object of my passion daily, but also that of knowing that he saw me. He has looked upon my face, and I have felt as if in Heaven! With the view of further attracting his attention, I was constant in my attendance at the church where the young priest officiated. I encouraged the wildest hopes. I saw that our religion would be a barrier to our union, provided it were possible for me to inspire his love; but my brain conceived a wild project of happiness; it was that we should both abandon the religion of our fathers, and become converts to the Protestant faith. Thus reasoned I:—If he should love me as I love him, he will not hesitate to embrace a religion which would place no barrier against our union. My love would reduce me to take that step, and if he should ever love me, will he not do the same?

"By degrees I progressed in guilt. I went every week to the confessional, and invented trifling sins in order that I might remain the longer in communion with the priest. But these interviews only increased my passion—they drove me to madness. My hot Italian blood run riot in my veins. They only who know the nature of Italian blood can judge of my feelings. At length, I formed the determination of avowing my love for the priest. For a time my woman's delicacy withheld me, but passion hurried me on, and deadened every thought but that of love. And then behold me at the feet of him I adored, pouring out my soul!

"And he! He turned from me in abhorrence! He, the man whom I loved up to idolatry, for whom I had made sacrifices, for whom I had abandoned prosperity, and taken a menial station, he asked me how I dared to tempt him? I implored him not to treat me thus severely—I said that I should die if I did not become his wife. I said, 'I have made sacrifices, cannot you make sacrifices for the sake of one who loves you so intensely as I do? Abandon that religion which places a barrier against human happiness—which forbids its priests to enjoy the felicity of wedded love! We will fly to England: we will embrace the Protestant faith, and then—what happiness!'

"The priest turned away from me as he would from a serpent. 'Tempter avaunt!' he cried. 'I have the moral courage to defy thee.' I clung to his gown, but he shook me off. In trembling accents I repeated to him the story of my life—he seemed moved to compassion as I proceeded—but when I came to mention my love, he again started in abhorrence—he was about to leave me—to leave me in utter despair!

"Again I clung to his gown. 'Listen to me, listen to me,' I said, 'for this shall be the last words you will hear from me, unless your stern resolve be altered. The love I have for you is insurmountable. My only happiness would have been to live near you, and to contemplate you at every hour of the day, like sinners who contemplate the good angels in paradise. My heart—my very soul would have been yours. That soul you might have disposed off—you might, perhaps, have saved it from perdition. You will not do so. You reject—you despise me. I am now weary of the world—I am weary of life. Your rejection has altered my nature—my brain is burning, and I am tempered for desperate actions. Adieu, adieu!—shut out from my paradise of life, I shall plunge into all the sins and wickedness of the world, and you will one day have to account for the soul that you might have saved—but would not!'

"Then I rushed from his presence. That I did not break my word, the people I live among—the crime for which I am now followed, will prove. I have passed all day in prayer. I never prayed till to-day, and to-day my brain has felt cooler than it has felt for years. My old love for human nature is returning. Have I been mad these many years!

"I cannot reflect upon what has past. I seem to have just awakened from a dreadful dream, but I cannot meet the world again—and as a criminal. Pray for the soul of the wretched Marie ——."

Life was gone. Marie had gone to account for her errors and her crimes at a dread tribunal. She had committed them

in madness; and she had "prayed all day;" and we know that the prayers of the sincere penitent are not breathed in vain.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

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Woman's Love.—No woman ever loved to the full extent of the passion who did not venerate where she loved, and who did not feel humbled (delighted in that humility) by her exaggerated and overweening estimate of the superiority of the object of her worship. What state could fall, what liberty decay, if the zeal of man's noisy patriotism was as pure as the silent loyalty of woman's love?

The Importance of a Letter.—A Parisian fop meeting a beautiful young lady at a recent ball, with whom he wished to ingratiate himself, whispered to her, "*Vous êtes une ange!*" (You are an angel). The lady immediately rejoined, "Et, Monsieur, vous etes un ange *sans le g.*" (You are an *ange* without the *g.*" "Ane" is *fool*).

What is a Ball?—It is an assembly of persons for the ostensible purpose of dancing, where the old ladies shuffle and cut against one another for money, and the young ones do the same for husbands.

Gentleman.—A name often bestowed on a well-dressed blackguard, and withheld from the right owner, who only wears its qualifications in his heart.

Ring.—A ring is a circular link, put through the noses of swine to keep them in subjection, and often upon the finger of lovely woman with the same view.

THE LOST STAR.

Whene'er she smiled away our fears,
We only feared the more,
The crimson deepened on her cheek,
Her blue eyes shone more clear:
And every day she grew more weak,
And every hour more dear;
Her childhood was a happy time,
The loving and beloved.
Yon sky which was her native clime
Hath but its own removed.
This earth was not for one to whom,
Nothing of earth was given;
'Twas but a resting place—her tomb,
Between the world and heaven.

Why is an eye that is knocked out, like intense suffering?—Because it is *a-gone-eye* (agony).

When are two tailors more than two men?—When they are *four-men* (foremen).

Where might a very thin person most obviously be supposed to come from?—The Island of Mitylene (mighty lean).

What laws would prevent a man running against a post?—The *use-your-eye* laws (usury).

A Joke or no Joke.—Two fashionables were quarrelling at Crockford's the other day, when one of them became so much irritated that he threw a glass of water in the other's face. "By Jove!" cried the party assaulted, "this is no joke." "Yes it is," quoth D'Orsay, who stood by, "and one of the first water too."

A LOVER'S WISH.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
O, that I were yon spangled sphere;
Then every star should be an eye,
To look with love upon thee here!

An Old Matrimonial Advertisement.—It appears that in times past, as well as in time present, there were knaves who desired to better their fortunes by marrying, and who advertised for wives. In a number of *The Public Ledger* newspaper, of the 11th of March, 1760, we find the following laconic advertisement. "*Miscellaneous Article*:—A gentleman of New York gives notice of his want of a wife." We wonder whether any gentle creature of that day had the kindness to acknowledge herself a miscellaneous article at the service of this ungallant American. It is singular enough that the same paper contains a declaration from the editor that he will exclude from his journal all advertisements of an improper character.

A MOTHER AND CHILD SLEEPING.

Night, gaze, but send no sound.
Fond heart thy fondness keep,
Nurse, silence, wrap them round,
Breathe low, they sleep they sleep:
No wind, no murmuring showers.
No music, soft and deep,
No thought, nor dream of flowers,
All's still; they sleep, they sleep—
O life! O night! O time!
Thus ever round them creep,
From pain, from hate, from crime,
E'er guard them, gentle sleep!

The Late Lord Wodehouse.—During the summer of 1834, the late Lord Wodehouse visited a small remote village called Carbrook, in the county of Norfolk, with the intention of viewing the interior of the village church. On this occasion his Lordship was attended by an infirm old man (the father of the parish clerk) who, not being aware of the dignity of the Noble visitor, addressed his Lordship with "Sir," whenever he had an occasion to speak to him. His Lordship having at length satisfied his curiosity with the sacred edifice, addressed his aged attendant with "How old are you, my friend?" to which the other replied, "Why, Sir, if I live till next Valentine's day, I shall be *seventy-five.*" "Seventy-five!" rejoined his Lordship, "why you are only a boy compared to me. I am *ninety-four!*" "Indeed, Sir," replied the other, "then you are the same age as *old* Lord Wodehouse." "I am, my friend," answered his Lordship, "even to the very hour." He then entered his carriage, when the footman informed the villager that he had been conversing with "*old* Lord Wodehouse" himself.

Forgetful Seniors.—We should be inclined to pay more attention to the wisdom of the old, if they showed greater indulgence to the follies of the young.

A Clerical Pun.—Our rectors receive a thousand pounds a year for performing no clerical duties, and the only rate he pays in the parish is the *cu-rate.*

"Sir John Sharp is a Rogue."— At the time the celebrated Archbishop Sharp was at Oxford, it was the custom in that university, as likewise in Cambridge, for students to have a *chum*, or companion, who not only shared the sitting-room with each other, but the bed also; and a writer, speaking of the University of Cambridge, says, one of the colleges was at one period so full, that when writing a letter, the students were obliged to hold their hand over it to prevent its contents being seen. Archbishop Sharp, when an Oxford Scholar, was awoke in the night by his *chum* lying by his side, who told him he had just dreamed a most extraordinary dream: which was, that he (Sharp) would be an Archbishop of York. After some time, he again woke him, and said he had dreamt the same, and was well assured he would arrive at that dignity. Sharp, extremely angry at being thus disturbed, told him if he awoke him any more, he would send him out of bed. However, his chum, again dreaming the same, ventured to awake him; on which Sharp became very much enraged; but his bed-fellow telling him, if he had again the same dream he would not annoy him any more, if he would faithfully promise him, should he ever become archbishop, to give him a good rectory, which he named. "Well, well," said Sharp, "you silly fellow, go to sleep, and if your dream, which is very unlikely, should come true, I promise you the living." "By that time," said his chum, "you will have forgot me and your promise." "No, no," says Sharp, "that I shall not: but, if I do not remember you, and should refuse you the living, then say, John Sharp *is a rogue.*" After Dr. Sharp had been archbishop some time, his old friend (his chum) applied to him (the said rectory being vacant) and after much difficulty, got admitted to his presence, having been informed by the servant, that the Archbishop was particularly engaged with a gentleman relative to the same rectory for which he was going to apply. The archbishop was told there was a clergyman who was extremely importunate to see him, and would take no denial. His Grace extremely angry, ordered him to be admitted, and requested to know why he had so rudely almost forced himself into his presence. "I come," says he, "my Lord, to claim an old promise, the rectory of——," "I do not remember, Sir, ever to have seen you before; how, then could I have promised you the rectory, which I have just presented to this gentleman?" "Then," says his old chum, "*John Sharp is a rogue!*" The circumstance was instantly roused in the mind of the archbishop, and the result was, he provided liberally for his dreaming chum in the Church.

THE BREAKING HEART.

O, never call me light of heart,
Though e'er so oft I dance and sing,
Full soon you'll see my step depart,
And soon you'll hear my death-bell ring:
Ah, then you'll know what they must bear,
Who sing sweet songs with aching breast,
And, ah, when most you're grieving sore,
You'll long like me to be at rest.

What's in a name.—Count D—— declares that he must cut Tom Duncombe if he does not get himself made a Peer, or change his name by Act of Parliament: he, the Count, having a natural antipathy to the very sound of *Duncome.*

The Passions.—At the time when one of our principal tragedians was playing in obscure towns in the provinces, the subject of conversation, in one of the *gossiping shops*, was the actor's performance of *Othello.* One of the individuals present asked, very seriously, whether the playerman spoke all he said out of his own head, or learned it from a book. Being assured that every word had been previously studied, he exclaimed against paying to hear a man repeat what every one who could read might do himself: it being explained to him that the actor not merely delivered the text, but delineated the passions. "*Passions!*" cried the countryman. "Passions! Go to the *fish-market* if you want to see the passions, that's the place for *passions!*

Real Grief.—Polus, a celebrated Roman actor, was appointed to perform the part of *Electra* (in Sophocle's tragedy) it being then the custom for men to take the female characters. *Electra*, in the course of the play, has to appear with an urn in her hand which she supposes to contain the ashes of *Orestes.* The actor having some time before been deprived by death of a favourite son, to indulge his grief, as it would seem, procured the urn which contained the ashes of his child from his tomb. He was so much affected that when he appeared upon the scene, he embraced the urn with unfeigned sorrow, and burst into tears.

WHERE SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

We shall meet where the brightness is too great
For angel kin to bear,
We shall meet in that high and blissful state,
The kin of angels share.
We shall meet again at the awful throne
By him, the adored, possessed;
We shall meet where the hearts of all are known,
And sinless love is blest.
We shall meet, we shall meet where never comes tear
Immortal cheeks to stain,
We shall meet in the deathless land, though here
We never may meet again!

Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.—Strange characters are frequently met with in our Courts of Law. Upon a recent occasion, we heard the following droll colloquy between a counsel and a witness in Westminster Hall, respecting the character of a house. *Counsel:* "Well, now, what kind of a house was it?" *Witness:* "Oh! it was a very comfortable house."—*Counsel:* "I don't doubt it; but what sort of a house was it?"—*Witness:* "Why, 'twas a tolerable sort of a house."—"*Counsel:* Yes, but what do you call a tolerable sort of a house?" *Witness:* "Why, a house you can look at."—*Counsel:* "Well, I suppose you can look at any house?" *Witness:* "Why, yes, may be as how you can."—*Counsel:* "Very well, but can't you say how large it was? *Witness:* "Oh! as for that, 'twas a monstrous commodious house."—*Counsel:* "But, my good man, can't you explain the size of the house?" *Witness:* "Oh, yes—why, may be it were—I don't know after all but what it warn't a very comfortable house."—*Counsel:* "Can't you give an answer, Sir? what do you mean by a comfortable house? how big was it?" *Witness:* "Why, then, if I must, I must you know—why it—answered my purpose very well."—*Counsel:* I wish I could say as much of you. Describe the house; I repeat again, how big was it?" *Witness:* "Why yes—I tell 'e it were a very nice house.—*Counsel:* "Well, what do you mean by a very nice house?" *Witness:* 'Oh, why a house with a roof to it."

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ABELARD.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CL. LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF THE RENOWNED ABELARD.
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO-HALF LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
LATE THE THIRD.—THREE DINNER AND MORNING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE-HALF LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—FOUR MORNING DRESSES, AND FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## ABELARD.

In our last number we gave a brief narrative of the lives of two of the most devoted lovers that ever existed, accompanied by a representation of the tomb raised to their memory in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, at Paris. We now present to our distinguished subscribers a portrait of one of those lovers, than which, we think, we could offer to them nothing more satisfactory and acceptable. We need add nothing to the simple tale of their lives, which we last month gave. A tale which proves the truth of the poet's remark, that "Fact is strange—stranger than fiction." Byron, we think, must have had the example of Abelard and Heloise in his view when he wrote the beautiful lines on his separation from his lady.

"There is a mystic thread of life,
So dearly wreath'd with mine alone,
That destiny's relentless knife
At once must sever both or none.
There are two hearts whose movements thrill,
In unison so closely sweet,
That, pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave, or cease to beat.
There are two souls whose equal flow,
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—*they* part!—ah, no,
They cannot part—those souls are one!

## LIFE OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

While her sons her rights maintain,
Will Britannia proudly reign,
Empress of the trackless main,
Whence our treasures spring;
Britons rally round the throne,
William's worth to all is known,
Let us make his cause our own—
God preserve the king!

William the Fourth, a monarch who enjoys greater popularity than did any king who ever filled the throne of these realms, and whose empire extends not only over a certain extent of territory, but also over the *hearts* of those who people it, completed his 69th year on the 21st ultimo, and on the following day the joyous event was celebrated at the Castle at Windsor, in a variety of festive ways; and in private circles, at the tables of every loyal man in the kingdom the health of his Majesty was drunk with acclamation, and the toast was doubtless accompanied by prayers for his Majesty's health and continued life. The words of the national anthem were uttered from millions of lips, which as the wine cup was raised on high, ejaculated:—

"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
*God save the King.*"

But to come to the particulars of these rejoicings; we will describe them as briefly as we can consistently with their nature and our loyalty. The anniversary fell upon a Sunday, and, consequently, the general rejoicing was deferred until the following day But the Sunday was not passed altogether without marks of its character, for Lord Frederick Fitzclarence gave a dinner of solid old English fare (roast beef and plum-pudding)—to the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Fusileers, the regiment on duty at Windsor, their wives and children. This thoughtfulness of the humbler ranks of society shews that in the highest quarter those classes are not forgotten; the entertainment must have given pleasure to our true old English king. Indeed it created quite an excitement at Windsor, and many of the illustrious and noble visitors at the Castle entered the guard-room, where the banquet was held, to witness the gratifying scene.

In the course of the previous day, various distinguished visitors arrived at the Castle, including the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria. On the Sunday the King and Queen attended Divine Service in the private chapel of the castle. The Rev. Mr. Gossett and the Rev. Mr. Wood officiating upon the occasion. The Royal Dinner party (which was a small and private one) were entertained in St. George's Hall. On the same evening, her Majesty attended

evening service at St. George's Chapel, when the Coronation anthem was performed.

On the following day, however, the general festivities occurred: these were such as it might be expected would take place in honour of a Sovereign to whom his subjects are so much attached. The arrivals of distinguished persons were numerous during the whole of Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and the latter day was ushered in by the merry bells, "that ever tales of gladness tell," and the happy looks of the persons about and in the castle and in the streets of Windsor, indicated the interest they felt in the proceedings? The customary revels in Bachelor's Acre, surpassed those of former years; they were indeed most excellent and inspiriting. Upon the present occasion, numbers of the nobility and gentry subscribed in order that the revel should be upon a scale becoming of the character of the day, and her MAJESTY also was pleased to send a subscription. In addition to the sports in the acre, public dinners in honour of the day took place at the principal inns, and in the evening there was a general illumination, the night closing in perfect splendour. The Royal entertainment at the Castle was a sumptuous one, and it must have given immense pleasure to the royal, noble, and distinguished guests to see their illustrious host (to celebrate the anniversary of whose birth the banquet was given) in perfect health and spirits.

"——— Great Prince,
Courteous and noble both in word and deed,
Continued health be with thee!"

The month of August may with truth be called a royal one, for not only does his Majesty's birth-day then occur, but the QUEEN'S as well; and having already described the festivities attendant upon the former, we will now glance upon the hilarity consequent upon the anniversary of the first lady of the land, who shares with so much true honour the throne of WILLIAM. The 13th ult. was Queen ADELAIDE'S birth-day. At the break of day, the bells of the churches commenced ringing merry peals, and between seven and eight o'clock the band belonging to her Majesty assembled on the terrace, at Windsor, under the window of her MAJESTY'S room, and serenaded her with a selection of choice and appropriate airs.

It is quite impossible for us to give anything like a full account of the festivities of this royal month; they have been so many and of such splendour that an adequate description would occupy a volume. The KING and the QUEEN have not remained secluded within their palaces, but have appeared constantly and familiarly among their subjects. The retired and romantic village of Penn, on the borders of Buckinghamshire, has been enlivened by the presence of Royalty, THEIR MAJESTIES having honoured with a visit the noble owners of the mansion called Penn House, the Earl and Countess of HOWE. The tidings of THEIR MAJESTIES' expected visit were rapidly circulated among the villagers, who to the number of twelve hundred assembled around the demesne, and on the arrival of the illustrious persons greeted them with all a subject's loyal love. On the lawn, preparations were made for a rural repast for upwards of 110 old women, all of whom were above fifty years of age, who were regaled with tea and cake beneath the foliage of a beech tree of most extraordinary dimensions. This tree excited the admiration of the QUEEN on a former visit, and it has since been called "the Queen's beech." A military band was in attendance, and on THEIR MAJESTIES' arrival, it performed "God save the King." HIS MAJESTY again manifested his regard for the humblest of his subjects by conversing in the most affable manner with several of the peasantry, and HER MAJESTY appeared to take much interest in the rural scene. After partaking of a sumptuous repast with Lord and Lady HOWE, THEIR MAJESTIES returned to Windsor Castle.

HIS MAJESTY has been pleased to bestow a mark of his admiration upon a distinguished Regiment of the British Army, the 7th Fusileers—a splendid piece of plate, which has been presented at the Windsor Town Hall, Lord FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE acting as the deputy of his MAJESTY. A banquet was given upon the occasion, the Hall being splendidly decorated with flags and martial emblems, interspersed with mottoes of the battles in which the regiment has been engaged, groupes of evergreen, &c. The table was brilliantly lighted with candelabra, and decorated with superb pieces of plate. After dinner the gift of HIS MAJESTY was brought upon the table, and Lord FITZCLARENCE, after dwelling in an excellent speech upon the merits of the distinguished regiment, presented it in the name of the KING. This liberal gift is a beautiful vase, standing on a burnished plateau, and was executed by Rundell and Bridge, HIS MAJESTY'S goldsmiths. On the plateau are three lions, and between two of them is the inscription, engraved within a circle, and surmounted by trophies. Between the other lions are similar trophies, with the Royal arms. On the vase itself the Royal arms are represented in frosted and burnished silver; it also bears an inscription of the following places, where the regiment had distinguished itself:—"Martinique, Talavera, Badajoz, Vittoria, Orthes, Albuera, Salamanca, Pyrenees, Toulouse, Peninsula." It bears the following highly interesting inscription:—

"The gracious Gift of King William IV., July 15, 1836.

"His Majesty remembers with satisfaction that he became a member of the mess of the Royal Fusileers, at Plymouth, in 1786, and he has directed his son, Col. Lord FREDERICK FITZCLARENCE, who had the advantage of commanding the regiment during some years, to present this piece of plate as a mark of his Majesty's approbation, and of his high sense of the gallant and admirable services, and of the exemplary discipline and gentlemanly conduct, which have uniformly distinguished the Royal Fusileers."—The receipt of this splendid testimonial of the approbation of the Sovereign was suitably acknowledged by Sir E. Blakeney, who returned thanks on behalf of the officers of the regiment.

There is one other event of the month, which although we feel that we have already exceeded the space generally devoted to our subject, we cannot pass by without notice, the prorogation of Parliament by the King in person. We have hitherto seen the King in the midst of festivities, we have now to represent him as the head and ruler of the State, employed in the performance of one of his great duties. The opening and closing of the Parliament are subjects of great interest to the ladies, as the presence of the numerous Peeresses upon those occasions indicate. In the present instance, there were a large number of Peeresses and their daughters in the House; and the Persian Princes increased the effect of the scene. The state procession quitted St. James's Palace about half past one o'clock. There were no novel features in the proceeding, and we need, therefore, only say that although the weather was unpropitious, there was a numerous assemblage of persons lining the road from the Palace to the House of Peers, who loudly cheered the KING as the royal carriage

passed. This was on the day before HIS MAJESTY'S birth day, recorded above.

The Duchess of KENT'S birth-day alao occurred in this month. It was on Wednesday the 17th, and was observed in the usual manner at Claremont, at Kensington Palace, and elsewhere. Her Royal Highness being universally respected and esteemed. The Duchess was residing at Claremont then; and in the evening a large party were entertained at dinner, including the Princess VICTORIA and the Princess SOPHIA.

The Duke of CUMBERLAND has left England on a visit to his Duchess at Berlin.

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## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

" ———— Lively and gossipping;
Stored wth the treasures of the tattling world,
And with a spice of mirth, too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them.
*The Courtier—A Comedy.*

THE ROYAL SUITORS.—Some paragraphs have been going the round of the newspapers, which *pretend* to describe certain persons who have aspired to the hand of an illustrious young lady, who is regarded with great interest by the community. We have already stated that the rumours upon the subject are *groundless*, and we have now to add, that the representations alluded to are complete fabrications. They are the effusion of some jocose person or other, who has a mind to be merry at the expense of certain royal visitors to this country. It is our opinion, however, that that person might have found a better subject for his mirth; for he may be assured that the British people cannot be amused by any article, however ably written it may be, in which a young lady, so much honoured and respected, is treated with such little consideration. We hope never to meet with a literary production so offensive to good feeling and good taste as the one we now notice.

THE HANDKERCHIEF.—Now-a-days, most of our *elégantes*, who are far enough from being Empresses, have handkerchiefs worth ten pounds each. To the refinement of embroidery is added that of lace, which raises them to the most exorbitant price. We have seen a handkerchief worth twenty pounds. This species of luxury has its charms, and also its inconveniences. It adds another important consideration to the thousand and one, that arrest the steps of some single man on the slippery threshold of hymen. For it is an article which singularly adds to the amount of the items of the *corbeilie*. We are acquainted with a person who, on the point of marrying, determined to do the thing handsomely. He was not to be daunted by the *robe*, nor the velvet, nor the cachemire, nor the diamonds; but, when he came to the article handkerchief, he retreated fifteen paces within the strong hold of celibacy. Three dozen! and at that price!! He remained a bachelor. With a handkerchief Voltaire has completed *Zaire*, and Alexander Dumas *Henry III.* There is many a domestic drama in these days that has much to do with rich pocket-hankerchiefs.

CHARITY.—Rank, beauty and accomplishments, never appear so eminent, so lovely, and so graceful, as when they are engaged in the blessed work of charity. Woman's nearest approach to angel is, when she employs her human power and influence to improve the education and promote the happiness of mankind. Such has been the employment of the Lady MARY FOX. She has published a charming volume, which she calls "Friendly Contributions for the benefit of the Infant Schools of Kensington"; and her example in this respect is equally worthy of imitation and admiration. We are happy in having it in our power to record this amiable trait in the character of a lady of the highest rank; there is so much genuine feeling in the act, such disinterested generosity, that, sure we are, all to whom these pages are addressed, will give to it their admiration and applause. The contents of the volume have been contributed by some of the most popular and talented writers, who have not been able to resist the appeal of the charitable Lady MARY FOX. Some of the articles are very beautiful. We extract a contribution from Mr. LANDOR:—

" Ye gentle souls! ye love-devoted fair!
Who, passing by, to Pity's voice incline!
O stay awhile, and hear me, then declare
If there was ever grief that equall'd mine.

There was a woman, to whose hallow'd breast
Faith had retired, and Honour fix'd his throne:
Pride, tho' upheld by Virtue, she represt....
Ye gentle souls! that woman was my own.

Beauty was more than beauty in her face;
Grace was in all she did, in all she said;
Grace in her pleasures, in her sorrows grace....
Ye gentle souls! *that* gentle soul is fled."

We also find the following gem, a translation from the Italian:—

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

" The past? what is it but a gleam
Which Memory faintly throws?
The future! 'tis the fairy dream
That Hope and Fear compose.

The present is the lightning glance
That comes and disappears;
Thus life is but a moment's trance
Of Memories, Hopes, and Fears."

HYDE PARK.—The season is declining, and Hyde Park will soon be deserted. There is not a pleasanter place in the world than Hyde Park in the height of the season. Would that the season lasted for ever. The gardens of the Tuileries are beautiful, exceedingly; there is a formal stateliness in the old lime trees, and the air of the people is gay and cheerful. The French women, too, are the very pinks of perfection. The Frenchwoman's costume is tasteful. The gown looks like a convolvolus before twelve o'clock; the ribbons are never *cheffoné*; the gloves seem but just drawn on, and the *chaussure*, like an angel's, "sure never trod on earth before." But there is an artificial character about the Tuileries, which does not belong to Hyde Park. Something of our own free and careless bearing is stamped upon it. The large old trees grow as they please, and the Serpentine takes its own way in despite of its name, as if it were bent on going strait because it is called crooked. A few weeks ago, Hyde Park was in its glory; then we had the *élite* of beauty and fashion in the ring; now it looks like a field after a battle. It is like the *refrein* of "sister Anne's" eternal answer. There is

nothing to be seen, but the sun shining bright, and the grass that looks green." How changed from a few weeks since, when "Verona's summer" gathered at its side. The drive was then crowded with the gayest equipages, the prettiest women and cavaliers that really seem made to be looked at. But the horses alone were a sight. Why those thorough-bred bays of Mrs. V——'s were enough to justify her marriage, though she herself said, "that she only married because she found that young ladies were always placed near the door, and she liked sitting next the fire." Her "most exquisite reason" is scarcely so good as that of a Scotch friend of ours, who, on being asked why she married Mr. So and So, answered, "I married him, my dear, to get rid of him!" Now there are only seen a few in the park who cannot endure the fatigue of travelling, or those younger brothers who, having received *no invitations*, are compelled to remain at home, and waste their sweetness in the desert—*Park!*

Ladies at College.—We are informed by the newspapers that "four young ladies, having recently completed their studies, have been honoured with the degree of Graduate." Lest, however, any one should suppose that innovation has stolen a march upon Oxford or Cambridge, we think it proper at once to announce that the four young ladies are not graduates of either University—that they have no connection with King's College, nor with the London; but they are properly described as being "Students in the female department of "*Miss*issippi College." A most appropriately-named place.

Ballooning. It seems to be a mania with people of fashion just now to go up in balloons; the Marquis of Clanricarde has made hundreds anxious for "a bird's eye view of the metropolis." It was a singular thing for a *Marquis* to go up in the air. And it was a singular coincidence, that a day or two before, a newspaper had described his lordship as a "*rising* young man." His lordship established the truth of the observation, by going up in a balloon. The Marquis, after he had been up for some time, expressed his wish to descend, because, he said, the *Marchioness* might be alarmed if he remained up any longer." Was this the only reason for the Marquis's hasty descent? Females appear to be anxious for ascending in balloons: this is certainly an argument for those who maintain that ladies are *flighty*. The most intrepid aeronaute is a Mrs. Graham, who is remarkable not only for her intrepidity, but for her romantic descriptions of her voyages. Her recent excursion in the air with the Duke of Brunswick, however, nearly terminated fatally. Women are very delightful creatures; but ought they to ascend in balloons? Mrs. Graham has been up once or twice with a Captain Currie, and upon one occasion, she says that the gallant Captain was so delighted, that he cried, "O, Mrs. Graham, we will never return to earth again!" Captain Currie must be a remarkably romantic youth! Mrs. G. has also ascended once or twice with a lady who rejoiceth in the anti-poetical name of Cheese. Now, it is an opinion long standing that the moon is made of green *cheese*, and the ascent of two individuals so appropriately named might have succeeded in solving the problem. Perhaps, after all, this desire for ærial travelling may not be a novel passion among the fair. We read of journies so performed in ancient times. Who has not read the story of Phryxus and Helle, who rode through the clouds on a ram? The fate of the adventurous heroine who fell into the sea, may appear discouraging, but if our youth are ready to seek the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth, what lady of ordinary spirit would hesitate to die like her who, in giving her name to the Hellespont, immortalized her own? The Plecades, or seven weeping sisters, and the many other females who now figure in the various constellations, were once inhabitants of this earth, who, soaring too high, escaped from the attraction, and became fixed in another sphere. The spirit of females, also more refined, subtle and sublimated than that of man, is peculiarly adapted to excursions of this kind, and they are naturally more flighty than the other sex.

Curious.—A Court Martial was recently held at Sheerness on Captain Hope, when the following dialogue took place between one of the witnesses and the Court. "Are you a Catholic?" "No, Sir,"—"Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir!"—"Are you a Presbyterian?" "No, Sir!"—"Are you a Methodist?" "No, Sir!"—"*What* are you, then?" "Captain of the foretop."

The Fortunate Duke.—The Duke of Richmond has not only succeeded to a large portion of the landed estates of the lamented Duke of Gordon, in Scotland, but to many of the local honours held by the Noble Duke in the various northern districts. Hereafter, it is the intention of the Duke of Richmond to pass a great portion of the year at Gordon Castle, where the amiable and excellent Duchess of Gordon resides at present. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and the Earl of March are expected in Scotland very shortly.

A Word to the Wise.—If a certain tall lord, who was *married* to a very engaging star of fashion, within the last twelve months, be wise, he will burn the whole of the letters which, *he says*, he has received from a certain party, and break off *that* connection altogether. If what his Lordship says be true, it is not only unmanly in him to boast of it at his club, but the circumstance would prove him to be unworthy of that deep and lasting affection which is borne for him by one of whose value he does not appear to be aware.

The £100 Note.—We can safely say, that the £100 note which was arrested in its progress from the house of a baronet of fashionable distinction to a popular *danseuse*, by the hands of the baronet's lady, was sent in payment of a *just debt*. Baronets, as well as other people, are sometimes in want of a hundred pounds, and it seems that *danseuses* can sometimes afford to lend so much money. The whole affair about which so much has been made, absolutely amounts to nothing.

Clu bites.—There have been recently some proceedings in one of the Clubs of more than ordinary importance. The conduct of one of the members, a young officer, has been pronounced by the Committee to be highly reprehensible. Still, however, we must say, the lady was not *quite* justified in taking the step she did.

The Lost Diamonds.—It is but justice to an amiable and hitherto united family to say, that the origin of the quarrel which has caused such dissension, has been misrepresented. It is enough for us to state that the brilliants *were lost*—it is supposed that they might have been dropped on the staircase, as the party were descending on that unfortunate evening. An accidental perversion of the meaning of the word "*lost*" provoked the painful discussion—it was the irritation of the moment that caused the supposition that they were "lost" at play. It is known, or at least it *can* be proved, that the lady has not touched a card since February, when the unlucky incident

occurred that gave the first blow to that confidence and affection which we yet hope to see renewed and re-established between the parties. To this end it is much to be wished that all unnecessary interference may be abstained from. The officiousness of the brother, whose attempts to harmonize have not certainly on two former occasions been eminently successful, are only like to prove mischievous on the present.

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## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

HAYMARKET.—The principal novelty of the month at this theatre, and, indeed, in the theatrical world, was the assumption of the character of *Ion* by Miss ELLEN TREE in Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD'S tragedy of that name; a character which Mr. MACREADY had embodied with so much real tragic grandeur at Covent Garden, towards the conclusion of the last season. There is a wide difference between the two impersonations of Mr. MACREADY and Miss ELLEN TREE, the latter of whom *looks* the character better than the original representative, but mere looks are not sufficient for the pourtrayal of a leading dramatic character, Mr. MACREADY did not look sufficiently young for *Ion*, but the spectator soon forgot the looks of the actor, when he began to display his qualities:

> "Before such merit all distinctions fly,
> Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high."

Miss ELLEN TREE is a remarkably clever woman; indeed we may say that she is the best actress at present on the London boards; but we nevertheless do not think her qualified to play *Ion*. She makes of the young enthusiastic fatalist a mere hero of romance, a fairy prince, light and sparkling, but without solidity and strength. She won much admiration, but it was only for ELLEN TREE, not for the representative of *Ion*. We remember having seen her in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, and the same deficiencies were then apparent as there were in her performance of the hero of Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD'S tragedy; she lacks those masculine qualities necessary for the perfect representation of the characters. We were pleased, however, with her correct reading of *Lady Macbeth*, it was evident that she knew what ought to be done, although her physical powers were not sufficiently strong for the doing of it; the same remark is applicable to her *Ion*. She was fully conscious of all the nature of the character, but she could not express it: in the scenes of tenderness and gentle pathos, she was quite successful, because in those scenes *Ion* is much more womanly than he ought to be, and this is one of the great faults of Mr. TALFOURD'S play. It was almost ludicrous to hear Mr. MACREADY reminding the tyrant king of his childhood, when he was a "nursling" on the knee; the sentences, however, seemed to come appropriately from the lips of ELLEN TREE, one of the best portion of whose performance was owing to this error of Mr. TALFOURD'S. In the earlier scenes, as we have said, ELLEN TREE was highly interesting and effective, but as the interest of the drama heightened, the deficiency of the actress began to be felt, and towards the conclusion she became monotonous and almost tiresome. In the beautiful prayer to the Gods, which Mr. MACREADY made so terribly sublime, Miss ELLEN TREE was tame. Mr. MACREADY presented a perfect portraiture of a being conscious that the gods had selected him to become their minister, and prepared to do their bidding. MISS TREE, on the contrary, presented to us a being whose enthusiasm must to a large portion of the audience have appeared perfect nonsense. There was one passage, however, which Miss TREE delivered with much greater truth, and more natural effect than Mr. MACREADY, the hasty sentence when the prayer is broken off by *Ion* fancying that it is responded to by the gods in thunder. Miss ELLEN TREE'S manner and tone were exceedingly classical and beautiful. There was a great deal of merit displayed by her also in her description of the victims of the plague, of the dying widow putting aside the child of her heart's love, in order to prevent it from becoming affected by the contagion. Here, however, our praise must end. But although we cannot recommend Miss TREE'S *Ion* as a perfect performance, we can honestly praise it as a judicious and chaste one. In no one instance did the actress "o'erstep the modesty of nature;" her performance, therefore, although it was not absolutely great, nevertheless gave pleasure to every individual in the theatre. Upon the fall of the curtain, Miss TREE was unanimously called for, and when she re-appeared before the curtain, the house rang with the plaudits of the audience, and handkerchiefs and hats were waved in token of their approbation. The rest of the characters were not very well played, although they were much better done than they were at Covent Garden. Mr. VANDENHOFF is a better actor than Mr. DALE, and some portions of his performance of the *King* were natural and effective; upon the whole, however, it was too *artistical*; the grimaces of this performer are certainly ludicrous. Miss TAYLOR was a very inefficient *Clemanthe*, she tore the passion of the author "to rags, to very tatters." A contemporary hit the mark when he called her "a hysterical *Clemanthe*." We are almost inclined to think that Miss TAYLOR disliked the part, and, therefore, did all in her power to make it ridiculous; some portions were given with the true burlesque twang. The trifling part of *Irus* was so well spoken by Miss E. PHILLIPS as to merit our decided praise. Miss E. PHILLIPS is a modest and deserving lady, and we are happy to record her success. The other characters were murdered barbarously; Mr. VINING lashed himself into a fine passion as *Ctesiphon*, and Mr. JAMES VINING endeavoured to look amiable in *Phocion*, Mr. HAINES was amusingly serious, and the gentleman who did the *High Priest* mumbled like an old washerwoman after her third glass of strong water.

A new melo-drama of the most extravagant order has been produced here. It was called *Second Sight; or, A Tale of the Highlands*. The plot was culled from the forgotten pieces which repose upon the shelves of the Coburg theatre and Sadler's Wells. Its characters were a romantic young lady who follows the gypsies in order to execute a very horrid project as the condition of receiving her lover's hand; two rivals, one of whom has his fortune told by an old "spaewife", who says that he will murder his rival, and gently admonishes him to be as merciful as he can; and a furious gentleman who owns a castle and a large black beard, and who takes an oath that he will bestow the hand of his beautiful ward (the aforementioned romantic young lady) in marriage upon any valorous gentleman, young or old, who shall "exterminate

the gypsies." This piece was one of the most absurd that we ever witnessed, and had it not been for some pretty Scottish music that was scattered through it, like grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff, we feel persuaded that the audience would not have suffered it to have been brought to a conclusion. Mr. SINCLAIR sustained one of the characters, and with his accustomed insipidity; he sang one or two Scottish ballads, with his usual prettiness and affectation. Miss P. HORTON, who would be very admirable were she a little more animated, sang a dull song better than it deserved to be sung. Mr. STRETTON imitated TAMBURINI, in a bass song, with very good effect.

Various comedies have been performed at this house in a pleasant style; BUCKSTONE, WEBSTER, and VINING, and Miss ELLEN TREE and Miss TAYLOR are clever performers, and they have had frequent opportunities of manifesting their abilities, of which they have made the best possible use.

LYCEUM.—The only novelty at this theatre has been a farcetta, written by Mr. PEAKE, and originally intended for production at the Olympic. The title of the piece is *House Room; or, The Dishonoured Bill.* The leading character was intended for CHARLES MATHEWS, but it was certainly played more humorously by Mr. WRENCH than we fancy it could be played by Mr. MATHEWS. Indeed, but for the whim and drollery of WRENCH the farce would have been condemned, for the incidents are very extravagant and improbable, and the dialogue is not remarkable for its brilliancy. *Major Slenderpurse*, the hero of this amusing absurdity, is a gentleman who has more means than money, that is to say, the calls upon him for money are more than he can answer. He lives upon credit, and sends out a great many bills, which are all dishonoured, of course. One of them falls into the hands of a city banker, *Mr. Cinnamon*, to a ball at whose house the *Major* is taken by a friend. In the course of the evening he falls asleep, and is found still in the arms of Morpheus on the following morning, when the servants come to put the rooms in order. To the astonishment of the *Major* he beholds a posse of bailiffs on the other side of the street, waiting for his appearance. Being a stranger to *Mr. Cinnamon*, he is puzzled to know what to say, when he is found by the owner of the mansion; but pretending business, he amuses him by a rigmarole tale of a family of Macanochies, which the old gentleman cannot understand, but which answers the *Major's* purpose. By a variety of other stratagems he continues to remain in the house the whole of the day, and thus escapes the bailiffs; but his fabrications are at last detected, and he is about to be turned out of the house as an impostor, when he is informed by a friend who arrives (and who had introduced him to the house on the preceding evening) that his uncle, a rich old gentleman, had agreed to pay all his debts. The affair thus ends satisfactorily. Those who know how excellent WRENCH is in the assumption of cool impudence, will conceive his admirable personation of the *Major* in this farce. It was in the true "Jeremy Diddler" style, and excited roars of laughter.

Mr. BARNETT'S opera of the *The Mountain Sylph* has been revived, with Miss SHIRREFF in the place of Miss ROMER, and Mr. J. BLAND as the representative of the character previously sustained by Mr. H. PHILLIPS. Miss SHIRREFF sings the music of the *Sylph* delightfully, more brilliantly, indeed, than did Miss ROMER, who has what the Italians call a "veiled voice." Her song, "Deep in a forest dell," was a matchless piece of musical expression, we know of nothing finer in the triumphs of English art. Miss SHIRREFF does not move so fairy-like as did Miss ROMER, but she *looks* the fairy better than Miss ROMER did. It is a most lady-like performance and must add considerably to Miss SHIRREFF'S reputation. We cannot say one word in praise of Mr. BLAND'S *Hela*. It was a laboured performance, and some parts of it almost ludicrous: the solo in the first act ought to have been omitted. Mr. J. BLAND'S voice is by no means equal to it. Mr. WILSON'S *Donald* was clever and harmonious as ever. It is a perfect treat to hear his exquisite ballad, "Canst thou love, yet coldly fly me." OXBERRY took the part formerly sustained by KEELEY. His performance was, of course, not equal to that of the original representative; but it was droll, and gave much pleasure to the audience. The part of *Jessy* was taken by Miss NOVELLO, who would be a very engaging performer were it not for her eternal simper. She seems to be constantly asking the audience if they do not think her a very charming creature. She is like a cup of very good tea over-sweetened. The chorusses were very well performed.

STRAND.—The new comedy of the *Bill Sticker*, by HARRY BROWNRIGG, Esq. (who, some say, is none other than D. JERROLD himself) has been very attractive at this pretty little place of entertainment. The leading character of this novelty is *Buzzbottle*, a bill-sticker, who satirizes some of the follies of the day very amusingly. Upon one occasion, when a father is lamenting the loss of his daughter, *Buzzbottle*, whose thoughts are all engrossed by his profession, exclaims, "Lord bless you, she ar'nt gone." "Who's not gone?" cries the other. "Why," rejoins *Buzzbottle*, "Madame Malibran. She's going to play another night, and I've the bills ready to post in the morning!" And he exhibits one, headed "Positively the very last night! Madame Malibran sails for Brussels to-morrow morning! Highwater at four o'clock." This is a capital hit at the absurd puffing of a certain manager. The character of *Buzzbottle* is excellently well sustained by Mr. HAMMOND, a comic actor of great talent, who, having all the richness of JOHN REEVE, has none of the extravagance of that popular but imprudent actor.

QUEEN'S.—This theatre, which seems destined to have as many owners as a Turkish caravanserai, has been reopened by Captain ADDISON, with a company of inferior talent, with the exception of Mrs. WAYLETT, who when she is in good voice is one of the most delightful ballad-singers in the kingdom. But she cannot be depended upon. It is seldom that she is heard in good voice, and at times her intonation is terrible. We are quite sick, too, of her eternal "Kearney." The new pieces at this theatre are not worthy of description; they have been flat, stale, and stupid.

We rejoice to hear that M. LAPORTE has profited considerably by the Opera this season. He has so considerable a balance in his favour that he is again comparatively a rich man. The sum is differently stated, and we have heard it named from 5,000*l.* to 25,000*l.* The last is certainly a gross exaggeration, and the first is considerably below the truth. The expenses last season were very heavy, it is true, but the receipts were always large, and sometimes, especially on benefit nights, beyond the apparent sum in the house, calculating from the number of auditors: no night occurred, after Easter, when the sum taken at the doors was not much beyond the charges. LAPORTE has always kept faith with his subscribers, and although in the commencement of the season

just terminated, some of them hesitated in consequence of his bankruptcy, not knowing how far he would be able to perform the promises of his prospectus, no such feeling is likely to exist in future. He has, besides, succeeded in putting the nightly letting of boxes upon a new footing, more profitable to himself. Next year he will have few difficulties, or none, to contend with, and every body will feel certain that he will lose no opportunity of giving satisfaction, by procuring every novelty worth having. From the time operas were introduced into this country, in the reign of Anne, there never was a season when they were better, or even so well cast. Centuries almost may pass before four such fine singers as GRISI, RUBINI, TAMBURINI, and LABLACHE, are produced, much less combined, in the same opera. We are likely to have TAGLIONI among us again next year. She has re-appeared in Paris, as *La Sylphide*, and with the most brilliant success. She is one of the world's wonders, and the enthusiasm of the Parisians is thus easy of explanation.

The greatest hit of the season this year in Paris is decidedly the new ballet at the opera, *Le Diable Boiteux*. This is one of the most extraordinary productions that we have had for some time past. Though some of the characters are taken from the novel of LE SAGE, the plot is very difficult. It retains enough of the stamp of the original, however, to be welcomed as an old acquaintance. *Asmodeus* and *Don Cleofas* are there, and that is enough for us. The Ellslers and Leroux are the principal female dancers, and the Spanish dance, in the second act, by the fair Fanny has turned the heads of all Paris. One of the scenes of this ballet is the most superb and striking possible—beats the masquerade in *Gustavus* hollow. At the rising of the curtain you find yourself behind the *coulisses* of a large theatre. The carpenters are seen running across the stage and fixing the lights behind the wings. The ballet-master is giving the characters their last lesson, the figurantes are rehearsing their first tableau. Suddenly the bell rings for clearing the stage, away they all skip, and up rises the curtain, exhibiting to the "astonished spectator" the interior of a large and brilliantly-lighted theatre, with its complement of *loges*, *balcons*, *parterre*, *amphitheatre*, &c., all filled with *real persons!* Presently on skips a *danseuse*, who goes through a *pas seul*, with her face, of course, towards the scenic spectators, and receives from them, at every successful curvet, a round of applause. The effect of all this, so flat in description, is delightful in reality.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

Indeed they dream, who blindly say
Our season now has had its day,
And like the players acted scene,
Is not what is, but what has been;
That horses' heads, and willing spouse,
Must both be turned to country house;
And the young ladies vent their woes,
'Neath rural shades with their beaux,
No, no; there still is brightness here,
The centre of dear Fashion's sphere;
Still there are hearts that make us gay,
And still are rich in beauty's ray.

The season cannot be said to have ended, and left London dull and dreary, while "St. George's, Hanover Square" is tenanted day after day by numerous couples anxious to enter into married life. We do maintain that town cannot be dull while such exciting events as these occur, and in such quantities too, for we are assured that the marrying work of the clergyman of that sacred edifice, so far from decreasing with the termination of the season, is actually upon the increase! Ladies seems to be kinder than ever, and yield consent immediately on the "popping of the question." Well! they have our best wishes for their happiness, and we trust that the dear creatures may, all of them, experience the greatest possible amount of human felicity.

Sunshine be their's without a cloud,
The atmosphere of love to shroud;
Without a storm of worldly hate,
Affections' home to desolate—
Without a rock with danger rife,
To wreck their passage through this life.

The fair lady ANNA MARIA QUIN, the only daughter of the Earl of Dunraven, has swelled the triumphs of Hymen, and caused gladness to reign in the heart of WILLIAM MONSELL, Esq., of Terove, late High Sheriff of the county of Limerick, by giving unto him her hand, and attaching herself to him for life. And we also find that, another lady "formed by love, and finest sympathies to make a husband happy," has exchanged her maiden name, ELIZABETH CHURCH (she was the daughter of the late J. Church, Esq., of Bedford Place) for that of her now husband, the Right Honourable Lord LISLE. May heaven so guard her,

That anguish ne'er may overtake her,
And peace and gladness ne'er forsake her;
And may the happy mortal, fated
To be by dearest ties related,
In her each hour new joys discover,
And lose the husband in the lover.

Miss STEWART has married the Duke of SOMERSET. The ceremony was performed by special license, at the house of Sir MICHAEL and Lady SHAW STEWART, in Portland-place. A sumptuous dinner was given by Sir M. and Lady STEWART to a select number of the relatives and friends of the families, and in the evening a few more were invited to be present at the marriage ceremony; immediately after which, his Grace and his fair bride set off for Wimbledon Park.

We are further enabled in this page to record the celebration of the nuptials of the fair and gentle MARY, second daughter of the Honourable and Reverend FREDERICK POWYS, who has given her hand in marriage to a gentleman whose worth is not inferior to his wealth, FREDERICK BROOKSBANK BICKNELL, Esq., with whom we trust that she will tread the paths of life without feeling the thorns, concealed by the roses by which it is enlivened. The favours are still bright which were circulated upon the occasion of the well-assorted marriage (which took place at St. Martin's, on the 17th ult.) of CHARLOTTE MATILDA, only daughter of G. S. PRESTWIDGE, Esq. of Jamaica, with CHARLES K. NICHOLLS, Esq. nephew of the late Admiral Sir HENRY NICHOLLS, K.C.B.; and we are further reminded that on the same day, the nuptials of the gallant ROBERT JOCELYN OTWAY, Lieut. R.N., and ANNE DIGBY, youngest daughter of the late Sir H. CROFTON, Bart., of Molehill, county of Leitrim, were solemnized. They Rev. W. FARLEY, Vicar of Effingham, Surrey, has united in deathless union EMMA PEYTON,

daughter of the late Francis Benjamin Bewdwell, Esq. with John Stringer, Esq., eldest son of John L. Stringer, Esq. of Hill Lodge, Effingham. It might be considered impertinent were we to offer any remarks upon these events, or give advice to those who have, doubtless, already formed their plans of action, whereby they hope to obtain the grand desideratum of life, happiness in the married state. May they each and all so conduct themselves as to ensure each other's constant and devoted attachment. A wife has a difficult task to perform, but her reward is great when she has accomplished it. Let all her thoughts be associated with her husband's happiness; let her cares be all for him; and when the evening of her days shall come, she shall find him still constant at her side, and they shall love and live together until the night-time of life arrives, and light and life and love shall be no more. The bloom shall not always be upon beauty's cheek—

For the roses that play round her forehead so fair,
With all their bright blossoms shall wither and die;
And the traces of anguish and sorrow and care,
May deep on her blooming and blushing cheeks lie;
And the ringlets that float o'er her eloquent brow,
So proudly, so darkly, so beauteous and bright,
Still change to the thin locks of silvery snow,
And those prophet-eyes sleep in the dimness of night.

These lines conduct us to the more gloomy part of our duty, and we now, from the consideration of marriage matters, turn to those of deprivation and death. One of the greatest men of this world has paid the debt of nature—Mr. N. M. Rothschild, the *millionaire*—the great loan-contractor, a man known throughout Europe, and known not only to be a rich, but also to be an honest man. "An honest man," says Pope, "is the noblest work of God." And we have here the pleasure of recording that great as were the riches of Mr. Rothschild, they were obtained by purely honest means. He is gone to his grave without a stain upon his reputation, blameless as Cæsar's wife, "not only free from guilt, but from suspicion too." The rise of this great man from small beginnings to be the companions of Princes, and his transition from a comparatively insignificant continental town, to be the first merchant of the first city in the world, has been already sufficiently described and commented upon in the newspapers; and the colossal fortune he has left behind is also notorious. Rothschild never knew what it was to pronounce the word "impossible;" and those who have heard him repeat, with marked emphasis, the expression, "*It shall be done*," can never forget the confidence he inspired, for his word was never known to fail. That confidence which he imparted he knew well when and where to repose in others, and his selection made, he never did things by halves. If with them who thwarted him in his business he was ungracious and a troublesome rival, no man could be a warmer friend, and he always encouraged in others that active energy for which he was himself remarkable. Every one who knew him knows that in private life he was a devoted husband, an affectionate parent, a most hospitable relative, and a liberal almsgiver. To the domestic happiness which he promoted and enjoyed we have heard him attribute the utmost importance, and trace the ill success of others in business to the absence of those conjugal affections which identified him so honourably with English morality. As a man, therefore, as a merchant, and as a leading public character, England may well be proud of having nationalized him as one of her sons, and his death at the age of sixty may fairly be accounted a national loss. We may give one characteristic anecdote. It was soon after the arrival of Charles the Tenth in England, to whom he had just then been summoned at Lulworth Castle. The melancholy and comfortless appearance of such an abode had struck him forcibly, and the fate of the fallen Monarch led us to revert to Bonaparte and other deserted favourites of fortune. "It is an easy thing to become very rich and very great," said the conscious millionare, "but to remain so—aye, there indeed is the rub. He who does is really a clever man." Rothschild was a truly generous and benevolent man: great were his benefactions to various charities; and frequently he "did good by stealth, and blushed to find its fame."

Now rest thee in thine house of clay,
Life's hours and labours done;
Though sickening envy turn away,
Nor own thine honours won;
The widows and lone orphans' sighs,
Shall from thy grave-like incense rise,
Around thy setting sun;
How fair the hope, the rest how calm,
Of those whom such perfumes embalm!

We have now to recount the deaths of other great men, and first on our list is the name of Lord Dufferin. His Lordship left no issue, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only brother, the Honourable Hans Blackwood (now Lord Dufferin) whose eldest son, the Honourable Captain Price Blackwood, R.N., is married to Helen Selina, eldest sister of the Honourable Mrs. Norton. The sable roll of death bears inscribed upon it the name of George, Viscount Middleton. His Lordship was twice married, first to the Hon. Frances Pelham, daughter of Thomas, Lord Pelham, afterwards Earl of Chichester, and had by her one daughter, the Honourable Frances Anne, the Lady of J. F. Thomas, Esq. His second wife was Maria, daughter of Richard Benyon, Esq., and by her he had three daughters. The death of Sir J. D. Erskine, Bart., is likely to give rise to a great deal of litigation, in consequence of a domestic dispute of a most painful character. This affair is likely not only to give much employment to the lawyers, but also food to the scandal-mongers. Lady Louisa Erskine (now the wife of Sir G. Murray) gave birth to a daughter (who is still alive) shortly before her divorce, but whose legitimacy is challenged by Captain John Wemyss, M.P., as heir of Sir John Erskine. Besides these, the Earl of Kerry (the Marquis of Lansdowne's eldest son); the Earl of Fingal, and the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire have departed this life.

Miss Dalbiac, only daughter of Major-General Sir C. Dalbiac, M. P., who, it is rumoured, will bestow her hand on the young Duke of Roxburgh, is in her twentieth year. The Duke is at present travelling in Belgium and Germany, with his mother, the Duchess, and his step-father, Colonel O'Reilly. The Dukedom of Roxburgh, Marquisate of Beaumont and Cessford, Earldom of Kelso, &c., being Scotch honours, his Grace will not be entitled, on attaining his majority, to a seat in the House of Peers. A late Austrian Charge d'Affairs at our Court, the Baron de N——, is said to have paid his addresses to one of the daughters of the late Mr. Rothschild, previous to the departure of the former for Vienna, but the great capitalist objected to the intended offer.

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Miss Burlig


Mrs Bennett

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. I.—French cambric robe, low and square *corsage*, bordered by Valenciennes lace, standing up round the bust, it is attached by a rouleau of rose ribbon. The centre of the front of the *corsage* is marked by a row of *dents de scie;* the sleeve is tight on the shoulder, forms a moderate sized *bouffant* in the centre of the arm, and from thence to the wrist fits closely, terminating with a double cuff edged with Valenciennes. Rice-straw hat, an oval brim of rather large size, lined with pale pink gauze, and trimmed next the face with blond lace and *coques* of pink ribbon. Perpendicular crown, ornamented with ribbon, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers, *panachées* with pink. *Mantelet faille* of black *pou de soie*, trimmed with broad black lace of an antique pattern.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Pelisse robe of spotted *gros de Naples*. The colour is a new shade of grey lilac. High *corsage*, fitting closely, and trimmed *en reversé* with a double row of pinked trimming set on full; the trimming is continued down the front of the skirt. The sleeve is made with a flat piece at the top, from thence it decends full to the bend of the arm, the lower part being confined by four rows of gauging terminating by a broad band. Italian straw hat, a deep oval brim, the interior trimmed with a small bouquet composed of a poppy and *epis* placed one side. Two very full bouquets of ripe corn and corn flowers ornament the crown; bands and *brides* of green-shaded ribbon complete the trimming. Clear cambric collar trimmed with lace.

PUBLIC BREAKFAST DRESS FOR A FRENCH WATERING PLACE.

Fig. 3.—Jaconot muslin robe quadrilled in excessively large squares, in blue. The *corsage*, a three-quarter height, and plain, is partially covered by a *fichû à la paysanne* of *organdy*, trimmed with English lace. Short sleeves of the single *bouffant* form, terminated by a quilling of blue ribbons, with a full knot and ends at the bend of the arm; *Ceinture* to correspond, passing twice round the waist and tied a little below it. The skirt trimmed with a single flounce set on moderately full, with a blue ribbon passed through the *bouillon* that forms the heading. A knot with long ends is placed on it on one side. The hair is disposed in a profusion of ringlets at the sides, and a single bow behind, in which a tuft of field flowers is placed.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

1.—A back view of the morning dress.

2.—*Carriage Bonnet* of straw-coloured *pou de soie*, the brim moderately deep, is finished at the edge with a rouleau of satin to correspond, and the interior trimmed in the cap style, with *tulle* at the sides, and a band of blue ribbon, terminated at each end by a tuft of flowers, across the forehead. Perpendicular crown of moderate height, very fully trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a long slender sprig of flowers which, issuing from a knot of ribbon near the top of the crown, droops over on the brim.

3.—A front view of the bonnet just described.

4.—*Morning Dress.* Robe of pale pink *mouseline de laine*, the *corsage* partially high, but very open on the bosom; long sleeves, of moderate size, arranged in four *bouffants*. Pelerine *fichû* of clear cambric, trimmed with the same material; it is disposed in folds with sharp-pointed ends which cross upon the bosom. Rice-straw hat, the crown is trimmed with a band of green velvet, and a cockade placed on one side, from which a profusion of ends fall on the neck; two white ostrich feathers, tipped with green, inserted under the cockade, complete the trimming.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

DINNER DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of lilac *gros d'Ete*, a low *corsage*, the back plain, the front pointed at bottom, and draped *en evantail* on the bosom. Short sleeves, the upper part confined to the arm by a rouleau; the remainder, which is very full, is set in just above the bend of the arm to a tight band. Maintenon ruffle of blonde illusion, consisting of a single fall, with a quilling of *tulle* at the top. The top of the *corsage* is trimmed *en pelerine* with blond lace set on full. A broad rich ribbon is disposed *en fichû*, with ends which fall nearly to the bottom of the skirt. *Chapeau-capote* of lemon-coloured crape, a round open brim, extremely deep, and a dome crown; the brim is trimmed with a band across the forehead, and a wreath formed of *coques* of straw-coloured gauze ribbon on each side; a profusion of ostrich feathers to correspond, and floating *brides* adorn the crown.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Robe of *mouseline de laine*, a straw-coloured ground, printed in a new and very light pattern; the *corsage* is half high and plain behind, but very open, and in crossed drapery on the bosom; the sleeve of a large size is disposed in folds, which nearly confine it to the arm at the upper part; a novel trimming of the material of the dress encircles this part of the sleeve, and decorates the shoulder, and a knot of green ribbon, with long floating ends, is placed upon the former; tight cuff also trimmed with a knot of ribbon. *Ceinture en suite.* Hat of *paile d'Italic*, a very large brim turned up in a double fold at the back; the interior is trimmed over each temple with a light sprig of flowers. The crown is trimmed with a band and knot of white ribbon, and a full bouquet of field flowers. India muslin *chemisette*, with an embroidered collar trimmed with lace.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Cambric robe, tight *corsage*, high behind, but very open at the throat, the sleeves fitting close to the lower part of the arm, but forming in some degree the *gigot* at the top. Cambric pelerine of two falls, embroidered in a very novel style, and trimmed with pink ribbon. *Tulle* cap, the form is *à la Babet*, the front composed of gauffred *tulle*, is arranged *en papillon* on each side, but descending narrower, meets under the chin; each side of the front is decorated with poppies, and a light bouquet of field flowers crowns it;

the caul of moderate height, is trimmed with bands and bows of ribbon and *brides*, which tie in a full bow under the chin.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

MORNING VISITING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—Pelisse robe of Indian jaconot muslin, high *corsage à mille plis*, trimmed with lace which stands full up round the throat; the sleeve is confined at the top by a band of cherry-coloured ribbon with a rosette in the centre, and at bottom by a tight cuff, trimmed with lace, falling over the hand: the centre of the sleeve is left full, and of a large size. *Ceinture* of cherry coloured ribbon tied in bows, and short ends in front. The skirt is closed before by papillon bows *en suite*. Bonnet of the *demi capote* shape, of white *pou de soie*, an oval brim *liserée* with rose velvet, and trimmed next the face with bands of cherry velvet, a damask rose and foliage. The crown is ornamented with white ribbon, and a bouquet of rose and cherry-coloured flowers intermingled. Scarf of white Grenadine gauze with the ends superbly embroidered, and trimmed with rich white fringe.

PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Clear muslin pelisse lined with rose-coloured *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* partially high, and disposed in front in longitudinal folds, is edged with lace set on plain. Sleeve *à la folle*, but with a very deep tight cuff edged with lace. The skirt is embroidered in a light pattern down the fronts, and round the border in feather stitch, and is closed before by knots of rose ribbon. Rice straw hat, a very open brim, trimmed in a very light style with gauze ribbon, blond lace, and a sprig of flowers; the crown is decorated with a long slender sprig of flowers and ribbons. *Mantelet* of black *pou de soie*, edged with black lace.

HOME DRESS OF A YOUNG FRENCH LADY.

FIG. 3.—Straw coloured *gros de Naples* robe, *corsage à la Vierge*, trimmed round the top with a band of black velvet. Short tight sleeve, trimmed at the shoulder, and at the bend of the arm with a fall of black lace. A velvet band encircles the skirt at the top of the hem. Short black silk apron trimmed with lace to correspond with the sleeves. The hair is disposed in soft loops at the sides, and a platted braid brought round the crown of the head, and simply ornamented with two narrow velvet bands. *Tulle chemisette*. Gloves of black *filet*.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 1.—French cambric robe, the skirt trimmed with a single flounce of the same material, beautifully embroidered with a heading turning over in small plaits, and surmounted by an embroidered *entre deux*. Low *corsage à mille plis*, the top encircled by an embroidered band, and then left full considerably below the elbow, the remainder being arranged in two *bouillons*. Rose-coloured velvet *ceinture* with short floating ends. Italian straw hat, a round deep brim, the interior ornamented with corn flowers and *epis*, and a *tulle* veil attached to the edge. A bouquet *en suite*, and rose-coloured velvet adorns the crown.

SECOND MORNING DRESS.

FIG. 2.—Under dress of jaconot, the border trimmed with two embroidered flounces; robe of blue *gros d'éte*; the *corsage* made quite up to the throat, and arranged in front in perpendicular folds; the sleeve confined by folds at the upper part, forming from thence to the elbow an excessively full *bouffant*, and fitting close to the arm from the elbow to the wrist; the skirt, open from the waist, is trimmed down the front, and round the border by a broad hem of the same material, which being turned on the right side, is cut in points at the edge, and the points edged with satin piping of a darker shade; a bow of satin ribbon, *en suite*, ornaments the sleeves; *tulle* cap trimmed with blond; a moderately high caul, ornamented with a band and knots of blue ribbon, light *coques* of which are intermixed with the single row of lace that forms the front; *tulle brides* edged with blond; *tulle colleret*.

EVENING DRESS.

FIG. 3.—*Organdy* robe, the border is trimmed with three rows of gold coloured satin rouleaus, they are very small, with six in each row, put close together; a full *corsage* cut low and square, it is encircled with three satin bands placed at regular distances round the upper part; short tight sleeve, terminated by a triple ruffle, through which satin ribbon is run, and terminated with bands and a knot of ribbon. The hair is arranged *à la Berthe* at the sides, and a coronet plait on the summit of the head; it is ornamented with ribbons disposed *en ferroniére*, and a knot at each side; white *filet* gloves, trimmed *en suite*.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

PUBLIC AND PROMENADE DRESS.

FIG. 1.—India muslin robe, a high *corsage*, and pelerine of moderate size, trimmed with the same material, cut round the edge in *dents* of a novel form. The sleeve is perfectly tight, and plain from the shoulder more than half-way to the elbow, from whence to the wrist it is excessively large; the fulness is attached at the top, under a band of muslin cut to correspond with the pelerine, and confined at the wrist by a *manchette* of three rows which turns up, and is similarly cut at the edge. A single flounce encircles the skirt; the heading and border of the flounce corresponds with the trimming of the body. Drawn bonnet of pink *pou de Soie*; it is of the usual size, trimmed in the interior of the brim with blond lace, and a sprig of yellow roses on the left side. The brim is edged with a curtain veil of *tulle*; the crown is decorated with ribbon to correspond.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Green figured *pou de Soie* robe; a low *corsage* made *en demi cœur*, and draped across the bosom; the sleeves are tight a little below the shoulders, where a trimming is set on arranged in deep round plaits. This is succeeded by a *bouffant* of extravagant fulness, which descends below the elbow, the lower part of the sleeve being made tight to the arm; white blond lace mantelet. Hat of straw coloured *pou de soie*, open brim, and high perpendicular crown; the interior of the brim is trimmed with a band and knots of ribbon to correspond, and the edge finished by a curtain veil of blond; ribbons, and a bouquet of ostrich feathers decorate the crown.

WALKING-DRESS.

Pelisse of figured *écru gros de Naples*, the *corsage* tight to the shape, and quite high; the sleeve moderately full at the top, and tight at the lower part, is finished by a *mancheron* and cuff of a novel form. The front and border of the skirt is edged with cherry-coloured velvet. Drawn bonnet of pale blue *gros de Naples*, a round brim, the interior trimmed with a wreath of flowers, and an ornament of green ribbon The crown is very full trimmed with knots of blue ribbon

and an ornament of green ribbon, which resembles a tuft of leaves. Cambric collar embroidered round the border.

A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

White cambric pantaloons trimmed with a frill of the same material, surmounted by embroidery. Cambric frock, a low body, and short tight sleeve terminated by a ruffle of the same material of one fall. Round pelerine fastened on the shoulders by knots of rose ribbon. The sleeve knots correspond. Drawn bonnet of rose *pou de soie*, it is trimmed with ribbon, and roses formed of ribbon.

## LONDON FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

It is to the different watering places we have to resort for whatever novelty the month affords, and though the Genius of Fashion is not at this season usually very active, still she has been far from idle, as our fair readers will see by the accounts we are going to present to them.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF OUT-DOOR DRESS.—We have authority for stating that an attempt will be made by certain leaders of the ton, to bring coloured silk spencers into fashion with white muslin robes in the course of this month. As it seems certain that white will be worn till the season is far advanced, there is every reason to believe that this attempt will be successful. Indeed, it will form an exceedingly pretty half season costume; the spencers are to be a good deal ornamented; fancy silk trimming, satin, and velvet, will be employed for trimming them. Some new autumnal shawls of French cashmere have appeared, they are square, and of a very large size, with green or drab grounds, with superb borders of flowers in full colours.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF MORNING DRESS.—We see a good many morning dresses made *en peignor*, they are for the most part of French cambric, or jaconot muslin, but we see also a few clear muslin ones, quadrilled in large squares, by very narrow stripes of blue or rose. They are trimmed with the same material, set in full, and edged with narrow Valenciennes lace. Peignoirs do not present any actual novelty in their form, but the sleeves are made of more moderate size. A few silk open robes have appeared in morning dress. We refer for one of the prettiest and most novel to No. 2, of plate the fifth, but we must observe that muslin predominates, and we think it very likely to do so till the end of the month. Large sleeves continue most in favour for morning *neglige*, those simply confined above the elbow by a band and bow of ribbon have a very good effect.

LINGERIE.—We do not remember a more elegant selection than this month affords us, both for morning and half-dress, of caps, *fichûs*, pelerines, and collars. We refer for one of the prettiest and most novel of the first to the figure above cited in our fifth plate of fashions. We may cite for morning collars those pretty little ones with pointed ends of which we have also given an engraving, and those of a larger size gracefully worked, which disengages the neck, rounding so as not to conceal the form of the robe; others have the form of a *fichû* turning over, which are very suitable for peignoirs and pelisse robes. Pelerines are now comparatively little worn, and they have diminished very much in size. The trimmed ones have the garniture broad upon the shoulders, and diminishing gradually towards the *ceinture*. We may cite among the most elegant half-dress *fichûs*, those of the new *paysanne* kind, arranged in folds, and those that form the shape, the latter have long ends trimmed round with lace, which crossing under the *ceinture* have a graceful effect.

MAKE AND MATERIALS OF EVENING DRESS.—Silk robes begin to appear, though slowly. We may cite, however, some plaided taffetas in very large squares and quiet colours; others of that magnificent material, *tissue Memphis;* both were highly fashionable last autumn; others of Milanaise, a new striped silk. Organdy robes are, however, still in a majority, particularly those of the *demi-redingote* kind. We observe that where the dress is made *en robe, corsages à mille plis* are most in request, they are in general a little rounded, and something higher than they have recently been made. Trimmings remain the same as last month. Where the skirt is trimmed, the narrow garnitures that ornament the sleeves must always correspond. The most novel short sleeve is tight to the arm, with a *mancheron* of one fall, resembling in shape the ruffle also of a single fall, thus the tight sleeve underneath is but partially seen. As, however, evening costume is at present principally of the *negligé de soirée* kind, long sleeves, or those termed *demi longues* are most in favour. We refer for the latter to number three of the half-length figures of our fifth plate. As for the former we shall endeavour to describe it as accurately as we can; it is the most novel, and in our opinion the prettiest sleeve that has yet appeared. About half the upper part of the sleeve from the shoulder to the elbow is tight to the arm, two narrow frills are attached to that part of the sleeve, they are either set on with a little fullness, or else disposed in regular plaits according to the material of which the dress is composed. The remainder of the sleeve is arranged in *bouffants*, which diminish in size as they approach the hand, and are divided by narrow bands.

HEAD DRESSES IN EVENING DRESS are chiefly of hair. We refer to our plates for the most novel, only observing that where flowers are employed, they are now more frequently natural than artificial. If the *coiffure* is not *en cheveux*, it is either a white crape hat, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, or a turban *à la juive*. We may cite as the most decidedly elegant among the latter, those of white *tulle esprit*, the folds crossed by narrow bias bands of *ponceau* velvet, and ornamented by a bandeau of pearls.

HATS AND BONNETS.—We have to announce the appearance of autumnal bonnets some weeks before the usual time. Drawn bonnets and rice straw hats are now in *decadence*, and by the middle of the month will probably be laid aside. The place of the first is supplied by *pou de soie* bonnets; that of the latter by Italian straw hats. The bonnets are of new shades of brown and rose, bright *écru*, Indian green, green bright marsh-mallows and straw colour; the latter are most numerous: the brims are generally edged with satin of the same colour, and the crown ornamented with two large *gances* to correspond, one of satin, the other of *pou de soie*. The brims of these bonnets are moderately wide, and much smaller than those of the season. They are trimmed with flowers simply arranged, and not brought much above the summit of the crown. Bouquets of heliotropes and mignionnette are employed for Indian green bonnets; sprigs of red geranium, and other flowers of a similar hue for those of *écru;* marsh mallows have flowers of a corresponding hue; so also have straw coloured ones, but the latter have the flowers *panachées* with various colours. The interior of the brims are trimmed with knots of ribbon. Italian straw is always cut in the hat form, and employed only in half dress.

The crowns continue to be ornamented with velvet, and flowers or feathers; the latter we think predominate. We observe that a single *plume panachée* is more frequently employed than a bouquet of feathers. The interior of the brims of these hats are always ornamented with flowers, *brides*, and a bandeau of broad blond or an aureole of *tulle esprit bouillonné*, but always accompanied by a bandeau of blond.

Jewellery.—A massive ring of polished gold, richly chased, with the cypher of the fair wearer, and a device, is one of the most fashionable *bijoux*. Another is a small gold heart, suspended round the neck by a black *gance*.

Miscellaneous.—Short gloves of silk net of all colours have been much in favour during the last week; they are confined at the wrist by a satin ribbon fastened in a bow. It is said that an attempt will be made to bring long coloured gloves into favour in evening dress. We do not consider this singular innovation likely to succeed. Coloured *ceintures* upon white robes are now brought twice round the waist, and tied at the side in ends which fall very low. *Ceinture* buckles are for the moment laid aside. Kid slippers of the colour called *aile de monche* are very much in request in half dress. Small parasols are more in favour than last month, the prettiest are of rose-coloured *pou de soie glacé de blanc*, with an ebony stick incrusted with gold or steel.

Fashionable Colours for the Month.—Rose, green, and *écru* of various shades; pale blue, straw-colour, and some new shades of lilac. Full colours continue to be employed for velvet trimmings.

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## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS
### FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Make and Materials of Out-Door Costume.—As to the first: the robe and the *redingote* form seem in equal favour, but neither present any actual novelty, nor, indeed, at this moment, can any be expected. This is not the case with materials, for though white muslin is decidedly the rage, there are various kinds of it. Besides Indian, *organdy*, and jaconot muslins, we have those of Switzerland and England, chequered, spotted, and striped. *Redingotes* are for the most part fastened down the front of the skirt by knots of coloured ribbon, and the sleeves trimmed with ribbon. We observe that robes for the promenade are this month more generally plain than flounced. Mantelets are almost universally adopted; those of black *pou de soie*, trimmed with black lace of antique patterns, still maintain their supremacy, and here we must observe, that several of our *élégantes*, in order to display the richness of the lace on the folds of their white robes, draw them so tight about the shoulders as to take off in some degree from the ease and grace of their *tournure*.

French Opera Dress.—It is at the opera, which, despite of the warmth of the weather, is every night crowded, that we are to look for elegant summer toilettes. The robes, with scarcely an exception, are white, they are composed of either very fine India muslin, or else of organdy as transparent as a spider's web; the *corsages* are in general low, but we observe that long and short sleeves seem in equal favour; those most in request among the former, have the centre very full and the bottoms and top confined by folds to the arm. Short sleeves are mostly tight, they are always trimmed with ruffles, those *à la Maintenon* are most in request. The majority of the *coiffures* are *en cheveux*, and trimmed with extreme lightness, some indeed with only a single flower. Very young unmarried ladies wear instead of flowers, a knot of velvet, or satin, in their hair.

Hats and Bonnets.—Through some whim, which it would not be easy to explain, rice straw hats which this summer were not so much in favour as they usually are in the commencement of the season, seem now that the Autumn is approaching, to increase every day in request. They are of a large size, extremely *evasé*, and very often have the brim turned up in two plaits behind, a most ungraceful fashion, and one that certainly will not last. We see a much greater number of these hats trimmed with sprigs of flowers than with bouquets. The interior of the brim of rice-straw hats are always ornamented with flowers or knots of velvet; but the interior of the brims of bonnets are simply trimmed with knots of ribbon, so disposed as to rest gracefully upon the corkscrew ringlets, now generally adopted by the majority of young married ladies. The little caps worn under bonnets are now become so common, that women of distinction no longer wear them. It would be difficult to say whether flowers or feathers are most in vogue for trimming the crowns of hats, but upon the whole we are inclined to think the former are most numerous. Corn flowers and field flowers are in particular request. Were feathers are adopted they are universally white ostrich ones, *panachées* with rose, green, or cherry colour.

We may cite the prettiest drawn bonnets to be those of rose and blue crape, the drawings small and put close together. Some have the crown trimmed with a light boquet of flowers, and a corresponding wreath under the brim. Others are ornamented with a rose composed of ribbon on one side, and two roses to correspend, but of smaller size, under the brim. *Tulle Voilettes* to these bonnets begin to decline in favour.

Rural Balls.—It is now the high season for them; *Choisy-le-Roi*, Belvue, Meudon, Versailles, in short, all the environs within ten miles have this year attracted a number of the *haute Societé de Paris* to their *fêtes*. We shall give some *ensembles* of the dresses that were most distinguished. A robe of *mousiline cotiliniè*, trimmed with a very deep flounce of English point lace. A low *corsage à mille plis en mantilla*, with lace to correspond with the flounce. Tight sleeves, and *manchettes en suite*. The hair in ringlets, which hung low at the sides, and a coronet plait, brought low round the back of the head, was ornamented with three clove pinks placed in the plait, and a tuft of geranium among the ringlets on the right side. We must observe, *en passant*, that these flowers were natural, and that in most instances natural flowers are employed both for the hair and for bouquets for these rural balls.—A *rédingote* of *mousiline à mille pois*, a full *corsage*, and sleeves forming a succession of *bouffants*, the skirt trimmed with a deep flounce of the same muslin. A *mantelet* also of the same material, and an Italian straw hat of the most exquisite fineness, trimmed with *ponceau* velvet and branches of the palm tree.—An open robe of India muslin, with an under dress of white *pou de soie*. A muslin *mantelet* trimmed with point lace, and lined with straw-coloured gauze. Rice straw hat, decorated with cherry-coloured velvet, and a tuft of geranium. The hat was put rather far back, and the interior of the brim left untrimmed, but this deficiency was supplied by the manner in which the hair was arranged; it was disposed in soft bows at the sides, which were intermingled with the flowers of the deadly night-shade in various hues.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXVI.—English Earls.

### EARL BEAUCHAMP.

"That fine old seat, with all those oaks around,
Oft have I view'd with reverence profound.
There, with its tenantry about, reside
A genuine English race, the country's pride,
The head has habits of the ancient kind,
He knows the poor, the sick, the lame, the blind;
He holds, so he believes, his wealth in trust,
And being kind, with him, is being just."

Earl BEAUCHAMP is one of a genuine English race, and most admirably does he maintain the reputation of his family, and the character of a good English gentleman. He is descended from the Lords BEAUCHAMP of Powycke; the Honourable ANNE BEAUCHAMP, second daughter and co-heiress of RICHARD BEAUCHAMP, second Lord BEAUCHAMP of Powycke (who died in 1486 without male issue, when the title ceased) having married THOMAS LYGON, Esq., from whom, lineally sprung MARGARET LYGON, only daughter and heiress of WILLIAM LYGON, Esq., of Madresfield, a lady of cultivated intellect, and great accomplishments, and who by the character of her life shewed the absurdity of the notion of the inferiority of woman. It is surprising that this notion should have been entertained so long as it has. Woman is not inferior to man. We perfectly agree with a clever modern writer, who says that the utter subjection of woman to the arbitrary will of man is characteristic of countries steeped in ignorance, barbarism and tyranny. The elevation of woman to the intellectual dignity of man is characteristic of countries blessed with knowledge, civilization and liberty. Let the despotic natives of the east regard the tender sex as slaves only to their uncontrolled dominion. But let the free nations of Europe prove their superiority in justice, refinement, and religion, by sharing with that sex all the mental pleasures of which they are as capable as ourselves. From the lips of woman every infant hears the first accents of affection, and receives the first lessons of duty in tenderness and love. For the approbation of woman the grown-up youth will undertake the boldest enterprise, and brave every difficulty of study, danger, and even death itself. To the happiness of woman, the man of maturer years will devote the best energies of his body and mind; and from the soothing and affectionate regards of woman the man who is become venerable by years derives his chief consolation in life's decline. Who, then, shall say that the one half of the human race, and they confessedly the most virtuous and amiable, may not have an intelligence and an influence equal to our own. To them, when sorrow afflicts us, we consign half our sufferings, and they cheerfully relieve us by lightening our burthen. To them, when joy delights, we give the half of our pleasures, and they as readily consent to share them. They lessen by their sympathy the pangs of all our privations, and they increase by their participation the extacy of all our delights; they deserve, therefore, the enjoyment of every privilege that it is in our power to confer on them. MARGARET LYGON, proved herself to be entitled to such enjoyment, and her excellent qualities won general admiration and the particular regards of REGINALD PINDAR, Esq., of Rempley, in the county of Gloucester, who became a most devoted suitor, and by all those attentions and regards characteristic of true love, he won the affection of the lady. Sincere were the vows he offered at her shrine, in the most fitting hour of love:—

"When should lovers breathe their vows,
When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
When none else can hear them;
When the moon shines cold and pale,
When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
When the rose is weeping;
When the stars are bright on high,
Like hope in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round, the light clouds fly
Like soft fears to shade their beaming."

And this REGINALD won the fair MARGARET for his wife. But he died before the lady of his heart's idolatry, and the widow was afterwards led to the nuptial altar by ——— BIDDULPH, Esq., of Ledbury, in the county of Hereford. She died in 1763, leaving three sons by her first husband, REGINALD PINDAR, the eldest of whom, also named REGINALD, upon assuming the Madresfield property at the death of his mother, assumed the surname of LYGON. He woo'd and won SUSANNAH, daughter of WILLIAM HANMER, Esq., of Battesfield, in the county of Flint, and was with her "in sweet espousal joined." Two children resulted from this union, a daughter, ELIZABETH, who married the Honourable JOHN YORKE, third son of Lord Chancellor HARDWICKE, and a son. He died in 1788, leaving for his successor, the son just alluded to.

This gentleman, WILLIAM LYGON, Esq., dedicated his life to the service of his country in the senate, and his wisdom and eloquence had there many opportunities for its manifestation and development. He was introduced into Parliament as Member for the county of Worcester, which county he represented for a period of thirty years, and with so much success and honour as to merit the reward of a peerage, which was bestowed upon him on the 26th of February, 1806, when he was called to the Upper House by the title of Baron BEAUCHAMP of Powycke in the county of Worcester. In the Upper House of Legislature he also distinguished himself by his devotion to public business and his regard for the best interests of his country. A further advancement was the consequence, and on the 1st of December, 1815, he was

created Viscount ELMLEY and Earl BEAUCHAMP. He attached himself to Miss DENN, only daughter of JAMES DENN, Esq.

Whole happy days he found himself
Listening to words whose music vied
With Eden's seraph lays,
And looking into eyes, where blue
And beautiful, like skies seen through
The sleeping wave, for him there shone
A heaven on earth!
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,
Love lent them light while she was nigh;
Throughout creation he but knew
Two separate worlds—the one that small
Beloved and consecrated spot
Where she was—and the other, all
The dull wide waste where she was not."

He married this lady, and the following family resulted from their union:—

1. WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP.
2. JOHN REGINALD, the present Earl BEAUCHAMP.
3. HENRY, a military officer of distinction, and heir presumptive to the Earldom. He was married in July. 1824, to SUSAN CAROLINE, daughter of WILLIAM, second Earl of ST. GERMAINS (the history of whose family was given in our last number).
4. EDWARD PINDAR, Lieutenant-Colonel in the army.
5. SOPHIA MARGARET; the Lady of Sir CHARLES E. KENT, Bart.
6. JEMIMA CATHERINE LOUISA.
7. GEORGIANA EMMA CHARLOTTE; married to the Earl of Longford.
8. EMILY ESTHER ANNE; married to LLOYD BAMFORD HESKETH, Esq.

His Lordship terminated his useful career on the 21st of October, 1816, and then his eldest son succeeded to the honours which he had won, and which he then assigned for the glories and honours of a better world.

WILLIAM BEAUCHAMP was the second Earl. He wore the distinguished coronet for nearly seven years, and then he was summoned from this sublunary sphere by the stern mandate of death. He had preferred a bachelor's life, and died unmarried, in May, 1823. The honours then devolved upon his brother, JOHN REGINALD, their present possessor.

JOHN REGINALD PINDAR, Earl BEAUCHAMP, Viscount ELMLEY, and Baron BEAUCHAMP, of Powycke, in the county of Worcester, assumed the surname of PINDAR, on the 22d of October, 1813. Royal permission was on that day given for the substitution of the name and arms of PINDAR for those of his paternal family, LYGON, which had been borne by his predecessors. He was charmed by the personal elegancies and intellectual acquirements of CHARLOTTE, only daughter of JOHN, first Earl of Clonmell, and taking the advice of the old poet, he, without delay, "told his soft tale, and was a thriving wooer."

"Shun delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labour comes to nought."

The nuptials of his Lordship and his fair bride took place on the 14th of March, 1814. No issue has resulted from this marriage, consequently, his Lordship's brother, Lieutenant-Colonel, the Honourable HENRY BEAUCHAMP LYGON is the heir presumptive.

From the above history it will be seen that the *Creations* in the House of BEAUCHAMP occurred in the following order:—*Baron*, February 10, 1806. *Viscount* and *Earl*, December 1, 1815. The Heraldry of this Noble House may be described as follows:—Arms: *gu.* a chev., eng. *or.*, between three lions heads, erased *ar.*, ducally crowned, *gold.* Crest: a lion's head as in the arms. Supporters: dexter, a bear ppr. muzzled, collared and chained, *or.*; sinister, a swan *ar.*, wings elevated *gu.*, beaked and legged *sa.*, gorged with a ducal coronet and lined *or.*, on the breast of each supporter, suspended from the collar and coronet, a shield *gu.*, charged with a fesse between six martlets, *gold.* Motto: *Ex fide fortes.* The town house of the Noble Earl is at 27, Portman Square; his Lordship's country seat is Madresfield Court, Worcestershire.

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## THE HAPPINESS-SEEKER.

### A ROMANCE OF LIFE.

"Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
Ask of the learn'd the way; the learned are blind,
This bids to serve, and that to shun makind,
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, in contentment these,
Some sink to brutes, find pleasure e'en in pain;
Some, swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or, indolent to each extreme, they fall
To trust in every thing, or doubt in all."—POPE.

WE all begin life eager in the search for happinesss. Few find it. Some declare that there is no such thing, that it is a mere poetic fancy; and we believe that they constitute the majority of the human race. We mean in the following story to describe the career of one of these many, to shew the means generally taken to acquire happiness, and we entertain the expectation that by shadowing forth the failures of our hero, we may direct enquirers, now about to commence the search, to pursue it in better paths. Alfred Ingelby was blessed with kind and indulgent parents, who endeavoured to make his lot in life a happy one. They considered a finished education to be the basis on which the structure of earthly felicity might be built; and they taught him to cherish virtue, to shun whatever was ridiculous in conduct, and to cultivate every useful art and accomplishment. Alfred studied under the first masters, the most learned of whom gave him long lectures, and, it is said, sometimes a severe flogging; in his boyhood, therefore, he did not find himself happy; but he expected to become so in time; that is, when he should have escaped out of their clutches. At the very outsetting of life the boy is frequently misdirected by the proceedings of his tutors.

Alfred certainly was well-educated; he was tolerably conversant with most of the modern and two of the dead languages; he studied philosophy and the history of nations, understood mathematics, and could play a sonnetta on the violin. Custom, at a proper time, delivered him from his pedagogues, and the course of nature soon after bereft him of his parents. The severity and tedium of a scholastic life

had made him look for pleasure in courses that did not lead to happiness. Yet it was happiness he sought.

Alfred Ingleby was wealthy, and was now at liberty; he had a taste for pleasure, and gave himself up to it, like many other young men in the same situation. He gamed, attended race-courses, and devoted himself to profligacy. Indigence, however, awakened him from his intoxicating dream, and he began to commune with himself, for he was not void of reflection: "Alas!" he cried, "When we are poor, it is impossible to be quite happy!" Convinced of this truth, he attached himself to a lady of mature age, and of a very liberal disposition. He exchanged pleasure for opulence; but he often said that when wealth was obtained by being tied to an old wife, that could not produce happiness. He was one evening introduced to a charming lady, the wife of a jealous merchant. He was smitten with her perfect loveliness, and regardless of his duty and his marriage vow, he endeavoured to undermine the lady's virtue, His overtures were indignantly rejected, and once when addressing her in terms which she could not listen to, she called to her husband and explained the conduct of Alfred; the consequence was, that the young roué was kicked down stairs. His arm was broken. "At any rate," he cried, "*this* is not happiness."

Alfred now began to consider that there could be no true happiness in forbidden pursuits: but that it was reserved for good sense and reason to know and to enjoy it. Consequently, fancying himself a sensible and reasoning man, he resolved only to follow what his reason approved. He had by this time become a widower; after a proper time given to mourning, he solicited a place at court; he obtained it, and success only multiplied his desires. At length, he found himself weary of his honours, and said, "It is mighty fine, to be sure, for a subject to stand gaping at the levee of his sovereign! That is not the way to be happy; it is a free and quiet life which constitutes true felicity; I will no longer lead a life of slavish ambition; I will seek out another wife, and we will live only for each other. He fancied himself capable of finding a good wife in a moment!

He found an advantageous match in a noble young lady, just come of age; she promised to love him for ever. She was very handsome, had large dark eyes, raven hair, cheeks like roses, and her lips seemed a bleeding cherry broke in two, "still bathing in their flowery dew." She was of a very serious character, studied theology, genealogy, and craniology, heraldry, botany, and chemistry; and had a particular veneration for all moral doctrine. Alfred Ingleby, who had very much neglected these parts of education, would often shock the principles of so perfect a mortal. She preached him long sermons, took him to task, and contradicted him a hundred times in a day; yet he was so incorrigible, that his tender half could not forbear saying he had completely soured her temper. He often said to himself, "It is a rare advantage to have a learned wife, but that does not render a man so happy as many may believe.

Returning one night home after having been in the country, he suddenly entered the apartment of his lady; this visit, at so late an hour, was looked on as a scandalous enormity. She began to preach with vehemence against the abuse of travelling by night; and he received her positive orders to quit the room. Though he felt no objection to comply with her commands, he wished, at least, to repair the offence. Advancing to imprint a kiss on her fair forehead, he saw a paper slily hid in her bosom, which she had been reading when he entered the room. The green-eyed monster suddenly took possession of him; he snatched the paper, and discovered it to be a billet doux! His beautiful and learned wife had been carrying on a correspondence with another. "Alas! alas!" he cried, as the lady retired poutingly from the room, "a very learned and very beautiful wife does not make a man happy!"

Ingleby, however, on this discovery, resolved to break through the fetters of marriage; he allowed his wife a handsome separate maintenance, and retired to an estate left him by his first wife, in the country; there he for some time enjoyed the tranquil pleasure of no longer being scolded nor contradicted; but then he had nothing to do, and he said within himself, if tranquillity be a blessing, idleness is a great evil; it produces weariness of the spirits, and when that is the case, it is impossible to be happy.

He went to a sea-port town, and sought amusement by entering into commerce: everything prospered with him, and he found himself in a short time in possession of a splendid fortune; but Alfred was never avaricious, and gold could not fill up the void in his heart. "I see," said he, "that we may be very fortunate, and yet not happy. My coffers are full, but my mind is empty: let me then cease to think of amassing more wealth, and let me endeavour to enjoy it."

Notwithstanding the plainness of his first wife's person, yet she was the mother of his daughter, and that daughter was most amiable. He had friends, and he married his daughter very advantageously, assembled together all those who were dear to him, and finding himself entirely at liberty in the bosom of friendship and opulence, he flattered himself he should now taste those pleasures that no future crosses could alloy.

Ingleby was no longer young, he had lived fast; and the excess of pleasure generally produces bitter fruits. He said one day to his friends, "My heart is naturally sensible and tender; my mind is generally disposed to mirth; all that now surrounds me gives me pleasure, and no recollection troubles me. I am free, I live in the midst of plenty; nothing is wanting here that generally excites the desires of mankind; but when we have the *gout*, we cannot be perfectly *happy*. I know all that is requisite to be known; I have had my fill of the follies of love and of ambition, and have enjoyed the delights of friendship, reason, freedom, and riches. Happiness only has escaped my grasp."

And he died without obtaining it. And full surely will it elude the grasp of all who seek for it after the manner of Alfred Ingleby.

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## THE MYSTERIES OF MAY FAIR;

### OR, PASSAGES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FANTEUIL,

"If chairs and tables could speak, what a many pretty domestic histories we should have."—STERNE.

It is some time since I first made my appearance in the world; I was originally placed in the shew-rooms of a fashionable upholsterer, with several of my fraternity. I must say—excuse my vanity, that not one of them was so beautiful as myself; my arms and feet were of quite a novel form, I was

clothed with a most rich material, and gilded ornaments added much to the brilliancy of my clothing. These advantages made me hope that I should not remain long without exciting the envy of all who beheld me. Lords and Ladies lavished their admiration upon me, but when they came to hear my price they contented themselves with a panegyric on my beauty. Even Lords and Ladies dislike parting with their money? At length, a noble looking gentleman, whose arm was held by one of the most lovely and blushing angels of this world, purchased me, and had me carried with great care to a beautiful apartment. I remained there several days, in absolute solitude. But one morning, the same noble gentleman entered, followed by my first master, who placed a rich material, the same as my dress, on an elegant sofa. Then, with a brush made of feathers, and with a careful touch, delicately swept off the dust I had gathered; they then both retired, after having regarded the apartment with much satisfaction. Ah! sighed the gentlemen, "To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life." He was going to be married! Many gentlemen think their wedding day will be the happiest of their lives: few think it so six months afterwards! *N'importe.* The next evening, some men clad in livery entered. Wax candles were lighted, and after a few minutes had elapsed, the young and blushing lady made her appearance. The traces of tears were perceptible on her charming face; but, in spite of the grief she seemed to experience, an arch and sweet smile shone through the gloom on her countenance. A lady, with a serious and imposing air, addressed to her some words which seemed dictated by an interesting tenderness towards her. The young bride did not attend to them, but, in a careless manner, accepted of the attentions of two females who divested her of some parts of her splendid dress. Her robe was thrown over me, and prevented my beholding any more. I could not distinguish the door which led into an adjoining apartment, and into which the lady was conducted. Immediately, the wax lights were extinguished.

The next morning, having got rid of the obstacle which had impeded my curiosity, I saw my new mistress: she looked at me with much pleasure, admired everything, and testified her acknowledgments to the young and noble gentleman who seemed as happy as herself, "Ah!" he cried, "there is not a happier mortal in May Fair." "Indeed," sighed the lady, "an angel in heaven cannot be happier than I."

Seated negligently on me, she received much company, and her sprightly wit enchanted all her visitors. All were enchanted with Lady Fanny C———.

I passed thus the first years of my life, contented with my situation, and respected by every one; for never did any one but my mistress recline on me.

In the mean time, I could perceive by an alteration of her countenance, that she was a sufferer. In a short time after she never quitted her bed; then I was carried into her boudoir, and in a few days, I beheld the noble gentleman who had purchased me dressed in black, and he appeared melancholy —very, very melancholy. He placed me on the shoulders of a stranger. I crossed the apartments where I had been so happy: they were all deserted! My mistress, the lovely Lady Fanny, was no more! Such is human life. A few brief moments of happiness and then all is night!

I was placed before a table covered with papers and family registers of pedigree in the house of ———. All this portended no good to me. A man, with care printed on his brow, a thick set person, threw himself upon me without deigning to bestow a look towards me. He was notorious in May Fair.

He passed the greatest part of the day in turning over books, and in receiving patterns of various kinds of stuffs; they very often, also, brought to him bags of coarse canvass, which appeared to be very heavy, and then he would rub his hands and seem much pleased.

For some time, I remarked in him much uneasiness and agitation, when he opened any letters. One day he received a very large one; he opened it hastily, and then sank into a terrible fit of despondency. He struck his hands together with vehemence, rose from his seat, kicked me along with his foot, and caused me by this action to turn violently round. Happily some persons came round him, and caused him to quit the apartment. This proceeding I was given to understand created a sensation.

I was then dragged into a spacious hall, and there I was exposed to the inspection of all classes of people; alas! that my beautiful self should have been sold at a public auction! I was then put up at a price which exceedingly shocked my pride; but I soon saw that my good qualities were acknowledged, for the more I was examined, the greater was the price set upon me.

He to whom I was knocked down had me transported to an abode richly decorated. Scarce had the evening closed before a curtain was let down before me of an immense size. To the stillness which had reigned all the day, succeeded a tumult that astonished me. Enormous machines were put in motion; the people spoke, they shouted; there was a complete confusion of rank and situation which was really surprising. Gallant and amiable now chatted with the ladies who listened to them with evident pleasure; but all on a sudden the noise ceased, the gallant speeches were interrupted, a lady came and sat down, the curtain rose slowly, and immediately applauses were heard from every part of the house. The lady, as she rose up, seemed confused, and slightly bowed her head; but the men, who were placed opposite to her, began to express anew, by prolonged and reiterated bravos, all the pleasure with which her presence inspired them. All seemed enchanted with the wit and vivacity of Madame V———.

It was always to those of an elevated situation in life that I was offered; however, one day a livery servant took possession of me, a fellow with the ugliest face I ever saw. I imagined by a sharp kind of noise which I heard, that he was about to be punished for his audacity; but my wounded pride soon gave place to wonder, when I saw him receive as much applause as the charming lady. The little discernment evinced by this multitude made me immediately think that caprice, more than sound judgment, was the cause of their enthusiasm. The fellow's ugliness was really frightful, and yet they laughed and applauded to the very echo!

I remained a long time on the stage; but the dust and the damp made me soon fall into such a state of decay, that I was shortly after sold to a broker. Then, confounded with other furniture, at which my pride revolted, I was exposed to all the injuries of the weather, to every humiliation attendant on ruined greatness. A man, who was walking by, covered with mud, and sinking under fatigue, took advantage of my master's absence, to throw his whole weight upon me. Here was an insult. I had to endure every kind of degradation. One day I received one which hurt me exceedingly. A man passed by in an elegant cabriolet and splashed me all over, as he regarded me with a sneer. I knew him again imme-

diately; it was the same who had been seized with a violent fit of despair. It was not, perhaps, the first time that, in a splendid equipage, he had insulted the misfortunes of those who had been of service to him! The fellow is *known*.

One morning the broker, according to his custom, placed me before his door: a man of very respectable appearance looked at me, smiled, entered the shop, and purchased me. I was stripped of my torn and dirty covering: they put over me a rich stuff of another colour to that which I had gone through my different scenes in life; but what was my melancholy surprise, when I recollected the dress worn by my first mistress, the delightful Lady C———, in which she appeared to me so beautiful and interesting! Immediately after they had dressed me in it, I was put into a cart, and soon found myself in an elegant drawing-room in the house of Lady E———.

My mistress was amiable and very affable, but I found that it was frequently the custom for the frequenters of this dwelling to pass the evening seated round a table covered with cloth on which were seen pieces rolling of gold and silver. Two persons,sseated opposite to each other, exchanged, with very serious looks, pieces of pasteboard, painted with red and black colours, and the movements of these bits of pasteboard had a particular influence on the countenances of the persons at the table.

I soon found that the smiles which played upon their features, were only bright mockeries, for that some of them, as the red and black specked pieces of pasteboard went round, became furious, or desponding, while others exulted, almost fiendishly; and the bits of gold and silver were moved about the table until some had heaps, and others had none. Often have I seen a beautiful girl retire from the table, almost in tears, and throwing herself upon me, I have heard her inwardly accuse herself of some grievous impropriety, that had made her wretched! In consequence, too, of those proceedings, I heard it whispered that more than are kind and generous beings had in despair committed suicide!

I drop my pen. Let the curtain be drawn over *those* "Mysteries of May Fair."

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## THE AGE OF INNOCENCE;

### OR, THE NEW WAY TO GROW RICH.

Oh, the simplicities of this world!—JOHNSON.

Every body is desirous of making money—of growing rich; and it is but natural, therefore, that they should endeavour, by all the means in their power, to effect their object. This is the age of invention; have we not steam-engines, and gas, and balloons, and a great many other things, which would excite our ancestors wonderment if they could take a peep at us, their descendants; and all things considered, it is not surprising that men should have made the interesting discovery of an expeditious way to make money—by Joint-Stock Companies. There are a thousand ways of doing this, and all in a fair above-board style. We would recommend no concealed underhand tricks; no, we advocate fair measures. And there can be no crime in receiving people's money, if they like to give it to you. Now we would direct the attention of all who wish to grow rich to some capital methods. We will lay before them a few joint-stock projects by which they may make much money!

You cannot but have observed the quantity of matrimonia advertisements that are published in the daily newspapers, by interesting gentlemen too bashful to "pop the question" to a female, and who insinuate their qualifications for the connubial state in the columns of the leading journal; and by demure feminines who advertise for situations in widowers' families—"amiable tempers," "docile dispositions," "engaging manners," "salary no object," &c. Now a company to provide for the wants of these interesting ladies and gentlemen would realize at least twenty per cent. in six months. Let it be called *The Joint-Stock Matrimonial Company*, the capital would not be considerable, though it would be necessary to have branch offices in every great town. The per centage to be *ad valorem*, that is to say, according to the value of the wife. Twenty per cent. might be charged for a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. And the gentlemen would not object to it. There are thousands now about town that would not hesitate to give four thousand pounds for a wife with twenty.

The next best proposition is for a *Joint-Stock Perambulating Street-Music Company*. Capital—£500,000; in shares of £1 each. A Provisional Direction to be formed, composed of 30 of the principal musical itinerants of the metropolis. The advantages of a company of this nature must be apparent to every one at the first glance. What a pleasure is street-music; how dulcet are the sounds of the organ, the bagpipe and the hautboy! How soothing! On the bed of sickness how grateful to the ear is the gentle grinding of some tender strain on the organ, or the sonorous bang of the martial drum, the pleasing vivacity of the violin, and the solemn roll of the trombone. Head-ache disappears at the first twang of the hurdy-gurdy, and the nerves of the most irritable are tranquillised at the preliminary whirl of the tambourine. Music, truly, hath charms to soothe the savage beast! How charming to behold a rugged bear waltzing to an organ and a drum! This company will certainly *do much* for its projectors.

We now come to the *Joint-Stock Beauty-Preserving Company*. Capital—One Million; in shares of £50 each. We anticipate great good-fortune attending such a scheme as this. It is unknown how much money ladies, young and old, spend annually in the endeavour to preserve their charms. The quantity of cosmetics, the oils, the balms, the paints, *et cetera*, that are used, is immense; and as the Joint-Stock Company would undersell the present vendors of those interesting articles, a fine trade would certainly be carried on by them. Nor would ladies be its only customers, for we feel persuaded that many of the rougher sex are accustomed to resort to art to repair the ravages of time.

Then there is the *General Street-Sweeping Company*, the importance and utility of which are undeniable. It is well known that the crossings in London are perhaps the best investments for capital of any of the public securities, even where subjected, as they have hitherto been, to the danger of rivalry or the fear of agression. An active sweeper that understands his profession, can, it is calculated, retire with a competence in five years. How frequently do we see fresh faces on the great crossings, their previous possessors having retired from business. Some of the sweepers are monopolists. A whole family will occupy one neighbourhood, and live in clover. We saw a fellow one day, in the vicinity of the club-houses, smoking a cigar! If individuals can thus make

fortunes with their brooms, a Joint-Stock Company would be sure to succeed.

Subscribers for 80 shares to have the privilege of sweeping themselves : the allotment of crossings to be made when the shares are delivered. Arrangements have already been entered into for purchasing the goodwill of the leading thoroughfares. It is also proposed to establish a Sub-Company to act in concert with the above on the Savoyard principle in Paris, to be called the Boot-polishing Branch, which will be fixed in the same localities as the street-sweeping stations, the respective depôts being on opposite sides of the way. As the sweepers will not only undergo a thorough examination by competent officers, but will also be drilled in the Company's mud-grounds, it is thought that by a little dexterous management of the broom, the brush will become a necessary appendage to every crossing. Indeed, the Sub-Company will be indispensable, because those who do not feel inclined to give ought to be made to take. The miser that witholds his mite deserves to be mudded. Thus, if the united companies do not get their money in one way, they will be sure to get it in another. A corps of pedestrian splashers, and anti-polishers will be distributed throughout the town, and gratuities will be given to the men with water-carts for making the streets as sloppy as possible.

We now would direct attention to a company that proffers most extraordinary advantages. It is the *Moon-Land Improvement Joint-Stock Company.* A distinguished philosopher has recently proved, in an elaborate treatise on railroads, that it would be an easy task to connect England and France by means of a railway between Dover and Calais. That eminent philosopher has just perfected plans for a railway from the top of Primrose Hill to the eastern horn of the Moon. The most powerful telescopes are said to have enabled astronomers to discover no traces of cultivation in the lunar globe ; it is evident, therefore, that a vast field of profitable speculation is available in that quarter. The alleged absence of an atmosphere must be all *moonshine*, and there can be little doubt that corn, in enormous quantities, can be grown in the fertile valleys beneath the lunar volcanos. Applications for shares in this very promising company should be made between the hours of midnight and two in the morning, during the full moon, at St. Luke's Hospital. N.B. When the shares reach a premium of 200*l.* no more will be issued.

There is another company, which is likely to be remarkably profitable to its projectors, the *General Hackney-Cabbi-Omnibi-Draggi-Velocipedi-Safety Company.* This company will supply vehicles which will supersede all the conveyances in present use, and sweep cabs, coaches, and omnibusses out of the streets of the metropolis. They will be conducted upon such safe and humane principles (the wheels being forty feet apart) that while it is impossible they can be overturned, they must overturn every thing else that is caught in any thoroughfare through which they happen to be passing. The driver, too, is ensured from accident. He will be perched so high that if circumstances should at any time lead him to apprehend danger to himself, he will only have to step upon the roof of the nearest house. Only a few shares in this concern remain to be disposed of. Immediate application should be made to Pluckem and Gullem, in the Poultry.

A *Joint-Stock Literary Company*, to supply the literary public with all that they may require, is also in the course of formation. Presidentess, Lady B——n ; Vice-Presidentess, the Hon. Mrs. N——. It has also been remarked that the amusements of the people deserve to be especially considered ; consequently, a company is in agitation for administering punch, tumbling, rope-dancing, wild beasts, balloons, dog-fighting, and other polite recreations, at the lowest possible cost to the enlightened portion of humble society, disposed to unbend from the severer studies of political economy and affairs of state. We would also recommend to the attention of the *speculative*, and those who have more money than they know what to do with, the *Senatorial Duelling Company*, to provide a ground and weapons for pugnacious Members who, will then be able to settle their differences *instanter.* The *General Rat-catching Company* also invites attention ; and the *Universal Dining Company*, the *Independent Family Pill Company*, the *Grand Bears'-Grease Company.* The *Joint Stock Association for supporting the Drama by Steam.* The *Great Lozenge Company*, to make singers for the Italian Opera ! The *Tortoiseshell-Tom-Cat Association.* The *Grand Association for Writing Billets-Doux* for those who may not have the ability to write for themselves. These, and various others, which are at present afloat, possess eminent attractions, and will, no doubt, induce men to lay out their money upon such *safe* speculations, and cause the *wise* to become exceedingly rich. Of all the ways of making money in London, the Joint-Stock Company way is most assuredly the easiest and best. *Vive la Folie ! Vive le grand humbug ! Vive le charlatan ! Vive la bagatelle !*

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## A LOVE SONG.

Come with me, o'er the moon-lit sea,
  And as we float along,
I'll whisper tenderest love to thee,
  In true and gentle song ;
I'll sing to thee of constancy,
  I'll sing to thee of bliss ;
We'll dream that we're in a brigh ter world,
  And far away from this.

We two shall be alone on the sea,
  The gentle moon above
Alone shall see our extacy,
  And smile upon our love :
In the sacred light of the stilly night,
  Shall our mutual vows be given ;
And an angel bright those vows shall write
  On the endless scroll in Heaven !

We'll float, we'll float, in our fairy boat,
  The deep blue sea along ;
And our bliss shall seem like a fairy dream,
  Our love like a fairy song ;
Our constant hearts with rapture rife,
  Approving Heaven above ;
There's nothing half so sweet in life
  As young and virtuous love.

EKARD.

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## THE DEBUTANTES.

The two daughters of the Hon. and Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk have lately made their *debût* in the literary world, with a volume of " Tales of fashion and reality," and which some of the leading critics have thought proper to assail

with all their might, endeavouring to crush these young and talented ladies, solely, it would appear, because that they are members of the fashionable world. That there is a great deal of heartlessness in criticism our readers must already be aware; that it is generally felt by the most deserving, experience fully shows. The *Literary Gazette* was the most violent defamer of some who are now recognized as the best of poets. It was in character with the slavish ignorance of that critic (?) when he ridiculed the volume of the young ladies to whom this article is devoted, and which volume we were induced to inquire for, and to look into, in consequence of his unmanly and ungenerous attack. We have found so much truth and so much excellent satire in the volume, that we think it must become popular notwithstanding the efforts of the "critic" we have named, and others, to prevent it. Some of them discover merit only in such books as come from the houses of certain booksellers. Let Mr. A., Mr. B., or Mr. C., publish a novel, and it is all perfection; but woe be unto you authors or authoresses that send your lucubrations into the world from the houses of Mr. D. or Mr. E! Many of our readers must have been disgusted by the nonsensical puffs of a certain "diary," which have appeared in the papers. The *Literary Gazette* having an interest in recommending the work, yet unable to praise it, wrote a very *ingenious* criticism, which while it demolished the writer, nevertheless provoked those who read the criticism to read the book. Of all the arts the art of criticism is surely the most ingenious. But of our debutantes; they are remarkably clever ladies, and will be cleverer if they be not above listening to advice. Their book is full of errors, but they are the errors of youth and inexperience, and are to be detected only by the critical eye. At any rate they are worth a hundred *desennuyées*, and there is more real nature in their little book, than in all the manufactured novels that have issued from the fashionable *atteliers* this season. We should advise them to eschew the serious and the poetical, not to write so many French sentences, and to confine themselves to the light, the lively and the satirical. They should also avail themselves of an experienced editor, who, although he might lessen the size of their work, would nevertheless increase its importance. Some scenes and characters of high life (and which are not to be met with elsewhere) are admirably described in this volume; they are but sketches, but they are such as none but those who have mixed in fashionable company could have written. Fashionable marriages are well hit off in the following passage:—"How every member of a family," continued Mrs. Lennox, "sanctions a marriage as it regards *leurs propres interets*." "Everything one can wish," says the mother; "twenty thousand a year, descent from the conquest, liberal jointure, abundant pin-money." "Very satisfactory," says the father; "good home for the boys, excellent cook, claret unrivalled." "Capital fellow," says the brother, "grouse shooting in Scotland, hunting-box in Leicestershire, good pack of fox-hounds." "A very nice person," says the sister, "never smokes, box at the Opera." It never occurs to any one to ask whether the woman really likes the man whose companion she is to be, perhaps, for forty or fifty years." This is exceedingly true. There is some capital advice to marrying people in the following:—"Let people without a farthing, before they tie the indissoluble knot of marriage, weigh well the poverty they must buffet against—the cuts, scorns and rebuffs they will encounter—the starvation and rags in which they will most probably have to witness their progeny. If the portionless girl, about to marry a man equally poor, were to reflect for a moment, could she think it a happiness she bestowed on her lover to marry and become two paupers? thus hurling the object of her affections down a precipice of ruin—shame—beggary. See these lovers ten years hence. Where are their protestations? their words of adoration? Gone! and reproaches, altercations, tatters and scanty fare, are the sorry substitute. A man may, and I know many scions of the aristocracy who do 'rough it' on two hundred a year; but a wife is an expensive incumbrance to maintain. *Your love may be an angel, still she must eat, drink, and be clothed.* O! indeed, it is a cruelty to subject a man to such misery and perdition. 'Love flies when poverty enters.'" This is excellent; we have nothing better in any of the best novels of modern times. The idea of the story from which the above is extracted is very good, but we are vexed with the authoress for certain extravagancies, but which we are sure we need not point out to her. Her sister is less apt to fall into this error, but it is an error which may easily be remedied. Here is a capital sketch of a man often met with in society: "Captain Ferguson was a most useful man, much patronized by *chaperons*, he was their victim who would run from one end of the colonnade to the other for their carriages after the Opera in a drenching night. "*He was ugly, and considered a very safe man.*" Such admirably hit-off sketches as this are plentiful in the work as blackberries in a hedge. The opening of the "Journal of a Chaperon," contains some very sensible reflections. "I have lived long in the world," says the chaperon, and in my experience have found that the happiest marriages are those in which a mutual regard for each other prompted the parties, if their means allowed of it, to enter into the holy state of matrimony. I am not an advocate for people marrying to reduce each other to a state of beggary; nor, on the other hand, for unions founded entirely on avaricious motives. *Persons may be united—minds only can meet.* 'A great fortune with a wife,' says an old adage, 'is a bed full of brambles.' A late writer remarks:—'The real beauty of your heiress is the ready penny, and she is chosen like old plate, not for its fashion, but its weight and value: what though her eyes want brilliancy, her diamonds possess that virtue.'" It is because of the "ready penny" being the great charm to the men, that we hear of so many unhappy marriages as we do. In those marriages "persons are united," as Miss Beauclerk says, but very seldom do their *minds* meet.

Here is an excellent hint to young ladies: "I must here advise all young ladies who wish to be admired never to stay later than two at a ball in the summer, for after that hour the morning sun appearing, its brilliancy does not well accord with flushed cheeks, faded dresses and starlight nights; besides, *only inferior men stay after that hour.*" The concluding intimation is very shrewd, and shews the young authoress to be remarkably observant of things. The following is applicable to many fashionable stars:—"No greater dowdy exists than an English genuine '*charming* woman.'" An essay might be written upon this excellent text.

We could fill columns with such agreeable specimens of the talents of the literary *debútantes*, but we must draw our brief notice to a conclusion. The opinion we have expressed is a sincere one, and most happy shall we be if it serve to encourage the young writers in the difficult though pleasant pursuit of literature.

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## THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH THEATRES.

In admitting the adoption by the English of many of the inventions of their French neighbours, we claim for our countrymen the honour of having afforded France an example by which the reformation of its stage might be accomplished, and its dramatic representations be brought into better accordance with truth and nature. The modern dramatic poets of France derived their inspiration from the study of those great masters of whom England is so justly proud. The Theatre has undergone a thorough reform in France. No longer are the Parisian stages crowded with young noblemen, sitting by the side of the performers, while *Iphigenia* gives expression to her feelings in a farthingale, and *Achilles* struts like a *petit maitre*, with his hair well powdered, and a pair of paste buckles glittering in his shoes. But there yet remains something to be done; truth of manner and action is still wanting in many of the leading actors—that is to say, in those whose performances are restricted to tragedy. The performers that we have seen in London are mere vaudeville actors, although there is more of nature in their personations, than in those of a higher class. LEMAITRE has delighted the English public by his exquisite *Robert Macaire;* but LEMAITRE is only a melo-dramatic actor: the pieces in which he appears are gross exaggeratious, yet he makes them appear probable by the excellence of his acting. But LEMAITRE does not profess to belong to the TALMA class, a class which still requires improvement, although TALMA himself reformed it much. The personages in a French tragedy do their business mechanically, more like scholars repeating lessons, than masters of art, displaying the passions. TALMA busied himself in the work of reformation. He judged, and wisely too, that it was not sufficient to have rendered the antique costumes more classical and appropriate, but that the countenance, gestures, and attitudes of the actors was to be reformed, before the illusion of the dramatic scene could be complete. Yet TALMA made but slow progress. He found it a work of difficulty to reconcile his audience to these new arrangements: the pit was stubbornly opposed to innovation, and the actors were not disposed to adopt the suggestions of their great leader. The death of TALMA threatened to put a stop to the peaceful revolution which he was accomplishing, but the arrival of the first company of English actors in Paris, gave a new impetus to the work of reform. The Parisians were delighted with the truth and spirit of their representations; were led to look into the works of the English dramatists, and the consequence is, the appearance of HUGO, and others, in the theatre of France. The English company showed the effect of consistency: for the first time the subaltern performers appeared to listen with attention, with countenances and attitudes in character with the general business of the scene. The French were, perhaps, a little astonished to see *Hamlet* desist from geometrical action; *Gloucester* bare his withered arm, and *Lear* toss his cap in the air; but they afterwards admitted that the respective situations might call for those actions. Thus, the English gave to the French an idea of dramatic action, just, animated, and picturesque.

As regards declamation, the difference between the performers of the two countries is very striking. (Understand reader, that we are speaking only of the tragic actors of RACINE, CORNEILLE, and others of the olden time.) What a heavy monotony is there in their style. What a sing-song accent. "It is wonderful," said a French writer after witnessing the performance of an English tragedy, "to see the English perform without the slightest affectation; adopting a simple tone, imitating nature only, and speaking on the stage as they would do in their intercourse with society." Tragic declamation in France has always been artificial. GRETRY, adopting the example of his predecessors, would deal out the parts of a tragedy as he would the airs of a comic opera, and instruct the actors to speak loud, and to make the final syllable of every verse sound well.

The affected classicality of the French has caused them to reject all true and natural action, and those of the modern poets who would, in fact, elevate the character of the stage, are treated as charlatans and pretenders. The French delight to see a man throw himself into a chair, and die elegantly; if he has to stab himself he must do it with a drawing-room air; he must take poison with grace and delicacy, and go out to the scaffold as if he were about to enter a *salle de danse.* A madman would only allow himself for particular occasions to have haggard eyes, and disordered hair; he would take care to avoid all violent, passionate, or turbulent action.

The English actors that have been to Paris have not been first-rate ones; the majority of them are of no great renown on the London boards, but they, nevertheless, gave the Parisians an idea of the abilities of our leading actors, and they have had a most happy influence over the French stage. The French were very tenacious of their superiority, and it was not until public opinion decided in favour of the English, that actors and poets considered them worthy of attention. A happy alliance seems now to be forming between the theatres of the two kingdoms. The French may, if they please, preserve what they call the dignity of their scenes, but let them permit the English to give them a little of their truth and nature. Truth is the mighty power that keeps alive and supports the arts, and it will ever have the admiration of the cultivated mind. The extravagance of many of the modern French dramas may be ascribed to the sudden outbreak of admiration, the characteristic enthusiasm of the French people. If it be an evil it is certainly one that will work its own cure; the exaggerations will exhaust themselves, and leave the field in the undisturbed possession of the poets, when an honourable rivalry will, we trust, be maintained between the theatres of England and France.

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## THE BEAU OF THE BALL:

### AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST ALMACK'S SEASON.

"*These* are the sorrows that touch nearest."
SERGEANT TALFOURD.

There was not a more *beautiful* man at the Almack's Ball, on ——, than Lord Sylvio Silverfeather. He was tall and fair, with a profusion of raven curls, and a moustache with a magnificent twist. He seemed overpowered with the weight of his own sensations; he moved as if he felt the eyes of all the "angels bright and fair" were upon him. He was the "beau of the ball." Sir Harry Fortescue entered the rooms, and shortly afterwards, he approached his old friend and schoolfellow, Lord Sylvio. They had not met for many months, for Fortsecue had been upon the Continent, and this was his first appearance since his return. Their discourse

turned upon the loveliness of certain fair stars of fashion that adorned the *salon* that night. Fortescue expressed himself in terms of manly admiration; but Lord Sylvio slightly elevated his eyebrows and his shoulders, as if he felt quite indifferent about the matter. "Which do you consider the most beautiful?" inquired Sir Harry.

"Indeed, I cannot say," was the reply. "I have luxuriated in the sunshine of their charms for so long, that I almost forget that it is sunshine."

"Are *you* such a lady's favourite?"

"Yes;—unfortunately. It is decidedly disagreeable sometimes to be a favourite."

"What think you of the lady now dancing with Lord Wyntoun?"

"O dear, that is Miss Delamere. Yes: she is very pretty. She is an old friend of mine." And Lord Sylvio gave a knowing wink to his friend.

"Indeed," replied Sir Harry, "I met with her family during my ramble upon the continent, and *your* name was never mentioned once by them."

"Lord! how silly you are," quoth the beau, "*do* you think the girl would tell tales of herself?"

"Why, you do not mean to say—?"

"Positively, I hold her pretty little heart in soft captivity. I can twist it as easily as my moustache!"

"Indeed," was the reply.

"Yes, yes; indeed. And, as you say, she *has* been recently on the continent; our letters used to pass in the ambassador's bag."

"You have corresponded, then?"

"Corresponded," my dear fellow; the little beauty must have exhausted a stationer's shop."

"And to write *billet-doux* to you! *Happy fellow!*"

"Yes, people do say, that I am a happy man," drawled Sylvio. "But I don't know what there is to make a fellow happy in the simple circumstance of one girl loving him, when he has a profusion of hearts fluttering around him, crying, 'catch me,' as loudly as they can."

"But Miss Delamere is——"

"Now, positively, Sir Harry, you are not competent to describe her; leave it to me to praise the brilliancy of her dark eye, the grace of her swan-like neck, the music of her voice, those melting tones when she discourses to the heart—the celestial harmony of her sigh!"

"And you seriously mean to say, that she is in love with you?"

"Seriously."

"But suppose that she were found to be in love with somebody else?"

"That's a good joke, Sir Harry. *She* in love with any body else. I should like to see the man capable of withdrawing a heart from my treasury."

"Should you?" said Sir Harry.

At this moment, Lord Wyntoun and the lady described as Miss Delamere approached, and Lord Wyntoun resigned his fair charge to Sir Harry Fortescue.

"I am able to gratify your wish," said Sir Harry, addressing *le beau Sylvio*, and taking the hand of the lady within his, he continued:—"Allow me to present to you *Lady Fortescue*."

"What!" exclaimed the astonished braggart.

"Simply," replied Sir Harry, "that the *late* Miss Delamere is now my *wife*. We were married at Paris about a month ago."

## LOVE'S OWN PIC-NIC;

### OR, A DEJUNEE AT RICHMOND IN THE DOG-DAYS.

If sick of home and luxuries,
You want a new sensation,
And sigh for the unwonted ease,
Of *un*-accommodation;
If you would taste as amateur,
And vagabond beginner,
The painful pleasures of the poor,
Get up a pic-nic dinner.—PAUL CHATFIELD.

I was recently intimate with a retired tradesman, a man who had made a great deal of money in the tea and treacle line, and who now, in his retirement, endeavoured to increase his worldly goods by lending out his genius to needy young fellows like myself at—I will not say, too much per cent. Of course you perceive *how* I became acquainted with Mr. Toddbury. But that is nothing to the purpose. If such people be evils, they are very necessary ones, as two-thirds of my companions who sport their cabs in the Park, and their moustachios at Crockford's window, can testify. I felt it my interest to be very intimate with old Toddbury, because he was a severe kind of man, and my allowance did not come so punctuually as I could wish. I even consented to become one of a pic-nic to Richmond. I thought I would sacrifice my propriety for one day, but I repented my resolution. The pic-nic was the proposition of Miss Julia Thomasina Toddbury, a young lady of nineteen, and of romantic ideas. She had a miniature flower-garden upon her balcony, and kept a parrot that whistled "O, no we never mention her," and "Come dwell with me." To be sure, she had red hair, and lisped, but then she loved Byron, and knew L. E. L.'s poetry by heart. She was deeply enamoured of a spruce inhabitant of a furnished first floor in the neighbourhood of Somers-town, a gentleman who constantly exhibited in a nicely-turned brutus, a snuff-brown coat, and a matchless pair of Russia ducks. He was a clerk in the Bank. Old Toddbury had built much hope upon Miss Julia, and fancied he should, by and by, marry her to the son of a lord. Therefore, the love-affair of Joseph Simmons and Julia was kept a secret, and Joseph only visited as a friend of the family. The lovers made love with their eyes.

Well, Julia proposed a pic-nic party: it was a sultry week in August, and as I had a bill over due, I was compelled, when asked, to say that nothing would give me greater pleasure. And it was a real right down Love pic-nic: the parties were all paired but me, and I remained alone, alone and without a lady to whisper a word to: it seemed to me as if I were suffering a punishment for having had anything to do with the Toddburys. First, there were Julia and Joseph, Joseph had only one eye, but what of that? Julia loved him for his misfortune. In his childhood, an infantine creature in its simple play had thrust its little finger into Joseph's orb of vision and darkened it for ever. And Julia loved him all the better because he was the child of misfortune. It was so romantic to love a man because had lost an eye.

Then it appeared that old Toddbury, despite his years and his gravity, had felt the fascinations of a thin and loquacious maidenly lady of a certain age, who was a constant visitor at the house, where she was always, we learn, because she had been a schoolfellow of the wife of Mr. Toddbury, now at rest with her ancestors, for we should have said that the worthy

Mr. T. was a widower. Love with a mighty large dart had spitted the hearts of Mr. Toddbury and the interesting Miss Sophia Joanna Jenks. Frequently in the height of his enthusiasm, would the widower press the hand of his dear wife's schoolfellow, and Sophia Joanna would simply reply "Don't you."

Mr. Charles Wandsworth was one of the party; he was the son and heir of the proprietor of a blacking-warehouse, and poet-laureat to the establishment; his eye would roll occasionally in a fired phrenzy, while discoursing in rhyme of the ebon liquid; and ever and anon would he desist from eulogizing the qualities of his father's commodity, to pen a sonnet to the eyebrows of Wilhelmina White, sole daughter of the house and heart of a baker in the next street, who was also of the party. There was another pair, whose names I forget, they kept up such a gabble about the eatables and drinkables, that I was glad to take a chair by the side of old Toddbury, and pass the time by chatting with him, to the great discontent of Miss Sophia Joanna, who looked daggers though she spoke none, and who evidently wanted to monopolize the worthy old gentleman to herself. Well! at last the hour came for starting, and off we went in one of the most delightful boats in the world, and one of the most delightful mornings in the dog-days; the sun was shining brilliantly, not a cloud passed over it; and every body on board seemed to look so happy and so comfortable, and none more so than Sophia Joanna, who held tightly by the arm of old Toddbury, because she said she was so afraid of the water, and was so nervous a young lady, poor creature! Her nerves were at least five-and-forty years old.

The dangers of the sea—no, the Thames—being past, we arrived in due course at Richmond. And now to select a spot. Old Toddbury wanted to go to the Star and Garter, but his beloved daughter said that would not be half rural enough, and Mr. Joseph Simmons said the same. And Miss Sophia Joanna Jenks, who had said nothing all the way, so absorbed was she in the contemplation of the severe-looking face of Mr. Toddbury, now said "Ditto, to Miss Julia." Therefore, away we set on the look-out for a spot rural and romantic.

The previous night had been wet, and the ground was rather swampy. I did not like the idea of sitting upon wet grass, but the young ladies were positive, and their young gentlemen were vociferous; so I endeavoured to compromise the matter by requesting them to take up their quarters in a fine open spot; but no sooner had I uttered the words than I was assailed by all parties, and even my worthy friend old Mr. Toddbury asked what was the use of coming out on a pic-nic if we did not be romantic! And the young laureat of his father's blacking-bottles begun to expatiate in very poetical terms of the charms of nature and the cooling shade of larch trees, and the zephyrs that played among the foliage, and so forth; but I cut the young gentleman short by replying, "Yes, my dear Sir, I perfectly understand your meaning; you would say—

"How delightful and sweet are the noontide's light breezes,
That soothingly float 'mong these beautiful treeses."

There was a smile at this, but it was evidently in contempt. They all pitied me. And why? All the rest of the fellows had their ladies. I was a lonely man. The spot selected for encampment was a green one. It was a thick shrubbery kind of place, a regular dismal covert; just the place for a highway robbery, if the race of highway robbers were not extinct. It was remarkably damp, but none of the young people felt it; they were warm with love. Alas! however, when the servants were ordered to open the baskets, the ale-bottles were found to have burst, and every article of provender was saturated with the malt-liquor, and the bread and biscuits nicely frosted with the glass. A sound of woe arose from the assembly; but soon recollecting that they had come out for pleasure, they endeavoured to look pleasant, and terrible efforts they made for it.

The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
When squalling voices utter,
"Look, look, a toad has got astride
Our only pat of butter!"

The butter, of course, was thrown away, and as it was found that none of the provisions were eatable, the servants were despatched to the town for more. Meanwhile, the ladies and gentlemen of our party I observed to cast very significant looks at each other. It seemed as if they all of them had some great work in agitation. There were nods and whispers, and stolen glances, and a thousand other little mysterious proceedings. Then the vinegar old maid, Miss Sophia Joanna, proposed that we should each take different routes, and return in half an hour to report at dinner what had been seen by each. We quitted the romantic swamp. I, of course, glad enough to get into the sun again. I look the most open course, a course that was not followed by any one else of the party. At the expiration of an hour I returned. I expected to hear the knives and forks rattling as I entered the precinct of the swamp. I expected to hear the sonorous laugh of Mr. Joseph Simmons at some of his own jokes, and Miss Julia's simper in response. I expected to hear the heir of the blacking-merchant expatiating in glorious poetry upon the sublimities of the dinner; but I heard nothing of the kind; all was still and silent. When I got to the place where we had parted, there I beheld the two servants, loitering about, and they, to my interrogatories, replied that none of the rest had returned. "Well," thought I to myself, "this is odd!" The servants had procured a nice little cold collation from the town, and my appetite was remarkably keen. But I waited for another half hour. Then, as no signs of the wanderers were visible, I fell to, and despite of the swamp and the frogs, I managed to satisfy the calls of hunger. It was now two o'clock in the day. I waited for another hour. The wanderers did not return. I suspected that they had played me a trick; yet I could not see the point of the joke. I was dull. I could not comprehend the motive, and after all it was a most extraordinary coincidence!

What do you think it was? At half-past three o'clock, mortified and disappointed, wondering at the strange affair, I ordered the servants to pack up, I was determined to wait no longer. I returned to London. On the following morning the truth popped out. Reader! you have heard of a pic-nic banquet to which each of the parties brought a leg of mutton. Well, that was strange, but nothing like the coincidence in this case. All the parties (myself excepted) were, as I have said, in love. They had all of them, unknown to each other, determined upon being romantic, and eloping from our pic-nic party! Poor fools! There was no obstacle to their marriage, yet the ladies were such sighaway dieaway creatures, that nothing would satisfy them but a trip to Gretna Green, and away they went, chasing one another as it were. And there was a grand re-union at Gretna-hall. Well, they were all happy, for aught I know to the contrary, except old

Toddbury—silly old gentleman; alas! for him, he found the ugly, vinegar-looking old maiden, Sophia Joanna Jenks, to be as deep, or somewhat deeper in debt than she was in love, and he had to discharge her bills! He never went to a picnic party after that.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

WHAT IS A WEDDING?—A tragi-comic meeting, compounded of favours, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers, parsons, plum-cake, rings, refreshments, *dejuné à la fourchette*, God bless ye's! and gallopings away in a post-chaise and four.

FRIENDSHIP.

Hearts which true friendship once have joined,
Time nor absence e'er can sever,
The chain she weaves our souls to bind,
So firm its texture lasts for ever.
Then chase all anxious doubts away,
Thy friend will still remain the same;
He ne'er will give thee cause to say,
What's in friendship but a name.

"GLORIOUS JOHN."—When JOHN REEVE was acting the part of *Bombastes*, at New York, a short time ago, upon being stabbed by *Artaxomines*, the King, he denied the fairness of the thrust, and appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair; is it, Sir?" A bald-headed Jonathan, who probably took the whole representation to be serious, and to whom the wag, JOHN, directed his glance, replied, "I really can't say, Sir, for I don't fence!"

LONDON IN SEPTEMBER.—(*By Lord John Russell.*)—The following is a pleasing specimen of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S powers. The country is aware of his political talents; of his *poetical* few have any knowledge.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
A single horseman paces Rotten Row;
In Brookes's sits one quidnunc to peruse,
The broad dull sheet which tells the lack of news.
At White's a lonely Brummell lifts his glass,
To see two empty hackney-coaches pass:
The timid housemaid, issuing forth, can dare,
To take her lover's arm In Grosvenor-square.
From shop deserted hastes the 'prentice dandy,
And seeks—oh, bliss!—the *Molly-a tempora fandi.*
Meantime, the battered pavement is at rest,
And waiters wait in vain to spy a guest.
Thomas himself, Cook, Warren, Fenton, Long,
Have all left town to join the Margate throng.
The wealthy tailor on the Sussex shore,
Displays and drives his blue barouche and four.
The Peer, who made him rich, with dog and gun,
Toils o'er a Scottish moor, and braves a Scottish sun.

NO BENEFIT.—I have the misfortune to be what is considered a very useful man at a private concert, for I not only play the piano-forte tolerably well, but I can scrape decently on the violin or tenor—I also sing songs, duets, and in glees I am called upon to take alto, tenor, or bass, just as the case may require. With all these most extraordinary powers it will not be wondered at that I am constantly invited to take a friendly dish of tea, just to meet a couple of old acquaintances; but when I enter the room I find some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, seated in regular order; of course I am immediately requested to be so obliging as to accompany *Miss Fanny* or *Miss Mary*, in a song; and, when once planted at the piano-forte, I become a fixture for the rest of the evening, in the course of which I may, perchance, procure a glass of lemonade or negus. About three months ago I hinted to some of my kind friends that I would venture to give a benefit concert, and I solicited their patronage and support. They received the intelligence apparently with great pleasure, and said that I might depend on their support—provided I would engage the first-rate foreign singers, and fill the orchestra with the best performers; this I promised faithfully to do. I issued an announcement, engaged the rooms, got my tickets printed, &c. I engaged Malibran and Grisi for forty guineas; Rubini and Lablache for thirty guineas; four English singers, twenty guineas; a band of about five and thirty instruments, for fifty-four guineas; a leader and conductor, ten guineas. As I was persuaded to give my concert in the evening, the rooms, with attendance. came to thirty guineas; the printer's bill was 17*l.* 11*s.*; the advertisements, 21*l.* 12*s.*; hire of music, porterage, refreshments, door-keepers, &c., 7*l.* 16s. Altogether, the expenses amounted to about 240*l.* 3*s.*, but that I did not mind, for I knew the room would contain about 700 persons, and my excellent friends would, of course, flock around me. Every effort used on such occasions was, however, made almost in vain, for not more than 100 tickets were sold at the shops, and only seventeen persons paid at the door, so that I was about 100*l.* out of pocket by my benefit, and would have lost double this amount but for the consideration of the professionals engaged. All my friends *happened* to be unwell, or just leaving town at the time the concert was given!—Who would take a *benefit!*

VENISON.

Five guineas for a haunch! O, shame!
O, what expensive cheer;
Yet here is nothing new to blame,
For venison's always *deer!*

FEMALE DELIRIUM.—It is on record that three females have been, at different times, so overpowered by the giddy eminence which they had reached when ascending the celebrated spire of Strasburg, that they have thrown themselves off it in a momentary fit of delirium, and been dashed to atoms. The latest of these awful occurrences happened within the last few years. The unfortunate creature was quite a young girl, and the first symptom she gave of her senses wavering was excessive mirth. She laughed and shouted as if in extasy, and having reached a point where nothing intercepted her view of the abyss below, she sprang off, screaming wildly as she fell. Upon gaining the summit of our own monument, similar sensations are experienced by some nervous people.

WHAT IS A LOVER?—One, who in his desire to obtain possession of another, loses possession of himself.

TO AN INFANT.

When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
While thy assembled friends around,
With smiles their joy confessed;
So live, that at thy parting hour,
They may the flood of sorrow pour,
And thou in smiles be drest.

Box.—A foreigner, who knew little of the English language, was desirous of attending the performances at the Haymarket theatre: he, therefore, consulted the dictionary to obtain sufficient English for his accommodation at that place of entertainment. On his entrance he went up to the box-keeper, and smilingly said, "Sair, vill you be so obliging as to put me into von *trunk*!"

MAN.

So bright are the eyes that sparkle around,
When beauty and youth to the music bound;
So sweet are the cheerful smiles that speak
Of pleasure and health on each dimpled cheek,
We might almost think those joys to see
That woman was born for revelry.
That the darker scenes of life below
Are only for man to wander through;
While hearts so happy and eyes so bright
May never be clouded or seen less bright.

Politeness.—A young solicitor, while upon the circuit lately, was much confused by the abrupt interrogation in the street of a Mayor's lady, with whom he had dined on the previous evening, at her husband's table, and who, upon seeing him smile as he approached her, exclaimed, "What the deuce are you a grinning at?"

THE PINE AND THE POMEGRANATE.—*A Fable.*

"Yours is, indeed, a happy lot,
To live beneath a shelter such as mine."
Thus spoke a lofty spreading pine
To a pomegranate growing near the spot:
"When overhead the bellowing storm you hear
Trust, then, to my defence, and banish fear."
"I own," the shrub replied, "I own all this;
But if we count both what I get and miss,
More harm by you, than good, to me is done,
You ward the storm—but intercept the sun."
Such is, at times, the proud protector's aid,
Who seems to help, but keeps you in the shade.

Flowers.—Many of our fair readers will feel gratified by the following instructions for preserving natural flowers for winter. Some of the most perfect buds of the flowers it is wished to preserve, such as are latest in blowing, and ready to open, must be chosen. Cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving the stem about three inches long; cover the end immediately with Spanish wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap them up separately in paper, and place them in a dry box. When it is desired to have the flowers to blow, take the buds overnight, cut off the sealed end of the stem, and put the buds into water wherein has been infused a little nitre or salt, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colours and breathe their agreeable odours around.

When is it high time for a man to kick the bucket?—When he is beyond the *pale* of society.

At what time of the year should troops change their quarters?—In the month of *March*.

Sick Wit.—Wit on a sick bed is like a flash of lightning in the gloom of night. A celebrated physician attended an eccentric nobleman who had been suddenly seized with a violent cough, and on receiving his guinea apologized for leaving abruptly, as he had not breakfasted. "Then," replied the patient, "this is the first *cough-fee* (coffee) you have taken to-day."

Advice to some Ladies.—A scolding wife is one of the miseries of man's life. A man with such an appendage to his domestic establishment is no very enviable one. We have heard of a poor gentleman, whose life was rendered so miserable by a thorough termagant that he was obliged to abandon his home. The lady soon discovered that she had made a mistake, and with tears implored the assistance of a mutual friend, who promised to use her utmost efforts to bring about a reconciliation. "Your husband," said she, "will wait upon you this afternoon. When you hear his knock at the door, fill your mouth with water, and let him say or do what he will, be sure do not swallow it." The wife obeyed the injunction, and when the husband found that all his reproaches were answered only by a *gentle smile*, or a graceful inclination of the head, he owned the influence of those silent charms which had previously won his heart. The lady had sufficient discretion to persevere in the use of this salutary regimen till bliss banished wrangling, and happiness was restored in their domestic establishment.

Interesting Youths.—A gentleman sent two of his sons to a country boarding-school, and thus described their different dispositions:—"The one, Sir, will like to hear the voice of the *cuckoo*, and the other will only care about the voice of the *cook*."

Origin of Toilette.—Why was the name of toilette given to the ladies dressing-table.—Because the ladies *toil* at it continually.

Failure or Success.—A would-be connoisseur, while commenting upon the merits of some water-colour paintings in the recent exhibition, said that the pictures were very attractive, "but the colours *flew*." "Then," was the reply, "I think the artists have reason to be satisfied, for by your own showing, they have come off with *flying colours*."

PHYSIC AND FIDDLERS.

By filling phials doctors live,
(O, dear! there's no escaping them!)
Musicians too by *viols* thrive,
But then it is by *scraping* them!

Flourishing Trade.—A gentleman who has many sons, on being asked what professions he should bring them to, replied, "If I thought the rage for cabs would continue, I would make them all *surgeons*!"

The Past and the Present.—What a pity it is that we cannot see what fools we *are*, as well as what fools we have been.

Simplicity.—A certain lordling not overburthened with wit, took up a book which contained a passage concerning the different "races" of men, such as the black, the white, the copper-coloured, &c. at which he expressed much surprise. "Dear me!" he exclaimed, "I never before heard of any thing but the *foot races* of men!"

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HÉLOISE.

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CLI. LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF THE RENOWNED HELOISE.

PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE BONNETS.

PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND A FASHIONABLE BONNET.

PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## HELOISE.

"I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not!
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar,
From the sphere of our sorrow!"

SHELLEY.

With the present number of the "*World of Fashion*," we submit to our distinguished subscribers, a portrait of Heloise, which completes the series of illustrations of the history of those two renowned lovers, Heloise and Abelard. The history of those beings, whose names will never die, is without a parallel. The strongest and wildest romance of imagination cannot be said to surpass the interest of this wild and romantic fact; and, sure we are, that our readers will thank us for presenting them with the admirable series of illustrations completed in our present number. The letters which passed between Heloise and Abelard, are highly passionate and poetical. Those of Heloise are more tender and expressive than Abelard's, but she was younger, and more ardent than he. Besides, she had retired from the world, and secluded herself for life within a convent's walls, only in compliance with the wishes of the man she loved, and resolving to preserve her fidelity inviolable, she strove to conquer all her worldly ambition, and to fix her thoughts upon another and a better life. But the weakness of her sex continually returned, and she felt the force of love in spite of all resistance.

Loves admiration is not loud but deep,
By all it speaks not, known; not all it speaketh;
To outward eye it doth not smile nor weep;
To outward ear is dumb, nor once outbreaketh
In chorus with glad thousands clamouring
In joys too ostentatious ;
But fathomless, within its own great heart
Intense delight, unutterably seeketh
Communion with its lifes blood—smiles and tears
And gratulation and sublime acclaim,
Felt, seen and heard! A touch of other flame
Poetic vision and high songs i' the spheres!
Love's admiration is of love a part,
And burns i' the sacred silence which endears.

In the letters of Heloise there are some exquisite reflections and observations, and it is much to be regretted that a more elegant translation has not been made of them than we possess in our language. "Riches and pomp," says this astonishing woman, "are not the charms of love. True tenderness makes us to separate the lover from all that is external in him, and setting aside his quality, fortune and employments, consider him singly for himself."

"No niggard is a lover: she who swears
To be forbearing in her heart's sweet alms,
Dishonoureth the livery which she wears,
And breatheth a dull air whose breath becalms
The spirit."

Speaking of the unhappiness of marriages which are made merely for the sake of riches, Heloise says: Ambition *not* affection forms them. I believe, indeed, that they may be followed by some honours and advantages; but I can never think that this is the way to obtain the hearts happiness. Where, in such amours, are those secret and charming emotions of hearts devoted to each other, and that have desired to be united for each others sake? The wife who marries for riches will soon find that there are husbands richer than her own, and the husband will soon perceive wives better portioned than his. Then they begin to regret, and regret soon produces hatred. They soon part, or always desire it. The restless and tormenting passion punishes them, for aiming at other advantages of love than love itself.

If there is any thing which may properly be called happiness here below, it is in the union of two beings who love each other with a perfect and entire affection. Their hearts are full, and have no vacancy for any other passion. *They enjoy perpetual tranquility because they enjoy content.*

That Heloise could not control her feelings, at times, is evident from the following beautiful outbreak of tenderness and passion. "Irresolute as I am, I still love you, and yet it is without hope. I have renounced life, the world and all its pleasures are barred against me. I have abandoned everything, but, despite myself, I cannot renounce my Abelard—my husband. Though I have lost my lover I still preserve my love. O vows! O convent! I have not lost my humanity under your inexorable discipline! You have not made me marble by changing my habit. My heart is not totally hardened by my perpetual imprisonment; the fire burns on, the lamp is still alive. I still, still do love, though I am sensible that I ought not."

Another passage from these delightful epistles we must also quote. We may write to each other Abelard (thus writes Heloise upon her retirement from the world); that pleasure is not forbidden us. Let us not lose then the only happiness which is left us, and the only one, perhaps, which the malice of our enemies can never despoil us of. I shall read that you are my husband and you shall see me address you as a wife. Letters were first invented for comforting such solitary children of wretchedness as myself. In your writing I shall read your inmost thoughts. I shall bear them always about with me. I shall kiss them every moment: and if you can be capable of any jealousy, let it be for the fond caresses I shall bestow upon your letters, and envy only the happiness of those rivals. The writing may be no trouble to you. Write always to me carelessly and without study: I had rather read the dictates of the heart than of the brain. I cannot live unless I do continually hear from your lips the words of eternal love. There is nothing that can cause you any fear. You may receive my sighs, and hear me pour out all my sorrows without incurring any danger, and I can receive your tears and words. If I have put myself into a cloister with reason, persuade me to continue in it with devotion. You cannot but remember (for what do not lovers remember?) with what pleasure I have passed whole days in listening to your discourse. How, when you were absent, I secluded myself from every one to write to you. I have done more than all this, I have hated myself that I might love you. I have perpetually imprisoned myself in a cloister that you might live in ease and quiet. Nothing but love, pure, virtuous and boundless love, could have done this. I love you more than ever, Abelard; and I will still love you with all the tenderness of my soul, till the last moment of my life!

I come! I come. Prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow.
Thou, Abelard, the last sad office pay,
And smoothe my passage to the realms of day.
Ah, no! in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallowed leper trembling in thy hand;
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah, then! thy own loved Heloise see
It will be then no crime to gaze on me;
See from my cheek the transient roses fly,
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
And then, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my pain and all my joy,)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch the round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

We have already stated that Abelard died on the 21st of April, 1142, and that Heloise survived him twenty years.*

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## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

"And still in Windsor's turret floats on high,
Old England's red cross flag of victory.
Still in yon halls surrounded by the great,
Her Monarch holds his honourable state.

When we last had the pleasure of surveying our notes for the purpose of recording the history of the lives of THEIR MAJESTIES in this Magazine, we found it a work of difficulty to condense our narrative into the space to which we were restricted, so many were the great events of the month in which those illustrious personages had figured. At present, however, our task is lighter, there having been no particular occurrence in the Royal circle to require more than a brief commentary. The rides and drives of THEIR MAJESTIES in the environs of Windsor, have been, as usual, enjoyed by them; and, occasionally, we have been gratified by the appearance of THEIR MAJESTIES in the metropolis; but as "all the world is out of town," we cannot expect those illustrious personages to remain in it for long periods at a time. Upon one occasion, during a temporary visit at St. James's, THEIR MAJESTIES were visited by their illustrious relative, the Duchess of GLOUCESTER. During the same visit, THEIR MAJESTIES gave a most interesting *dejeuner* at St. James's to a small and select party, the Prince Ernest of HESSE PHILIPPSTHAL being present. The entertainment was served in Queen Anne's room. The King also held a levee.

HIS MAJESTY'S visit to Kew on the 19th was attended by rejoicings of a most exhilirating, and most interesting character; and which must convince our beloved monarch of the grateful feelings which his kind disposition towards his subjects awaken in their breasts. A triumphal arch was thrown across the high road, which was completely covered with boughs of laurel and other evergreens. It was also tastefully ornamented with a profusion of beautiful dahlias, china-asters, and other autumnal flowers. On the top was a splendid imperial crown, formed of flowers, above which waved the Royal standard. Each corner of the pediment was formed of an immense leaf of the fan-palm, obtained from the Royal Botanic Gardens, and on each side of the crown was a profusion of colours, consisting of the flags of all nations, among which the Belgic appeared most conspicuous. On the Richmond side of the triumphal arch were ranged on one side the children of the King's Free Schools, with boquets of flowers in their hands, and on the other side were the principal inhabitants of Kew, with white wands, and a grand military band. E. Scard, Esq., in the name of the parishioners, presented the King with a splendid standard of white silk, fringed with gold lace, on which was inscribed, in gold letters, the words "*Gratitude to the King, for* 200 *free sittings for the poor, and the King's Free School, the spontaneous*

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* *Vide.* The "*World of Fashion,*" for August, 1836.

*bounty of King William the Fourth. Long live the King,*" which HIS MAJESTY was pleased most graciously to accept, and having expressed his intention of visiting the church, the Royal cavalcade passed through the triumphal arch, and proceeded to the Palace, amidst the most enthusiastic cheering of the assembled multitudes. After surveying the interior for about twenty minutes, HIS MAJESTY re-entered his pony phaeton, and after driving round the Green at a slow pace, and again passing under the arch, returned to the Palace, where he entertained a small party.

In our last number, we had occasion to speak of HIS MAJESTY'S kind attention to the poorest classes of his subjects, and we have now the pleasure to record other instances of his Royal consideration and benevolence. HIS MAJESTY has been personally superintending the alterations in the Church at Kew, and had expressed his wish that accomodation should be provided for a larger number of the poorer inhabitants than there has hitherto been. During a recent review at Windsor, one of the soldiers accidentally fell from his horse in the presence of the King, and was so much injured that he was obliged to be taken to the hospital; a few days afterwards, HIS MAJESTY drove to the barracks, and enquiring for the hospital, desired to be conducted thither. The Royal order was obeyed, and HIS MAJESTY was forthwith shewn into the room occupied by the poor soldier. After kindly enquiring of the poor fellow the nature of his accident, and whether he was properly attended to, he cheered the spirits of the sufferer, whom he left delighted by the conviction that the Royal WILLIAM is not improperly styled "the *Father* of all his people."

A charming horticultural exhibition has been made on the grounds of her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA. It was attened by the Queen and a large party of the nobility, the spot selected for the occasion was one of the most enchanting that could be found in any part of England, having an extensive view of the park and beautiful gardens on one side, with Cooper's hill rising majestically in the distance on the other side. Many tents were erected for the accomodation of the visitors, and under a commodious covering, which was beautifully decorated with dahlias, were displayed the various productions of the exhibitors. Between the tents were stationed two military bands, and the promenade was one of the gayest we have ever witnessed. The company, which at one period amounted to some thousands, included nearly the whole of the Nobility and Gentry in the neighbourhood. The Queen was conducted through the various tents by the members of the committee, and was pleased to express herself highly gratified with the whole of the arrangements. HER MAJESTY appeared much interested in the productions of the cottagers.

The arrival of the King of the Belgians gave increased spirit to the court gaieties. His Majesty was cordially entertained by our Sovereign at Windsor. The King has again left England to join his Queen on the Continent.

Prince GEORGE of CAMBRIDGE is at present on a visit to his Royal parents at Hanover. Since his arrival in Germany he has frequently enjoyed the society of his cousin, Prince GEORGE of Cumberland,—a warm and affectionate attachment having always existed between these accomplished Princes. Should the eye-sight of the latter Prince be restored before the end of the year, of which the most sanguine expectations are entertained, he will return to England with the Royal Duke and Duchess. Prince GEORGE of CAMBRIDGE is expected at Windsor previously to the departure of the King and Queen for Brighton. The Duchess of KENT and the PRINCESS VICTORIA intend to spend the autumn at Claremont.

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## A WEEK AT THE GREAT MANCHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

"Music hath charms," says CONGREVE, "to sooth the savage breast." Orpheus drew the beasts of the field around him, and set them dancing by his piping; nay, indeed, the very trees did it put into saltatory motion. PAGANINI conjured the gold out of Englishmen's pockets, for a conjuring stick using his bow. Music which has accomplished these great events have drawn rank and fashion to that immense town of cottons and linsey-woolsey, Manchester. Never was there more excitement at Epsom on the Derby day than there was at this musical festival, which has "come off" since our last, and with a fine effect, notwithstanding MALLIBRAN'S sudden indisposition. All the world was at Manchester, high and low, great and small, the patrician and plebeian, peer and *parvenu*, the dashing Countess and the *would-be* dashing cotton-merchantess; the *distingué* Lady — and her beautiful family (a cluster of charming rosebuds!) and the fusty Mrs. —— with her progeny, all dressed in pink and yellow ribbons, and smelling of bread and butter. All who love music, and all who pretend to love it, went to Manchester; the hotel-keepers and lodging-house-keepers, never looked so happy and contented in their whole lives before: the stablemen were all in extacy, the purveyors of food rubbed their hands in glee; there never were so many veal pies eaten within so few days! There was LABLACHE too, and report says that every hotel-keeper was anxious to book him, because they fancied that he alone would eat enough to allow their getting a small fortune by the festival. *En passant*, this "mountain of flesh," *broke down* on his way to the festival; that is to say, the builder of the carriage not anticipating its use by such an enormous "fraction of humanity," had not made it sufficiently strong to bear him, therefore, while LABLACHE, and one or two others of the Italian company, were quietly proceeding from Leicester, LABLACHE dreaming, perhaps, of the blue skies, and the sweet airs of his fatherland, a crash was heard, and, *instanter*, the mighty man of flesh and song was no longer visible! He had descended through a hole in the vehicle (made by the pressure of his body) to kiss his mother earth. *Apropos*, of LABLACHE, the Duke of BRUNSWICK offered him a place in his carriage to Manchester from Leicester. On the road, the solemn and imposing aspect of the great *basso*, convinced the spectators that *he* must be the Royal Duke, and whilst the horses were being changed at Derby, an old woman deliberately approached the vehicle, and staring first at the Duke of BRUNSWICK, and then at LABLACHE, she turned to the latter, and exclaimed with much bitterness: "*No wonder the balloon coomed down with thy weight. Why didst thee go up with Mrs. Graham, thee great hulk?*"

The arrival of MALIBRAN was a source of great gratification. Manchester then appeared brighter than ever, and the purveyors of provender to man and beast seemed to fancy that that event would occasion both descriptions of animal to devour more food. Expectation was upon tiptoe, and it was realized. Manchester presented the appearance of an

universal carnival! Every man, woman and child, seemed to have thrown care behind them.

The interior of the Collegiate Church presented a beautiful appearance. Accommodations had been provided therein for 3,500 persons. For the evening concerts the Theatre Royal was raised on a level with the stage, and boarded over, and the erection of a large orchestra completely enclosed, in order, according to the opinion of those learned in acoustics, "to confine the sound." The gigantic plan for the fancy dress ball was the theme of universal expectation and admiration. Something like a notion of its vast extent may be formed by imagining three acres of ground laid out for the purpose, and two-thirds of an acre especially for the supper-room. On every side were to be seen rank, fashion, and beauty, the old looked young, and the young more lovely. Along the streets which erst re-echoed to the rumbling waggon of the Cotton Lord, the gap and splendid equipages of coronetted greatness rolled, some bearing their sensitive and beautiful burdens from one scene of attraction to another, and others still more numerous arriving from the country by every approach to the town, the cry being "still they come." When the company to the first musical performance were nearly all arrived, the scene presented a very grand appearance. The organ, flanked by two galleries occupied by the chorus singers, and the orchestra immediately below the organ, took up the space of the west end of the Church.

Precisely at eleven o'clock Sir George Smart gave the signal, and the performances appropriately commenced with Attwood's Coronation Anthem, "O Lord! grant the King a long life," in which the burst of the full orchestra, with the power of the chorus, produced a great impression. Haydn's oratorio of *The Creation*, performed entire, filled up the remainder of the first part. This sublime production was upon the whole finely executed.

The second part of the day's performance consisted of a selection from MOZART'S *Requiem*, one of the most sublime productions that ever emanated from that inspired author. It has rarely been performed in this country as an entire work. The beautiful quartet, from one of the masses of the same great master, '*Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*,' was exquisitely given. The next selection was an air from the *Redemption*, of HANDEL, which was appropriated to the lamented MALIBRAN; but as she did not make her appearance at the conclusion of the quartetto, it was feared that the sudden indisposition under which she had been reported to have been labouring, would prevent her from displaying the powers of her fine voice in 'Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! who was, and is, and is to come.' However, Madame MALIBRAN made her appearance. Her countenance indicated that she was severely indisposed. Supporting herself by the front of the choir, she commenced her task. Her voice, at first tremulous, gradually gained strength, and she performed the air if not with her usual power, certainly with surpassing sweetness. Mrs. A. SHAW then sang, in a very chaste and finished style, 'Make haste to deliver me,' an air of Neukomm's, expressly written for her by that favourite composer. She had the advantage of WILLMAN'S inimitable obligato accompaniment on his new instrument, the basso-clarone. The morning performance closed with Bishop's Cantata of 'The Seventh Day,' which was originally performed by the Philharmonic Society in London. The subject is taken from Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and may be said to form the conclusion of 'The Creation,' HADYN having terminated his work with the sixth day. This bold essay of a native composer caused some sensation among the votaries of HAYDN in the north. The great "observed of all observers" was LABLACHE, especially when he made his first bow to the assembled thousands, and stood forth in all his eminence of power, bulk, and magnitude, in *grand relief*. If the admiration of the manufacturing musicians was raised to an extraordinary degree at the stupendous figure of the "two single gentlemen rolled into one," it was doubly elicited when the ponderous tones of the great *primo basso* revelled through the immense range of the sacred building.

At half-past seven the evening Concert commenced at the Theatre. A detailed criticism of those selections, which, for the most part, have gone the round of the fashionable Concerts in the metropolis this last season, is unnecessary. The next day's selections at the Collegiate Church opened with HANDEL'S overture and dead march to *Saul*. The first part consisted of gleanings from the Oratorio of *Solomon*. The second part of the programme was rendered attractive by the announcement of a novelty of an interesting character—namely, Sphor's Cantata, 'The Christian's Prayer' (the first time in this country) the words translated from the German by Mr. E. Taylor. The performers, both vocal and instrumental, did everything for the production—but it went off heavily, and was any thing but effective. The cantata is not what it ought to be, a musical painting. It is simply a sketch, a mere outline; but not like one of Retsch's—replete with vigour of thought and boldness of execution. It is not to be denied that there is exhibited a masterly knowledge of the *mechanique* of the art; but the whole lacks definitive plan, and an animated carrying out of the inventive portion. A selection, from Handel's '*Israel in Egypt*,' terminated this day's programme.

The evening Concert at the Theatre was even more numerously attended than on the preceding evening. DE BERIOT played a Concerto to make up for Madame MALIBRAN'S absence. She had made her appearance in the early part of the evening, but it was evident that her indisposition was momentarily getting worse, and assuming a more dangerous and decisive character. In the canon from *Fidelio* her exertions were prodigious, taking a fearful shake at the top of her voice with her customary daring enthusiasm. The storm of cheering which followed the stupendous essay was still unabated when the unfortunate idol of an enraptured audience, who but a moment before was lighted up with fire and animation, sank in an exhausted state under the effect of her excitement. Medical aid was resorted to, and she was bled in the green-room, and, after the performance was over, was removed in a chair to her hotel.

On the following morning it was announced that Madame MALIBRAN was then somewhat better, but had passed a dreadful night. Her shrieks and groans resounded through the hotel. This melancholy event threw a great damp over the proceedings of the Festival.

The continued indisposition of Madame MALIBRAN prevented her appearance on the final day, when BEETHOVEN'S *Mount of Olives* and SPOHR'S *Last Judgment* were performed. The Fancy Ball terminated the festival. Nearly 6,000 persons were present, attired in the garb of all nations. Let the London inhabitant, unacquainted with the locality of Manchester, be told that if four streets on the south side of the Strand were connected together by temporary arches of timber thrown across the roads, he will then understand

the immense space which was devoted for purposes "fanciful and terpsichorean." The supper room was a temporary erection, lighted up in the most splendid style with gas lamps of an eastern pattern. The Royal arms, embroidered with silk, were visible at each end of the room, and at each extremity was placed a large mirror, reflecting the whole extent of the room, with its motly group of characters, real and imaginary. The roof was supported by rows of pillars, and the floor was covered with carpet. In the Portico was placed a band, and in the Assembly Rooms two bands in the saloons for dancing, besides a full military band in the anti-room. The stage being cleared of all its scenery, the pillars supporting the roof were fitted up in unison with the decorations of the front of the house. From the roof of the proscenium was suspended a most superb chandelier, and lustres and lamps glittered in profuse array from all sides. The ceiling over the pit was arranged in the form of a tent of vast extent, the gallery being totally excluded from view, and the upper and lower boxes alone being visible. The tent and other decorations of the stage consisting of hangings of rose, pink, and white calico, in alternate stripes, the whole drapery being festooned and ornamented with neat and appropriate borders. From the pit of the theatre the spectators could walk through a passage into the lower and upper boxes, the *coup d'œil* from which was extremely striking and brilliant. There was one continued stream of promenaders, and at times the passages were choked, but the exertions of the stewards cleared the gangways, and, considering the influx of company there was little confusion. At ten o'clock the supper room was thrown open, and the rush was tremendous. The refreshments partook more of the substantial school, than the refined and *recherche*. GUNTER would have expired on the spot had he witnessed the choking lumps of solid pastry, the enormous veal pasties, and the extraordinary sandwiches of ham and beef, which must have exhausted the whole Sandwich Islands for a year to come; that another *Cook* dared not show his face there. Some casks of negus, which, as a wag observed, made one's mouth water for wine, and not *whine* for water, was the beverage to slack the thirst of the "melting souls" who were fast vanishing into thin air. The heat, was, indeed, intolerable, as the place began to fill. We cannot say much in praise of the costume generally. Although in some instances five hundred pounds were paid for a dress, and the average price was ten guineas, few persons seemed to choose a costume adapted for their physical appearance; and in some instances, the choice of character was highly absurd. This is a tempting theme, and the "show up" would be very ludicrous; but we are restrained by the feeling that Charity's sacred cause originated the exhibitors' foolery. The Duke of BRUNSWICK was present, attired in full military uniform, and decorated with his various orders. The Earl of WILTON was also in the room.

Thus terminated this magnificent festival, and according to all accounts it surpassed in splendour the meeting of 1828.

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## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

STATE OF THE TOWN.—London now is in a state of dreariness. All the fashionables are gone, the houses of the great are shut up, and one only meets in the streets some of the younger brothers, and *Crockfordians*, whom the want of friends or the want of money compel to abide in London when all the fashionable world is on the wing. *Apropos*, we have heard a story of a strange penurious lady of distinction who makes a grand display in London during the season. She has no country house (it was sold, long ago, with her deceased husband's dogs and horses) and not being desirous of accepting invitations, because invitations there would be to be made in return, she adopts the expedient of shutting up all the front windows of her mansion, papering the blinds, &c., and lives in the back rooms. So that those who pass by think her ladyship to be "out of town," by which means her ladyship saves no inconsiderable deal of money. Brighton has now a fair sprinkling of fashionables; indeed, there are fewer of the *apeing* "gentry" at Brighton now, than there have been for years past, Margate, Ramsgate, and Boulogne having greater attractions for them. By the way, passing down St. James's-street the other day, we overtook two industrious chimney-sweeps, one of whom exclaimed to the other, "Well, Jack, its no use saying, but I and my old lady means to go to Ramsgate, and be genteel: there's Joe Spriggs and his old 'ooman gone, and why should'nt we go too? Its only eighteen-pence!" Admirable economist! At how cheap a rate can even a chimney-sweep in these cheap times, become genteel? Boulogne is full of these individuals, who are doing the "genteel" cheaply. Calais used to be the resort of the small gentry, but Boulogne now has the preference, because the fare is only five shillings. Who would not be a "traveller," and visit "foreign parts" when the pleasure can be enjoyed for the identical sum charged for a single admission to the boxes of the Haymarket theatre!

THE FAIR FRUITERESS.—Lord FRANCIS EGERTON has made a little sensation in the world by patronizing a new dramatist, and by having the portrait painted of a pretty fruit girl, in Pall-mall. His Lordship is a man of taste and talent. He discovers not only mental but personal beauties; he not only presents the author of the "*Cavalier*" to the public as a man of genius, but he causes to be transferred to canvass the beauties of the fruit girl of Pall-mall! Many a time and oft have we traversed Pall-mall, East and West, many and many a time have we crossed the identical crossing at the end of the street, whereat it appears to be the custom of this fruit-girl to dispose of her wares, but never did her beauties, thus proclaimed, ever meet our observation. How blind are we! O, that we should not have had the keen eyes of Lord FRANCIS EGERTON to have discovered and enjoyed the sight of sweet perfection. Mr. Middleton, the artist, a contemporary informs us, has just finished a painting in oil colours of this pretty Pall-mall fruit-vendor, which is designed for the collection of Lord FRANCIS EGERTON. Happy possessor of the portrait of such an interesting beauty! What if this "swan" should prove to be a "crow?" But that's impossible: no one will venture to dispute the authority of Lord FRANCIS EGERTON upon matters of taste. The fair fruiteress must be worthy of the fame his Lordship has thus ensured her. Her face must be well entitled to admission among the beauties of art. Yes, the portrait must be a prize, and we hope it will last as long as a GUIDO or a TITIAN. Meantime, what will become of the other prize—the breathing, basket-bearing original? Will she be henceforth perpetually sitting for her picture, or will she be allowed to remain standing at the corner of Pall-mall? If so, a pedestal should be erected for her,

whereon she might take her daily position, and receive the homage of the public. "Here is her throne, let Kings bow down to it." No doubt the public will be contented with the original if they cannot obtain portraits!

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.—The ceremony of uniting the beautiful Lady KENNEDY ERSKINE to Lord J. GORDON being performed by the Rev. Mr. WARD, gave occasion to D'ORSAY to observe that the bridegroom was, doubtless, bountiful to the minister being himself handsomely re-*ward*-ed in return.

A VICTIMIZED LADY.—Lady C—— B—— is numbered among the unfortunates who have of late been victimized by the bill stealers. It appears that they obtained her ladyship's acceptance for 500*l.*, upon which they advanced 50*l.*, and subsequently negociated the return of the bill for 150*l.* Her ladyship should keep out of the hands of such people.

KATE KEARNEY.—A drama under this title is announced at one of the minor theatres, where Mrs. WAYLETT has an engagement. Mrs. WAYLETT'S beautiful singing of this ballad is universally known; but she has *oversung* it. The public are already tired of it, and no dramatic talent, perhaps, could make a play upon the same subject popular and attractive. Some few years ago we published a tale with the same title, and which, if we mistake not, the author informed us was suggested by Mrs. WAYLETT'S song: it was a neat, probable, and interesting sketch, and upon our recommendation it was put into a dramatic shape by the author; had this dramatic version been produced while the song was fresh before the public, and attractive, it might have increased the popularity of the singer and of the subject. But Mrs. WAYLETT did not behave very politely to the author. Now that the subject is old and hacknied, and the public are tired even of hearing Mrs. WAYLETT'S warbling of it, another dramatic piece is produced—a *fairy* piece too! We fancy that nothing can be more ridiculous than the connection of the supernatural with the exquisite and purely earthly beauty of the plaintive melody of "Kate Kearney." To our minds, such a connection is about as absurd as it would be to introduce fairies into the tragedy of *Hamlet*, or to make SHAKSPEARE'S *Rosalind* a fairy Queen!

A PRESENT.—The Marchioness of Hastings has presented the Princess Victoria with a magnificent vase, manufactured in Derbyshire.

ACUTE ANSWER.—An under-graduate, at a recent Oxford examination, upon being asked in his divinity examination, who was Jesse? answered, "The flower of Dumblane!"

A FORTUNATE FAMILY.—The rise of the BURRELL family is curious as an instance of sudden change and singular prosperity—the birth of mere accident. Lord ALGERNON PERCY, second son of Sir HUGH SMITHSON (Earl and Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND in consequence of his marriage with the PERCY heiress) being of a delicate constitution, was sent to the south of France. At Marseilles he happened to meet the family of Mr. BURRELL, then simply one of the Commissioners of Excise, who was also travelling for his health. Lord ALGERNON fell in love with the second daughter. The pride of the PERCY gave way to the desire to see the name kept alive, as the eldest son's marriage had been without offspring. The Duchess gave her reluctant consent, and from this chance dated the rise of the whole family. The new rank of Lady ALGERNON, with the prospect of succeeding to the head of the house, brought her sisters into fashionable life. Within three years the youngest was Duchess of HAMILTON, and on the death of the Duke, was married to the Marquis of EXETER. Earl PERCY having obtained a divorce from his Countess, married another sister. Their only brother captivated the affections of Lady ELIZABETH BERTIE, eldest daughter of the Duke of ANCASTER. He obtained her hand, and scarcely had the marriage taken place, when her brother, the heir to the dukedom, was carried off at 23 by a violent illness. The baronetcy of WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY, with a great part of the ANCASTER estates, fell to Lady ELIZABETH, with the high feudal office of Great Chamberlain, which remains in the family; and the husband was raised to the Peerage by the title of Lord GWYDIR. It renders this general good fortune the more peculiar, that the three sisters were far from being distinguished by wit or beauty, whilst the elder sister who was strikingly handsome, was the wife of a private gentleman, Mr. BENNET. Lord ALGERNON was raised by PITT to the earldom of BEVERLEY.

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## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &C.

Long may the Drama shine, its friends increase,
The taunts of faction and of envy cease;
With justice, virtue, for its constant end,
A foe to falsehood, and to truth a friend!

Unhappily, the star of the Drama does not shine very brightly at present, and the horizon is so heavily laden with clouds, that there can be no immediate hope of its enlightening and enlivening us. We perfectly agree with a modern critic, who represents the drama to be in a state of lamentable degradation. Managers and actors are "fallen from the high estate" they once held; dramatic genius is not dead, but it is fettered and oppressed by a censorship and tyranny that was unknown in the age when SHAKSPEARE, MASSINGER, FORD, and the immortal band of literary warriors of that day, went in their strength to the field and reaped the laurels of victory. The regular drama has nearly passed from our stage; tragedy, "sweeping by with its own sceptered crown and pall," and genuine comedy, have given way to glaring spectacle. There is no immediate hope of the restoration of the regular drama. The managers echo the starting cry that the public taste is at variance with the legitimate drama, because the tragedies of SHAKSPEARE are unattractive. And why are they unattractive? Because they are badly played. The language of SHAKSPEARE is so thoroughly philosophical, that even his smallest characters require to be personated by men of thought and ability. But in the way the whole of the characters, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, are now sustained by players (who make no distinction between the language of SHAKSPEARE'S tragedies and the language of the melodramas and extravaganzas which, it is said, that the public prefer) the language is not understood. Again, we have to observe that the public are tired of what are called the old stock dramas. They require variety. If *new* legitimate dramas cannot be obtained, there are a hundred fine old plays that lie covered with dust upon the manager's shelves. Why are they not taken down and submitted to the public. The truth is, there is a deplorable lack of wisdom on the part of our leading managers, and hence it is that so many are ruined.

COVENT-GARDEN.—This theatre has re-opened with a very indifferent company, enlivened, however, by one or two

stars. MACREADY is promised. Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE is performing "his round of characters," say the bills, previously to his taking his leave of the public. The play-bills should have said, "his *brother's* characters," for certainly very few persons know *Charles* KEMBLE'S *Macbeth* and *Shylock*. It is a great pity that a clever actor and first-rate comedian should be guilty of such folly.

HAYMARKET.—This theatre has been well attended during the month, the principal performances there being SHAKSPEARE'S comedy of *Twelfth Night*, and Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD'S tragedy of *Ion*. The comedy is one of the wittiest and most delightful of SHAKSPEARE'S flights of humour. The characters of *Sir Andrew*, *Sir Toby* and *Malvolio*, are most original and exquisite portraitures. BUCKSTONE pourtrays the first-named part in a way perhaps that no other actor in London could surpass. It is a richly humorous personation, but so chaste that the most fastidious admirer of SHAKSPEARE could not but express himself pleased with it. WEBSTER is not quite all that we could wish in *Malvolio*, still he depicts the peculiarities of the character with a great deal of whim and drollery, without overstepping the modesty of nature. The most beautiful and perfect personation in the piece, however, is the *Viola* of Miss ELLEN TREE. We remember her highly talented sister in the character, and how exquisite was the delight she therein afforded us! Scarcely inferior was our gratification on witnessing its assumption by Miss ELLEN TREE. *Viola* is one of the most beautiful of SHAKSPEARE'S female characters, and the manner in which it is played by Miss TREE could not fail to make it again attractive. The public can never be indifferent to SHAKSPEARE, when his wondrous creations are efficiently represented.

Mr. TALFOURD'S *Ion* is also attractive. Miss TREE'S performance of the hero is talented, but it is too *womanly* to please us. The spectator is constantly reminded that a talented young lady is endeavouring to personate and to represent the feelings of a man. A very ridiculous panegyric upon Mr. TALFOURD'S clever play, from the pen of Mr. LEIGH HUNT, has appeared in one of the newspapers, which another of its contemporaries has ably and satirically exposed. *Ion* is a work of a talented man, but most certainly Mr. TALFOURD is no SHAKSPEARE.

The principal novelty of the month at this house was a three-act tragic drama, written by a Mr. CHARLES WHITEHEAD, and called *The Cavalier*. This play was produced at the instance of Lord FRANCIS EGERTON, who entertained a very high opinion of its merits. It was a production far superior to the general run of melo-dramas, but it could not be ranked with the legitimate, because there were many inconsistencies, and much extravagance in some of the leading characters and incidents. It might have been highly successful, however; indeed, it would have been so, but for its unexpected and horrible denouement. The plot runs thus:—*Captain Hargrave* (Mr. VANDENHOFF) a Royalist, whose estates had been sequestrated by the Parliament in consequence of his devotion to the cause of CHARLES the First, finds himself, upon the Restoration of King CHARLES the Second, in very straitened circumstances, the Council refusing to admit his claims to his lost possessions. He and his wife, *Mrs. Hargrave* (Miss ELLEN TREE) take up their residence at the house of a relative, and the lady is the bearer of all the *Cavalier's* communications to the Council. *Lord Moreton* (Mr. SELBY) a dissipated nobleman of the Court, beholds her while engaged upon one of those missions, and, becoming enamoured of her, he endeavours to bribe the husband to consent to his wife's dishonour. *Captain Hargrave* resents this disgraceful proposition, and *Lord Moreton* then seizes upon *Mrs. Hargrave* in the streets, and carries her off to his house. The husband follows, but on being told, by an infamous Frenchwoman in the pay of *Moreton*, that *Mrs. Hargrave* has been there frequently before, and that she has resolved to abide there for ever, he goes away distracted. *Lord Moreton* then assails the chastity of the wife, and to save herself from dishonour she snatches a knife from the table and stabs the noble ruffian. She is then seized, tried, and condemned for the murder; but the husband, to save her from the ignominy of perishing upon the scaffold, kills her with a dagger, he having himself previously taken poison. Just as they are dying, the Frenchwoman, conscience-striken, appears with a pardon for *Mrs. Hargrave*, she having confessed that she had borne false witness against her. But it is too late, and the piece closes with the death of the husband and wife: the most infamous characters in the piece, the Frenchwomau and her husband, being permitted to go unpunished. The drama went very favourably until the close of the third act, when the audience suddenly felt displeased by the unnecessary sacrifice of the two leading characters, and they expressed their displeasure in the loudest terms. Two evenings afterwards, the catastrophe was altered, and the lives of the characters preserved. The alteration was favourably received; but the manager withdrew the piece after that night. We are sorry for this, because we think that with a few other alterations it might have become a most popular drama. It is better written than are nine-tenths of the modern dramas, and its spirit was of a first-rate order. The idea was a noble one, although the author had but feebly worked it out. Mr. VANDENHOFF rendered the extravagance of the character of *Hargrave* greater than it would have appeared had that character been in the hands of a more legitimate actor, MACREADY or CHARLES KEMBLE. The ugly faces which he made were anti-poetical, the very antipodes of the sublime. Miss ELLEN TREE personated the patient, tender, and suffering wife, with much pathos and spirit; her acting was frequently, and most deservedly, rewarded by rounds of applause. Mrs. CLIFFORD, who appeared as the Frenchwoman, assisted to ruin the piece. We never beheld a more intolerable performance. Did she fancy she was playing *Dollabella*, or *Huncamunca*, in *Tom Thumb?* Miss E. PHILLIPS is entitled to a word of praise for her delicate and modest speech and demeanour in a trifling character. The other parts were but indifferently played.

ENGLISH OPERA.—A new opera, by Mr. ROMER, entitled *The Pacha's Bridal*, has been produced here with some success. The libretto is a version of Lord BYRON'S *Corsair*, a story so generally known as to render it unnecessary for us to describe it here. The music displays much taste, and some talent; it is pretty, but not remarkable for originality, a great many of the airs falling upon the ear with all the cordiality of old acquaintanceship. Miss SHIRREFF played the part of *Medora* with great spirit and vocal skill; occasionally she failed in endeavouring to imitate MALIBRAN, but the general character of her performance was good. WILSON never appeared to greater advantage than in the *Corsair;* he sang with care, taste and feeling, and was much applauded. A Mr. LEFFLER (who had a few nights previously made his *debût* as *Hela*, in the *Mountain Sylph*) took the part of the

*Pasha Seyd*, and sustained it with effect. His voice is something like that of H. PHILLIPS, clear, deep and full. He is certainly an acquisition to the theatre.

STRAND.—This theatre has terminated a successful season. A new burletta, called *Job Pippins; or, The Man who could not help it*, was the last successful novelty. It was written by Mr. JERROLD: its foundation, a tale, by the same clever writer, in "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine." The acting of Mr. HAMMOND, in *Job Pippins*, was very humourous and good.

THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS is to open on the 1st of October. The season, which is to be of six months' duration, will terminate on the 31st of May, 1837. The singers already engaged for the season are, RUBINI, LABLACHE, TAMBURINI, TANTINI, IVANOFF, MAGLIANO, MONTERASI, and PESANTI. Mesdames GRISI, TACCANI, ALBERTAZZI, ASSANDRI, SCHIRONI, AMIGO, VECCHI, and ROSSI. Two new operas are to be produced in the course of the season.

ADELPHI.—This Theatre opened on Thursday the 29th, with a new extravaganza, entitled *Novelty; or, New Scenes and Old Faces*. JOHN REEVE played in two of the novelties.

OLYMPIC.—This Theatre, which is, perhaps, the handsomest in London (not even the St. James's excepted) opened on the same night with *The Old and Young Stager* (in which LISTON and C. MATHEWS sustain their original characters) and a new piece, called *Court Favours*, in which Madame VESTRIS made her curtsey. The gallery has been entirely removed, and its place supplied by a tier of boxes. The company is a very good one. Mr. KEELEY'S place is supplied by Mr. OXBERRY. Mrs. HONEY is also engaged, and will, doubtless, prove a great attraction. Madame VESTRIS, now that her own brightness is declining, did wisely to engage this rising star.

ST. JAMES'S Theatre also opened on the 29th. A new piece by Mr. DICKENS introduced HARLEY.

MR. FORREST, the American tragedian, will appear at Drury-Lane Theatre on the 17th of October.

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## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

"O, yes, as in virtues' path thou art,
Bliss shall thine and thy husbands' be;
Thy faith will not cool, nor be false thy heart,
Thou'lt know not shame nor misery.
Then fling not thy wreath in the stream nor glade,
A noble youth has been given to thee;
So now the fair marriage garland braid,
And many the days of thy joy shall be.

DR. BOWRING.

Let us again enter the resplendent temple of Hymen, for the purpose of transferring to our pages the names of the members of fashion's world, who have there recorded them since our last visit. The first pair of happy beings, then, whose "sponsonals and patronymics" meet our eye are the Lady KENNEDY ERSKINE and Lord J. GORDON. The next are LOUISA HARRIET (youngest daughter of the Rev. J. HAGGITT, Rector of Dutton, near Cambridge) and HENRY BELWARD RAY, ESQ., eldest son of ROBERT RAY, ESQ., of Grove House, Edmonton, whose nuptials were solemnized by the Hon. and Rev. HENRY CUST. Another couple who have entered the gates of wedded life, from which two paths diverge, one of which leads to happiness, the other to misery (but on which there are no directing posts) are JOHN GILLAM BOOTY, Esq., and MARIANNE STODART, second daughter of the late Rev. HENRY MORGAN SOY, Vicar of Siverne Minster, Dorset. EMILY, the youngest daughter of HENRY THWAITES, Esq., of Euston Square and Hamsell, Sussex, has been made the wife of HENRY LINDSELL SOPWITH, Esq., of Tunbridge Wells. Also, MARY PHILIPPA, youngest daughter of Capt. HARRY BRADBURNE, late of the Queen's bays, has been led to Hymen's altar by HENRY JAMES ROSS, Esq. Miss NOVELLO, singer, at the English Opera House, is married to Mr. SERLE of the same theatre.

"MALIBRAN."—MALIBRAN, the great, the gifted Malibran, the most wondrous woman of the age, is no more! To see a lady of such supassing genius, in the very splendour of her beauty and talent, and in the midst of her triumphs, expire so suddenly, will excite feelings of the deepest regret; and so much the more so as we have reason to believe that she has fallen a sacrifice to her exertions to gratify the public. MALIBRAN was one of the kindest-hearted and most generous creatures in the world. It was her pleasure to "do good by stealth," and many are they who have been made happy by her bounty. The way of her life was not thornless. Little did the glad thousands think who have delighted in her minstrelsy, that at the moment of her greatest triumph, her heart was racked by a thousand cares. Peace to the departed! Madame MALIBRAN was born at Paris in 1808. She was the daughter of GARCIA, the singer. In a preceding column will be found some interesting particulars of her last performance. In our Number for July will be found a portrait of this lamented genius.

The Hon. ARTHUR STANHOPE is now numbered with the silent dead. This honourable and respected gentleman was in his 84th year. He was for thirty-five years employed in the Foreign Department of the Post-office, and had retired on a pension of 900*l.* a-year. We regret to have to recount the decease of the gallant Sir CHRISTOPHER COLE, K.C.B. He married about the year 1826, Lady MARY TALBOT, mother of C. R. M. TALBOT, Esq. He greatly distinguished himself in taking the island of Banda, and other spice islands. He was highly respected. The Duke de GRAMMONT, father of the Duke de GUICHE, and of the Countesses of TANKERVILLE and SEBASTIANI, has also gone to his eternal rest. The Duke was eighty-one years of age. He instituted a suit in the French Courts some years previous to his demise, for the purpose of establishing his claim to the citadel of Blaye and its dependencies, and the Cour Royale of Bourdeaux decreed that at the expiration of three years the State should pay the Duke an annuity of 106,000fr., or reinstate him in the possession of the citadel. The present Duchess de GRAMMONT is sister to Count Alfred D'ORSAY. We have also to mention the death of Vice-Admiral LAMBERT, a worthy and meritorious officer.

The report propagated with so much industry at the west end of the town, that a foreign prince nearly related to an illustrious personage has been smitten with the personal charms of an English lady of rank, has not the slightest foundation in fact, and is calculated only to give unnecessary pain in a high quarter.

The Last & Newest Fashions 1836 Morning & Evening Dresses

The Last & Newest Fashions – 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

### EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of embroidered *tulle* over green *pou de Soie;* a low *corsage*, trimmed with a lappel, finished by a fall of embroidered *tulle;* double bouffant sleeves; blond lace cap, of a very light form, trimmed with roses and rose gauze ribbon. *Tulle zephyr* scarf.

### EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Lemon-coloured *pou de Soie* robe; *corsage à la Montespan*, trimmed with blond lace; the front of the skirt is ornamented with *tulle*, let in *en tablier*, and bordered on each side with a *rûche*. Turban *à la Princess Marie* of ruby gauze, the folds edged with velvet. Black blond scarf.

### WALKING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Chequered *gros de Naples* robe. *Fichu à la paysanne*, beautifully embroidered. Bonnet of green *pou de Soie*; long and moderately deep brim, the interior trimmed with ribbon and apple blossoms. The crown placed rather backward, is ornamented with a blond lace drapery, and two *plumes panachées*.

### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

1.—Back view of the turban.

2.—*Bonnet à la Charlotte Corday*, of *tulle*, trimmed with blue ribbons.

3.—Half dress bonnet of *sparterie de Venise*, trimmed with *ruban royal*, and a single flower.

4.—Cap of *tulle bouillonnée*, ornamented with white gauze ribbon and roses.

5.—Italian straw bonnet, a large size, lined with lilac satin, and trimmed with quadrilled ribbons and flowers, *en suite*.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

### MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of one of the new autumnal materials, composed of a mixture of silk and cashmere wool. The skirt is trimmed with a single flounce. *Corsage à la Gabrielle*. Bonnet of fine Italian straw, a large and rather close shape: it is trimmed with straw-coloured satin ribbons, and a bouquet composed of a mixture of corn flowers and ears of corn.

### PARIS MORNING DRESS.

Fig 2.—Open robe of organdy, a white ground quadrilled in cherry colour: it is trimmed with plain organdy. The sleeve is formed of a succession of very small bouffants, with a large *sabot* just above the elbow. Rice straw *Chapeau à la Pamela*, trimmed with rose satin ribbon, and a sprig of foliage.

### PARIS HOME DRESS.

Fig. 3.—A clear muslin robe, trimmed with a lilac ribbon run in round the border of the skirt, the ribbon is surmounted by a flounce. Plain *corsage*, half high, and shawl-pelerine of two falls, trimmed with ribbon and frills. Short tight sleeve, decorated *en suite*. The hair is ornamented with a band and knots of ribbon.

### A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Fig. 4.—A spotted muslin frock, and cambric pantaloons. The hair decorated with knots of ribbon.

### EVENING DRESSES.

1.—India muslin robe; a low *corsage*, trimmed with drapery, *à la Suisse*; short tight sleeves, terminated by a *manchette* of one fall; *coiffure en cheveux*.

2.—A back view of No. 3.

3.—*Organdy* robe; *corsage à la Chatelaine*, trimmed with pink ribbons Head-dress of hair, onamented with roses on *épis*.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

### CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Blue *gros de Naples* robe; a half high *corsage* made to the shape; long sleeve, tight at the upper and lower part, and moderately full in the centre; the *corsage* and the upper part of the sleeve are ornamented with welts in a very novel manner. Rice straw hat, a round and deep brim, and crown of the usual form. The interior of the brim is trimmed in the cap stile, with blond lace and flowers; the crown is profusely ornamented with white satin ribbons and blush roses.

### A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Cambric pantaloons; white muslin frock, a low full body, trimmed with a double frill, and a row of pink ribbon in the heading. Cottage bonnet of Florence straw, trimmed with velvet.

### MORNING VISITING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Pelisse robe of dove coloured *pou de Soie*; a tight *corsage*; the sleeves and skirt trimmed in a novel style with the same material. Drawn bonnet of white crape with rose ribbon run through the casings; *tulle* veil.

### EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 4.—*Organdy* robe embroidered in coloured cashmere, worked in detached bouquets of field flowers; a low *corsage*, and long tight sleeves, with double *bouffants* set on at the upper part; the top of the *corsage* is trimmed with a double fold of rose satin. Head-dress of hair, arranged in full ringlets at the sides, and a round knot at the back of the head.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Evening Dress.—Pink *organdy* robe; a low tight *corsage*, trimmed with a *fichû* of a novel form, composed of folds of *tulle*, with ends which cross in the centre; tight sleeves, trimmed with *tulle* and pink rosettes. Head-dress of hair, disposed in interlined bows at the back of the head, and ringlets at the sides. It is ornamented with flowers.

2.—A back view of the morning visiting dress.

3.—A back view of the carriage dress.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of white figured *gros d'Automme*, a low *corsage*, trimmed with a round pélerine, which is bordered with blue velvet and a row of black lace; short tight sleeves, trimmed *en suite*. The border is encircled by three rows of velvet. *Chapeau Castellan* of blue *velours epinglé*, trimmed with velvet, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Clear muslin robe, low *corsage à la corset*, trimmed with a falling tucker of the same material. Short tight sleeves, covered with three rows of trimming, and ornamented with cherry-coloured velvet bands and knots; *ceinture* with floating ends *en suite*; the skirt is trimmed with two double flounces. The hair disposed in a profusion of curls at the sides, and of interlaced bows at the back of the head, is ornamented with a bouquet of damask roses.

MORNING BRIDAL COSTUME.

Fig. 3.—White lace robe over straw-coloured satin, *corsage à la vierge*, trimmed with a lace pelerine; the sleeve tight at the top and at the lower part of the arm, is also trimmed with lace. Head-dress of hair, adorned with moss roses, orange blossoms, and the bridal veil of *tulle illusion*.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A back view of the second evening dress.

2.—Morning Dress.—Robe of one of the new *mousselines de laine*. *Fichû à la paysanne* of clear white cambric, trimmed with the same. Cap of *tulle bouillonné*, ornamented with red roses.

3.—Back view of the bridal dress.

4.—Morning Bonnet of *eau de Nil* satin, trimmed with a sprig of foliage.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

PARIS DRESS FOR THE SPECTACLE.

Fig. 1.—*Organdie* robe, dotted with blue Cachmere worsted; *corsage* a three-quarter height, and long tight sleeves, trimmed with *mancherons* arranged in the form of a scallop shell; the skirt is bordered with a *bouillonnée* of a novel kind. Rice straw *chapeau à la glaneuse*, trimmed with dark violet velvet, and a bouquet of jasmine. Embroidered muslin scarf.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Cachmere mantle, lined with white satin: pelerine collar of ruby velvet, corresponding with the pattern of the mantle; very deep cape, looped in front, and large loose sleeves. Green satin hat, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Robe of white *mousseline de laine*, trimmed with a double bias flounce of the same material. Green satin spencer, made high and plain; the sleeves of moderate fulness from the shoulder to the elbow, and tight from thence to the wrist. Blond lace cap of a small size, placed far back upon the head, and trimmed with a half wreath of red roses, and a sprig of white flowers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

EVENING DRESS.

1.—Robe of *tulle* over white *pou de soie*; a low *corsage*, trimmed with a puffing of pink ribbon, and short full sleeves ornamented with *nœuds de page*, *en suite*. The hair arranged in voluminous ringlets in front, and a full knot on one side, is ornamented with a rich pink ribbon scarf, disposed somewhat in the style of a turban.

2.—A back view of the carriage-dress.

3.—A front view of Figure 1.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Morning Caps.—The prettiest, in our opinion, are those of *tulle bouillonné*, with long loose lappets of the same material; they suit admirably with a *Jeannette* suspended at the throat by a narrow black velvet. There is something of rustic coquettry in this costume, particularly if the cap is trimmed on each side with a knot of rose-coloured velvet, or satin ribbon.

Half-Dress Caps.—The most elegant are of *denteille de Soie* fitting close to the head, except on the crown, where they rise rather high; the front consists of a double row of that light and elegant lace arranged in the crescent form on one side, put low on the other, and almost meeting under the chin. A light sprig of flowers adorns the front, and velvet bands arranged with much taste decorates the caul.

Hats and Bonnets.—Satin begins to be in request for both. Hats are more becomingly made: they remain of the same size, but the curtain at the back is replaced by a portion of the brim turned up, which shows the neck to more advantage; a roll of ribbon placed under the brim mingles with the curls of the hair; the crown is adorned with feathers.

Half-Dress Robes.—The most fashionable are composed of *mousseline de laine* of a white or light ground, with blue, green, or rose-coloured patterns; they are edged with velvet of the same colour as the patterns, and some made in the pelisse form, are trimmed with a broad bias band of velvet all round. We see also several pelisse robes of *pou de Soie*, either blue, *écru*, or straw-colour, figured in small black patterns; or else in a darker shade than the ground; they are closed down the front by knots of ribbon; ribbons

also confine the sleeve below the shoulder, and retain its fulness above the elbow; the *corsage* is plain behind, and arranged in folds *en éventail* on the bosom.

Evening Dress Robes are still of muslin, or organdy; the most novel have a *bouffant* encircling the bottom of the skirt, and ascending *en tablier* to the waist, from whence it rises in the figure of a V on the *corsage*, terminating at the shoulders; a ribbon, either white or coloured, passes through it, and keeps it in form. Tight sleeves, trimmed with a tripple *bouffant* which descends gradually from the shoulders to the elbow; the last fall forms a *manchette*.

Mantles.—Some have already appeared of orange cashmere figured in cherry colour, lined with satin, and trimmed with velvet. Others of black taffetas, lined and trimmed with coloured satin, and black lace. Both are, strictly speaking, half season costume, as they are not wadded. We do not perceive that the forms exhibit, as yet, any great degree of novelty: they are somewhat shorter, and the cape looped at the shoulder, displaying the sleeve, has a graceful effect.

Mantelets of black and coloured silks are still worn, but, although no outward change has taken place in their appearance, they are much better adapted to the season by being lightly wadded.

Materials for Morning Dress.—We still see muslin adopted, but only partially; silks are more in favour, and white *mousseline de laine* of a very fine quality, trimmed with velvet, is more fashionable than either.

Pelisse Robes are most *recherché* in *negligé;* the *corsage* is made with lappels, and a square collar; the lappels broad at the top, but narrowing to a point at the bottom, add much to the grace of the shape; the *corsage* is made open on the bosom. The sleeves are, for the most part, tight at bottom and top, but moderately full in the centre.

Chemisettes and Fichus are in equal favour in morning dress, the first are of India muslin, or clear cambric embroidered and frilled with lace. The others are of the *demi-fichu* kind, cut out to fit the neck, and edged with narrow lace.

Coiffures en Cheveux are either *à la Berthe*, or in the style of Charles the Second's beauties. There is no decided style of ornament, velvet, flowers, and ribbons, are all employed.

Ribbons.—It is expected that figured ribbons will be quite out of favour this season; those of rich *pou de soie*, fringed, or plain satin, will be most fashionable both for hats and bonnets.

Shawls.—Those of black silk, of that exceedingly rich kind called *à gros grains*, superbly embroidered in highly-raised patterns in coloured silks, are very extensively seen, and there is no doubt will continue in favour till the weather sets in cold.

Aprons are indispensable in morning dress. We may cite among the prettiest, three breadths of violet satin not sewed together, but joined by knots of emerald green velvet, the corners rounded, and the selvage concealed by a velvet binding. We see also some aprons of coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed round with velvet points, and ornamented with velvet knots upon the pockets. Others, also, of *gros de Naples*, are ornamented with a wreath of satin disposed in cockscombs, and the pocket lightly looped in the centre with a knot of satin ribbon *en suite*.

Jeannettes formed of a very narrow tress of black hair, or of velvet as narrow, to which is suspened a heart or a little cross of pearls, rubies, or of *or incrustié*, are the most fashionable *bijoux* at this moment.

Scarfs make part of every wedding *cortbeille*, they are of white or black lace, of embroidered muslin, of cachmere, &c., &c. Those now in preparation for the winter, are of cashmere or silk, superbly embroidered in silk and gold thread.

Aumonieries.—Such is the name given to the *petit sac* scarcely larger than a purse, suspended by a narrow gold chain to the *ceinture*. This fashion is entirely confined to the *élite* of the *haut ton*.

Colours a la Mode.—Cherry-red, dark and light blue, pink, emerald green, Pomona-green, ponceau, some new shades of grey, and several neutral colours.

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## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER,

### FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

Out-door Dress.—Muslin robes continue in favour, and, probably, will be worn occasionally till the end of the month; but they are now getting into a minority, as *tissus* of silk and Cachmere wool and *mousselines de laine* are more numerous. We notice among the latter some of an entirely new pattern; the ground is a dead white, with a figured square marked by a thread of either green, red, blue, or mauve. Another very pretty pattern, is white, strewed with small bouquets *giroflée*. Shawls of black *pou de Soie*, trimmed with lace, continue in favour. We see also several of different coloured silks trimmed with black lace. Cachmeres are in more than usual request. The only actual novelty that has yet appeared are very large square shawls of plaided silk; the pattern the same as the tartans; the squares are generally of three shades of red, ponceau, coral and grenade; the square is bordered by gold colour or light orange. The border of the shawl is formed of two broad bands of a black ground, strewed with tufts of roses, accompanied with their foliage in the natural colours.

Morning Dress.—We have no change to announce either in the make or materials of morning dress this month; but we have to notice some very pretty accessories to it. One of them is an apron of coloured *gros de Naples*, with a bib like a Grecian Symar, pointed in the centre, and rounded under each breast. Some have the bib entirely covered with embroidery, and a light worked border round the apron. Others are trimmed with lace, and we see a good many ornamented with velvet. Some very pretty morning caps of blond lace are also well worth the notice of our fair readers; they are trimmed with *biais* of blond instead of *rûches*. Light sprigs of flowers are placed on each side of the *biais:* in some instances we see one or two placed inside of it. We have seen also some novel morning caps of *bouffanted tulle*, with the front arranged *en papillon* on one side, but partially descending on the face on the other; these are trimmed in a very light style with ribbons. Some velvet neck-knots have appeared, forming a sharp point behind, and crossing in front of the throat like the *collets brooché;* the sharp points in front as well as that behind are embroidered.

Evening Dress.—Whites robes are almost the only ones adopted in evening costume, and they are for the most part

trimmed with velvet; the rage for which, in fact, increases every day; so that it is introduced in some way or other into every department of the toilette. The robes, of which we are speaking, are made with low *corsages*, tight to the shape, and trimmed *en mantilla* round the back and shoulders with English point lace, the ends of the lace are brought to form a point in the centre of the bosom, where they are retained under a knot of violet velvet; long sleeves, the upper part confined close to the arm by a bracelet of violet velvet, with a knot in the centre. The sleeves extended in its usual enormous width, from thence to the lower part of the arm, where it is made to correspond. A broad velvet *ceinture* with long ends completes the trimming.

Hats and Bonnets.—*Capotes* of rose and white *organdie* are still in very great request for gipsey parties, or, as the French term it, a *diner sur l'herbe.* Italian straw also is much in request on these occasions. The favourite shape is the Pamela, which is trimmed with ribbons and autumnal flowers, as *roses brunes*, scabieuses, and other flowers of full hues, intermingled with small white or rose coloured ones. The *coques* of ribbon, and sprigs of flowers, with which the interior of the brim of hats and bonnets are decorated, are not always intermingled with blond lace, or in the cap style; with hats, they are frequently attached to the velvet which crosses the forehead; with bonnets, they are placed on each side of a band of blond laid flat on the forehead. Rice-straw hats are now worn by our *élégantes* only in their *chateaux*: they are still the mode for that purpose; they are trimmed either with mignionette or heliotropes.

Caps.—The most novel have the cawl decidedly lower and the front considerably higher than those of last season. They are composed either of blond of very light patterns, or of *tulle illusion.* The barbes are of the material of the cap. A novel and very pretty ornament in the form of a diamond, composed of light flowers, crowns the forehead.

Morning Caps.—During the last few days, a pretty style of home cap has been adopted by some of our *élegantes.* We speak of the bonnets *d'enfans*, composed of *tulle*, or fine muslin, with small casings, brought very close together, and forming exactly the shape of the head. The border consists of a lace *rûche*, and at each side above the *rûche*, a blue or rose *pompon*, formed of very small *coques* of narrow satin ribbon, exactly similar to the cockades that they put on the caps of children in long clothes.

Mantelets.—We may cite among the revivals of the old fashions, that charming one of the Maintenons. They appear destined to succeed this winter the black mantelets so much in vogue during the summer. The Maintenons is a kind of *lingue* pelerine, with a large square falling collar. They are composed of a very rich black silk, *gros d'Afrique*, and trimmed all round with old-fashioned black lace; the lace which trims the collar, is broader than that which encircles the pelerine. We must not forget to observe that the Maintenon is wadded throughout.

Chapeaux de Spectacle.—The most fashionable will be of crape, or *velours épinglé*, the small corded patterns will be preferred, or satin; this last material is expected to be as much in favour for evening hats, as for *Chapeaux de Ville.* Some of the brims of the former, will be trimmed, instead of blond lace, with wreaths of flowers, either mingling with the curls, or encircling the flat bands of hair. Others will be ornamented with a row of lace, or blond, laid flat upon the forehead, in the same style as the *coiffure des Hollandaises.*

Toques.—The only novelty that we have to cite of this description, is a small Italian *toque*, trimmed with ostrich feathers; it is one of the most elegant head-dresses of the season.

Fichu's a la Corday are very much the mode in home dress. Some are of muslin, trimmed with a *rûche* of *tulle* or lace; others of taffetas, of shot, or *pou de Soie*, in changeable colours, such as *gorge de pigeon.* These latter are trimmed with black lace. *Fichûs* are worn very long, and cut in the horse-shoe form; or, perhaps, we should explain the shape better, by saying they are cut like a *palatine*, only that the ends are broader, increasing in breadth as they descend, and rounded at the bottom; and the back instead of being rounded in the *palatine* style, is pointed.

Trains.—We may announce as a fact that trains have at last made their appearance. There is no doubt that some train dresses have been ordered by ladies of very high distinction for grand costume, but they will be adopted for that only, and will not be admitted either in promenade dress, or in *demi-toilette.*

Fichus Canezouts.—Such is the name given to the *canezouts* with jockey, or small *epaulières*, trimmed with embroidered muslin or lace; they make them also of plaited muslin. The little *manche*, plaited and edged with a double trimming, or a *rûche*, has a very pretty effect. We know nothing that gives a more elegant finish to a dress than a *canezou* of this kind.

Jewellery.—The rage for pins has produced several new inventions and forms: besides those with the head formed of a mosaic, or a cameo, we see others of coloured gems mounted in an infinite variety of forms—as sprigs of flowers, or small branches of fruit. We may cite as exquisite models of both, a bunch of grapes of small rubies with gold foliage, and a sprig of forget-me-not formed of turquoises.

Coiffures en Cheveux are in general dressed low behind, and in ringlets on the forehead. They are differently ornamented; some have a band almost as narrow as a *ferroniere* of velvet across the forehead, and a sprig of flowers inserted among the ringlets on each side. Others are trimmed with knots of velvet only, and several with a single flower.

Slippers and Bottines.—The new colours for these are *mordoré*, puce, grey, and *terre d'Egypte.* Buttoned *bottines* have generally replaced those that are laced at the sides.

New Materials.—Those of silk and fine Cachmere wool are appearing now daily. We notice among the first the *poults de Soie*, quadrilled in black upon green, grey, rose, and other coloured grounds. Levantines, plain or figured, and some new taffetas. The second presents us with *mousselines de laine* of different shades of brown, grey, or *écru*, with *ponceau* stripes, finished at each edge by a very small black *filet.* Plaid patterns are expected to be in great request, and of rich and full colours, but not of the extravagant size that they have been worn a few seasons back.

Miscellaneous.—Mittens are worn very short, they are trimmed at the top with a narrow *rûche* of ribbons, or of small *coques* terminated by a knot with floating ends. Mittens are adopted only in *negligé de Soirée*, but it is usual with them, and also with the long white gloves worn in grand costume, to have small bracelets of gold or precious stones over the gloves.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;

OR, THE

BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXVII.—English Earls.

### EARL OF FALMOUTH.

Some in a racing chariot love,
To raise the dust to clouds above;
One loves to heap in crowded barns,
The corn that's brought from Lybian farms;
Another strolls in Arbute's shade,
Or at a fountains murmuring head;
Others love war (by girls abhorred)
With all the language of the sword;
The huntsman lies in open air,
Forgetful of the tender care
Due to a spouse; he loves, with hounds,
To chase a stag o'er rising grounds;
But his the great and glorious mood,
Who labours for his country's good.

HORACE (*adapted*).

The Earl of FALMOUTH is a nobleman who does not think it becoming of his high station to lead an inactive and useless life, and pass his whole time in field sports, the chase, the turf, or by "fountains murmuring heads," or in a shaded glade or grove; he endeavours to perfect schemes of human happiness and to assist in the making of laws which shall prove beneficial to the people of his country, and redound to the national honour and glory. The Earl of FALMOUTH has frequently distinguished himself as a politician, and though politics are a subject which we never discuss in this publication, and party spirit is a thing, the appearance of which, in our columns, we should deplore, we nevertheless cannot forbear expressing our opinion of the integrity and honourable motives which induce Lord FALMOUTH's action. Men of all parties admit this, and we can have no hesitation, therefore, in expressing it here.

The Earl of FALMOUTH, whose stile and titles are as follows,—EDWARD BOSCAWEN, Earl and Viscount FALMOUTH, of Falmouth, in the county of Cornwall, and Baron BOSCAWEN ROSE of the same county, was born on the 10th of May, 1787. He succeeded to the *Viscounty* and *Barony* on the decease of his father (the son of the great and gallant Admiral BOSCAWEN who rendered such great services to his country in a naval capacity, and increased the national glories) on the 8th of February, 1808. On the 27th of August, his lordship had the happiness of becoming the noble bridegroom of the fair ANNE FRANCES, daughter of HENRY BANKES, Esq., of Kingston Hall, Dorset, then M. P. for Corfe Castle, in the same county.

When hearts sincere express the doubtful mind,
What grief, what joy, what pleasing cares we find;
The timorous thought half-bred with fond conceits,
With false allusions each reflection waits;
At length some happy some delusive thought,
By slight conjectures and reflections brought,
Declares in favour every past desire,
New tunes the heart and sets the soul on fire.

The process of love, however, is difficult to be explained; it is one of life's mysteries, and the more we contemplate it, the more do we become bewildered in the maze. That the noble individuals referred to were truly attached to each other we have the fullest assurance, and, also, that their union was productive of those felicities which are the constant attendants upon virtuous love.

In July, 1821, his lordship was considered to have fairly won by his talents and integrity an addition to his family honours, and consequently he had then bestowed upon him the Earls coronet which he continues so honourably to wear and to maintain. His lordship has one son,

GEORGE HENRY BOSCAWEN ROSE. Lord BOSCAWEN ROSE, who was born on the 8th of July, 1811.

The family of the BOSCAWENS is a very ancient one; its ancestors can be traced to a remote period, and in the reign of King John we find its then representative becoming possessed of the lordship and manor of Boscawen Rose, in the county of Cornwall; but although the family was ever distinguished by the strict honour and just principle of its members, some of whom intermarried with noble families, none of them appear to have acted so prominent a part in public life as to call for public honours. It appears to have been the leading endeavours of their lives to uphold the honourable character of private gentlemen, and in those days it must be confessed that that character was much higher prized and much better regarded than it now is. Occasionally we find the Bowcawens entering Parliament, but as we have nothing particular to record of those gentlemen before the reign of George the First, we shall pass them over with the tribute of our respect to their honourable characters, and commence our geneological details with

HUGH BOSCAWEN, who was appointed to the official situation of warden of the Stannaries. Distinguished by his general knowledge of things, his just principles and business-like habits, he soon obtained the due reward of those excellent qualities, for having been made Comptroller of the Household, and sworn a member of the Privy Council in 1714, he was on the 13th of June, 1720, elevated to the Peerage, the titles of Baron of BOSCAWEN ROSE, and Viscount FALMOUTH being then conferred on him. He did not enjoy these honours alone, a worthy lady, the wedded partner of his heart and home being their sharer. This lady was CHARLOTTE, eldest daughter and co-heiress of CHARLES GODFREY, Esq., and niece maternally of the great Duke of MARLBOROUGH, who fought his country's battles so gloriously during the reign of Queen Ann, and whose spirit is revived in our own equally great WELLINGTON. Their marriage occurred on the 23d of April, 1700. It is an undoubted truth that marriage is in

itself a most desirable institution. It can certainly never be indifferent; when happy, it is of all others infinitely the most amiable; full of the sweetest of all social constancy, inviolable truth, disinterested counsels, and a thousand other particulars, of which every one has its attendant pleasures, and, surely, that true friendship, sincere esteem, and real virtue which exists in the married state ought always to be entitled to our highest regard. Mature love is the fairest and first born of all the social affections implanted in the human breast: this affection, designed by our bountiful Creator, to soften humanity, and sweeten every human enjoyment, has two grand sources, natural inclination and social affection. These unite and would complete the happiness of humanity, were it wise enough to pursue its own interest. What a charming scene of happiness has the gracious Author of our Being framed for us. The Greeks and Romans although destitute of the solemn and exalted views of futurity, disgraced unmarried people while they heaped honours and privileges upon those who entered into that state. It is, indeed, observable that the best things may be misused, and prove the worst, and marriage though it was designed to relieve our solitude and promote our natural interests and happiness, yet if when entering upon the greatest concern of our whole lives, we use no caution nor deliberation, if wisdom and discretion have no share in the proceeding, what can be expected but ultimate misery? The scene may be bright for the moment, but it will soon be clouded, then come broils and contentions, aversion, antipathy, and gloomy prospects of lasting and irrevocable woe. This may be expected where the parties blindly rush into the married state without consulting their reason. An amiable temper and a prudent behaviour must go hand in hand, in the marriage state; virtue must tie the knot that choice projected. It is not in every ones power to be rich or handsome, but every one may be good, and consequently happy; and happiness can be in no state so complete as in that where virtue forms an union which death only can separate. To return, however, from this digression, to the subject which provoked it, we have now to state that by the lady above-named, the first Earl of FALMOUTH had a family of eight sons and ten daughters. Eighteen children, in all, gathered "like olive branches round about his table." He died on the 25th of October, 1734, and was then succeeded by his eldest son.

This nobleman bore his fathers name, HUGH. He pursued the profession of arms, and became a general officer in the army, and captain of the yeoman of the guard. His Lordship on the 6th of May, 1736, led to the hymeneal altar, HANNAH CATHERINE MARIA, widow of RICHARD RUSSELL, Esq., and daughter of THOMAS SMITH, Esq., of Maplesdon in the county of Surrey. But dying without issue, on the 4th of Feb., 1742, the titles and honours devolved upon his nephew,

GEORGE EVELYN BOSCAWEN. This nobleman was the son of the gallant Admiral BOSCAWEN, who, on the 6th of December, 1758, received the thanks of Parliament for his great services in North America. His maternal parent was FRANCES, daughter of WILLIAM EVELYN GLANVILLE, Esq., of St. Clare, in the county of Kent. His Lordship was himself united in the rosy fetters of Hymen, to Miss CREWE, only daughter and heiress of JOHN CREWE, Esq., of Bolesworth Castle, in the county of Chester, by whom he had the following children.

1. EDWARD, the present Earl of FALMOUTH.

2. JOHN EVELYN; in holy orders. He was born on the 11th of April, 1790, and was married in May, 1814, to CATHERINE ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of ARTHUR ANNESLEY, Esq., of Blatchington Park, in the County of Oxford.

3. ELIZABETH, married to Lord ARTHUR SOMERSET, who died in 1816.

4. ANNE EVELYN, married in 1810, to the Right Hon. Sir GEORGE WARRENDER, Bart.

After a useful and benevolent life, Lord FALMOUTH died on the 8th of Februry, 1808. The death of the righteous is not an object of terror: the true christian may even smile in the agonies of the conflict, well knowing that it will open for him a passage to a state of immortality, where sorrow never enters, but pleasure flows in ample streams from the never failing fountain of unmixed delight.

And, sacred shade, the tributary sigh
Which admiration pays thou wilt receive;
It is the lot of excellence to die,
And must be Nature's privilege to grieve;
But here reflection easily may find,
The short duration of the human state,
Since all the noblest virtues of the mind,
Can ne'er exempt us from the stroke of fate.

Upon the decease of his lordship, the family honours devolved upon his eldest son, EDWARD, the present Earl of FALMOUTH, with a sketch of whose biography and character the present article was commenced. The arms of his lordship are *erm*, a rose *gu*, barbed and seeded ppr. Crest, a boar passant, *gu*, armed, bristled, and unguled *or;* also a falcon close ppr belled, *or*. Supporters, two sea lions erect on their tails, *ar*, guttée de l'armes. Motto. *Patience passe science.* The town mansion of the Earl, is Falmouth House, in St. James'-square. His country seats are Woolhampton House near Newbury, Berkshire, and Tregothnan House, near Truro, in the County of Cornwall.

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## CORALIE;

### OR, LOVE IN ITS GLORY AND ITS SHAME.

"As this pathetic tale you hear,
Why rudely check the rising sigh,
Why seek to hide the pitying tear
Whose lustre aids the brilliant eye?
Tears which lament another's woe
Unveil the goodness of the heart;
Unchecked, unheeded these should flow,
They please beyond the power of art.—ANON.

Eugenia and Coralie were companions from childhood; they were friends, true friends, until the man whom Eugenia loved offered his devotions at the shrine of Coralie. Disappointed love frequently transforms woman from an angel into a fiend; and fiendish was the vengeance contemplated by the false friend of the unsuspecting Coralie. But Edmund had never whispered affection to the heart of Eugenia; he had never thought of her but as the friend of his beloved Coralie. Yet Eugenia fancied that he had been attached to her, and that her friend had artfully lured him from her. The wish of Eugenia was father to the thought that Edmund loved her. She fancied that when he spoke kindly to her, he was influenced by a warmer feeling than regard; she saw love in

his eyes, when he looked upon her with esteem; she read affection upon his lip, when he spake in sympathy. But Edmund never loved Eugenia. Yet deep, passionate, idolatrous, was the love of Eugenia for him. She encouraged the dangerous passion, she delighted in feeding the fire of her love, she courted opportunities of increasing it—she pictured dreams of bliss which should know no death till life itself were gone: she pictured herself the wife of Edmund, and only awakened from her delusion when she heard that he was about to marry Coralie.

Great as had been her bliss, so masterless was her despair, the temple of happiness which she had built up crumbled to pieces, and she awoke to the dull despairing certainty that she had loved in vain. The desire for vengeance succeeded the agony of the moment. She longed to poison the happiness of her rival, to destroy her felicity, and convert the blessing bestowed by Fortune upon her into a curse. She who had loved Coralie from a child, now hated her with bitter burning hate.

She thought of slandering her reputation, but the virtue, the goodness of Coralie, were so well known, that any charge against her would be rejected and scorned. She thought of poisoning the mind of Coralie against her betrothed, and here the chances were in her favour, for Edmund was frequently absent from the village, and she had upon one occasion traced him to a lonely chalet among the mountains, where dwelt a young female and a child. This was excellent material for the evil-minded Eugenia, and directly was the information, amplified and coloured in the worst tints the ingenuity of the hopeless rival could devise, conveyed to Coralie. The affianced bride was startled at receiving such intelligence, but she scorned to draw an inference unfavourable to him she loved until she had better proofs than the mere words of her friend. She betrayed no emotion. "He is my affianced husband," she thought, "and I must not show that I entertain a doubt of his honour." And the wicked Eugenia departed, and Coralie threw herself upon her couch in tears, and prayed to Heaven for guidance and strength and protection.

Edmund came not to her that evening; he had gone upon one of his mysterious rambles. A sleepless night was passed by Coralie. And when they met in the morning, the pale cheek, and the languid eyes of Coralie bespoke the anguish which she felt. "What ails my beloved?" inquired the youth. "Meet me to night," she murmured, and tears almost choked her utterance. "I have a bitter grief at heart."

In the evening they met—alone, the stars the only witnesses of their interview; they sat together within a natural bower formed by the interlacings of the boughs of the fir and the larch trees; before them a little glassy stream mirrored the stars above, and in the distance rose the stupendous mountains, where Edmund earned his livelihood in hunting the chamois from crag to crag and steep to steep, encountering perils and danger. They sat together in that bower, and Edmund conjured his Coralie to disclose the secret grief that preyed upon her heart. "I will tell you all," she said. "Do not think me inquisitive, do not think me suspicious Edmund; but I have heard that of you which fills me with doubt and apprehension. You have already, in the face of Heaven, sworn that you love me, and I cannot believe that you are false." "False!" echoed the lover, and the flush of conscious innocence pervaded his manly cheek. "I know, I know that you are true to me," rejoined Coralie, and her head fell upon the shoulder of him she loved and honoured.

"What—what could have inspired a doubt?" inquired Edmund. "No matter," was Coralie's reply. "Something—a false report—which I had heard—I am ashamed to own that I paid heed to such ridiculous sayings. But you'll forgive me, Edmund? I will not doubt you more."

"Good, innocent girl!" cried Edmund, pressing the trembler to his bosom. "But you will tell me what you have heard?" "They say that—that—" whispered Coralie—"when you quit the village early of an evening—and will not tell where you are going to—they say that then you—visit—a—"

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the lover. "Have they discovered that—"

Coralie, amazed at the exclamation of her lover, involuntarily exclaimed—"A female and a child!"

Edmund uttered a deep sigh, and clasping the hand of Coralie firmly within his own, he gazed upon the ground, and strong feelings seemed to contend for mastery within his breast. He was aroused from his reverie by the sweet music of the voice of Coralie, who turning her tearful eyes upon his face, murmured his much-loved name. "Edmund!" she sighed, and the youth turned towards her, parted the clustering ringlets upon her forehead, and said—"Coralie! Still you do not doubt my love?"

She gazed at him for a moment, and softly, but firmly, answered, "No!"

"Coralie! May Heaven's eternal blessing rest upon you. You shall know all. I have done wrong to conceal aught from you. I will disclose the mystery. You think me innocent—you have heard that my visits are to a female and a child. I *am* innocent, and yet what you have heard is *true*. I am poor, Coralie, yet I am proud; my family has ever maintained a spotless reputation; no son has ever been guilty of an unworthy act; no daughter ever covered her parents grey hairs with shame. Never, never Coralie until *now*. My father died when I was only twelve years old, my mother had gone to her eternal rest before. I and a sister were left orphans; thrown unprotected upon the world, without relatives or friends to foster us. We found refuge in the house of a chamois hunter, who gave us employment. I was active and industrious; my ardent spirit bore me up through many difficulties. I saw that I had not only myself to support, but also that a fragile sister depended upon me for protection. And the blessing of Heaven was upon me; and that I thrived, my little cottage, my stock, my goods, will testify. The old chamois hunter, with whom we lived, fancied that my sister bore some resemblance to a child which he had lost, and when I left his service, and commenced upon my own account, he begged me with tears in his aged eyes not to take away my sister. I consented to let her remain, for she was attached to the old man, and he promised to be unto her as a father. That old man had a son; that son contrived to lead my sister from the paths of virtue. The reputation of our humble family was for the first time sullied, and my sister—my poor, one, orphan sister, was the first to fall! Soon afterwards the old man died: he did not know the infamy of his son. That son who had betrayed my sister, with a promise to make her his wife, then laughed at and despised her. She discovered her situation to me. She thought that I should curse her. But the poor shorn lamb is no object for man's curse. I only cursed her betrayer. And when I saw my erring sister in tears and trembling at my feet, as she disclosed to me her shame, I felt that I could have taken the monster who had

betrayed her by the throat, and killed him. My first impulse was to do it; but then I thought that my own life would be forfeited thereby, and though I cared not for my life, I thought that if I should die, my poor sister and the unborn child would be left in a cruel world, miserable and despairing. My pride, too, assisted in protecting the destroyer. And I resolved upon hiding the dishonour from the world. Coralie! the female and the child whom I visit in the lonely chalet of the mountains, is my sister and her child. Will you esteem me less for what I have done? Will you trust, confide in—*love* me, Coralie—still?"

Coralie spoke not; her feelings were too great for expression; but the tears that fell upon the cheeks of Edmund, as he pressed her to his bosom, explained what was passing in her soul.

"Good girl!" exclaimed Edmund. "I feel that you approve my act. But a more pleasing part of my humble tale remains to be told. The betrayer of my sister fell upon a bed of sickness; his life was despaired of, and his crime pressed heavily upon his soul. The pastor who attended him conjured him to disclose his secret grief; and he then made full confession, and prayed to Heaven to extend his life, that he might make reparation for the wrong he had done. And his prayer was heard. After he had unbosomed himself, he felt relieved, and favourable symptoms occurred. When all seemed hopeless, there sprung up a ray of light. My sister was made joyful with the tidings of his penitence. He has recovered; and oh, Coralie! my heart swells with joy, when I tell you that my suffering sister will be happy yet: tomorrow is to be her wedding-day. I would have concealed the circumstance, even from you, till the ceremony had been past; for I would not introduce you even to her while the disgrace clung to her. Forgive me: I see—I feel that you do."

And they passed from the bower, Coralie and Edmund, more deeply attached to each other than ever: Edmund conscious of the true love of Coralie, Coralie impressed with the conviction of the true nobility of the character of her humble lover.

The wedding of Edmund's sister with the penitent took place. But Edmund was destined for another bride than Coralie. It was death. He was pursuing the chamois through a dangerous track, and in a moment of wild excitement, attempted to leap across a chasm at which the hunters had ever shuddered. He made the attempt, and fell. He fell down the chasm, and in a few moments lay at the bottom—mangled and dead—a frightful spectacle!

## CHAPTER II.

"Envy does merit as its shade pursue."

Four years had elapsed since the events above narrated, and Coralie and Eugenia still dwelt in their native village. Coralie still beautiful, and the object of universal admiration. The agony, occasioned by the frightful death of her lover, had subsided, and she regarded her loss as that of a dear friend whose memory was enshrined in her heart. When Edmund died, Coralie thought she could not love again, and four years had past and no one had awakened a stronger feeling in her breast than respect: the string of passion remained untouched. Eugenia could never forgive her for having loved the man upon whom her own hopes had been built; she who had formerly loved Coralie now hated her, and the many offers that were made for Coralie's hand, while no one bowed the knee to her own beauty's shrine, increased the ill feeling with which she was regarded by Eugenia. She sought means of destroying this state of things, but could find none. Coralie was too good, and too well-beloved to render any arts that the treacherous Eugenia could practise, of any avail.

At length the Marquis de Lugano, a young nobleman who had just succeeded to the title and estates of his deceased father, arrived to inspect an old family chateau that had been comparatively deserted for many years. He proposed staying some weeks, as he was delighted with the situation and the scenery. To enliven the dullness, he made acquaintance with some of the villagers, with whom he spent many hours in rambling and conversation. He beheld Eugenia, and was pleased with her fine expressive features; her raven tresses were always artfully arranged, and her dark prophet eyes could scarcely be seen without admiration. The Marquis was charmed with the peasant, and though the consideration of his station in society prevented him from entertaining any serious thoughts of her, he thought she might be a pleasant companion in his mountain rambles. He attached himself to her, but Eugenia, who was as shrewd as she was beautiful, understood the danger of companionship with a young and handsome nobleman, and was, consequently, always upon her guard. She knew that the Marquis would never marry her, and at the outset determined upon stealing her heart against him. The Marquis was not so cunning as his fair companion; for he surrendered his heart at once to the dark eyed beauty, and became in love for the hundreth time.

When the period of the Marquis's stay had expired: he was loth to leave Eugenia, and then did he exercise all his arts to prevail upon her to abandon her home and accompany him. "I may not marry you according to the forms of the world," he said, "but we shall be united in heart and sentiment; and my honour will insure my constancy." But Eugenia was too crafty to be caught by any such specious argument. But then it suddenly struck her that this might be an opportunity for revenging herself upon Coralie, and removing a rival from her own circle. The thought was no sooner conceived than a demoniac plan was resolved upon. "Now," she exclaimed, within herself, "shall Coralie's career be terminated." And when the Marquis urged her to fly with him, she appeared reluctantly to consent. The Marquis was enraptured, and he complied with all the conditions stipulated by the wicked Eugenia. These were, that he should depart, and that in about a month afterwards should send a carriage for her, which should remain at a short distance from the village, so that no clue might be had to her flight. The Marquis agreed joyfully, and they separated; he with another feather in his cap of vanity, the consciousness of having effected a triumph; and Eugenia fiendishly contemplating her friend's dishonour.

On the following day the Marquis departed, and at the expiration of a month, true to his promise, a coach was sent to conduct Eugenia. The precautions as arranged upon were taken, and Eugenia met the servants of the Marquis at an appointed spot, and she then informed them that in the dusk of the evening she would be prepared for flight. She arranged that in order that it might be seen that she had been carried off by force, the servants should seize upon her

while she was walking with a friend; and when she was asked how they should know her from her friend, she said by her wearing a blue cloak, and that she would walk behind the other. These arrangements having been made, the exulting woman proceeded to Coralie, and engaged her for a walk in the evening.

The evening came, and at the request of Eugenia, Coralie put on her dark blue cloak. And they sat out. Eugenia's heart beat high; for she was conducting her friend to her destruction. She felt that she was leading her towards a fatal precipice, and she exulted in the thought of the near accomplishment of her revenge. The night was now drawing on, and Coralie was anxious to return; but Eugenia prolonged the walk by her prattling conversation. "Dear Eugenia, at length the devoted victim exclaimed, "we must now return; it is growing very late, and my father will be angry."

"Oh, no, dear Coralie, I told him that we should extend our ramble to night; so make yourself perfectly easy upon that account."

"But see," exclaimed Coralie, "there is a vehicle in the wood just beyond us, and there are strange men waiting about it: this place is very lonely and I feel terrified."

"Dear!" exclaimed Eugenia, "What a silly little girl you are. I declare I see Peter Schwartz among them, who went away with the Marquis: surely it must be some of his people come down to the chateau: do let us go and see Peter and ask him what it means?" Coralie objected; but Eugenia laughed at her fears, and, catching her by the arm, exclaimed, "Come along, dear; come along."

Eugenia hurried her onward; the night had now become dark, and Coralie trembled; the men gazed upon the approaching pair, and Eugenia having hastily darted past them, Coralie heard an exclamation, "the blue cloak!" and instantly she was seized, and thrust into the coach. She screamed for help, she called upon her friend Eugenia, but received no reply. The coachman's whip cracked, and Coralie felt that they were carrying her away.

"Adieu!" cried Eugenia, as she beheld the coach wheeling rapidly off, "the Marquis will not be displeased with my substitute." And she returned exultingly to her home. A story was raised by her that Coralie had been carried off in a strange manner, and there was universal consternation in the village.

To return to the distracted Coralie: When she found that Eugenia made no reply to her exclamations, she fancied that her friend had been seized as well as herself, and prayed and entreated of the men in the coach to release her, or to inform her what they meant to do with her. But the men had been ordered to maintain a strict silence, and she could obtain no reply. In perfect agony, the beautiful Coralie was driven onwards to the residence of the Marquis de Lugano. It took them nearly three days to reach their destination, and during the while, the choisest delicacies that could be procured were offered to Coralie, but she was too much afflicted to touch them. She only begged the men to tell her what this meant.

At length they arrived at the chateau: the Marquis was absent, upon a shooting excursion, and it was represented that he would not be home till late. He had ordered all the necessary preparations for the new comer, and left word that he would see her at breakfast on the following morning. She was conducted into a splendid apartment, fitted up in a most costly style: and the gold mouldings and the polished mirrors were beheld by the trembling peasant-girl almost with affright. A loquacious maid-servant had been appointed to wait upon her, who soon made her acquainted with the whole particulars of her case, and the infamy of the treacherous Eugenia then flashed upon her.

"Well, I must say," quoth the talkative woman, "that my lord has chosen a most charming-looking person, Madame Eugenia. O! he is a model of a man ma'am: so good, so generous; bless you, his heart is made of rubies and pearls, and he's always dropping some of them. Well, as I said, Madame Eugenia, I think he's made a most excellent choice. But why (between you and I) didn't you pin him down to matrimony? Bless you, he's the tenderest heart in the world, and if you had but held out, and cried a little, and all that sort of thing, you might have been a Marchioness. But some people arn't blessed with the intelligence of other people. So as I was saying, Madame Eugenia—

"Have done with your foolish prattle," exclaimed Coralie, interrupting the woman, "my name is not Eugenia."

"Well, whether it be Eugenia or whether it be not, I am certain my lord said that it was, for that Madame Eugenia had agreed to come, and had ordered him to send the coach for her."

"O, Heavens!" cried Coralie, "Can this be possible. I am betrayed!" And she fell fainting on the floor. In that state she was conveyed to bed.

In the morning the Marquis de Lugano caused information to be conveyed to the new comer that he was waiting her attendance in the breakfast-room. Coralie besought, and prevailed upon the servant to accompany her. She had conceived the treachery of Eugenia, and saw that she was completely in the power of the Marquis. Upon her entering the breakfast room the Marquis arose from his seat, and flew to meet her. "Welcome!" he cried, "dearest Eugenia, to my arms and heart!" and he outspread his arms to embrace her. Coralie shrunk back, and the Marquis then perceived that it was not Eugenia. He gazed at her in surprise and wonder.

"O, my lord, my lord!" cried the phrensied girl; "behold the victim of base perfidy. Eugenia has betrayed me. What her motive was I know not, but she has caused my being here—in your power. She has conspired my ruin, and I can only hope for safety in your humanity, your honour!"

"You amaze me!" exclaimed the Marquis. "I do not comprehend this. Where is Eugenia?"

"O, my lord, she enticed me from my home under the pretence of an evening ramble. She lured me to where your coach was waiting; she abandoned me, when your servants seized me—and I am here, her victim."

"You are very beautiful."

"O, spare me, my lord, spare me. I have a poor old father at home who will die if any harm comes to his child."

"Will you breakfast with me?"

"My lord, I cannot eat."

"You may leave us," said the Marquis, addressing the servant, who, not slow to act upon the hint, hastily retired. Coralie attempted to follow her, but the Marquis gently detained her. "No, no," he said, "you must not leave me just yet. Since accident has thrown so peerless a girl in my path, I cannot let her quit me without some little enjoyment of her company."

Coralie trembled, and fell in tears at his feet. She besought compassion; she pictured her bereft father in his cottage at home; she narrated the simple story of her life, how she had

cheered the declining days of her parent, who would die if she were not restored to him unharmed. The Marquis proffered gold and jewels; he spread before her the treasures he had prepared for Eugenia; he tempted her with a description of the joys which money would obtain for her. He said that she might maintain her father in a palace, and free him from the necessity of working for his bread.

"O, Heaven!" she cried, "My father would scorn to live upon the wages of his daughter's shame. He would beg or die first."

The Maquis paused for a moment. At length, in a tone of tender compassion, he said, "Let us take breakfast. We are here alone; but I give you my word of honour, that you shall not further be insulted."

Coralie timidly sat down to breakfast. And the modest and delicate attentions of the Marquis encouraged her. They spoke of Eugenia, and the snare which she had laid for her friend; and the Marquis felt persuaded of the truth of Coralie's story, and of her gentleness and innocence. Before the meal had ended, the Marquis said to Coralie, "I must, no doubt, appear to you a very bad man, but I will endeavour to remove that impression by returning with you to your father! But we cannot go to day. I expect my mother and sister at the chateau, and have promised to devote a few days to them. I meant to have kept Eugenia concealed from them, but, Coralie, I shall have much pleasure in placing you under their protection, until we can depart. Will my promise to that effect relieve you?"

"In a great measure, my lord," said Coralie, "but my poor father."

"O, my mother shall write to him the full particulars of this singular occurrence; and, perhaps, he will come and see us all. I will invite him: I only wish to restore his daughter spotless to his arms again."

Coralie clasped her hands and looked up to Heaven as if she would implore a blessing; but her eyes were filled with tears, and she could not speak. "Good girl, good girl!" exclaimed the Marquis, "Heaven forbid that I should harm you."

The Marquis departed, imaging that the humble peasant girl would be more at ease in his absence; he left orders that she should be properly attended to, and then proceeded to meet his mother and sister, to whom he made a full confession of this strange affair.

The mother of the Marquis was a kind lady, and her first thought on arriving at the chateau was to see Coralie. She questioned her, and was pleased with the artlessness of her manner. She immediately wrote, as her son requested, to the father of Coralie.

It was nearly a week before the old man arrived, and he found his child the darling of the whole family at the chateau. The kindness of the Marchioness had encouraged her, and she had recovered all her wonted liveliness; the Marquis beheld her with delight. The meeting between the father and child was an affecting one; and when they talked of departing for their village, the old Marchioness begged them to delay it for a few days. She had begun to love Coralie. A week passed and the Marchioness was more reluctant than ever to part from Coralie. And the time had arrived when she was to depart for her own residence. "You must come and visit me," said she to Coralie and her father, "I will not be denied."

And Coralie and her father became the guests of the Marchioness and her daughter. The Marquis de Lugano rejoined them on the following day; for with Coralie the pleasure of his life had departed. And Coralie and her father dwelt in the chateau of the good old Marchioness for many months; the Marquis was there also. And when Coralie expressed a wish to revisit the scenes of her childhood, she was no longer the dependent peasant girl; she was the wife of the Marquis de Lugano.

Adored by her husband, and beloved by his family, the gentle Coralie at length experienced that happiness which had for years eluded her pursuit. The wicked Eugenia could have no greater punishment than that of beholding her rival's felicity.

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## THE AERONAUT;

### OR, THE MAN WHO CAME OUT OF A BALLOON BECAUSE HE COULD NOT HELP IT.

(*Communicated by Himself.*)

Having experienced most of the earthly gratifications, I felt a desire for aerial pleasures, and certain men and women having ventured into the clouds in a frail machine of silk and basket-work, the sight of which is sufficient to shake the nerves of some people, and having descended in perfect safety, I thought to myself that if I could screw my courage to the sticking point, I might become an aerial voyager myself, and see my name in print as the intrepid aeronaut who had sailed into the vast regions of space! I endeavoured to screw up my courage to that point, and eventually I thought that I had done it. I attended the places wherefrom balloons were wont to start. I looked at them almost with composure: the sight grew familiar to me. I saw the smiling faces of men and women who did not seem afraid, and watched them till they were out of sight, and no sign of fear was on their countenances; then, then did I feel the courageous fit coming upon myself, and, lashed into a fine poetic phrenzy, I inwardly exclaimed, "By Jove! I will be an aeronaut!"

The preliminaries were soon arranged; the terms were agreed upon, and the day fixed when I was to be glorified, and experience the delightful sensation of a *voyageur* in the air. I was glad when the bargain was struck. I felt a man—more than a man! I felt myself a demi-god! As the time drew near, however, I must confess that some of these high spiritual sensations forsook me. I began to philosophize, to balance matters. I thought it would be very delightful to take a bird's-eye view of the Thames, and St. Paul's, and the Zoological Gardens, and to hear the huzzas of a delighted populace, and to see the world rolling like a ball of cotton at my feet as it were, and then to get out of sight of it altogether; but, then, I also thought that it might be disagreeable to hear a creak in the silk machine over head; and that a great deal of unpleasantness might be occasioned if I were to come tumbling down to earth a little faster than I left it. Strange to say, eventually, the latter considerations became uppermost in my mind, and, demi-god as I wished to feel myself, I could not overcome the natural—what shall I call it?—timidity of poor human nature! I was afraid!

My sensations would, perhaps, have induced me to abandon my great and glorious intention altogether; but my name was posted in capitals upon every wall in the town and its environs, and all the inhabitants, rich and poor, old and young, great and small, were burningly anxious to see me

mount. And, therefore, I felt that the act must be performed. I endeavoured to do it like a man!

The day arrived. It was a remarkably dull day. The weather had been fine previously, but that day was wet and dull. My spirits, which had not been particularly good on the preceding evening, were now damped amazingly. I was in a very nervous condition, and thought that time had never flown so rapidly before. I had bargained that I should mount at an early hour, because I had a mortal aversion to being up in the air in the dark. I fancied the possibility of our losing our way, and of not being able to find it again! That would have been shocking!

The hour came when I found myself obliged to tear myself from my home! "O," cried I, inwardly, while my grinning lackeys kept reminding me with provoking impertinence of the rapid progress of time; "O," cried I, inwardly, "if I do but get safely to earth, you shall not catch me mounting in the air again in a balloon." The weather was still gloomy and showery. It was my hope that the parties concerned would put off the excursion. On my way to the appointed place, I comforted myself with this hope; and when the rain came peltingly down, I felt assured that I should have a reprieve of twenty-four hours at least. But I seemed destined to have a misfortune. When I got to the place there was the balloon rolling about majestically, quite filled, and the parties anxiously waiting for me to mount. At that moment you might have "brained me with a lady's fan."

I found that go I must; and with a degree of fortitude that amazed none more than it did myself, I stepped into the car. My lackeys had already placed the articles which I had deemed necessary for the voyage in the car; and that I had provided against common contingencies you may be assured, when I tell you that my luggage consisted of a couple of pair of the best Witney blankets, a great-coat and a cloak, a dozen bottles of soda-water, a half-pint of lavender-water, and a small bottle of smelling salts; these, with a hat and a gold-laced cap, an umbrella, one of Dolland's day and night telescopes, a life-preserver, and sundry smaller things, composed my luggage. Some of my friends, indeed, careful of my safety, recommended me to take up a warming pan, but I did not exactly consider that article necessary; besides it might have been in the way.

How shall I describe my sensations when I felt the shock of our emancipation from the earth! I cannot describe them. You may imagine them, they cannot be expressed in words. My companion did much to comfort me. I held the smelling salts constantly to my nose. I deluged my face with lavender-water, but I could not get the better of that natural timidity which has characterized me from my cradle. I almost wept. I saw the beloved earth vanishing from me, and all the ladies and gentlemen upon it; and there was I blown about in the air, with nothing but my telescope and my companion before me. I did not like to seem afraid, for I thought that in such case I should be laughed at; so I kept my telescope to my eye to hide the starting tear!

I don't know what I said or did. My companion asked me if I felt any unpleasant sensation, and said, "You are really a *timid* creature after all!" Jove! I could not bear *that*. To be bantered in this way, was worse than death. "Timid!" I cried, and brushed up my hair. "*Timid!*" I instantly buttoned up my coat, and threw my lavender bottle out of the car. "Timid!" cried I, "No, no, indeed; pray let us get out of sight of earth altogether!" (Not that I meant it). And then I sang, or endeavoured to sing, the words of Moore's melody:—

"We'll take a flight,
Towards heaven to night,
And leave dull earth behind us!"

I did *not* think my companion would have taken me at my word. And only imagine my horror when I found that ballast was being thrown out and we were still ascending. "Gracious Gods! We are getting out of sight of the world!" said I. My agitation was not visible, happily. I thrust my patent telescope to my eye, and drew it to its utmost magnifying power but smaller and smaller grew the world, and at last it was fairly out of sight, and still we were ascending! "My dear companion" quoth I, "are you sure that the balloon wont *burst?*" My companion only smiled, and proposed that we should drink the health of the King and Queen! Horror upon horrors! I drink! In my situation! I felt that it would be death to me to drink a drop of wine; and while my cool and collected companion tossed off a glass of champagne. I endeavoured to gulp down a drop or two of soda water.

My fears were not idle. It seems as if I had had a revealing in a dream of the lamentable termination of our adventure. By-and-by I felt excessively warm. Huge drops of perspiration chased one another down my forehead. My companion entreated me not to alarm myself, for that we were gently descending, and perfectly safe. I clutched my umbrella firmly. It was my idea, and a very good one too, as I think, that in the event of an accident, by the throwing up of my *parapluie*, I might escape better than my companion who had not got one.

At last, to my great and inexpressible satisfaction, I beheld *terra firma* again. So great was my joy that I actually accepted a proffered glass of champagne, and was about to drink off its contents, but a strange apprehension of danger was still upon me, and pretending to let it slip accidentally, I overturned it, and comforted myself with a little more soda water; and I rubbed the smelling salts again against my nose.

Now we could see trees and houses, and carts and horses, and all other sorts of earthly things, I would have given fifty pounds if I could have been in the situation of one of the weed-pickers in one of the fields I saw, instead of that in which I was. I was actually fainting. I thought my companion might not fix the grappling-irons well, and that I should be pitched out and destroyed. The irons were now thrown out, and I had the satisfaction to see them fixed in a hedge: we were about nine or ten feet from the earth. "In a minute we shall be in the world again," said my companion. When I, intent upon securing my personal safety, anxious to feel my feet upon my mother earth, quickly rolled myself over the car. My companion shrieked, I heard something murmured about "imprudence," and "dangerous rashness," and then a strange cry; but I was thoughtful only of touching terra firma again; and feeling the balloon rising, I dropped from the car, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of finding that I had escaped from the terrible machine uninjured! There was not a scratch upon my body that required even the application of the slightest piece of adhesive plaister. I rejoiced.

To be sure, my departure surprised my companion, and caused the balloon to ascend again. It may be, too, that the contemplation of my own fortitude and temerity in dropping from the car at the height of a few feet from the earth,

may have unnerved my companion, and occasioned the tossing out of that unfortunate person from an immense height. Poor creature! I pity the sufferer. But I am safe!—(The rest is wanting). HECTOR TIMID.

*** When next this gentleman ascendeth, we hope we may "be there to see."

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## A WIFE'S AFFECTION.

——— O, I will watch
Each motion of thy brow, as a fond mother
Hangs o'er her infant's cradle: dost thou smile,
I then will laugh, be gay, and catch thy humour;
When thou art serious, to thy sage discourse
I will dispose my thoughts, and bear what part
My measured wit allows: but if one pang—
If aught of pain remembered come across thee,
Then all those tender, guileless, nameless wiles
Which woman's are, shall all be exercised
For thee, dear partner of my heart and soul!
Such is a wife's true love.

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## HUSBANDS' ERRORS;
### OR, THE WAY OF MARRIED LIFE.

"To win a man is easy, to keep him is the difficulty.
*The Way to keep Him.—A Comedy.*

Ladies and Gentlemen who do not *strive* to be happy, cannot be happy. If married people do not find happiness at home, they may be sure that they will not find it any where else. And yet home is the very place where very few of them look for it. Julia de Vere, the spoiled child of a distinguished family, was married at eighteen to one of those light and lively men of fashion about town, who exhibit themselves nicely adonized in the Parks, and at the windows of Crockford's club. Lord Frederick Flauntington was an *elegant* of the highest order, a brilliant of the first water. He was of a susceptible temperament, became enamoured of Julia de Vere, and thought she would make him a very excellent wife. Julia thought Lord Frederick a handsome fellow, and that her happiness would be complete when she became his wife. They married, the ceremony was performed by special licence in the grand drawing-room of the mansion of the Earl of Wattleton, the noble parent of the happy bridegroom, there was a splendid banquet given upon the occasion, and after the ceremony, the happy pair, to quote the "Morning Post," set off for Crowsnest Park, the seat of Lord Toddlikins, the uncle of the fair bride, to spend the honeymoon. Thus ended chapter the first of the history of the lives of Lord Frederick Flauntington and Julia de Vere.

The first month was spent in the greatest felicity. Julia adored Lord Frederick, and he thought his bride a perfect angel. Had they remained in the solitude of Crowsnest all their lives, this pleasant dream might not have been dispelled; but the honeymoon being over, they quitted the scene of their happiness, and again the elegant Frederick, and the beautiful Julia, were in the throng of fashion.

Frederick rejoined his old companions, and his old habits were soon revived. At Crowsnest, every hour of his life had been passed with his beloved Julia, now that beautiful young lady did not cast her pretty eyes upon him above once or twice a day, and then he was always upon the wing. He had so many engagements upon his hands, he had so much business to attend to, that few were the moments he could devote to his bride.

And Julia, who at Crowsnest had studied her husband's inclinations, and endeavoured to anticipate his wishes, and who had then still exercised those little arts of temper and dress which had gained for her her husband's love, became indifferent and neglectful. She also had engagements and business to attend to and perform, and instead of everything else being neglected but her husband, he eventually became the last person in the world whose comforts she studied. And yet she fancied that she was discharging all a wife's duties with credit and honour. She fancied that if she looked into the affairs of his household to see that he was not being ruined by his domestics, and always met him with a smile, she had nothing more to do; and she, therefore, considered it very barbarous in him when rumours of his infidelity to her reached her ears.

In fact, Lord Frederick had been entertained at a dinner party one evening, where the reigning beauty of the day, a Miss Bijouton was present. Lord Frederick's susceptible heart was on fire in a moment. He became violently in love with her But the honourable character of the lady forbade the avowal of his sentiments. He could think of nobody but Miss Bijouton. He could not eat, drink, sleep; the image of Miss Bijouton was constantly before him, she was the constant object of his thoughts. His poor Julia was now more neglected than ever!

Lord Frederick strove to master the guilty passion, but in vain; the fire in his heart burnt the fiercer the more he attempted to allay it. Numerous were the presents he sent anonymously to Miss Bijouton. Articles of jewellery were constantly being forwarded to her, and the beauty could not comprehend where they came from. Her curiosity was excited, and she determined to endeavour to find out her mysterious admirer. Lord Frederick's plan was a deep one; he thought that by these presents he should win the fair one's gratitude, and that when opportunity offered he would disclose himself. But woman's wit is always superior to man's Miss Bijouton set her wits to work, and having been introduced to Julia at a private party at the house of one of her friends, and become much attached to the neglected wife, she consulted her upon the subject, and they agreed that when the messenger appeared again, the servants should give Miss Bijouton notice, and that she should endeavour to bribe him to the betrayal of his master. It happened that just as they had come to this resolution, and were standing at the drawing-room window, waiting for Julia's carriage, that she saw Lord Frederick's valet cross the street and approach the door "Why," exclaimed Julia, "that is Lord Frederick's servant: what can he want here?" And in a few minutes afterwards in came Miss Bijonton's maid with another costly present, and with the tidings that the messenger was in waiting down stairs. Julia instantly fainted, and when she recovered, Miss Bijouton was given to understand that her mysterious admirer could be none other than her friend's husband!

"O, the monster!" exclaimed Miss Bijouton, and she determined to question the servant. Now it happened that

Lord Frederick had given his man orders to endeavour to get into conversation with the servants, and to let them wheedle his master's name out of him, if they shewed any anxiety to do so, for he was now anxious to be known as the giver of the jewels to the beauty. When, therefore, the lady herself made inquiries of the man, and threw a purse to the fellow to make him more loquacious, the rogue made a full confession, and Lord Frederick Flauntington was acknowledged to be her admirer.

"Is not Lord Frederick married?" inquired Miss Bijouton.

"Married, mem? Yes—that is to say—" drawled the coxcomb, "he did, I believe, say a few silly words in Church to a certain lady, but—but there was no union of hearts;"

"Indeed," was Miss Bijouton's reply.

"Positively," continued the valet, "You see, her ladyship is very tame, very la-la-ish; she wants that—that *je-ne-scai-quoi*, which so eminently distinguishes your ladyship, and which alone can make Lord Frederick happy." Miss Bijouton intimated to the valet that he might go, and then returning to Julia, she laughingly told her of the discovery that she had made. Julia wept. But Miss Bijouton rallied her. "Dear me," she said, if I had run away with your husband, you could not have looked more deplorable. Come, come, you are a dear good soul, much better than I am, and quite as handsome I'm sure. Take my advice and reform your husband. You can do it, and you may be happy."

"By what means," inquired Julia?

"Why," laughingly replied Miss Bijouton, "the man said, that you were 'too tame,' too 'la-la-ish;' you wanted that '*je ne scai quoi*' which is indescribable; but by which alone Lord Frederick can be made happy. Now you must show him that you are not 'tame,' that you are not 'la la-ish,' and win the man back to your heart and arms. We'll shame him of his ridiculous attachment to me, and all may end well."

Julia promised to abide by her friend's instructions: they were soon given, and Julia departed.

On the following morning, Julia and her husband met at the breakfast table. Lord Frederick took up a newspaper, and throwing his legs upon one chair, while his body reposed on another, he remained quite indifferent to the presence of his wife,

"Who loved him better than all the world
Though little he cared for her."

Nearly an hour passed in silence. "Will you take another cup of chocolate?" at length inquired Julia. Lord Frederick replied in a dull soulless tone, and without taking his eyes off the newspaper. "Yes—my dear." "Shall I butter you another muffin?" "No—I thank you." "Ah!" sighed Julia inwardly, "a stranger would have more of his attention." Then a pause ensued. Julia sat intently watching her husband's countenance. At length she said, "you smile, Frederick; the news is amusing!"

"Yes," he replied, "some unknown has been making a variety of costly presents to a very beautiful young lady, a Miss Bijouton, which you may have heard of, and the newspapers have got hold of it, and here is a lampoon on the poor devil whoever he is, headed '*The Timid Lover*.'"

"What a strange occurrence," said Julia.

"Yes; is it not," rejoined her husband.

"Is there no gentleman suspected?"

"Not one, my dear; suspicion has not alighted upon a single gentleman from Hyde Park corner to Temple Bar."

"Has it upon a married one?"

"My dear!" exclaimed Lord Frederick, alarmed by the tone of his wife. She continued, without appearing to notice his emotion, "The gentleman must have strong reasons for remaining concealed; and it is but a fair inference that a chain stronger than love's, keeps him from the lady's presence."

"You are facetious, my dear," said his Lordship, evidently, however, disrelishing the conversation. "You think that some unhappy Benedick, tired of domestic felicity, would, like your little bird in the cage there, be free as the air again."

"Precisely: and that rejecting the happiness proffered him at home, he covets what never can be his. My poor bird there has broken his wing in endeavouring to escape from his soft captivity, and her who loves him better than any one else can love him. Can the husband endeavour to break through the bars of wedlock and not be injured in the attempt?"

"My dear girl!" cried Lord Frederick, "this emotion—! Do—do you suspect that I am the unknown knight of this Miss Bijouton?"

"O, no, no," responded Julia. "I am convinced that you love *me*, and *you* could not be unfaithful. I cannot suspect *you*."

"You are a dear good-natured Julia!" quoth the embarrassed husband, "and upon my honour I do all in my power to make myself deserving of your good opinion; but you must not look so serious."

Julia immediately ran to the piano, and said "shall I play? Lord Frederick interrupted her, "No, no, my dear, I—I really have not time at present.—An engagement—" "That is the way with you," said Julia poutingly, "You have not listened to my playing for these three months. You do not know what charming music I have learnt."

Lord Frederick, pleased with the manner in which this was spoken, and the animation which lighted up his lady's countenance, threw himself into a chair and cried, "Now, Julia, then, I *will* listen to you, for the whole of the day if it pleases you to play so long." He fancied he had never seen his lady look so engaging since their own sojourn at Crowsnest.

She played: it was some music that he had heard Miss Bijouton execute on the evening when he first saw her. He had been delighted with it then, and he drew his chair closer to Julia. The selection had been studiedly made, and Julia did her utmost to play with brilliancy and effect. Its effects may be imagined, when we record that at its conclusion, Lord Frederick, instead of lounging upon two chairs, was standing behind the music-stool of Julia; his lips pressed to her fair forehead. "Julia!" he cried, I will never go out of this house any more!"

"What!" she exclaimed.

"Only play to me as you now have done, and I shall wish for no greater happiness under the sun."

The first attempt was thus successful: the cab came to the door as it had been ordered; but it was dismissed. Lord Frederick was engaged with his lady discussing the merits of some modern authors. The carriage came to take out Lady Julia, her husband asked to accompany her. He had been delighted with her animation and intelligence. They passed

the morning together, and when they returned, Lady Julia brought with her some valuable additions to her jewel-casket. Lord Frederick's valet was in waiting, and he gave his master a very significant look. Julia understood it, and watched her husband's countenance. There was a momentary struggle within him; at length, to her mortification and regret, he begged her to excuse him for a moment, as he had some important instructions to give his valet. She retired to dress for dinner.

She was waiting in the drawing-room when Lord Frederick returned. He brought an open letter in his hand and appeared much distressed. Julia had dressed with great care and taste; she had previously been very negligent in this particular. Lord Frederick started at seeing her thus attired, and for the moment appeared as if he repented of what he was doing; but he found that with the open letter in his hand, and his embarrassed air, he could not retreat. He therefore stated that he had just received a note apprising him of a circumstance that required his immediate attention.

"It is not an invitation from a *lady?*" said Julia laughingly.

"No, no, upon my honour," replied Lord Frederick, "It is to meet a gentleman upon political business, which cannot be delayed."

"Well, well, I will let you go—upon condition that you will return to dinner, if your friend should not keep his appointment."

Lord Frederick gave a promise to that effect, and with some regret on his part, they separated. Julia sighed as she saw him depart." Ah!" she exclaimed, "he is irreclaimable."

The fact is, that the letter which had occasioned his departure was a trick concerted by Julia and Miss Bijouton. It was an invitation from the latter to dine at her house when she had agreed to dine with Julia; so that when Lord Frederick arrived at Miss Bijouton's, full of hope and expectation, he was told that Miss Bijouton had already gone out to dinner elsewhere. Lord Frederick was astonished. The thought then flashed across him that somebody had played him a trick. "Are you sure that Miss Bijouton does not dine at home to-day?" he inquired. "Quite," was the reply, "the carriage which took her is just returned, and it is ordered to fetch her at eleven." "Then!" cried Lord Frederick, "some scoundrel has played me a trick." And he gave the word to the coachman, "home."

The parting words of the Lady Julia then recurred to him, "If your friend should not keep his appointment, you will return." Can it be possible that she has discovered my attachment to Miss Bijouton, and has resolved upon shaming me in this manner. But oh, no, nobody is aware of it but my servant and Miss Bijouton herself, and the man dare not disclose my secrets, and the lady herself does not know perhaps that I have a wife. No, no; I am safe. I may be suspected somewhere, and this trick has been played me for sport. I must be cautious. Certainly, if Julia would be as agreeable every day as she has been to-day, I should have but trifling inducement to ramble after Miss Bijouton, or any other beauty. But she is so negligent of herself and of me." Such were the thoughts of Lord Frederick as he journeyed home. Arrived, he was informed that Lady Julia was waiting dinner for him. "Waiting!" he exclaimed, and then added, mentally, "Did she *expect* me back?" And again he found himself in a labyrinth of doubt and apprehension.

"Is your lady alone?" he inquired.

"No, my lord," was the reply. "There is another lady with her in the drawing-room."

"Another lady!—Whom?"

"I do not know my lord. No name was given; my lady came down into the hall to receive her, and said that her friend would dine here."

"Inform your lady I would speak with her." And he proceeded to his private room in wonderment. He was immediately attended by the Lady Julia. "Oh! Frederick," she exclaimed, "I am so glad that you are returned. Something whispered to me that you would; and I would not sit down to dinner while there remained a prospect of your being here.

"Who is it that you have with you?" inquired his lordship.

"O, such a dear delightful friend of mine. A lady whom I met one evening at my cousin's, old Lady Crumpley's: we have formed an intimacy; our tempers, our tastes, our dispositions, are very similar, and we are much in each others company. You will be delighted with her."

"What is her name?"

"Nay, that I will not tell you. I will introduce you. You may never have heard of her. But you must not suffer her bright eyes to lure your heart from me."

"O, impossible!" said Lord Frederick with a smile.

"Well, well, I believe you. You are so constant, so good, so honourable, so kind, so conscientious, so just, that had a woman all the beauty and perfection of an angel, she would not move your affection from your Julia."

"Be assured, she would not," and pressing the hand of Julia to his lips, he asked to be introduced to her friend.

"Mind," said Julia, as they proceeded to the drawing-room, "if you *should* have seen the lady before, you must not blame me for introducing her to you as a stranger, for I am sure I never heard you say that you had the slightest knowledge of her," and then, pushing open the drawing-room door, she continued, "Lord Frederick, let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my dear friend, Miss Bijouton!"

"Miss Bijouton!" exclaimed Lord Frederick.

A formal introduction took place.

"O," observed Miss Bijouton, "I have already had the pleasure of meeting his lordship."

"Indeed!" said Lady Julia. I have understood him to say that he had never seen you."

"O—that is—" observed Lord Frederick—"I have had the honour of meeting Miss Bijouton but once, and that was so trifling an event that it perfectly escaped my recollection."

"Do you like this diamond necklace?" inquired Lady Julia, calling Lord Frederick's attention to the one she wore. Lord Frederick was amazed; it was the one which he had recently sent to Miss Bijouton. Endeavouring to conceal his embarrassment, he replied, "Y-es—it is—beautiful."

"And," rejoined Miss Bijouton, "it certainly becomes the wearer better than it would any other lady in the world. Does it not, my lord?"

This appeal was more than Lord Frederick could bear. He endeavoured to smile, to reply, to form an apology—but his efforts were all in vain; and seeing the two ladies good-naturedly smiling at his embarrassment, he suddenly cried, "Ladies, I plead guilty. I throw myself upon your mercy. I will not attempt to excuse my conduct. I am sorry, and ashamed of it. Listen to what I propose. Forgive me, and if you afterwards find me ungrateful, cast me off, and abandon me for ever."

The earnestness, the truthful manner in which these words were uttered, moved the Lady Julia to tears. She held forth her hand, and in a moment her tears were concealed in her husband's bosom. Miss Bijouton beheld the scene with delight. She was the first to break the silence which ensued. "I think," said she, "that we must all of us want our dinner."

Not a word more was said of the affair. Lord Frederick was a sincere penitent, and Julia never reproved him; and he loved her the better for it. Miss Bijouton remained the constant friend of both, and when the Lady Julia would seem to be relaxing in her efforts to preserve her husband's happiness, a word from her re-animated the devoted wife, and the happy husband was made to feel that there is no place like home, no treasure equal to the value of a good wife.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

Heavy Weight.—When Sir C. Sedley's tragedy of *Bellamire* was performed, the roof of the theatre fell in, by which, however, few people were hurt, except the author. This occasioned Sir Fleetwood Shepherd to say that there was so much *fire* in the play that it blew up poet, house, and all. "No, no," replied the good-natured author, "the play was so heavy that it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish."

Which is the most knock-down poetaster in England?—Professor *Mill*-man.

Why is an intoxicated nobleman a good dancer?—Because he shines in *reels*.

Punning.—A pun is the most impertinent "buzz-fly" imaginable. One subject to the attacks of such an *insect* cannot see a snuff-shop-keeper beat his apprentice-boy without considering the urchin a sort of *black rap-pee*.

Why is the Duke of Buckingham like Rembrandt the great painter?—Because he is famous for the *breadth of his shadow*.

What county in England is the best to sleep in?—*Beds*.

Why is a cobbler like a Hindoo?—Because he is a stickler for the transmigration of *soles*.

SMILES AND TEARS.

O never say my heart is cold,
Though still I smile upon each face;
A grief within my heart I fold,
Not all my fitful mirth can chase:
When thou, alas! so full of pride,
Dost, weeping, veil the scornful eye,
Then, I who smile on all beside,
Have always heartful tears for thee.

Cutting Reply.—The Duc de Feltre, who had abandoned Napoleon on his first reverse of fortune, and was utterly lost by his second abdication, became a furious royalist, and one day in the presence of Louis the XVIII., sneeringly asked an officer of the old guard, how long he had served the usurper. The veteran, who had rejoined the standard of his old master, and stood by it during the hundred days, coolly, but pointedly, replied, "about three months longer than your grace."

Common Sense and Genius.—A man of common sense can perform the duties of life as well at least as a genius; a blind horse will do as well for a mill as a "bit of blood," if not better.

Royal Bo-peep.—Mr. Galt relates the following curious anecdote of his late Majesty, King George III.:—"One day at Windsor, I happened to be with a friend, at morning prayers, in the Oriel chapel of the castle. The King was there, and the late Princess Amelia, with a few attendants, besides the gentlemen of the chapelry; in all about twenty persons. It was a sight worthy of remembrance. The old man remained seated, with a humble worshipping demeanour, while the prayer for the King was said, but he stood up, and repeated aloud, with pathos, the petition for the people.—With this really touching solemnity, all gravity, however, fled from me. It is well known, that his Majesty was very near-sighted, a defect which caused him to hold the prayer-book close to his face; over the top of the leaves, with the sly simplicity of an urchin at school, he frequently took a peep at us, but whenever he caught my eye, cowered, as it were, down, afraid, and 'conned his task' in the most exemplary manner. The way he did this was exceedingly amusing; but the worst of it was, that I could not conceal the effect, and accordingly, 'I and the King' continued to play at bo-peep during all the remainder of the service."

LOVER'S WISHES.

I would I were a voiceless sigh,
Floating through air, when thy beauty draws nigh,
Unperceived I would steal o'er thy cheek of down,
And kiss that soft cheek, uncheck'd by a frown;
I would I might pass from this living tomb,
Into the violet's sweet perfume.
On the wings of the morning to thee I would fly,
And mingle my soul with thy sweeter sigh.
My heart is bound with a viewless chain,
I see no wound but I feel the pain;
Yet e'en in fetters my fond heart will dwell,
Since thy shadow floats o'er it and hallows it cell.

An Excellent Shot.—The name of Captain Ross has been so often before the public in his various pigeon-shooting matches, that nothing is wanting to establish him as a first-rate shot. He has been seen to hit a black wafer fixed on the back of a common card at fourteen yards several times; but, strange to say, *he only missed the card twice*, at this distance, out of three hundred shots—hitting the wafer one hundred and fifty-five times! Calling on Captain Ross one morning, a friend found him practising at fourteen yards. He then presented his pistol out of his drawing-room window, and said, 'Now you shall see me take the head off the figure on Smith Barry's house.' This was a small gilt figure of Hope, about five inches in length, placed between the windows, to shew that the house was insured at the Hope Insurance office. He lodged the ball in the left breast! That will not do,' said he, 'I must have the head off.'—'Is it not dangerous?' said his friend; 'there is Smith Barry and a friend sitting close by.'—'Oh, no,' replied he, 'I have perfect confidence in my pistol.' He fired again, and shot off

the head. The distance across the street was certainly not less than fifteen yards; but the space from *Madam Hope* to the chairs on which Mr. Smith Barry and his friend were sitting, did not exceed three. They shewed no symptoms of alarm on ascertaining, as they arose to the window, whence the shot proceeded, but on the contrary they took their seats again quietly after the first fire. Perhaps the following may be termed a *chef-d'œuvre*. He had made a match to kill with pistol and ball twenty swallows on the wing in one day, and *he won the match!* Now, most fortunately for society, Captain Ross is a particularly fine-tempered young man.

A Great Difference.—A loquacious fellow had been amusing a fashionable company the other evening with his falsehoods. "You perceive Tom," said he, at length, that my tongue never lies still. "No," replied the person addressed, "there's a great difference between your tongue *still lying*, and *lying still*, I perceive."

Meteorology.—A lecturer at a mechanic's institute explained to his auditory that a meteor was caused by exhalations from the earth, and that a dunghill might be the source of meteors. "That's true enough," said Mr. Sugarsound, the chandler, to one of his neighbours; "there's Mr. Smutlips, the *coal-meter*, over the way, I know he *sprung from a dunghill*, although he is so proud now."

School for Scandal.—A malicious female well known for her scandalizing propensities, was entering the opera one evening just as the doors were thrown open, when being incommoded by the pressure, she exclaimed to Lord B——, who was near to her. "Pray be careful, you need not tear me to pieces." "No, madam," was his lordship's reply, "that is *your* business."

The last Night of the Opera.—It is the sequel for the closing of the London gaieties, and for all the beaux and belles of fashions' world to be upon the wing. The sun of the musical world is set—the temple of flirtation is closed. The company comes forward to sing, or attempt to sing, God save the King. The rising of the white plumes is striking. By-the-by, what a test of high breeding it is to wear feathers. Some wear them with a sort of staid solemnity; others, as if oppressed with the load, like a basket-woman, weary of the weight of half Covent Garden on her head; and a third set toss them above, with what Leigh Hunt would call an "uneasy jauntiness." But to wear them, as the swan wears her white wing, or the bird of Paradise her crest, must, as the elderly Countess said concerning standing without fatigue in the Royal presence, "be born with you." Not a box in yonder sparkling circle, but as its history or its poetry. In that box to the left is the *Conqueror of Conquerors*, he who only met other generals to realise the boast of Camourgi, who, when he was told that "Prince Eugene was a great General," answered, "then I shall become a greater at his expense." What he said our English hero did. He himself was an amateur, and declared, "when warm with youth he bade to song farewell," that "it was as hard to part with one's music as with one's mistress." Though, according to Charles de M. in the box below, the difficulty is to get your mistress to part with you. This last-named cavalier is a finished specimen of the Parisian *merveilleux*, a class quite distinct from our exquisites dedicated to St. James. Further on is the very box where a late match began to be broken off—

> Alas! how light a cause may move
> Dissention between hearts that love.

Here a waistcoat was the cause. It was too bad—now it really was too bad—to prefer the work of the sister to that of the ladye-love. In the third tier are seated a lady and gentleman. The lady is pretty, but has been prettier; the gentleman looks what Vauxhall-songs call "hearts of oak," and the *Plymouth Herald* "the pride and defence of their country." Miss K. was a *belle* and a beauty, whose fiat was confirmed by Lord Henry C. You cannnot do more for a beauty than marry her, and this he proposed to do. The wedding day appointed was, the wedding feast provided; when, to alter the American epithalamium the least in the world—

> The bridegroom caught a shocking fright,
> He sickened, and he fly did.

Lord Henry became suddenly conscious of his own unworthiness to possess so many charms, and while the bride was waiting in the church, he reversed the ballad of 'Jack o' Hazeldean,' and instead of the lady, the gentleman was "no seen."—his Lordship having taken fright and post-horses. The lady waited, till, whether for want of her breakfast or her lover, she grew pale as her satin dress. Suddenly an individual rushed into the church. He had to mention the disagreeable fact, facts usually are disagreeable things, that Lord Henry was at least twenty miles on his road to London. The bride looked ready to faint—but before she had time, a young man sprang forward. "Miss K." said he, "I shall only be too glad to take the place of that shabby rascal. I have been long in love with you, though I did not know it till this morning."—"Very good of you, sir," said the yet-to-be-bride, "it is a pity to be dressed so nice for nothing!" and married sure enough they were. But the season is over. How many incipient attachments, "catching genial warmth" from those crimson curtains, now drawn aside for the last time, will fade before the dulness of the country, and the coldness of six months' absence.

Instructions for Friday.—Have *toast* for breakfast, then take a walk in the *sun*. Go and see your friend Mr. *Fry*, if you have such an one. Dine on *fried* soles, lamb's *fry*, or *fried* eggs and bacon. If your servant should be *fri*ghtened of *fry*ing so many eggs, comfort her and tell her to *fry-ten* herself. Afterwards read Robinson Crusoe, and draw a portrait of his man *Friday*, and finish the day by going to the theatre to see the *Frey*schutz.

Retort.—A young wife remonstrated with her husband (a dissipated spendthrift) on his conduct, "My love," said he, "I'm only like the prodigal son. I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the prodigal son too," she replied, "for I will arise and go unto my father," and accordingly off she went.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ANSWERED.

> The march of infant mind is now immense,
> This fact our little tale shall render clear.
> A six-year stripling, "tired of mood and tense,"
> Strayed forth from school unto a village near.
> His master sees, and seeing him, thus hails:
> "Oh, ho! where is't you are going, little Sir?"
> "Going! I'm going to buy a ha'p'orth o 'nails—"
> "And what do you want a ha'p'orth of nails *for?*"
> "*A ha'penny*," the clever child replied.
> The schoolmaster looked all "abroad," and sighed!

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*Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews,*

*In the Farce of 'One Hour, or, the Carnival Ball.!!*

*Swiftly.— What Julia! I am, indeed, Surprised!*

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# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CLII. LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SIX PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—WHOLE-LENGTH PORTRAITS OF MADAME VESTRIS AND MR. CHARLES MATHEWS.
PLATE THE SECOND.—A PORTRAIT OF MADAME MALIBRAN, AND EIGHT HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE BONNETS.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

## MADAME VESTRIS.

Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heaven y'clept Euphrosyne,
But by men, heart-easing mirth !—Milton.

From "grave to gay, from lively to severe," such is the course of life—an April day—smiles and tears together. We now speak of one who has the power to pluck gaiety from its cloud, and to make it shine again. Vestris is one of the lightest and brightest women of the day, and her triumphs and reputation seems to go on increasing. She is the Queen of her little Olympic temple, and long may she continue to reign therein, for we know of no one that could at present fill her throne. The Olympic Theatre, since it has been under the management of Vestris, has been the nightly resort of the *élite* of taste and ton. It is the most elegant theatre in the metropolis in every respect; the performances seem to take place in a drawing-room, and we are upon terms of intimacy and companionship with the players and the audience. A contemporary is right when he says that what Madame Vestris professes to do, she does admirably. Her pieces are, to be sure, "milk for babes;" but then it is milk of the very best quality. The Olympic is a kind of dramatic confectioner's: we cannot be content to dine there; but Madame's cakes, and jellies, and "maids of honour," melt in the mouth very agreeably. One can call at the Olympic for a burletta as for a custard; and the custard is served upon plate, in a cup of the most delicate china, and with a spoon (to quote Mr. Cox Savory) of "the King's pattern." Now and then, as in the case of "A Loan for a Lover," we meet with something more solid—a pigeon-pie, or *perdrix aux choux*; but the general run of entertainment is sweet, light, and toothsome. There is nothing powerful, to discompose our nerves—no violent attack on our sympathies; but everything is turned into "prettiness and favour." The recent arrangements for the exclusion of the "gods," renders the theatre more aristocratical than ever, and although the propriety of that regulation has been much canvassed, yet if Madame finds it tend to her interest, we do not see that she is much to blame for it. But our purpose is to speak of Madame Vestris, not as manageress, but as actress. She is one of a thousand, there is no one like her on the stage; she can have no rival, because her style is unique and will ever remain so. People have talked of Mrs. Honey. But Mrs. Honey has a different style altogether, and although she may, and no doubt will, become great in her line, it will be a different kind of greatness. As Mrs. Honey is engaged by the queen regnant of Wych-street, this fact will be proved. Madame Vestris did well to engage Mrs. Honey, for she will be a treasure to her theatre; and Mrs. Honey has shown much wisdom in engaging with Vestris, for nowhere else (unless, indeed, it were at the St. James's) could she have such opportunities for the manifestation of her talents as will be here afforded her. The talents of Madame Vestris and Mrs. Honey will bear down all opposition, and the Olympic will become the theatrical planet before which all the rest of the theatres must hide their diminished heads.

Our engraving represents Madame Vestris in the burletta called *The Carnival Ball*, in which she plays with infinite spirit and admirable effect. The singing of Vestris is very beautiful. Aware of the compass of her voice, she never attempts any music beyond it. Her songs are mostly composed for her, and, consequently, being able to execute them all well, they never fail to strike, when the music is any way above mediocrity.

Touch not the sweet guitar, lady,
Under the greenwood tree,
Throw not the spell of thy voice, lady,
Over the wild and free;
For it telleth how love in a scene like this,
Were all-sufficient for earthly bliss.

In chambers of silk and gold, lady,
Touch thou the sweet guitar;
Mid crowds and sparkling lights, lady,
Thyself the brightest star;
Amid throngs too costly and rare for me,
O, there I can listen, and still be free.

Mr. Charles Mathews, of whom also a portrait is given, is a talented and rising comedian. We know of no actor who could better supply the place he fills in Madame's Olympic establishment. His manner of dancing the tarantella in the *Carnival Ball*, is very spirited and graceful.

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## "MALIBRAN."

"My soul hath sent her farewell voicelessly,
To all these blessed haunts of song and thought;
Yet not the less I love to look on these,
Their dear memorials. Strew them o'er my couch,
Till it grow like a forest bank in spring,
All flushed with violets and anemonies."

Mrs. Hemans.

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Malibran, one the most wondrously gifted women of any age or nation, has joined the myriad dead. Cut off in the spring time of her life, just when her dreams of happiness, all her high hopes and expectations were about to be realized and fulfilled, her death has excited the warmest sympathy among all classes, and none speak of her in other terms than of sorrow and regret. There was never, perhaps, a professional individual whose death excited more general or a more lively interest, for all who knew her living, all who ever heard the exquisite music of her voice, or knew the truth and nature of her acting, lament her death. Among the many tributes to the memory of the great departed, we offer our simple expression of regret, feeling persuaded that the few memorials we have strung together will be received as "violets and anemonies that grow upon a forest bank in spring." The public prints have already teemed with particulars of the life and the last moments of the gone one, and it would be impertinent and tedious if we were to repeat them here. Our purpose is merely to give an outline of the life of Madame Malibran, accompanied by such original information as we have been able to procure, and a few characteristic anecdotes which may be new to our readers. Maria Felicia, was the daughter of Signor Garcia, who, formerly, was first tenor at the Italian Opera, in London. He was a florid singer, and remarkable for his gesticulation. He used to sing with Camporese and Ronzi de Begnis. We remember having been much pleased with the performance of *Otello*, in which Garcia played the *Moor*, Camporese *Desdemona*, Curioni *Roderigo*, and little Reina (who afterwards opened a picture gallery in Leicester-square) *Iago*. The newspapers have said that she was born in 1808, but we have spoken with a musical gentleman who has a perfect recollection of the Garcias' coming to London in 1816, and who says, that Maria then appeared to be more like a girl ten or twelve years old than one of eight. But this is a matter of trifling importance; whether she were twenty-eight, thirty or thirty-two at the time of her decease. She was still young, and in the spring-time of her life and expectations. She was not ambitious of money: and she has been often heard to say, by our informant, that when she had acquired a fortune of sixty or seventy thousand pounds, she would retire from public life and sit down under her laurels in a cottoge home. Her youth was clouded; she was unhappy from her childhood, her parent was a severe—a cruel man; his passion was terrific. Her first husband, Malibran was supposed to be rich, he was old enough to be her father, but to save her parent she consented to marry him. The wealth of Malibran proved to be a delusion; their marriage was by no means happy, and an arrangement was made for their separation. In March, 1836, she was freed by the French courts from the bondage of this union, and she immediately married M. de Beriot. We have here to relate a very curious anecdote of de Beriot and Malibran. The circumstance took place during their last visit to Italy. At a small village they had occasion to stop while fresh horses were procured. The peasantry even of this secluded spot had heard of Malibran, and discovering that she was amongst them, they entreated her to favour them with a few of those notes which had been turned into so much gold—those notes which had delighted the whole civilized world. Madame, vexed at the importunity of the villagers, which at last amounted to a demand, somewhat angrily denied their request. The people were, however, determined not to be disappointed, and declared that she should have no horses to continue her journey until she had obliged them. De Beriot, who, at this time, in consequence of her desire to keep the marriage secret, was travelling with her incognito, as her page, stepped into the balcony of the inn where they were stopping, and commenced playing an extemporaneous *fantasia* expressive of Malibran's sorrow, and of the rage of the assembled throng of people round the window. The execution of the piece was so brilliant and descriptive, that Malibran, carried away by her feelings of admiration, could not help exclaiming, "Bravo! De Beriot."—The multitude caught up the word, and echoed in long continued shouts, "Bravo! De Beriot:" Malibran, moved at the applause bestowed on her gifted companion, sang two or three pieces in her best style, and so enraptured were the villagers with the charms of De Beriot's playing and Malibran's singing, that, instead of permitting the horses to be put to their carriage they insisted on yoking themselves, and dragging the delight-imparting travellers through their village, and for two or three miles on their journey.

Malibran's last engagement at Naples was for 80,000 francs, and two benefits and a half, for forty nights: while that upon which she entered at Milan with the Duke Visconti (the director of La Scala) was, exclusively of other profitable stipulations, 450,000 francs for 185 performances.

She was a great favourite in America, where her English ballads created quite a sensation. The demand for these increased to such an extent, that when performing one night in a serious Italian opera, she was called upon by the audience to sing 'Home, sweet home.' With all the grace and good-humour imaginable, she instantly complied with the request; and while the rapturous applauses that rewarded her were yet ringing through the house, she resumed her part, and *Desdemona* was herself again! In the spring of 1834, Malibran was gathering laurels at Rome, where she gave a concert for the benefit of a family in extreme indigence, which realised for them the sum of 600 pieces of gold. In May of the same year she made her memorable *début* at Milan, with astonishing *éclat*. It was here that a medal, in honour of her excellent talents, was struck, bearing her likeness, with the motto on the reverse, "*Per universale consenso proclamata mirabile nell' azione e nel canto.*" Her subsequent stay at Venice was concluded with a charitable action. The proprietor of the *Teatro Emeronnitio* requested her to sing once at his theatre. "I will," answered she, "but on the condition that not a word is said about remuneration." The

poor man was saved from ruin. The house was afterwards called the *Teatro Garcia*.

On the appearance of MALIBRAN at the rehearsal in St. George's Church, Manchester, on the Monday preceding the Festival, every eye was rivetted on this charming woman: her smile courted, her nod welcomed. At the first performance, who that heard her breathe forth those fervent accents of praise, in *Holy, holy*, or the maternal agitation in *Deh parlate*, could imagine the scene which had just occurred in the ante-room, where she had lain, nearly fainting, for the previous hour? But her energy was too apt to delight in such exertions—the spirit within gloried in surmounting obstacles—and on most occasions, as on the present, proved triumphant.

On the Wednesday morning she was full of pain, yet never sang more beautifully. Could it be suspected by those who were listening to her deep full tones in Pergolesi's *Lord have mercy*, that to keep herself from falling, she held by the front of the orchestra. In the beautiful duet of Marcello, *Qual anelante*, she was all energy and fire. She had set her mind upon its producing a great effect, and when she arranged with Miss NOVELLO the cadence they were to introduce, she refused to write it down, saying, in her kind tone of encouragement, "You will follow me; I am quite sure of you and of its being encored." Just before they began it a second time her eye caught Mrs. NOVELLO's, and she whispered to Miss N., "How pleased mamma looks." Could it be believed that this noble creature, whose energies thus overcame the bitterness of pain, was so near her death!—that the same evening she sang her last. On Sunday she was very low spirited, and said, "Manchester will have my bones." Alas! she proved a true prophetess. On the arrival of Dr. Belluomini, that evening, her joy was excessive, she threw her arms round his neck; "I am saved! I am saved!" she exclaimed; "he has known me from my youth, and loves me like a child."

So beautiful and playful, so full of genius, devotion, and disinterestedness—MALIBRAN's very faults had charms, for if she uttered an impatient word, her sweet smile, the pressure of her hand, instantly atoned, and you felt to love her better than ever. She was indeed a realization of the poet's dream of female perfection, a specimen of nature's handywork, excelling the utmost imagining of fiction. Her liberality was extreme, and on one occasion, in 1829, when a young Englishman had not funds enough to return to London, Madame MALIBRAN not only sang at a concert, given by him, gratis, but she also gave him 300 francs, which she had earned the same evening, by singing at a concert given by the present King of the French, then Duke of Orleans. She was particularly remarked for her affability and kindness to her brother performers, however humble their station. On one occasion at Naples, rather than allow the theatre to be closed, which would have been a great loss to the subordinate actors, she actually played in the *Sonnambula* with her arm in a sling, having very much injured it a few days previously. She was indefatigable in her profession, and was often practising till two or three o'clock in the morning. One evening, after singing at La Scala, the enthusiasm was such that the whole house rose and waved hats and handkerchiefs. When her friends, shortly afterwards, congratulated her on the effect she had produced, she said, "Pray say nothing about it to DE BERIOT, or he will scold me, for I produced a note which he has expressly forbidden; and he is right, as it may ruin my voice." MALIBRAN was not only a beautiful musician, but she excelled in other arts. She painted, and wrote poetry. One day she showed some rather mediocre Italian verses to a friend, and as he had already seen a beautiful drawing and some but tolerable verses of her production, he advised her to leave off poetry and apply herself to painting. "That would be a pity," said she, "for I wished to prove my gratitude to poetry. The poets have always used me well, but the painters have represented me ten times more ugly than I am." On the day when she last sang, the beauty of her voice was superhuman. It was her adieu to life.

This great and good being is no more. She died in the midst of her professional glories, and nations will long regret her whom they loved while living. The clouds that had hung over her happiness from her childhood were dispersing, and she believed that she was about to enjoy the most perfect of human felicity, when she sunk under her great exertions, and died.

Happiness! tis a gorgeous prize,
Hung dazzlingly before our eyes;
And ever seen and ever sought,
And often grasped but never caught!
For this the warrior wades through blood,
For this he braves the stormy flood;
And danger's thousand shapes defies,
But still the faithless tempter flies;
The votaries of fame and health,
The slaves of pleasure and of wealth,
All seek the port which none may gain,
All toil for bliss, but toil in vain;
And waste the narrow span of life,
In fond pursuit and endless strife.

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## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

We have but little to record of the proceedings of THEIR MAJESTIES during the month of October, there having occurred no event of importance to call for particular notice or commentary. The illustrious personages have spent their time chiefly at Windsor, in the environs of which place they have taken their usual rides and drives, whenever the weather has permitted the enjoyment of those recreations. Occasionally HIS MAJESTY has come to London for the purpose of holding a levee; and upon those occasions the Court has been attended by the most distinguished officers in town. After each levee, the KING returned to Windsor Castle to dinner. Several dinner-parties have been entertained at Windsor in that sumptuous style characteristic of their MAJESTIES. At the end of the month, THEIR MAJESTIES quitted Windsor Castle for the pavilion at Brighton, which has undergone some alteration since the last season; HIS MAJESTY's bed-chamber is now placed in the very centre of the building. HIS MAJESTY has been pleased to exhibit his admiration of the works of the great national dramatic poet, Shakspeare, by subscribing £50 to the fund for repairing his monument, at Stratford-on-Avon.

Her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA has been suffering under a bilious attack. We are happy to state that her Royal Highness is now convalescent.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of KENT and the Princess VICTORIA are passing the autumn at Ramsgate. A congratulatory address was presented on their arrival to

which the Duchess of KENT replied most graciously. Both the Duchess and the Princess continue to enjoy excellent health. Their Royal Highnesses walk on the Pier daily, accompanied by part of their suite. The Princess SOPHIA, who is now residing at Broadstairs, frequently drives over to Ramsgate.

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## GEMS OF THE BOUDOIR;
### OR, A GLANCE AT THE ANNUALS FOR 1837.

We have received brilliant indications of the closing of the summer-time, and the coming of winter. No cold, frosty, cheerless announcements, but splendid treasures for the library, gorgeous collections of prose, poetry, and pictures, bound in red and blue, and gold, and looking like the elements of rainbows, condensed within a small compass, and ready to "burst their bonds" and spread out into arches of variegated splendour! The "annuals" are upon our table. These literary and pictorial prettinesses have had a much longer life than we expected, from the quantity that are published: they cost a great deal of money in the "getting up," and the number of purchasers must be very great to afford a profit to the speculators in them. One or two have very taking names, however, and we suppose they will exist so long as there remain any kind feelings in human bosoms: to those feelings and "affections, kept within the heart like gold," they appeal by "the magic of their names," and they will be patronized, therefore, by every "lover" and every "friend." Still we think they have lost much of their original spirit: they wish to be very grand, something above the pretty and the pleasing, and they beome dull, tedious, and uninteresting. Even L. E. L. does not contribute the charming things she was used to do. A change has come over her spirit since she took to studying German literature; and, considering it *infra dig* to be any longer a lover, she endeavours to be a philosopher, apparently unconscious that there was as much philosophy in her early productions (and of a sweeter kind too) as is to be found in any of the German geniusses who seem to be the present gods of her idolatry.

The annual which makes the greatest pretensions is *The Cabinet of Gems*, a costly and expensive work, but not of a character to be very popular. We dislike the plan of printing the engravings upon the letter-press. And, besides, those engravings are upon too small a scale. Justice cannot be done to a painter in a mere vignette, carefully and elaborately as it may be executed.

The *Forget-me-Not* is the oldest of the annuals, and the volume for the present year is about as attractive as was the last: we cannot say that it has increased attractions, because we do not see how its attractions could be well increased. The engravings are talented and interesting as ever, and there are the usual varieties of prose and poetry in the literary contents of the volume. Among the contributions, we find the names of several, distinguished for the grace and elegance of their compositions, besides anonymous writers of talent. The "Sorceress," the "Alchemist's Fortunes," the "Nice Doctor," and the "Game at Coquetry," are clever prose articles. From the poetry, we select for extract a charming piece by Mary Howitt.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The Oak-tree and the Cedar-tree
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man,
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then, wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night?

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then, wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth!

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him!

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING is not inferior to the above, in the beauty of its embellishment, and the spirit of its literature. There is an exquisite bit of rustic life, called *Jenny's First Love-Letter*, among the engravings; and a plate called *The Secret*, by FANNY CORBEAUX, cannot fail to be highly admired. The expression of the *secret-teller*, in the latter, is very excellent. CROFTON CROKER has a humourous sketch, called "*The Misletoe Bough*," describing the hilarities of Christmas-time, one brief extract from which may amuse our readers. Imagine a posse of gentlemen hid behind the door of a room, where a bunch of misletoe is hung up, awaiting the arrival of the ladies from the drawing-room. "Just as the young soldier had accurately ascertained that the innocent lips of the unsuspecting Miss Fitzgibbon were precisely under the misletoe-bough, he saluted his fair partner, and, in the next moment, pointing upward, cried with an air of triumph, 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' 'But 'tis no apology, Sir, for a bristling mustachio,' said Miss Fitzgibbon, first smiling, and then drawing herself up with a dignified air. 'What does he mean?' inquired Miss Margaret, who was in the back-ground, looking with astoishment at her father; but she was answered merely by a good-humoured laugh, which gave her confidence to advance, and she received the same mark of regard from Mr. Smith, who sprung from his hiding-place behind the door. 'Sir—Mr. Smith—really, Sir'—stammered Miss Margaret, but her sister motioned her to be silent, and Miss Wheeler, not knowing, it is to be presumed, exactly what was going forward, but perceiving that something unusual was the matter, sprung literally into the open arms of Dr. Fogarty, who had silently watched her movements through the chink of the door, and, admirably calculating distances, received her with such a smack of his lips upon her right cheek, that there was no mistake about the matter—in return for which civility, poor Fogarty was rewarded by an almost simultaneous slap, of more than equal sound and vigour, upon his right cheek, from the left hand of the agile Miss Wheeler. However, the sweet

pipes of blind Terry, with the violin accompaniment of his son, a fine lad of about fourteen, and the permanent attraction of the Yule clog, soon caused the misletoe frolic of the evening to be forgiven, at least, if not forgotten." This is funny, and admirably descriptive of the reality. The poetry is equally good. The following is a specimen of its quality. It is from the pen of L. E. L.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

She leans beside her mirror, in her old accustomed place,
Yet something unfamiliar is on her lovely face;
She wears a wreath, a snow-white wreath, which yet she never wore;
It gives a paleness to the cheek, unknown to it before.

The maiden goeth to the grove, and of the flowers beneath,
She takes the lily or the rose, to bind her midnight wreath;
But of one plant she gathers not, though fair its blossoms be;
Only the bride hath leave to wear buds from the orange-tree.

Once, only once, that wreath is worn—once only may she wear
The pale white wreath of orange-flowers within her shining hair;
They wear, upon their soft wan bloom, the shade of coming years;
The spiritual presence is around of human hopes and fears;

Ay, let her soft and thoughtful eyes upon her mirror dwell,
For, in that long and tender look, she taketh her farewell;
Of all her youth's unconsciousness, of all her lighter cares,
And for a deeper, sadder life—a woman's lot, prepares.

She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were her own;
The love to which she trusts herself is yet a thing unknown;
Though at one name her cheek turn red, though sweet it be to hear,
Yet for that name she must resign so much that has been dear.

It is an anxious happiness—it is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's small white hand puts on the golden ring;
She passeth from her father's house unto another's care;
And who may say what troubled hours, what sorrows wait her there?

Ah! love and life are mysteries, both blessing and both blest;
And yet how much they teach the heart of trial and unrest!
Sweet maiden! while these troubled thoughts 'mid bridal fancies sweep,
Well mayst thou pensive watch thy glass, and turn aside to weep.

FISHER'S DRAWING-ROOM SCRAP-BOOK.—This is but an indifferent publication, a mere heterogeneous compound of pictures and rhymes, without any definite object. Some of them are neat and clever; but there is an air of dullness pervading the work, which renders it unsuitable for light readers, and it is for light readers only that such publications are intended. Miss LANDON is the authoress of the literary contents; but the poetry is of an inferior quality, the dulness of its character not being enlivened with a single original or brilliant thought. There is something expressive in the following, which illustrates a scene in the streets of La Valetta, Malta:—

THE KNIGHT.

Young knight, that broidered cloak undo,
And break that golden chain in two;
Take from your hand its jewels fair,
Shear those bright curls of sunny hair,
And offer up at yonder shrine,
The vanities that once were thine.

No more, the victor of the ring,
Thy triumphs will the minstrel sing;
No more upon thy helm the glove
Will ask of Fame to sanction Love,
The saraband untrod must be,
The lists, the dance, are closed to thee.

Look to the past—if present there
Be visible one great despair:
Look to the future—if it give
Nothing which charmeth thee to live—
Then come—the present knows its doom;
The heart already is a tomb.

The cheek is pale—thy brow is worn—
Thy lip is bitter in its scorn;
I read in them the signs that tell
The heart's impassioned chronicle.
'Tis past!—and Malta's iron vow
To thee is less than nothing now.

Lady BLESSINGTON seems to have *cut* the "Flowers of Loveliness" which she planted last autumn; and Bayley, the "real original" Bayley—"old Bayley" as he is sometimes called, has had the fragments put under his care. We cannot say that he has made as fair a *bouquet*, as we received last year from the hands of Lady BLESSINGTON. A sprig of *Jessamine* is the prettiest thing in it.

THE JESSAMINE.

My love hath sent a Jasmine wreath!
Oh! would I had been taught
To seek in summer gifts, like these,
The giver's secret thought:
Each blossom is a pearly star,
The fragile leaves are green;
Come, Sister, for *thou* hast the skill,
Interpret what they mean.

It is an emblem of thyself,
Dear girl, thy Lover sends;
A wreath where pure Simplicity,
With perfect Beauty blends;
A type of all that's fair and good,
In this sweet flower is seen;
What Woman's mind should ever be;
What thine hath ever been.

How delicately fine the stem!
How exquisite the flower!
Oh! must it not be guarded well
From every breeze and shower!
Nay, 'tis not *weak*;—when winter comes,
'Twill not deserve the term;
And is not, in adversity,
Fond Woman's heart as firm?

'Twill grace the palace of a prince,
As 'twere its proper sphere;
Transplanted to a meaner home,
The meanest it will cheer!

And Woman, formed to grace a court,
Thence uncomplaining moves;
And clings to ruin, for the sake
Of one she truly loves.

Lady Blessington though she has quitted the flower-garden, is nevertheless found reposing in the jewel-room, and with a casket in her hands of some worth. She calls it "*Gems of Beauty*," and Mr. Parris has illustrated it with a collection of pretty faces. We think, however, a contemporary in the right, who hinted to Mr. P. that his females would be more admired were he less profuse and indiscriminate in his dispensation of charms. We are surfeited with oval faces, cheeks smooth as alabaster, long Greek noses, finely-chiselled lips, delicately-pencilled eyebrows and gazelle eyes, crowned with tresses of exuberant growth, and supported by swan-like necks and busts of preternatural amplitude, with arms of boneless rotundity, and taper fingers destitute of joints. We turn the tissue leaf that veils the features of each fresh group, with an indifference bred of satiety, and that the insipidity of the object alone prevents increasing to disgust. We desire a few mortal imperfections; and should be grateful for an occasional snub-nose and long upper-lip or double-chin, a pair of high-cheek bones, and pig's eyes—nay, even a little bit of a squint would be a welcome change. Will no artist be bold enough to venture on a Book of Ugliness, by way of variety? Or if that be an impossible boon, let us implore the fancy face-makers to leave their *idealities*, and condescend to reality. We don't object to beauty, only we would have it according to nature.

The following is the best specimen we can find of the poetical "gems":—

THE SAPPHIRE.

Take back! take back these glittering gems!
I see them but to grieve;
Oh, dearer far the woodland flowers
*He* gave me yester eve!

Those sapphires have a sparkling light
Like summer's heaven, 'tis true;
But fairer gifts shall deck my brow,
Sweet violets gemmed with dew.

They tell us that this azure stone
O'er great ones' hearts hath power;
Yet take them back, and let me keep
*His* gift—the simple flower.

Nor tell me of his castles proud;
For, oh! far more I prize
The lowly cot I hope to share,
That in yon valley lies.

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## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

The Last Elopement.—The elopement mania does not seem to be subsiding. Still young ladies leave their paternal homes on matrimonial excursions in the hope that happiness will attend them. Much speculation has been afloat upon the subject of the newspaper paragraph announcing the flight of a young lady from the neighbourhood of one of the royal palaces with a young man in humble circumstances. "Who can this be?" was the general inquiry in St. James's. It turns out that the young lady had no connection with the palace, although she lived in its neighbourhood. She is (or was) a Miss M——, the daughter of the wealthy owner of K—— Park, a noble estate between S—— and H——, one of the sweetest and most retired of places, where we ourselves spent many of our boyish days—days of happiness, too bright to last. The gallant is a young—must we write the word?—Love, thou hast taken many strange shapes, but never before this time didst thou appear in the guise of a—*fishmonger*. A fishmonger! Bah! "'Tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true." Miss M—— fell in love with a fishmonger. We remember young S—— when he was a boy; we often met him in our rambles in the green lanes of S——; he had a charming sister, and we recollect that her prophet-like eyes agitated our boyish heart considerably. We were too young then to know any thing about love, but we liked Kate S——, and even at this distant period, when almost every thing else connected with our S—— rambles is obliterated from our memory, there still remain her bright eyes upon it; and there they will remain, perhaps, for ever. Miss M—— we know nothing of. K—— Park is surrounded by a high paling, and the house is at a considerable distance from the road, so that all its inmates are secluded as it were, and safe from observation. She has dared to do much for love, and we hope that she may never have cause to repent the day when she suffered herself to be run away with by the fishmonger.

A Duel for Ellen Tree.—Two gentlemen have fought a duel because one said an ungenerous thing of Ellen Tree and refused to retract it. Who will say that the age of chivalry is gone. The worst of the matter is that the champion of the fair Ellen was wounded. Had it been his opponent, no one would have grieved. But, he may not be sorry for the wound, as it gives him a claim to a larger quantity of the gratitude of her for whose sweet sake it was incurred. *Vive le preux chevalier!*

A Queer Situation.—Many are the striking scenes and singular adventures that occur at our clubs. A transaction of some interest is just now the subject of a good deal of conversation in high life. Two well-known fashionables were playing at cards, when one of the gamesters, whose suspicions had been excited, after the cards had been shuffled by his opponent, called for the porter, and ordering paper, tape, and wax, desired the servants to seal up the cards as they were, and to submit them on the following day to the committee. Both parties quitted London the same night; the discovery that ensued places the conduct of one man of high *ton* in no very brilliant or enviable light. It is said that the "club" where this transaction occurred is to be broken up.

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## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

THE "NATIONAL" THEATRE.—By this title Mr. BUNN has newly christened Drury-lane theatre. He calls it the "national," solely, as we in our own simplicity suppose, because he engages chiefly foreign performers. We have seen so much extravagance in modern management, or mismanagement rather, that we are not surprised at any of the new freaks or flights of Mr. BUNN and others, who, for a time, hold the mastery of the London theatres. Drury-lane theatre is called *national*, but, nevertheless, it has not a company that can perform a single national drama: tragedy cannot be played, because there is no tragedian to take the principal part, comedy cannot be played from the same cause. Opera is attempted, and the company is rather talented in the operative way, although neither TEMPLETON nor H. PHILLIPS are engaged. Mr. WILSON supplies the place of the former, and Mr. BALFE appeared as a substitute for the latter. WILSON is a pleasing singer, and would be more admired, if he were to throw a little more animation into his style; his voice is uncommonly sweet and good, and its compass is extensive, but it is not thrown out to advantage; a little attention might serve to exalt Mr. WILSON'S reputation. BALFE is but a poor substitute for H. PHILLIPS. He is a more lively actor, that is to say, his action is more in the Italian school than is that of H. PHILLIPS, but he has not the splendid voice of his great contemporary, and can never hope to raise himself to that level. We should think Mr. BALFE would be more at home in the Rossini music of a light and sparkling character. We are told that he is good in *Figaro*, a part that he played in some of the Italian theatres. But we rather think "pleasant" the more appropriate word. We have seen many *Figaro's* in our time, and, from LABLACHE down to H. PHILLIPS, they have all rendered the acting subordinate to the musical expression of the character. We can imagine that, on the other hand, Mr. BALFE makes the singing subordinate to the acting. At any rate he has not the voice to make him a popular *Figaro* where LABLACHE, TAMBURINI, or a ZUCHELLI has been heard. His voice is a light baritone; indeed, we should almost call it a decided tenor, which he attempts to strain into a baritone, and in concerted pieces, where it should be heard to advantage, it is scarcely heard it all. We should have stated that Mr. BALFE made his *debût*, at the opening of the theatre, in his own opera (or compilation) called *The Siege of Rochelle*. The part he assumed was that of *Michel*, in which H. PHILLIPS was effective last season. He was very favourably received. He did not betray the least embarrassment; indeed, we never saw an English actor more at his ease. The solos he sang with taste and skill, but without exciting those highly pleasurable feelings which PHILLIPS awakened. In "My cottage near Rochelle," he was encored. Miss SHIRREFF played the heroine, as usual; her voice is of a fine quality, and she was less *Malibranish* than she was at the English Opera House, and of course more admirable. Miss FORDE played *Marcella*, instead of FANNY HEALY, who is no longer a member of this establishment. SEGUIN and GIUBILEI were clever and effective in their respective characters. After the opera, a farce called *Every Body's Widow*, was produced for the first time, and for the last, the gross indecency of many of the observations, and the general dulness and improbability of the plot, caused it to be strongly opposed. The audience, wished it to be discontinued before it was half over, but the players persisted in inflicting the whole of the deplorable nonsense upon the house, amidst general confusion and uproar. It was not attempted to be repeated. Its author was Mr. BEAZLEY. The entertainments were concluded by a show, a very paltry and highly censurable exhibition, a tribute, as it was called, to the genius of the departed MALIBRAN. We cannot compliment the good taste or the good feeling of the manager in producing this extravaganza, more worthy of Sadler's Wells or Bartholomew Fair, than of the theatre royal—the "national" theatre—or Drury-lane. Mr. COOPER, having thrown off the red wig which he had worn in a previous part of the evening's performance, stalked forward in a suit of black, and a white pocket handkerchief in his hand, like a mourner at a funeral, and in most doleful accents, measured and slow, and pausing now and then as if his tears were choking his utterance, delivered what the playbills called a "Monody," a pure specimen of the "bathos." Had it not been that we loved MALIBRAN while living, and honoured her memory, we should have laughed at this merry-Andrew-like affectation of sorrow, but the subject was MALIBRAN—the great, the good, the gifted MALIBRAN, and we listened to the solemn burlesque in silence. After Mr. COOPER had been serious some minutes, and had delivered all he had to say upon the subject, he cried "Now you shall see what you shall see!" And presto, up went the curtain, and he, who had been loud in his grief, became showman of two or three scenes on which the figure of MALIBRAN was painted (in a vile way) in some of her most approved characters. "Here," cried the prototype of Mr. Merryman; "Here you may see, *Amina*, the somnambulist! Here you may see *Fidelio* digging her husband's grave;" and so forth. We could not help thinking of the other showman, who, exhibiting his box of pictures in the streets to a possee of admiring children, acquainted their young intellects that they looked upon "The Emperor of Rushiar, and the King of Prushiar, and the Napoleon Bonyparte." "O, which is Bonyparty!" cried one of the young intelligents. "Whichever you please, my little dears," responded the showman, "whichever you please!" So, Mr. COOPER, had he been asked which of the ugly figures upon these scenes was MALIBRAN, might have replied, "Whichever you please, my beloved public; whichever you please." To have made the extravaganza complete, BUNN himself ought to have played the showman.

This execrable nonsense, an insult to the true admirers of the genius of MALIBRAN, was heard and seen to its conclusion almost in silence, and when the curtain dropped the unintellectual wondered what it all meant, while the "judicious few" turned away in sorrow and disgust.

MR. EDWIN FORREST, an American actor of great celebrity in his own country, made his *debût* at this theatre, as the hero of a tragedy written by Dr. BIRD (an American) and called the *Gladiator*. We do not think that Mr. FORREST will become very popular in England as a representative of the leading characters of the national drama. He has none of those high intellectual qualities that make a great actor; he has physical power, and in scenes of strong passion and rapid action he is seen and heard to advantage. He is a good melo-dramatic actor, but exceedingly faulty as a tragedian. But the piece in which he appeared, the *Gladiator*, was of

inferior merit, and Mr. FORREST may not have had the opportunity of developing his powers to their full extent. The *Gladiator* would have been condemned, but from a feeling of courtesy and kindness to Mr. FORREST. The American actor is a gigantic-looking person, with a voice of tremendous power. He appeared as *Othello* on a subsequent evening, and did not increase his reputation by his performance thereof.

COVENT-GARDEN.—An effort has been made at this cheap house to enact sundry legitimate dramas. The people who hold the managerial reins having secured the services of Mr. MACREADY, Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, and Mr. FARREN. The tragedies that have been played are *King John*, *Macbeth*, *Werner*, and Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD's *Ion*. The first was the most effective, Mr. MACREADY playing the *King*, CHARLES KEMBLE, *Falconbridge*, and Mr. BENNETT, *Hubert*. The acting of Mr. MACREADY and Mr. KEMBLE in the above-mentioned characters is familiar to all play-goers.

ENGLISH-OPERA.—Mr. LEFFLER, Mr. FRASER, and Miss BETTS, have appeared in the opera of the *Freebooters*, with considerable success. The general performances at this house are attractive and pleasing. The musical pieces are well supported, and the farces full of fun and drollery, exhibiting WRENCH, OXBERRY, and Mrs. FITZWILLIAM to advantage.

ADELPHI.—The performances here are flat and vulgar. The *Doom of Marana* is a stupid version of the French extravaganza, *Don Juan de Marana;* and *Sir Roger de Coverley:* the last novelty, is exceedingly coarse and insipid.

QUEEN'S.—Several light burlettas have recently been produced here, with much and deserved success. The company is talented, and their best exertions are made to please the public. "*Colonel S———*," a whimsical trifle, has given general satisfaction, Mr. LOVEDAY playing the principal character with more real humour than we are accustomed to enjoy at a minor theatre.

OLYMPIC.—*Court Favour*, and *A Pleasant Neighbour*, are the successful novelties here. A farce, called "*I will have an Uncle*," was condemned on its first performance.

## NEW MUSIC.

*A New Edition of the Vocal Melodies of Scotland, arranged by* FINLAY DUNN *and* JOHN THOMSON.

The admirers of genuine Scottish Melodies (and they are many) will find in this work one that has been long wanted in the Musical World—the Melodies of Scotland, in their best and purest form. Our readers will find that the accompaniments are simple, at the same time learned enough in Harmony to please the most fastidious musician. The fault has not been committed here, which Scotch and other National Melodies have often been subject to; namely, to load them with Harmonies and accompaniments, so absurdly abstruse that their national character has been totally lost. In the present work the true character of every Melody has been carefully preserved, and the manner of singing them has been given, as well as the usual marks of expression can give them, so that our Fair Readers may sing the Airs with something more of their national character than the mere notes can convey. The arrangement could not have been placed in better hands than Messrs. DUNN and THOMSON's; they are every way qualified for the task as good musicians, and true admirers of their native melodies. The work is extremely well got up, and reflects much credit upon the publishers.

We have looked over the Music of the Huguenots, which has been published in London; but it is not by any means suited for amateurs; and our Fair Readers will find themselves involved in unmeaning intricacies if they attempt the performance of any of the pieces. As an opera it may possess some merit on the stage, but in the drawing-room it is dull and profitless, and has by no means our recommendation.

AUBER's last opera of *Acteon*, possesses many beautiful melodies, and the Quadrilles published in Paris, and arranged by MUSARD, are very effective. We should also recommend to our Readers the music from GRISAR's operas of *Sarah*, and *Les Laveuses de Couvent*, the Quadrilles from which are also arranged by MUSARD, and are quite the rage this season in Paris, at the Concerts in the Champs Elysée. The music in HALEVY's opera of *L'Eclair*, is lively and elegant, and contains many beautiful Airs, adapted to amateurs, that would be effective in the drawing-room, and not particularly difficult. The London publishers have produced nothing worthy of mentioning lately; a few simple Ballads, scarce worthy of notice, and some Piano-forte arrangements, that will not prove the source of much profit, either to purchasers or publishers. We have not seen the music of *Les filles de Danube*, by ADOLPHE ADAM, but report speaks very highly of its merits, as abounding in beautiful melodies; and we are confident the author of the *Chalet* is one of the best musicians of the present day.

The *Maid of Artois*, although effective on the stage, with poor MALIBRAN's great assistance, contains nothing to recommend it to amateur performers: the melodies are common-place, and the harmonies do not compensate for the want of happy ideas. "The light of other days," is the most favourite air; but ladies are wisely averse to singing music written for baritones.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,

The Hon. CAROLINE AGNES BERESFORD, the youngest daughter of Lord DECIES, has passed up to the nuptial altar, and become the bride of the Marquis of GRAHAM, eldest son of the Duke of MONTROSE. Hymen has lit his torch for the beautiful Lady MARY O'BRIEN, youngest daughter of the Marquis of THOMOND; and she has been led to the altar by the Lord Viscount of BEREHAVEN, eldest son of the Earl of BANTRY. The Lord Viscount GLENTWORTH, having persuaded Miss VILLEBOIS to take upon herself the name of wife, has placed a plain gold ring upon her finger, and a Viscountess's coronet upon her brow. The bride has a fortune of 20,000*l.* His Lordship is in his 22d year, and will inherit the estates of his grandfather, the Earl of LIMERICK. The marriage of Viscount FINCASTLE, eldest son of the Earl of DUNMORE, to Lady CATHERINE HERBERT, the beautiful and accomplished sister of the Earl of PEMBROKE, having been solemnized at Frankfort on the Maine, very great festivities have taken place at Dunmore Castle, the seat of the bridegroom's father, as also on his Lordship's estates in the Highlands, in celebration of the event. The marriage took place abroad, in consequence of the health of a near relative of the bride (the Countess of PEMBROKE, we believe).

Among the names of the Noble departed, we find those of Lord MASSY, the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT GRAHAM, and the Rev. T. ROWLEY, D.D., Vice Chancellor of Oxford. The Lord DE SAUMAREZ is also dead. He was in his 80th year.


The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Fashionable Head Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836 Morning Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Evening & Morning Dresses.

*The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.*

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Lilac *gros d'Automme* robe, low tight *corsage* and short sleeves, forming but very slightly the bell shape, they are trimmed with *rûches;* low pelerine of embroidered *tulle*. The hair is arranged in full tufts of heavy ringlets at the sides, and a low bow behind; it is trimmed with knots of *ponceau* velvet.

DINNER DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Blue satin robe, short sleeve terminated by a *bouillon*; pelerine *fichû* of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with blond. The hair, is disposed in soft loops at the sides, and a coronet plait on the summit of the head; it is ornamented with black velvet disposed *en ferronière*.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—India muslin robe, trimmed with green velvet; *coiffure à la folle*, ornamented with velvet and red roses.

FRENCH OPERA DRESS.

Fig. 4.—Robe of pale blue *pou de Soie*, *glaçe de blanc*, *corsage à la Maintenon*; the sleeve trimmed with blond lace and blue ribbon. The hair parted on the forehead, is dressed at the sides, and round the back of the neck, in a profusion of light ringlets; it is partly drawn up in plaits, which form a knot at the back, and ornamented with flowers.

Fig. 5.—Represents the late lovely and lamented vocalist, in the costume in which she last appeared at Manchester.

Fig. 6.—Gives a front view of the *coiffure* of Fig. 4.

DINNER DRESS.

Fig. 7.—Robe of pale pink *reps Indien*; *corsage*, three-quarters, high and square. Tight sleeve, *bouffanted* at the elbow only, *fichû à la paysanne*, of embroidered *tulle*, trimmed with plain *tulle* gouffred. The hair is dressed in heavy masses of ringlets at the sides, and a cluster of bows behind.

FRENCH OPERA DRESS.

Fig. 8.—The robe is grey satin, the shawl of velvet, corresponding in colour, is embroidered and trimmed with a rich silk fringe; *coiffure à la Berthe*.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 9.—Robe of pea-green *mousseline cashmere*. Low *corsage*, slightly pointed at the bottom, and drawn in with a little fulness. Short full sleeve terminated by *rûches* of *tulle*. *Tulle* pelerine of the same form as the *collets—broochès*. *Coiffure à la Montespan*, ornamented with flowers.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Robe of violet *levantine glaçe*, *corsage* partially high behind, and descending in a drapery which is looped in the centre of the front; long tight sleeves, with bell *mancherons*. The skirt is trimmed with a single flounce, having a full heading of a novel description. *Chemisette* of clear India muslin. Black velvet neck knot. *Chapeau capote* of fine Florence straw; the interior of the brim is trimmed with a small sprig of *ponceau* flowers on each side; the crown is very fully trimmed with black velvet, and a bouquet of flowers.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Pomona green satin robe, the border trimmed with bands of fancy velvet. The *corsage*, close to the shape, is made with a shawl pelerine of moderate size, with pointed ends, which wrap across and descend under the *ceinture*; the sleeves are demi-large at top, and quite tight at the lower part, the *bouffants* are arranged by velvet bands and knots. Pale pink satin hat, a large sized brim and low crown, trimmed with *plumes panachees*, and pale pink satin ribbon.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Mantle of French grey cashmere, lined with *ponceau* satin, and trimmed with bands of *ponceau* velvet, and a collar of black *rep* velvet. The mantle is made extremely ample, with large Turkish sleeves and a pelerine, which falling in a long point behind, is cut out so as not to pass the shoulder, and descends in scarf ends before. Shawl collar of the heart shape. White satin hat, the interior of the brim trimmed with a *rûche* of *blonde illusion*, and a knot of *ponceau* ribbons; the crown is adorned with a single white feather.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.

1.—A side view of the costume just described.

2.—*Half-dress Hat* of white *peluche*, an open and rather large brim, the interior trimmed with *coques* of straw-coloured velvet; low crown, ornamented with bands of velvet, and a bouquet of flowers.

3.—A back view of the head-dress above described.

4.—A back view of the carriage-dress.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

HOME DRESS OF A PARIS LADY.

Fig. 1.—Robe of pale tea-green *gros de Naples;* the skirt trimmed with two *rûches: corsage* a three-quarter height, and tight to the shape, with short sleeves moderately full, and finished by a *rûche* at the bottom. Pelerine-mantelet of clear cambric, trimmed with the same material, and embroidered in feather-stitch; the *mancherons*, waist, and bottom of the scarf-ends, are trimmed with round rosettes of pale pink ribbon. The hair arranged *à la Bertha*, is ornamented with knots of pink ribbon on the loops.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Mantle of rich brown satin, lined with *gros de Naples;* it is drawn in, in the pelisse form, round the waist, by a velvet band and knot to correspond; Mameluke sleeves embroidered in silk, of a darker shade, and looped by velvet knots; a heart pelerine of *rep* velvet forms the shape very advantageously; a rich embroidery and velvet knots trim the fronts and border of the mantle. Bonnet of green *rep* velvet, a close shape, the interior of the brim trimmed with blond; the crown ornamented with ribbon and a bird of Paradise.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Robe *à la Maintenon* of red violet *Algerine;* a low pointed *corsage*, trimmed with bands of black velvet, and

a falling tucker of black real lace. The sleeves arranged by velvet bands in *bouffants* to the elbow, and from thence tight to the wrist; black lace *manchettes;* the skirt is open in front. over a satin petticoat to correspond, it is trimmed with a black lace flounce and velvet bands, two of the latter adorn the round of the skirt. The hair dressed low behind, and in a profusion of ringlets in front, is decorated with an *esprit* and a jet *ferroniere.* Neck-lace and ear-rings *en suite.*

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 1.—White Grenadine gauze robe over a satin slip; the border is trimmed with a triple *bouillonné*, it is formed by two rows of *ruban royal; corsage* low, pointed at bottom, and lightly folded on the bosom; it is trimmed round the top with *ruban royal,* bands of which are employed to *bouffant* the upper part of the sleeve, the lower is tight. The hair, arranged *à la Berthe,* is ornamented with flowers.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Robe of pink and black striped sarsenet; the border trimmed with a double pinked flounce; tight high *corsage*, ornamented with a *cœur* formed by a *rûche;* tight sleeves, trimmed with *mancherons* and cuffs of a new form; white satin bonnet of rather a large size, trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a bouquet of exotics.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 3.—*Ecru* satin robe, a tight *corsage* of the *demi-cœur* form, and tight sleeves. Hat of white *rep* velvet, a large oval brim, and low crown, both trimmed with flowers.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Fig. 4. — Cambric pantaloons; white cashmere frock, trimmed with blue ribbon, with which the hair is also ornamented.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—A back view of Fig. 6.

2.—Morning Dress.—Robe of olive *pou de Soie.* half-high *corsage*, and tight sleeves. Scarf of the same material, bordered with a *rûche.* Pink satin hat, a round open brim, trimmed with blond and flowers; the crown is ornamented *en suite.*

3.—Evening Dress.—Robe of *Tissu Memphis;* long round *corsage*, trimmed with a lappel and a falling tucker of blond. Short double *bouffant* sleeves. The hair dressed in a profusion of ringlets in front, and low behind, is ornamented with a cherry-coloured velvet band, and a wreath of flowers.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Green satin mantle, trimmed round the bottom with stamped velvet, disposed in a light pattern; it is lined with green *gros de Naples*, and made with very large sleeves; they are ornamented with knots of ribbon. Green velvet cape; *ceinture en suite.* Rose-coloured satin hat, the interior of the brim trimmed with a blond *rûche* and flowers; the crown ornamented with white ostrich feathers.

PARIS DINNER DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Robe of spotted *organdy*, trimmed with a lace flounce, headed by a wreath of puffed ribbon; long sleeve *à la folle*; fancy velvet spencer, made with short tight sleeves, trimmed with knots of the same material. Bonnet *à la Maintenon* of *tulle*, spotted with crimson; the front is formed of a single row, made high and full, with a rouleau of white and crimson satin twisted at the bottom.

PARIS OPERA DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Grey satin robe trimmed with two flounces; short mantle composed of violet velvet, and lined with white satin, it is made with a small collar, and a deep square cape, which, as well as the border, is trimmed with a very rich fringe. Grey velvet *chapeau leastillan*, ornamented with satin ribbons to correspond, and a superb bouquet of ostrich feathers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

1.—Social Party Dress.—India muslin robe, a low *corsage*, and long sleeves, trimmed with lace *mancherons.* Bonnet *bouillonné* composed entirely of pale pink gauze ribbons.

2.—Morning Dress.—Robe of light slate-coloured *gros de Naples;* a high *corsage* formed *en cœur* by blue satin ribbon; falling collar and sleeves *à la Gabrielle*, both trimmed with ribbon. *Tulle* cap of the *Babet* form, decorated with a band and *coques* of blue ribbon. French cashmere shawl.

3.—A back view of fig. 1.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Our prints will bear us out in the assertion that this month has been unusually productive of elegant novelties in mantles, dresses, &c., &c., it has not been less rich in materials of various kinds; besides a variety of plain and fancy cashmeres, satins, *reps*, and for mantles we have to announce—new silks, &c.

For Morning Dress.—Watered *gros de Naples* of a peculiarly rich kind, striped sarsenet, plain and figured poplin, and several new washing silks and merinos. The latter are likely to be very much in request, particularly those of full colours; they will be decided favourites for

Robes de Chambre.—We have just seen some composed of it, they were of a new shade of red, the colour of a red currant, and lined with white sarsenet. They were made loose in the body, the fronts and skirt edged with velvet of a darker shade, set in like a piping, but broader. A deep falling collar and lappels, both of velvet; the sleeves contrary to the usual custom were made tight, and buttoned at the side with chased gold buttons. Some were fastened down the front by velvet knots. Others left open, the under dress is always of white muslin or cambric; it may be trimmed with flounces of the same material, or worked ones. We do not know a style of *negligé*, for the very early part of the morning, at once more elegant and comfortable than this.

Promenade Mantles.—Although we have given in our prints, models of the different mantles which will be in favour this winter, yet we cannot refrain from adding a few words respeting some of those that will be worn in promenade dress. We mean those with the cape made broad and deep, and set on full. They are certainly extremely convenient for common wear, but in order to bring them into the mode of the day, wide sleeves are adapted to them, in such a manner as to make part of the cape to which they are fastened, and to be lost in its folds when the wearer does not chose to put her arms in them.

Robes.—Corsages in half-dress offer little change. Some are made high and plain, others a three-quarter height and formed to the shape by *nervures.* As to the sleeves there are

no absolute rules for them: they may be worn tight, demi-large, or even of the *folle* kind, but with modifications; thus large sleeves, instead of falling *à l'imbecille*, have the plaits fastened above the wrist, so as to prevent their hanging on the hips. Tight sleeves will be ornamented with bouffants, trimmings, or bands fastened by knots; the *demi-large* sleeves will hold a middle place between these two kinds, they will be confined by a tight piece below the shoulder, and a large wrist-band will retain the fulness, so that it will form only a single large bouffant in the centre of the arm. Skirts are expected to diminish in width, but no alteration has as yet taken place.

Make of Evening Robes.—The form of *corsages* offers as yet but little difference: some have the fronts plain, others in Synolienne drapery. Others are made flat, but ornamented with a heart which covers the shoulder, and meets in the centre of the bosom, where it displays the *chemisette*. A flower or a knot is always employed to unite the heart. It is fully expected that trains and demi-trains will be brought in in the course of the winter.

Materials for Evening Robes.—They will be principally of very rich silks, as *satin favori*, a rich brown ground, *glacé* with very narrows stripes, and large patterns figured in white. *Velours turc*, a small bias figured pattern. *Reps Lavanbalière*, a superb material, a white ground figured in light green shamrocks.

Materials for Half-Dress Robes.—Rich watered silks, plain and figured satins. Foulards of new patterns, and a great variety of twilled materials, composed of cashmere wool and silk, and printed in the chaly style in a variety of new patterns. There are also some cashmere and silk, white plain grounds, striped or quadrilled, in satin; these last are peculiarly rich.

Carriage Pelisses.—We have every reason to believe that pelisses will be more in favour this winter in carriage dress, than they have been for some seasons past, those that have already appeared, are made with the *corsages* tight to the shape. Some are cut bias, others straight; most of the former are made with small pelerines, bordered with a broad velvet band, either of the colour of the pelisse, or of some rich hue in strong contrast with it. The fronts, bottom of the skirt, and that of the sleeves are also trimmed with velvet bands. Other pelisses are adorned with black lace, or with full trimming of the material of the pelisse. *Pou de Soie*, *reps imperial*, a material in imitation of Terry velvet, *reps royal* a very rich silk, levantine, and satin, are all in favour for pelisses.

Furs.—Sable is the reigning fur of the season; ermine, which has regained in some degree its pristine vogue, comes next; but as the price of both is this season extravagantly high, we think it right to indicate to our fair readers such furs as may be considered genteel without being very expensive, that is, comparatively speaking. French sable and grey squirrel are those we recommend. Boas are very generally adopted, but as the season advances, large capes of an extremely comfortable size, and a round shape, will be in request. Muffs are expected to be fashionable, as also borders for mantles, pelisses, &c.

Carriage Bonnets are now made of plain velvet, *rep* velvet, satin, *pou de Soie*, and some other rick silks. We see also some of grey or nut-brown satin, with the interior of the brim lined with cherry-coloured, or pea-green velvet. The flowers that deck the crown are also of velvet, they are extremely light and delicate, forming rather a sprig than a bouquet. Velvet bonnets, trimmed with a single ostrich feather of the same colour, will be equally in vogue. Velvet bands will not, generally speaking, be adopted for trimming bonnets, but *rep* velvet and satin ribbons will both be in favour. The form of bonnets is by no means decided, and we are inclined to think that there will be a good deal of lassitude allowed to the taste of our *élégantes* in that respect this winter. Those made within the last few days have the brims very large, but not so wide as they were in the summer; they are, indeed, wide over the forehead, but extremely close at the sides, and long. The crowns are somewhat of the cone form.

Half-Dress Hats.—Several have just appeared composed of satin, *peluche*, and *rep* velvet. The brims are very large, and appear more so because the crowns are low. The curtains at the back have considerably diminished in size. One of these hats, of white *peluche*, trimmed with white satin ribbon spotted with cherry colour, is remarkably elegant; the same form in blue *rep* velvet trimmed with blue and white quadrilled satin ribbon, and a *plume panachie* of the two-colours, will also be much in favour.

Coiffures in Evening Dress.—The hair will be arranged *à la Ninon*, *à la Sevigné*, and *à la Montespan*, but with modifications. The high structures of stiff curls plastered with powder and pomatum will be abandoned, but the rich profusion of curls clustering round the face and neck will be retained.

Chapeau a la Maintenon.—Such is the name given to a hat, copied from a portrait of that celebrated woman, and expected to be very fashionable with the *coiffures* above-mentioned. It will be made of light coloured velvet, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and white feathers; the form *demi-evasé* without a *bavolet*, a long streamer of ribbon will float at the side, leaving space before and behind, for the luxuriant curls that we have spoken of above.

Fashionable Colours will be those given last month, with the addition of red currant colour, and a new and rich shade of deep blue.

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## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

(FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.)

The winter materials this season are equally rich, various, and tasteful. The genius of our manufacturers has, indeed, exerted itself in every department of the toilet most successfully. We shall endeavour to give a list of the principal novelties under the different heads for which they are designed.

Materials for Morning and Travelling Dress.—*Satins de laine*, *moirés*, same material figured. Plain and figured stuffs of English manufacture, or made in imitation of such. *Toiles de Slent*, this last is a particularly stout material of the merino kind, and is calculated, principally, for travelling dresses.

Materials for Evening Dress are this year very numerous. We shall cite among the most *distingué* the *Velours Algibech* and *Leocadie*, the *Velontes de la Mosquée*, and *Carlina*. The *Satins d'Aboukir*, *Sarat*, and *Casanova*; and the *Reps Corysandre* and *Pharamond*.

Form of Evening Dress Robes.—It is yet too early for us to decide, positively, what alterations will take place; but we have great reason to believe that *corsages* will be cut lower. There are now some in preparation cut low and square, with

the folds of the drapery forming a V before and behind. Others, also square, fitting closely to the shape without any ornament. These are to be worn with blond lace pelerine mantelets, or *fichûs*. Tight sleeves will preserve their vogue, but the manner in which they will be trimmed, will take off from the plainness of their appearance; besides those adorned with *mancherons* and *manchettes* of blond lace, we see others ornamented with *bouillons* of the same material as the robe, at the top and bottom, and some tight at top and bottom, with a little fulness in the centre, which is ornamented with ribbon.

Half-Dress Robes.—The pelisse form keeps its ground, and will probably do so during the winter. Some of those now in preparation, have the *corsages* made *en gerbe*, and quite high, with tight long sleeves, with a *mancheron* of three falls of trimming, which is set double, and has one above another; it is placed at some distance from the shoulder, and does not reach quite to the elbow. Some of these dresses are trimmed down the front with velvet knots, others with fancy trimming.

Materials for Court Dresses.—Not even *le Cour* of the *Grand Monarque* himself, could probably have displayed, in its meridian splendour, more superb materials than the *Satin Duqueselin*, and the *Velours Imperial broché Argent*, which, with other splendid tissues, have just appeared for Court robes.

Materials for Ball Dress.—Early as it is, we have to announce some beautiful ones, as the *gazes Neptali*, embroidered in silk. Grenadine gauze, with applications of velvet, and *organdys* embroidered in various patterns with dead gold, or silver. Robes of this last description have been for some time out of favour, but they are expected to resume their vogue, and we may fairly presume, from their elegance, that such will be the case, both the patterns and the style being novel. The dead gold and silver is certainly in much better taste than the brilliant *or et argent*, which used formerly to be employed. We have just seen some robes of *tulle* embroidered in coloured silks, with a little dead gold or silver, a melange which had at once a rich and elegant effect.

Materials for Mantles.—Plaid cashmere of a new pattern, called *Waverley*, is expected to be in very great request. So also are the *satins écossais*, and the *Puritains*. These materials are the most novel and elegant for carriage or public promenade mantles. Those for *negligé* or travelling are of plain cashmere, or a new description of cloth termed *coatting*. We must refer to our prints for the most fashionable forms of mantles of both descriptions.

Materials for Half-Dress.—Plain and figured poplin, striped sarsnet, *levantine glacé*, *satin de la Reine*, *satin Isabelle*, and *satin d'Asie*, *Velours Grec*, the same material striped and watered, *reps Indien*. We must observe that these materials are equally in favour for the public promenade, for dinner, and for morning visiting dress.

Trimmings of Dresses.—Flounces will be first in request, but they will not be quite void of novelty, some being edged with lace, which will give them a pretty and modern appearance. Others, with their pinked edges, will recall the days of Louis XIV. It is also said that the style of embroidery in gold and silver of that day, is likely to be brought again into favour. We do not, however, pledge ourselves for the truth of this last report; but we may with confidence assert that the trimmings, and the general appearance of the dresses, will be those of the court of that luxurious monarch, but considerably modified.

Half-Dress Hats.—We may cite among the most elegant, one of pistachio green satin, trimmed with a sprig of the orange-tree, with the fruit just forming. Another satin hat is of a new colour, rose-lilac, it is a colour at once beautiful and becoming, and one that will certainly become highly fashionable; this hat is trimmed with a branch of *prunelles d'Algiere*. A third hat is of velvet, the colour of red currants, trimmed with ostrich feathers, and ribbons to correspond. This is a perfectly new colour, it is the *juste milieu* between cherry and ponceau, and is, we think, the most brilliant candle-light colour we have seen; it is expected to remain fashionable during the whole of the season.

Scarfs.—At this moment, when the variations of the weather render it somewhat difficult for an *élégante* to choose a *toilette* that will not be either too warm or too cold, scarfs are of great utility. On a bright sunshiny day, such as we occasionally have, our *belles* appear in rose, blue, or lilac scarfs of *pou de Soie*, or *gros d'Automne*, trimmed with *rûches* of narrow black blond lace. These scarfs, which have been just introduced, cannot, from the time of year, continue to be long worn, but they are too pretty to be laid aside; accordingly, we will venture to predict their re-appearance in the spring. When the weather is gloomy, without being very cold, our *élégantes* appear in black *pou de Soie* scarfs, wadded, and lined with rose, blue, lilac, straw-colour, or cherry. There is nothing new in the form of the scarf; but the trimming, which consists of very narrow *rûches* of the same material, has a novel effect.

Nœuds Brooches.—These pretty neck-knots, so much in favour a month or two back, are now very partially worn, indeed we might almost say that scarcely a *merveilleuse* will be seen in one, they are replaced by falling collars, composed in general of English lace; they are of a round shape, and sitting close to the neck, have a very graceful effect.

Couronne Malibran.—A wreath for the hair in evening dress has just appeared under this title. Our readers will recollect that the celebrated *cantatrice* usually appeared in a *coiffure à la Grecque*, and a kind of wreath somewhat in the style of the *Couronnes à la Ceres*: it was generally composed either of verdure, or of gold foliage. The wreath we speak of is made in the same form, but of laurel leaves, either gold, silver, or jet. Others are of verdure, but intermingled with gold, pearls, and small flowers.

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# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXVIII.—English Earls.

### EARL OF DEVON.

"Fired at first sight with what life's joy imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the height of art;
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise,
New distant scenes of endless science rise,
As each attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthening way."

"Man never is, but always to be blest." The observation is perfectly true, we pass through life in constant pursuit of some vague shadow which we find it impossible to describe, and which flies as we pursue it. In the contemplation of the noble families of our Peerage we find the great and the good toiling from manhood to the grave after honours and distinctions, and rising on the ladder of promotion until their career is checked by the hand of death. There is no rest, the machinery of life is constantly in action, and men seem to feel the truth of the old philosopher's fine remark, "there will be rest enough in the grave." The family of Courtenay, to which our present chapter is devoted, is one of the oldest in England, and traces its origin to PHARAMOND, who founded the French monarchy, in the year 420, and deduces its lineage directly from one of the most distinguished men in the ancient history of France, ATHON, who in the time of ROBERT the Wise, fortified Courtenay, a town situated near the banks of the Clany, in France, about fifty-six miles from Paris, and thence assumed the name of COURTENAY. This ATHON, at his decease, left an only son, JOCELINE, who was twice married, his second wife being ISABEL, daughter of GUY, Lord of MONTLEHENRY, by whom he had three sons: — 1. MILO. 2. JOCELINE (Count of EDESSA, one of the most eminent Princes of the Crusade, whose descendants became Kings of Jerusalem). 3. JEFFERY (also a distinguished Crusader, who fell in a conflict with the Infidels, in 1136). MILO, the eldest son, succeeded his father. At the close of the eleventh century, he married ERMAGARDE, only daughter of RENAUD, the second Count of NEVERS, and great grand-daughter, maternally, of ROBERT the Wise, by whom he had three sons, the youngest and survivor of whom, REGINALD DE COURTENAY, after serving in the Holy Land, and displaying great bravery in his conflict with the Infidels, came into England with King HENRY the Second, in 1151, a period when, although England was in a state of thraldom and mental darkness, still it was happy and merry.

"Merry England!" What a picture do these simple words recall!
Hamlets nestling in the shelter of the old ancestral hall;
Tower and spire, and park and palace, halls whose hospitable door
Never yet repelled the weary, never closed against the poor;
Bands of yeoman, brave and loyal, nobles, courteous, frank and free,
Fearless rulers, firmly blending gentleness with dignity,
Peaceful days, when old religion, like a silver circling band,
Clasp'd alike round prince and peasant, bound in one accord the land.
Still the land is fair as ever, still the sun's departing glow
Lies as bright on spire and turret, lingering there as loth to go;
But the sunshine of the spirit, trusting heart and open brow,
Whither have they all departed? "Merry England!" where art thou?

We have said that REGINALD DE COURTENAY entered "merry England" with HENRY the Second, who was so much attached to the French warrior that he exerted his Royal influence to obtain for him in marriage the hand of HAWISE, only daughter and heiress of ROBERT DE ABRINCIS, hereditary Sheriff, or Viscount of DEVONSHIRE, Baron of Oakhampton, and Governor of the Castle of Exeter. DE COURTENAY married this lady, and at the death of her father, his titles and offices devolved upon him in right of his wife. His eldest son, who became their possessor at his decease, was named ROBERT DE COURTENAY, and he at the commencement of the thirteenth century was appointed Governor of Bridgenorth, and subsequently Sheriff of Oxfordshire, and Governor of Oxford Castle. In the latter office he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of King JOHN, that that monarch entrusted him with the coinage of tin in Devonshire and Cornwall. In the early part of the reign of the succeeding monarch, HENRY the Third, this Viscount DEVONSHIRE obtained permission to hold a yearly fair at his manor of Oakhampton, for which he was to render to the Sovereign a palfrey. In the sixteenth year of the reign of HENRY the Third, most of the castles and counties of England being resumed by the Crown, the COURTENAYS were deprived of the honour and profit of the Viscounty of Devon, and Government of the Castle of Exeter, after the family had enjoyed the same nearly two hundred years. ROBERT DE COURTENAY thus became despoiled of all his honours, with the exception of the Barony of Oakhampton. He was married to MARY, youngest daughter of WILLIAM DE REDVERS, Earl of DEVONSHIRE. His death occurred on the 26th of July, 1241. His eldest son, JOHN, succeeded him in the Barony. His lady was Isabel, daughter of HUGH DE VERE, Earl of OXFORD, Lord High Chamberlain of England. He died in 1273, leaving an only son, HUGH DE COURTENAY, who married ELEANOR, daughter of HUGH DE SPENCER, the elder, Earl of WINCHESTER. His successor was his eldest son, also named HUGH, who gained a mighty name in arms, and was one of the stoutest warriors in the Scottish battles of EDWARD the First. In consequence of his great services he was knighted at Westminster by the King. In the reign of EDWARD the

Second, he was created a Knight Banneret, and was fifteen times summoned to special treaties in Parliament, as a Baron, within the first eight years of the reign of EDWARD the Third, and twice in the ninth of the same monarch, by the name of HUGH DE COURTENAY, Earl of DEVONSHIRE, being the last Earl in order, as having been that year only restored to the dignity, in right of his great grandmother MARY, daughter of WILLIAM DE REDVERS, Earl of DEVONSHIRE. His Lordship married AGNES, sister of the Lord ST. JOHN, of Basing.

The old Earldom of Devonshire thus restored to the COURTENAY'S, remained in the possession of that family until the memorable wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster. It expired in the person of JOHN COURTENAY. The defeat of the Earl of WARWICK, at the decisive battle of Barnet, in 1741, placed the Earl of DEVONSHIRE in jeopardy. He attached himself to MARGARET of ANJOU, and fell gallantly fighting at the head of the rear guard of the army at the battle of Tewksbury. Being attainted, his estates were distributed by the victorious monarch's army to her adherents. Subsequently, a new Earldom of DEVONSHIRE was obtained by the younger descendants of the second Earl, being conferred by HENRY the SEVENTH upon Sir EDWARD COURTNAY, of Breconnoth, after the battle of Bosworth, in which Sir EDWARD had taken a prominent part. His descendant, HENRY, the third Earl, was created, in the year 1525, Marquis of EXETER, but being tried and convicted of high treason with Lord MONTACUTE, in 1538, he was beheaded upon Tower-Hill with that nobleman and Sir EDWARD NEVIL. The only son of this nobleman was restored to his honours by Queen MARY, after suffering imprisonment during the two preceding reigns; but dying abroad, unmarried, in 1566, this other branch of the family ceased, and with it the new Earldom of DEVONSHIRE, and Marquisite of EXETER.

Let us now return to the above-mentioned HUGH DE COURTENAY, who was called to Parliament by EDWARD the THIRD, as Earl of DEVONSHIRE, and who married the daughter of the Lord St. JOHN, of Basing. After a long and active life, he departed from this world in the year 1340, and was then succeeded by his eldest son, HUGH, who had married, some years previously, MARGARET, daughter of HUMPHREY BOHEN, Earl of HEREFORD and ESSEX, Lord High Constable of England (whose wife was the Princess ELIZABETH, daughter of King EDWARD the First). By this lady, he had a very numuerous family, eight sons and nine daughters: His sixth son, PHILIP, received the honour of knighthood from EDWARD the Black Prince. He was the owner of Powderham Castle. In the year 1383, he was constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for ten years. His Lady was ANNE, daughter of Sir THOMAS WAKE, by whom he left three sons and two daughters; his representative at his decease being his eldest son, RICHARD COURTENAY, Lord Bishop of NORWICH. This ecclesiastical dignitary died in 1415, when his estates devolved upon his nephew, Sir PHILIP COURTENAY, Knight, from whom lineally descended Sir WILLIAM COURTENAY, Knight, High Sheriff of Devonshire in 1581. Four years afterwards he engaged himself in the project of improving the condition of Ireland by sending over English settlers, by which means he laid the foundation of the immense estate enjoyed in Ireland by his posterity. His wife was ELIZABETH, daughter of HENRY, Earl of RUTLAND. He died in 1630. His grandson was WILLIAM COURTENAY, Esq., of Powderham Castle. This gentleman was in the year 1644 created a baronet, but having a strong and strange dislike to that honour, he never availed himself of it, and his patent, therefore, never had an existence. Nevertheless, though he disdained to use the title, he was always styled Baronet in the Royal commissions to him. His wife was MARGARET, daughter of Sir WILLIAM WALLER, Knight, a General of great activity under the Parliament, in the civil wars. He died childless, in 1702, and was succeeded by his grandson, Sir WILLIAM, who died in 1736, leaving by his lady (ANNE, daughter of JAMES, Earl of ABINGDON) two sons, WILLIAM, his successor, and HENRY REGINALD, who was a Member of Parliament, and the father of the present Earl of DEVON.

WILLIAM was, on the 6th of May, 1762, elevated to the British Peerage, by the title of Viscount COURTENAY, of Powderham Castle, in the county of Devon; but he enjoyed this honour for a brief space only, for ten days after his elevation he was taken from this world by the hand of death (May 16, 1762). His lady was FRANCES, daughter of HENEAGE, second Earl of Aylesford, by whom he had a family of one son and several daughters. The son, who became his successor in the Peerage, was

WILLIAM, second Viscount COURTENAY. He married (May 7, 1762) Miss CLACK, of Wallingford, by whom he had one son and thirteen daughters. He was the fifteenth inheritor of Powderham Castle: the sixteenth in succession from HUGH, Earl of DEVONSHIRE, and MARGARET, his wife, the grand-daughter of King EDWARD the FIRST, and the twenty-first from REGINALD DE COURTENAY, who came into England with HENRY the SECOND. He died December 14, 1788, and was then succeeded by his son.

WILLIAM COURTENAY, third Viscount, who was born July 30, 1768. For many years during the latter part of his life, he lived in France. Prosecuting his claim to the Earldom of DEVON, he ultimately succeeded in establishing it. He died unmarried, in 1835, when the present Earl succeeded him.

WILLIAM COURTENAY, Earl of Devon, was at the time of the death of his predecessor, a Clerk of the Parliament, in which capacity he won the regard and friendship of the Noble Peers, by his intelligence, activity and integrity. When his Lordship passed from the clerk's table to assume his place upon the benches of the Peers, he was most cordially welcomed, and some of the leading Noblemen of the House spoke warmly and eloquently in his praise.

The arms of the Earl of DEVON are, quarterly, first and fourth *or.*, three torteauxes for COURTENAY; second and third *ar.*, a lion rampant, *az.*, for REDVERS (the old Earls of Devonshire). Crest: a dolphin naiant, embowed ppr. Supporters: two boars, *ar.*, tusked, bristled and auguled *or.* Motto: "Ubi lapsus? Quid feci."

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## THERESE.

ST. GERMAIN EN LAYE, with its vast forest and ancient chateau, is one of the most delightful spots in the environs of Paris; which combining with the salubrity of the air and its natural cleanliness, renders it the resort of those citizens, the greater portions of whose lives have been spent in the busy

capital in amassing wealth, and who in their declining days are anxious to enjoy their ease and independence at a short distance from the metropolis. Monsieur Rochfort was one of these; he had gained wealth, disliked the noise and turmoil of a capital, and sought repose in the favourite resort of the Parisian citizens; he came originally to Paris, from Brittany, a poor man, leaving several brothers and sisters glad to be rid of an incumbrance, and, perhaps, not caring what became of him afterwards. His family, however, could not long remain ignorant that he had become rich and had retired into the country, and a legion of hopeful nephews and nieces were soon found whom business had suddenly called to St. Germain, and who were anxious to see their *dear* uncle; but though the old man was nothing loth that his family should enjoy his wealth at his decease, yet he was determined they should not worry him out of a fraction during his life; and, therefore, gave them plainly to understand that if any one presumed to interfere with his privacy they would find their names struck out of his will: this had the desired effect, and business was no longer an excuse for the legacy-hunters to torment the old man.

One day, however, a country-looking girl, dressed with much neatness and simplicity, and whose appearance betokened one recently arrived from Brittany, demanded of a bookseller who was standing at the door of his shop, whether he knew a Monsieur Rochfort; the bookseller, whose name was Dumolard, being struck with the girl's appearance, questioned her as to what her business was with M. Rochfort, and learnt from her that her name was Therese, and that she was one of the nieces of the old man; her artless manner interested M. Dumolard in her favour, and being one of Rochfort's most intimate friends, he determined to see him, and propitiate him in her favour. The old man replied harshly: "Let her begone instantly, I will not see her! I will not be worried by a set of harpies who only come to suck my life-blood! I will not see any of them I say—but stay an instant, you say she seems a good girl—tell her, then, I will leave her twenty thousand francs when I die; but she must not come near me. I will not see one of them—bid her be gone, or I may change my mind."

When Therese was informed of his message, she besought Dumolard to see her uncle again, and tell him she desired not his money; she was willing to renounce all that he had promised her, but that her mother on her death bed had bid her see him, and convey her last thanks for the assistance he had rendered her in her last moments; and that she was then ready to depart for Brittany, never again to enter the town of St. Germain.

Dumolard returned to the uncle, and persuaded him to see and speak to her, were it but for an instant. "I will see her," he said, "once, and once only; let her come, then, when she will." When Therese was admitted to her uncle's presence his eyes ran quickly over her features, and he remembered those of the only sister whom he had ever looked upon with affection; she seemed to stand before him, and he could almost fancy for the moment that time had stood still with him. He listened patiently to all she had to say, and when she had finished he took her kindly by the hand, drew her towards him, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead; a tear dropt from the old man's eyes to the memory of one he had once loved, and, with a trembling voice, he said, "Here, child, are fifty Louis d'ors, take them, be a good girl and I shall not forget you. God bless you my child—and remember your uncle sometimes."

Dumolard, who had been present at the interview, reasoned with himself that he had a son, who was on the point of marriage to a girl without fortune, and, as a father, he thought better might be done for his son.

"Your uncle is old," said he, "and may not live long; remain with me that you may be on the spot to administer the last kindness a relation has the power to bestow."

Therese consented to remain at St. Germain; and the marriage of the young Dumolard, much to his grief and that of his intended, was broken off; and Therese, listening to the entreaties of the father, consented to become his son's wife.

Rochfort, in the meantime, continued to fall away, and, finding himself near his last moments, expressed much anxiety to see his niece again. His countenance beamed with joy as she entered the room; he took her hand within his own, remained some moments gazing on her features, and faintly utterred the name of his sister. A few hours after, the old man was no more, but his last moments had passed away with more calmness since he had again seen Therese.

When the will was read, Therese found herself the sole inheritor of his immense fortune. Dumolard was in ecstacy at the amount of Rochfort's property, which was so much greater than he could have imagined; but Therese, addressing the son, said, "I should have married you only to please your Father. I know you never loved me: your heart was another's, and she, I know, loves you as fondly as woman can do. The portion my uncle originally intended to have left me, I will give her for a dowry: it was all your father could have expected with me; nay, I will even double it; but I will not be the means of rendering you both miserable." Dumolard could not refuse his consent to this arrangement, much as he might have wished it; and Therese waited till the marriage was solemnized, and returned to Brittany, carrying with her the best wishes of all who had known her at St. Germain.

The Curé of the village where Therese was born had a nephew about the same age as our heroine; his uncle had given him an excellent education, but he had it not in his power to give him wealth, and the young man was therefore in that ambiguous situation in society, having the education of a gentleman without the means of supporting himself. Therese had early attracted the young man's notice, and one day, in a playful mood, called her his little wife. Therese looked at him with a proud air and replied, "No, Mr. Henry, No; you would not make me your wife—your mistress I will not be. Should your uncle think me worthy to be your wife, I will listen to him gladly; but you know, Henry, he will not, and you would not harbour other thoughts against me." The young man, who wanted not correct feelings, was abashed by her spirited reply and did not resume the conversation, and a short time after she left for St. Germain.

When she returned to Brittany, Henry was still there, but scarcely dared to approach her; she received him, however, with much kindness. She sought the good Curé, and said to him, "Father, when I was poor I loved your nephew, but, like myself, he was poor. I could not hope for your consent then. I am now rich, and yet I love him as I did when I was poor, for he is still the same to me; say, father, have I your consent.

Need we say further—need we draw a picture of happiness in its best and brightest form, dwell upon the results of constancy and affection, it would be time thrown away; our

readers can imagine to the full as well as we could depict; the course of true love, with nought to turn it from its path, has little of incident. But why, will it be asked, have we drawn this sketch. We answer to those of our readers who move in Fashion's giddy maize, and to whom the *Salons* of Paris are well known, have you not oftentimes admired the charming Countess St. Médun, one of the most elegant of Parisian women? oftentimes, we hear replied. Then have you seen the hero of our tale, THERESE.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MALIBRAN.

Mourn! fading Empire, of the Euterpean muse!
Shed forth thy tear-drops, at the fatal news;
Bold inspiration, droops her lofty head;
And song hath ceas'd—for Malibran is dead!!

Lost are the thrilling sounds, her voice sustain'd,
While ev'ry eye was full—each pulse restrain'd;
Ceas'd are those moments, Time shall ne'er awaken,
When every heart was fix'd, and nerve was shaken—
When unmoved passion from its morbid trance
Burst forth in violent exuberance.

Come sorrow! and thy sable mantle spread,
Round the sad mourners of the sacred dead;
From distant shores they come; o'er billowy wave,
To lay their tribute at the recent grave—
Come! Genius! come! and weep her youthful doom,
Entwine thy wreaths of laurel round her tomb.
Come Fame! blow thy trumpet's echoing blast,
And tell the world that *Malibran* is past.

*Du. P.*

## A DEFENCE OF MARRIAGE.

"O, love of loves! to thy white hand is given
Of earthly happiness the golden key!"—CROSBY.

Marriage is the only love lawful. It is the bond which unites the universe. Some pretended wise men say the wife is an obstacle to study; but what hindrance can she be to study who brings to our houses beauty, modesty, and virtue, who comforts in all the cares, troubles, and misadventures of life, who consoles us in affliction, who shares our happiness, and who, becoming an inseparable companion of our fortunes, diminishes our ills, and increases our pleasures by the share she has in them? So far from a wife being a hindrance to study, we might say that she is an inducement to it, because she consoles the weariness that follows it. All the world knows that there is no person exempt from the cares of business. Who can be happier than he who has a wife to console him? A husband coming out of his study meets with one whose cheerfulness enlivens him after his solitude, whose conversation animates him, and gives new light to his understanding, and who, by the sweetness of her smile, makes him forget the pain the tediousness of study gave him. Moreover, a wife is not merely a help for study, and a relief to the anxieties which it leaves, but she is also a subject proper for us to study, and it would not be difficult to prove that if a wife be good and virtuous, she produces in her husband's soul a desire of emulation, which induces him to imitate her, and is so far profitable to him that it draws him nearer to the way of virtue than philosophy itself can do. He who finds a wife an obstacle to study, and would banish her from the society of reasonable men, is himself a hindrance to virtue, and to the felicity of mankind.

Nay, indeed, if a wife be of a bad temper, if she be wickedly inclined, she constrains us, thereby, to study with care the way to change and mend her. Socrates, the wisest man of antiquity, lived with his wife, Xantippe, whose temper was most unquiet, and as little like an angels, as it is possible for a woman's temper to be; and, nevertheless, remained so much attached to a wedded life, that no sooner was Xantippe dead, than he married again, and then gave an illustrious example of the comforts of matrimony. Not only a philosopher, a Socrates, took a wife after Xantippe, but a philosopher who knew by experience the inconvenience of a wicked wife. And Socrates was a philosopher whom other philosophers acknowledged for their master. "A virtuous wife invites to virtue, and a wicked one makes thee exercise it," said that master of antiquity, who suffered with a marvellous tranquillity all the evils inflicted upon him by his wife's temper. It might even be said that a wife is of more advantage to a man than study itself, if we consider the utility of domestic affairs, for how much labour and time should we expend in study before we gain so much as marriage affords us. What sublunary blessing can raise us to more felicity than a wife's affection? If we consider the consolation in point of virtue, we find it sublime. By the sweetness of that affection we may observe a ray of the divinity, and our thoughts may be lifted up by beholding the glories of the created to contemplation and admiration and love of the Creator. What books, what philosophy can teach us the excellence and happiness of virtue, of temperance, moderation, piety, and devotion as the example of a good wife.

If any one should, in reply to these observations, say that all women are not fair, and that all women are not good, we might say that there is no woman so little gifted with personal charms that custom and conversation may not render fair, nor is there any so wicked whom virtue may not make good.

It is the just remark of a modern writer that a woman runs a risk of being spoilt by the flattering period that precedes marriage. She is, of necessity, then, a first object; and custom has added to the homage which love would willingly render. And individual of a family, who may before have been but little considered, rises at once into importance; and the person whom she most values is ready to execute the slightest expression of her will. The sooner that woman can divest herself of any unreasonable expectations which the devotion of the lover may have excited, the greater the probability of her securing permanent attachment. Courtship is a dream, from which it is better to awake voluntarily than to be reluctantly roused. It is better to return to ordinary habits—to the sober and calm fulfilment of daily business, in the place assigned by duty—than to cherish an artificial excitement, and cling to a fasle position. It is a proof of judgment in a woman, when she bestows attention on her husband's character; when she sets herself to study his peculiarities, and to consult them to the utmost of her power. This is the *management* which is not only allowable, but praiseworthy; for its object is, not the obtaining of sway, but the promotion of mutual felicity. As this, however, is not an essay of the art of married life, we shall conclude our observations by expressing our confidence that a wife is man's best blessing!

BENEDICK, *the Married Man.*

## THE SECRET NUPTIALS;
### OR, THE CONSEQUENCES OF A FIRST ERROR.

"O! that our lives which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past,
Should fear the pencil's touch;
Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted work,
Contented and serene."—WORDSWORTH.

When we first step into error we do not consider to what that step may conduct us. We all of us fancy that a single step will not be difficult to retrace, and that if any indications of unpleasant consequences should arise, we may then return to our old position again, and with the same honour and credit as were ours before; unmindful of the great truth, that the way of righteousness closes against us as we depart from it, as the waves of the sea roll on, solemnly and surely, preventing us from occupying the position we had stood in but a moment before. It would be well if this great truth were to be impressed upon the minds of every one; it should be taught in the seminaries of the young, it should be repeated in all their assemblies, for it might be the means of witholding many from taking the *first step* in the way of ruin. Our present tale will describe the calamities consequent upon the first error of a young and gentle peasant girl of the Alps, who from the heights of happiness and joy was cast down to absolute heart-wretchedness. Rosine was the only child of a wealthy farmer, a man of many good qualities, but one severely just, and who admitted no excuse for the slightest deviation from the ways of integrity. He loved his child warmly and tenderly, but at the same time he gave her reason to believe that any act of disobedience on her part would be instantly followed by a manifestation of his anger. Between him and his neighbour Bhernon, there existed ill-feelings. Bhernon was a morose and cruel man, unjust and dishonest; he had received many obligations from Abril, but he repaid none; the intimacy between them was consequently broken off, and from neighbours and friends they became enemies.

It frequently happens that love fixes upon parties for the exercise of his powers whom prudence would keep him from. Bhernon had a son, Claude, and Claude and Rosine were lovers. They knew that they loved without hope, that neither of their parents would listen to a proposition for their union; but still they loved on, and affection seemed to grow with the dangers which attended them. Rosine would frequently weep upon the neck of her lover and represent to him the hopeless nature of their affection; but Claude would kiss away the tear from her eyelids, and in tones of sweet persuasion whisper to her that better days might be in store for them, and in the face of Heaven would he vow to respect and love her only as a brother, until such time as he might offer her a deeper affection! Rosine loved him the more for his disinterested affection, and though she had resolved to break off their unwise connection, though the dreadful word "farewell" trembled upon her lips, she could not give it utterance: her woman's love was masterless, and again she fell in tears upon her lover's bosom.

Month after month rolled on, and no abatement came of the animosity that existed between Abril and his neighbour Bhernon; indeed, a circumstance occurred which exhibited more plainly than ever the bad principles of the latter, and set the father of Rosine more bitterly against him. Claude now began to perceive that it was idle to hope for parental consent, and at that time, too, a gay and idle youth, who had suddenly come into the possession of considerable property, and resided upon his estate some leagues from the village, made an offer to Abril for the hand of Rosine. At first the father was inclined to accept it, and intimated his sentiments to his daughter. This threw the lovers into considerable embarrassment; but it was soon removed, for Abril having learned the character of the fortunate youth, Guiseppe, now declined having any further connection with him. But Guiseppe, not willing to forego his hopes, hovered about the village and continued to annoy Rosine with his importunities.

These circumstances alarmed Claude, and his fancy pictured his beloved Rosine lured from him by the importunities of his rival. His fears mastered his reason, and eventually he proposed a secret marriage to his beloved. "Then, then dearest Rosine," he exclaimed, "it would be out of the power of any one on earth to separate us." Rosine trembled at the thought. She feared to incur her father's displeasure. But Claude replied, "Can a father's love be greater than a husband's? I feel that if fortune were to frown upon us, I could endure any privation for your sweet sake, Rosine. I am young, I am strong, I can work, and oh, how joyful I shall feel when I know that I am toiling for one who, when the day's labour is done, will welcome me to our humble cottage with smiles and cheerfulness, who will raise my exhausted spirits with the endearing words of virtuous love! O, Rosine, what would I not do for the enjoyment of such moments as these!"

Thus Claude endeavoured to prevail upon the peasant girl to consent to a secret marriage, but she resisted his importunities. After a time, however, she perceived his health decline; he no longer met her with his wonted cheerfulness, his cheeks were pale and his eyes lustreless, and once when she asked him the cause of this change, he cried, in a tone of bitter melancholy, "Rosine, I fear that I am not beloved."

The peasant girl gazed intently upon her lover's face, his eyes were fixed upon hers. Therein she read all that her young heart dreamed of, pure and deathless love. She could no longer resist. And before they parted that night, Rosine had consented to a secret marriage.

The marriage occurred: the lovers took advantage of an opportunity to escape to a church at some miles from the village, where they thought they were unknown. But there was one present who beheld the sacred ceremony, who heard the peasant girl pronounce the words of eternal love, and who then became overwhelmed with disappointment and dismay—it was Guiseppe. The newly-wedded pair returned to their village, full of delight and happiness. They had not been missed; and again they pursued their accustomed avocations. Guiseppe, who had been an unobserved spectator of their marriage, returned to his abode, and, conscious that all his hopes of obtaining the hand of Rosine were now gone, debated within himself whether he should instantly acquaint the father with the secret marriage, or conceal it. After a time he concluded that concealment might be more advantageous to himself: he had an immense power over the girl, and thought of using it. He then narrowly watched the lovers, and after a few days discovered that it was the practice of Claude to come to the house of Abril at night with a short ladder which reached to Rosine's chamber-window, by means of which she descended, and then accompanied her husband to his cottage.

Important business called Guiseppe at that time from the neighbourhood, and interrupted his design upon the guileless but erring Rosine. For upwards of a twelvemonth the young wife and husband enjoyed the most perfect felicity, but then Rosine found that she was likely to become a mother. Conscious that a discovery would provoke her father's anger, she resolved upon submitting the whole particulars of her condition to an aunt who resided some miles off, to whose humanity she appealed for advice and assistance. The good woman immediately came to her, and after gently chiding her for her imprudence, endeavoured to comfort her; and, eventually, she obtained the consent of Abril to his daughter's abiding with her for some time. Rosine departed with her humane relation, and in a few weeks became a mother.

From that period the tide of her happiness turned, the cup of her bliss was full, and it was suddenly overturned. Two months after the birth of her child she was alarmed by the intelligence of there being a conscription for the army in the village where her husband dwelt, and on the next day she learned that Claude was among those selected to become soldiers. Unable to remain absent from her husband at this juncture, and almost distracted with grief, Rosine left her child to the care of her kind relation, and hastened back to her native village, but alas! she was too late. She arrived only in time to see the conscripts march away; she beheld her husband in the groupe; they saw each other. Rosine was rushing towards the partner of her heart, but he motioned her to be cautious, he waved his handkerchief towards her; he sent to her a thousand kisses, but onward the conscripts marched. Rosine strained her eyes to see the last of her husband, and when all the conscripts had disappeared, and the sound of their footsteps had become inaudible, she tottered on to her father's house, and sunk fainting at the threshold.

Abril was alarmed at the sudden appearance, and the wild excitement of his child; but she ascribed her illness to fatigue, and retired to repose. But she could not sleep; she pictured her husband in the battle-field, and the shrieks of the dying rung in her ears. On the following morning her father, grieved to see such an alteration in his child, inquired if she had any secret sorrow at her heart, and if so, conjured her to disclose it. She could only answer him with her tears. The old man forebore making any further inquiries, seeing that they distressed her; but he reflected upon this strange emotion, and the more he reflected the more was he at a loss to tell its cause.

In the course of the day Rosine walked in the old haunts where she used to meet her husband, and memory brought back to her hours of happiness gone, she feared, never to return. The trees, the flowers, the tinkling of the rill, the song of the birds, the wings of the butterfly, each and all reminded her of the absent one, for all had afforded them delight in their noontide rambles, when no eye but Heaven's looked upon their innocent love. Returning home, her father met her at the threshold, his aspect was stern, and anger lightened up his eyes. He looked at his child stedfastly as if he would penetrate her soul; Rosine averted her eyes and looked down upon the earth; the blush of conscious error pervaded her cheek, and her father instantly retreated into the house. Rosine followed.

The silence that ensued, was broken by the father who, addressing Rosine, exclaimed:—"Rosine! What have I done that you have used me thus? How have I been unkind to you that you have thus acted against my known wishes, and done that which bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"O, my father!" exclaimed Rosine, "spare me—spare me, I entreat."

"Merciful Heaven!" rejoined the parent, "then it is true. I had doubted it till now. I would not believe it of my child. I would not believe that she whom I have loved and cherished in my bosom would have stung me as a serpent stings. Rosine! why did you marry that man?"

Rosine could only answer with her tears.

"You knew my dislike of him. I had made inquiries, I had learnt his character. He is dissipated, cruel, and unprincipled ——"

"Oh, no—no—my father, you are deceived —" ejaculated Rosine.

"*I am, I am* deceived!" exclaimed Abril, bitterly. "*You* have deceived me girl. I thought you dutiful and kind. You have proved cruel, artful, and designing. You have filled your cup of misery, yourself, and must not repine if you are called upon to drain it to the dregs."

"O, father ——," cried the agonized girl.

"Make no appeal to me, Rosine. 'Tis now too late. You should have considered my feelings before you became disobedient, and acted according to your own will. I have done with you, Rosine. You may depart."

"Depart!—whither?—To whom ———?"

"To your husband. Go, and see if you can there find a better home than that which you have abandoned. I do not curse you, Rosine. But I cannot give you a father's blessing. You can go, go—and let me forget that I have an undutiful child. Your husband will come for you presently."

"*My* husband!" cried Rosine. "Mine!"

"Yes, the profligate Guiseppe!"

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed the terror-stricken Rosine. "What mean you, father! Guiseppe! What of Guiseppe? He does not ———."

"Yes, he does," interrupted the father; "he claims you as his *wife*, he demands you, and, of course, I could not resist that demand, had I the inclination."

"I cannot understand this mystery. His *wife!* Father, I am not married to Guiseppe!"

At that moment the man, Guiseppe entered the house.

"Well, Abril," he cried, in a tone of mastery and insolence.

"Is my wife ready to accompany me."

Rosine shricked and clung to her father.

"Why is all this emotion," inquired the parent. "Are you already ashamed of him? I cannot help it. You must go with him."

"With him! Whither! Father! you would not consign me to eternal shame and perdition!"

"I must resign you to your husband."

"My husband! No! Heaven is my witness I am not his wife!"

"Pooh, pooh, Rosine," exclaimed Guiseppe, "its of no use assuming such ridiculous airs. I don't know what your object may be, nor do I care. The sun is setting, and I would be home by nightfall; so come wife, come."

"Wife! Your wife! O, Heaven! Father, do not believe the falsehood."

"Falsehood!" ejaculated Guiseppe. "Mighty fine, madam, mighty fine. Let your father go to ——— church, and see if it be falsehood or not. Let him go to your aunt

at ——, and there learn of *our child* whether it be false ornot."

"*Child!*" echoed the father of Rosine. "Child!" Can this be possible!

Rosine shrieked and fell at her father's feet. "O, father, father," she cried, "this bad man has, by some means or other, obtained the knowledge of that which I had deemed unknown. Spare me, and protect me, father. I cannot explain it now. I am agonized; my poor brain is almost maddened. Do not believe the foul—the infamous impostor." Unable to articulate more, the miserable wife and mother clung to her father's feet and fainted. Abril, incensed at his daughter's disobedience, became cruel in his anger, and spurned her from him; he despatched a messenger on horseback to his sister, commanding her to deliver up the child of Rosine. In a few hours the servant came back, bearing the precious charge. That messenger had been already bribed by Guiseppe, and with the child he brought a letter, purporting to come from the aunt, and addressed to Rosine. Abril seized the letter, tore it open, and read as follows:—

"My Dear Niece.—I should wish you to become reconciled to your husband, Guiseppe. For both your sakes it is advisable. Your father might relent when he saw you agreeing with each other ——."

The letter dropped from the father's hands, and he cried, "Never, never! Take away the deceitful girl from my sight. Let not my house be contaminated with her presence! The false perfidious ——."

"No, no—father, father!" shrieked the girl, partially recovering from her stupor. "It is all false ——."

"False!" echoed Abril, darting his eyes with fierce indignation upon her, "is it not here written by your aunt—is not here written the name of Guiseppe, your husband—is not here your child in the arms of its father?"

"Father, father, for the love of heaven do not credit the monstrous falsehood; for the sake of me, your child—do not let me become the victim of this bad man!"

"He is *your husband!*"

"Again, and again, I tell you he is not—Oh, Heaven, support me in this dreadful hour!"

"Who, then, is the father of this child?"

"*Claude Bhernon*—my husband!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" rejoined Guiseppe, bursting into a fit of laughter. "You *are* remarkably artful, as your father says—remarkably artful indeed to fix upon a conscript who has gone to join the army, because the tale could not be easily disproved. But I cannot stay idling here; night is approaching. Will you come wife, or must I resort to force?"

"Father!" exclaimed Rosine, "am I less worthy of belief than this detested monster?"

"Must I resort to force!" repeated Guiseppe, seizing her hands rudely.

"Father—protect me from his violence. You will repent this horrid calmness."

"I cannot save you—he is your husband!"

"Kill me, father, rather than abondon me to this ruffian."

"Are the horses ready?" exclaimed Guiseppe, addressing his men without.

"Give me your blessing, father. You will see your child no more. Unbend that brow—abate that horrid indifference—bless me—father—bless me——"

But Abril remained stern and inflexible. The ruffian Guiseppe, tore away her whom he claimed for his wife, the child was borne by his minions: the door closed upon them, the shrieks of the girl, and the sounds of the horses hoofs died away in the distance, and Abril remained tearless at his fireside.

The old man was aroused from his reverie by a knocking at his door, and, being bidden, the visitor came in. Abril started. "Claude Bhernon!" he cried—"why—what—how—"

"Where is Rosine!" ejaculated the phrensied husband—where is my child?"

"*Yours*—y—yours!" shrieked Abril.

"Answer me, old man—where are my wife and child?" Why was my darling boy torn from its nurses arms at your command?

"God!" cried the old man—"what have I done!"

For a moment the father was transfixed to the earth, statue-like; suddenly he tore his hair and ran to the door. He could not speak. He rushed to the stable, and bringing forth two horses, darted upon one, and motioning to Claude, cried, "Follow!" Like lightning he darted upon the road, and Claude left to guess at his meaning, but having a vague suspicion of the fact, followed closely behind him. For an hour they proceeded with frightful rapidity, and the old man suddenly paused from exhaustion. "I cannot proceed!" he cried. "Follow on quick; Guiseppe Noir is carrying off my child! Hist!" he continued, "Is not that the sound of horses' hoofs? It is—it is—we are near them! I am revived again! On, on!" And with almost superhuman ardour the old man darted off again with the distracted husband at his side.

Shortly they were within sight of those whom they pursued. Rosine had become apparently lifeless in the arms of Guiseppe. Abril saw his child, and shrieking at the sight, his arm fell powerless, but Claude rushed forward, and with his right arm struck the ruffian Guiseppe upon the head, and seizing his fainting wife, struggled for her possession. Guiseppe called upon the two fellows who accompanied him for assistance, but they beholding Abril at a distance, and thinking that more pursuers were behind, laid the child upon the ground, then spurred their horses, and were quickly out of sight. Guiseppe, however, retained his hold of Rosine, and with demoniac fury drew a pistol from his girdle, which he levelled at the husband's head, and fired; the shot whizzed past the ear of Claude, and did not harm him; he snatched at the pistol, and wresting it from the hands of the ruffian, in his fury, he beat him about the head until the villain became almost lifeless, and fell from his horse to the ground. Rosine thus rescued, was pressed to the bosom of her husband, who raised her upon his horse, together with their child, and then with Abril, who had remained a paralyzed spectator of the scene, and who continued mute as a statue, they returned to their village, leaving the villain Guiseppe, faint and bleeding upon the ground.

The return of Claude was soon explained. Upon the arrival of the conscripts at the next town they learned that the war had terminated, and they were consequently disbanded. Claude departed home again, and his way lying near the abode of his child, he learnt that Abril had sent for it, and, apprehending some evil, he flew towards her house, and arrived in time to save his Rosine from the artfully-devised stratagem of Guiseppe.

The joy of Rosine was boundless when she discovered what had transpired. The agonized parent, as he clasped his child

to his bosom, wept over her tears of contrition. Guiseppe was some time before he recovered from the wounds he received in the struggle, and never did he appear in the neighbourhood of the home of Rosine and Claude.

## THE VANQUISHER.

One day said Ella, scornfully,
" Cupid ! His power I defy ;
He would in vain his shafts employ
Against this icy breast.
The god of love stood list'ning nigh,
And thus, enraged, vowed the boy,
" I'll make that rebel fair comply,
Before I go to rest."

With certain aim his bow he drew,
The arrow whistled as it flew,
And pierced poor Ella's bosom through ;
While thus she, fainting, sighed,
" O, Edward, see this fearful dart,
Remove it quickly from my heart,
Cupid has played a tyrant's part,
Alas ! alas ! my pride !"

" Ha ! ha !" says Cupid, " now you see
How vain's your boast of liberty ;
I bear unbounded sway !
Thine is the prize, go *lover* go,
Remember what to me you owe."
Then o'er his shoulders flung his bow,
And, laughing, flew away.

## MY FIRST LOVER.

A CHAPTER FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD MAID.

" 'Tis true, 'tis pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true."—SHAKSPEARE.

They may say what they please about first love, but I never did meet with anything so perfectly disagreeable. Experience is a dear school but fools will learn in no other. My childhood was passed among a thousand delights. I had very good, kind, and obliging parents, and as soon as I was seventeen years of age I thought to myself that I had a right to have a lover. I was very fond of romantic poetry. I used to read Byron by moonlight, and days and weeks of " idleness" have I spent in reading that poet's " hours." What a delightful thing, I thought, it must be to be in love ! And then, Miss Landon had sung about first love so prettily.

" That pure deep feeling life only once may know."

Only *once !* What an unique passion ! I longed to be in love " only for once." I thought that if I were to be found out I could excuse myself to papa, and say " I'd never do so any more." I was downright mad to be in love. And at last I fell into it. And O ! " what a fall was there my countrymen !"

I was just turned seventeen, and mamma declared that I ought to " come out." Papa said he did not see what young girls wanted of gadding about to balls and assemblies and what not, and that I should do better if I were to sit at home and study the authors' in his library. But I thought that I had had quite enough of study, that my knowledge was sufficiently extensive. I had read all through Byron, and knew Moore's melodies by heart !

The ladies always have the best of the argument, and although papa did his best to convince his affectionate partner of the impropriety of taking me to the assize ball, that good lady out-argued him (having, I do believe, as strong an inclination for the assembly as myself) and accordingly I was to make my *debût* at the ball. Mamma was to be my chaperon, of course. I need not say, what a lot of advice and admonition was introduced into one of my auricular organs, and which made its escape at the corresponding organ on the other side, or, to speak vulgarly, which " went in at one ear and out at the other." A process which hundreds of my young readers will perfectly understand without my troubling myself to explain it. Well, I listened, or pretended to listen, to all that was said to me, but my thoughts were engrossed by the ball, and then, thought I to myself, if I should but get a lover !

The night came, and I dressed with unusual care. I thought I looked very beautiful. I must make sensation ! said I to myself as I entered the carriage.

I forget all about the ball now. I only know that nobody asked me to dance in the first quadrille : this I accounted for by the circumstance of there being more ladies in the room than gentlemen, and that in the crowd my superior attractions were unobserved. The second quadrille was danced, and nobody had taken me out. I thought this very vexatious. At length, who should approach me but one of the greatest men in the county, Lord Alfred Tiverton—and a bachelor too ! Now, thought I, if he *should* but fall in love with me ! How happy I should be ! How I should be envied ! During the dance I thought of nothing but a title and a coronet, visions of bliss swam before me. I heard the lacqueys shouting " Lady Tiverton's carriage ?" I saw my visiting cards—" Lady Tiverton." The name was quite familiar to me by the end of the dance, when, to my despair, Lord Alfred politely conducted me to a seat, and then rejoined a lady whom he had been dancing with in the previous part of the evening and I saw his lordship no more !

Was not this provoking ? Just as I had made up my mind to be violently in love, too !

Just before the commencement of the next dance, a young gentleman, whom I had not before seen, approached me. He was remarkably handsome, a great deal handsomer than Lord Tiverton ; he was tall and thin, his face was very pale, his hair, which was beautifully curled and oiled, was very dark, and altogether he had quite a romantic appearance. His kid gloves were so very white ; his feet so very small, the diamonds in his brooch were so very brilliant, that I felt inclined to exclaim, as he approached, " Dear ! What a nice young man !"

To my great astonishment, the young gentleman stopped to address me ; he solicited the honour of my hand for the next quadrille ; his voice was perfectly musical, I never heard anything sweeter, so mild, soft, and captivating. I could not resist it, but I concealed my feelings, and assuming a prudish indifferent air politely bowed consent. " Ah !" I thought, " if my Lord Tiverton danced with me without falling in love, it is quite useless to entertain any hope of this young nobleman, who must be an Earl at least." And then my restless fancy speculated about his title, and what title I should like best, for I was at times presumptuous enough to entertain a thought of this beautiful young man !

Just as I was thinking how my papa would like an alliance with such an interesting nobleman, I felt my partner press

my fingers with more than necessary violence. I blushed the colour of scarlet. I felt a strange sensation. The touch thrilled to my heart. And the young nobleman perceiving that I did not object to his ardour, repeated the pressure, and I blushed deeper, and was more confused than ever; but I thought if this be love it is really very delightful.

The dance ended, and my partner, unlike Lord Tiverton, not only conducted me to my seat, but he sat down beside me and entered into conversation with mamma, and made himself so agreeable to her, that had not my dear papa been in existence I should have felt apprehension of the presence of a rival. But he was more pointed in his attentions to myself. He was so delicate and genteel too, and when his eyes met mine, I thought he blushed as deeply as I did myself.

When my mamma expressed a wish to go home, the handsome young nobleman begged to have the honour of conducting us to our carriage. Mamma gratified him, and we took each an arm. As we passed from the ball-room, the young nobleman looked at me with an expression of deep melancholy, and sighed. I endeavoured to repress a sigh in return, but it would come in spite of me. The nobleman seemed gratified; he smiled, and I blushed. We arrived at the carriage door. Mamma was handed in first. Then my hand was placed in the young nobleman's, and my foot was on the carriage steps. Pressing my fingers very violently, he whispered, "Will you send to the post-office to-morrow for a letter directed to Y. Z." I faltered "Yes," and in an instant I was by mamma's side, and the carriage-door was closed and the young man was out of sight.

"Well" said mamma, "that is a very agreeable young gentleman."

"Very," said I.

"You need not trouble yourself to call at the Post-Office to-morrow. *I* will fetch the letter *myself*."

I felt that I was discovered! My mamma had such amazingly quick ears.

True was my lover, for my mamma went out in the carriage in the morning and brought home with her a nice little rose-tinted and fragrant billet, superscribed "Y. Z." It was opened. Mamma had read it, and when she gave it me, she said, "There girl, it's very pretty, but don't let your papa know anything of it for the world."

I thought my mamma the best lady in the universe.

I will not copy the interesting billet of my admirer. It was highly poetical and romantic, but then his signature was very uneuphoneous; it was "Christopher." Now I had never seen the name of "Christopher" in any poetry. I felt disappointed, for I had hoped it was Alfred, or Henry, or Horace, or Amelius, but to find it only Christopher! It was very vexatious. However, Shakspeare I knew had said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, and so I determined to call all my roses "Christophers."

I wrote an answer to Christopher. Mamma dictated it; for the truth was she was almost as much taken with the handsome young gentleman as I was. It was a very decorous and respectful letter. I wanted to introduce a "dear" into it, but mamma said it would be improper just yet, and that it was not becoming of a young girl to let a man know exactly what her sentiments were respecting him. I thought this very ridiculous, but allowed mamma to know the best. Well, this note invited Christopher to tea with us on the following day, when we knew papa would be in London upon particular business. How tedious the hours seemed. I had no sleep that night. Christopher was punctual to his time. There were we, Mamma, myself and Christopher, as happy and delighted as mortals could be. I endeavoured to learn my lover's title, and once or twice tried to make him tell it; but he did not seem to understand me. He told us, however, that he was greatly troubled at times with the cares of a large establishment in the metropolis. And then he said, "All that I want is a dear good-natured wife to lighten those cares," and then he looked at me as much as to say, "will you be that wife?" I cannot describe my sensations. Anxious to know what sort of vehicles he kept, mamma asked him which he preferred riding in, a chariot or a britska, when he answered, "I think riding in an *omnibus* more pleasant than either." This I thought he meant satirically, and I smiled, and so did mamma, though to tell the truth, I could not exactly see the point of the joke. I took occasion to praise the cab that Lord Tiverton had recently started, and asked Christopher if he rode much in a cab. He replied, "Yes, a great deal, and I always make a practice of holding fast by the sides, for they do drive so carelessly that I am every moment fearful of being thrown out." I did not like this reply, for I thought, although he looked so delicate, he *might* be able to drive a cab himself, without leaving it to his tiger. Indeed, I told him that I thought he had better learn to drive, or, at any rate, if he were so apprehensive of unpleasant consequences, that he should change his tiger." This he did not seem to understand, for he looked at me very queerly, and murmured, "Change my *tiger*—!" But mamma called his attention to something else, and the subject dropped.

I began to think that my handsome young nobleman was not quite perfect in his intellect. "Gracious," said I to myself, "if he should have escaped from some lunatic asylum!" But then he turned his handsome face towards me, and cast upon me one of his sweetest smiles. I could not but smile in return, and I vowed within myself never to think ill of him any more. Thus three hours passed of unalloyed happiness; we knew that papa's business would detain him in London that night, and we were, therefore, relieved from any apprehension of his appearance. Christopher became more and more engaging, and after taking three or four glases of wine, he unburthened his heart and made a formal declaration of love to me! Then I felt that I was in Elysium.

But just at that moment, a chaise was heard to stop at our gate. Some one entered the house. Imagine our dismay when we heard my papa's voice! And from its tone, he was evidently in a great passion. What to do we knew not. Christopher was as frightened as myself. Papa's footsteps were heard upon the stairs. And just as his hand was upon the lock of the room door, mamma bethought her of popping Christopher under the table. There was no alternative; therefore, unbecoming as it might be for a nobleman to secret himself in such a way, do it he must; and he did it, and when papa entered the room, there was no appearance of Christopher.

And now we enquired to what good fortune we were indebted for papa's return. "To a stupid lawyer's clerk," he exclaimed. When I arrived at my attorney's to transact the business I went to town upon, it was discovered that his clerk, Mr. Christopher Twist, who had the papers in his possession, was absent on leave, and that, consequently, the business must be deferred until his return. Is it not enough to provoke a man to find his interest placed in jeopardy for the sake of the pleasures of a lawyer's clerk?"

"Christopher!" I sighed inwardly. "What a singular coincidence."

"O, that I were behind Mr. Christopher Twist!" exclaimed my papa, sitting down at the table under which lay crouching *my* Christopher!

At that instant the wretched being under the table felt himself unable to restrain his inclination to sneeze. And oh! what a sonorous sneeze it was! There was no mistaking it, nor from whence it came. Up started my father, and without saying a word, overturned the table, and there, looking pitifully up into his face, lay Christopher!

"What!" exclaimed my papa, "Can I believe my eyes?"

"Ah!" sighed my lover.

"What!" continued my papa. "*Mr. Timothy Twist!*"

I was struck dumb with amazement, and so was my mamma. The handsome nobleman of the ball, my first lover, the interesting romantic youth with a delicate face, black curled hair, white kids, and a musical voice, was—O! that I should have to write the words—was nothing more nor less than Mr. Christopher Twist—my father's lawyer's clerk!

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## LOVE'S LAST ADIEU;

### OR, THE DISCOVERY, AND THE FAREWELL LETTER.

*A Tale of High Life.*

"Farewell! we shall not meet again
As we are parting now,
I must my breaking heart restrain,
Must veil my burning brow,
O! I must coldly learn to hide
One thought all else above,
Must call upon my woman's pride,
To hide my woman's love;
Check dreams I never may avow,
Be free, be careless, cold as thou."—L. E. L.

"The marriage between the beautiful heiress of a wealthy commoner, and the younger brother of the Earl of D———, is off, it is said, by mutual consent. The lady has left London." This was the paragraph in the fashionable newspapers that set May Fair a wondering what could be the cause of this sudden alteration in the state of affairs between Julia Montague and the exquisite Colonel Morecourt, for whose nuptials it was known that preparations were making, carriages ordered, house taken, and almost the precise day fixed. Some thought the lady a flirt, others maliciously hinted that her fortune was not what had been expected; a third party whispered that the noble brother of the intended bridegroom had interfered, he not being desirous that his relative should marry into the family of a commoner, and a fourth party alluded to the matter with knowing looks and shrugs, which implied a great deal of mysterious knowledge, whereas, in point of fact, the parties knew nothing at all about the matter. The true cause of the estrangement will be learnt by the perusal of the following letter, addressed to the Colonel by the lady, who had withdrawn from him her affection.

*May Fair, Tuesday, Midnight.*

"It has cost me a great deal of anguish to make up my mind to this step. But I see that it is the only way whereby my happiness can be preserved, and with which it is impossible for me to believe that your own would not, in the event of our marriage, have been in some measure connected. That marriage can never take place. I speak not without having given the subject full consideration. Day after day have I pondered on the various events that have transpired of late; sleepless have been my nights for the thought of them. The resolution I have come to is to see you no more, to bid you adieu for ever; for I am perfectly conscious that a marriage between us would terminate only in wretchedness and regret. You told me that what the world said to your discredit was false, and I believed you in preference to the world. I saw you at the side of Ellen G———, at the Opera. I saw you gazing upon her loveliness, and whispering words into her ear, the nature of which I inferred from her blushing cheek and her averted face; you told me that you were interceding for "a friend," and such was my faith—my credulity some might say—I abandoned all opinions to your discredit, and still believed. You were cruel, Morecourt, to deceive me thus. You won my love by your apparent devotion and truth. I will not deny, nor attempt to conceal from you that I did love you firmly and steadfastly. I feel that I could abandon the whole world for your sake; that I could die for you. Then, you had made me think you all that my young heart could wish; and though representations to your discredit were made to me, I rejected them all and clung to you the fonder. How I have been deceived! You attached yourself to Lady Mary C———. I heard of it, and told you what I had heard. You denied it, and I was satisfied. Your jeweller, in mistake, sent to me a diamond necklace with a note appended to it in your writing, "For Lady Mary C———, from her devoted admirer, F.M." I will not tell you the agony of that moment when I beheld your perfidy thus recorded by your own hand. I sent the necklace to the lady whom it was meant for, and the mistake was not discovered. You came to me after that, and vowed in the face of Heaven, to be faithful unto me till death. You may remember that I stopped you in the fearful perjury and left you. At that moment the love that I had deemed unconquerable, was vanquished; and I who had thought I should never cease to regard you with an affection amounting almost to idolatry, then began to—must I write the word?—*despise* you.

The dream of my love was ending. And this night have I awakened to the stern reality of life. I am no longer the enthusiast—the visionary, and the first word I write on resuming myself, is *Farewell.*

I have just come home from Almack's. I was there unobserved by you. You thought me too ill to leave the house, and fancied yourself safe in following your inclinations. What induced me to attend the ball it is not necessary for me to state; but I saw you there with Lady Mary C——. You danced with her. You walked—talked with her—you whispered in her ear the words of eternal love—the same words which you had said to me, and which in the times of confidence and faith, I deemed were true. *My* name was mentioned. You laughed. It was repeated. And you upbraided your companion for thinking "that the brother of the Earl of D—— would degrade himself by marrying the daughter of a city merchant." I can—I must believe the evidence of my own eyes and ears; and believing them, I can only write, *Farewell.*

Forgive the "merchant's daughter" for entertaining serious thoughts of the brother of the Earl of D——. You shall not hear of her error any more. I must say for the last time, however, that I *have* loved you,—aye, with deep, burning,

irresistible affection. But 'tis gone. Your falsehood has destroyed that love. The kind, generous, high-minded Francis Morecourt whom I first loved is no more, and from the shadow of that good and truthful being I fly. I know not what I write. My brain wanders——. You have made me very, very wretched, but even in this parting hour, I call on heaven to bless you. You will have my prayers, Morecourt; though your ingratitude—your perfidy—prevents us from ever meeting in this world again. JULIA MONTAGUE."

Colonel Morecourt was not a man to be affected by even such a letter as this. He married the showy and heartless Lady Mary C—— ; and within six months he became an inmate of the King's Bench prison. Julia is comparatively happy in a country home; her once-beloved Morecourt is wretched, and comparatively a beggar.

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## LOVE-WORDS.

We'll fly the town and seek the glade,
We'll leave gay fashion's glittering toys,
We'll seek the shelter of a shade,
And find unperishable joys.
Come, dearest, we will quit the town,
Its gaieties now languid seem,
The sweets to luxury unknown,
We'll taste, by the untainted stream.

When o'er the mountain peeps the dawn,
And round her ruddy beauties play,
I'll wake my love to view the lawn,
And hear the linnet hail the day.
Love! without *thee*, the rising morn
In vain awakes the healthful breeze,
In vain does nature's face adorn;
Without thee, nought on earth can please!

The new-blown rose, whilst on its leaves
Yet the bright-scented dew-drops found,
Placed on thy bosom, whilst it heaves,
Shall shake its balmy fragrance round.
Their mingled sweets thy joy shall raise,
And mingled beauties song shall tell,
On buds and trees and flow'rs we'll gaze;—
What rapture on such scenes to dwell.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—It is true that mind is on the *march*, but whither? And what sort of people are its directors? A child's school was recently visited which was found to be in a very filthy condition, and when the unfavourable effect this circumstance must produce upon the children was pointed out to the mistress, she replied, "O, dear me; they thrive best in dirt!" One "master," whose school is in a cellar, being asked what his terms were? replied, "Why, I only charge sixpence for the readers, ninepence for the writers, and one shilling for the counters." Surprise being expressed that his terms were so high as compared with those of his neighbours, he explained by saying, "It's very true the're above the common, but then we're good creditors—the weeks they have it they pay, and the weeks they haven't it, why we look over it." Another of these "masters," who had stated that he used the globes, was asked if he had both or one only; he replied "*Both!* how could I teach geography with *one?*" Being further questioned on the subject, it appeared that both were, in his opinion, necessary, because one was supposed to represent one half, and the other the remaining half, of the world. Some are more honest—one conscientious teacher of a common boys' day school, an Irishman, being asked if he taught grammar, replied very candidly, "Faith, and it's I that don't; if I did, I must *tache* that thing I don't know myself."

NAMBYPAMBYISM —Mr. Willis, an American "poet," who has the good fortune to be patronized by Lady Blessington and some other *distingués* of the day, has lately published some absolute "twaddle," which has been puffed and praised to the skies. We have met with one passage in which the modesty of the "poet" is displayed so brilliantly that we cannot refrain from extracting it for the amusement of our readers. He is speaking, or rather rhapsodising, of American women:—"*Such* belles!" he cries, "Slight, delicate, fragile looking creatures, elegant as Retzch's angels, warm-eyed as Mahomedan houris, yet timid as the antelopes, whose hazel eyes they eclipse, limbed like nothing earthly except an American woman. *I* would rather not go on. When *I* speak of the beauties of my countrywomen my heart swells. *I* do believe the New World has a newer mould for its mothers and daughters. *I think* I am not prejudiced. I have been many years away. *I* have sighed in France; *I* have loved in Italy: *I* have bargained for Circassians in an eastern bezertein; and *I* have lounged at Howell and James's on a sunny day in the season; and my eye is trained, and my perceptions quickened. But *I* do think (honour bright! and Heath's book of beauty forgiving me) [*la! la! la!*] that there is no such beautiful work of GOD under the arch of the sky as an American girl in her bellehood." What a charming fellow Mister Willis must be! Bargaining for Circassians in an Eastern bezertein! How romantic. If the young ladies of England be not envious of these American "girls in their *bellehood*," we shall be surprised. They must certainly *fall* in love with Mister Willis!

### THE LOVE WISH.

Would I were your looking glass,
Then in me you'd see your face,
Then in me you'd find a friend,
Sure your beauty to commend,
Then how vast were my delight,
Julia's greatest favourite.

ROSES AND THORNS.—"What a bed of roses your life must be," said an enthusiastic young romancer to a married man who had a very handsome wife, but a very bad-tempered one. "I am no judge of flowers," was the reply, "but I know that I feel the thorns."

Laziness in Perfection.—A Kentuckian, in describing the laziness of a black man said, "the wretch had an ague and a fever: the fever stuck to him, but the ague left him, for the fellow was too lazy to shake!"

The Extraordinary Voyager.—As all the world is a balloonin. I thought to myself one day, as I should like to take an xcursion to the hairy regens myself, and to have oxcular demunstrashun of the moon being made of green cheese. I have gained the character of a lady of great discernment, intelligence and petrifection, and to assist in my airudite and lernhed inquiereyes, I couldn't do better than go by Mr. Green's omnibuz baloon becors if as the moon should turn out to be made of *green* cheese, the man in the moon might claim a relationship with our commander. And who kno's what curehosyties we might then arrive at. I'm of a spireing genus, so much so that the lerned Mr. Addlebrain, who believes in the doctorhine of Madam Sukey Osis, says he's morally sure I shall be turned after death into a church steeple. Owever to cut matters short, hup I went with Mr. Green in his balloon. I proceeded to Vox Hall in a hackny, the coachman litel thinking who he'd got in his Inside. O sich a site! It was a rainy day and I should think they was not less than 2 underd thousand umberrellows all up at wunce, without Reckonning parrowsoles and Indy ruber clokes. I ad never seen sich a seen in al my life. Our time bean cum I was anded into the car by Mr. Green. This was a hawfull moment, and wen I ear the signall gun dischargd I began to feal as I should like to be Let off myself. Owevver I soon plukt up my sperrits, bean determined as the saying is to Di game, and in another moment the rope being adjusted we was Lawnchd into heternity. The vew at this time was bewtyfull in the xtream the crouds of specktaters Old and yung Gentel and simpl standing Driping under the trees bean rely delitefull. We was now getting out of the smoke, and Mr. Green told us to get our tellyscopes reddy which we did according, But befour we had time to find the fokus had got among the clouds where we coodent see our ands befour us—at least Mr. G. sed it was the clouds tho I doant Bleave it was no sich thing but nothing in the world but a reglar november fog. At the same time I began to feel myself uncommon downrite chil, for naturally thinking we shood be verry ot in cuming near the sun I had Drest myself in nothink but muslins and gawses, and perwided myself with only parrowsoles and vales and fans and arrowmattik vinnegar, and should have bean litterrally starvd to deth if it hadent Bean for Mr. Green galantly throing an empty Ballast bag over my sholders, and he tried to enliven us by Relateing annickdotes of cillybrated hairy noughts, as he cald em, going up in baloons and tumbling rite out and breaking their necks again the clouds, or getting drowned in the meddittyrainyan. In this manner we continued to sale along for a considerable time. But I coodent elp thinking Mr. Green was out of his depth and dident no wear he was, tho he pertended to be quite contrayry, and Mrs. C. G. who sat next to me whispring that she was afrade we shood never get down agen I whisperd in return that I began to think it was al up with us. Mr. C. G. asking what we was thinking about so ernest we told him that being so hi up made us feel rather Down, and perposed returning, upon which another gentleman pulling out his watch said it was Hi time. So Mr. G. kindly giveing his ascent to our descent we proceeded to Let ourselves down, and in a very litel time was within a stones thro of terror firmer. We alited in the most picturesk manner in the midel of a bog near Rochester into which I was onfortynatly piched by the baloon giving a sudden bounce on coming in contract with the erth, But geting up found I had Broke no lims, haveing fortynatly fel in a quagmire Wich thus ended one of the most hinteresting days of my life.

THE ABSENT ONE.

I mourn that I am left behind,
While thou art distant o'er the sea;
Where other ties thy heart may bind,
And no one corner left for me!
Our once gay hall is silent now,
The dance, the music, all are gone;
Grief clouds my young but wrinkled brow
For I am friendless—loveless—lone!
O, does the stranger-land appear,
So far as that sweet spot to thee?
Ah, no! thou holdest doubly dear,
The Eden of our infancy.

When is a sailor not a sailor?—When he's *a-board.*

When is a nose not a nose?—When it's a little *red-dish.*

No Match for a Woman's Wit.—Sheridan who was always in debt, and always in difficulties, was desirous one day of taking Mrs. Sheridan a very handsome dress down into the country, and went to Barber and Nunn's to order it, saying he must have it by such a day, but promising ready money. Mr. Barber said the time was short, but ready money was a charming thing, and he should have it. At the time appointed she brought the dress, which came to five-and-twenty pounds, and it was sent in to Mr. Sheridan, who sent out a Mr. Grimm, one of his jackalls, to say he admired it exceedingly, and that he was sure Mrs. Sheridan would be delighted with it, but he was sorry he had nothing under a hundred pound bank-note in the house. She said she had come provided for such an accident, and could give change for a hundred, two hundred, or five hundred pound note, if it was necessary. Grimm then went back to his principal for further instruction; who made an excuse that he had no stamped receipt by him. For this Mrs. Barber said she was also provided; she had brought one in her pocket. At each message she could hear them laughing heartily in the next room at the idea of having met with their match for once; and presently after Sheridan came out in high good humour, and paid her the amount of her bill. His house and lobby were beset with dupes every morning, who were told that Mr. Sheridan was not yet up, and shown into the several rooms on each side of the entrance. As soon as he had breakfasted, he asked, "Are those doors all shut, John?" and being answered they were, marched out very deliberately between them, to the astonishment of his self-invited guests, who soon found the bird was flown.

Gratitude.—"You saved my life upon one occasion," said a corporal to a certain captain, under whom he had served. "Saved your life!" exclaimed the officer. "Friend, 'I am not a doctor." "No, your honour," replied the man "but I served under you in the battle of ——, and when you ran away, I followed."

Fact for Fiction.—"I will give you my head," exclaimed a notorious romancer to a celebrated wit, "if every word of the story I have related be not true." "I accept your offer," was the reply, "presents of *small value* strengthen the bonds of friendship and should never be refused."

BELL, PRINTER, 28, CRAVEN-STREET, STRAND.

T. Jones. pinxit.

*Portraits of Madame Vestris and Mr. Charles Mathews*

*A Scene in the Farce of "One Hour; or, the Carnival Ball," as performed at the Olympic Theatre. (No. 1. of Theatrical Portraits.)*

*Published by Bell. Removed to No. 28, Craven Street, Strand. London December 1, 1836.*

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

*A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. CLIII. LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1836. Vol. XIII.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH SEVEN PLATES.

PLATE THE FIRST.—A SPLENDIDLY-ENGRAVED TITLE-PAGE.
PLATE THE SECOND.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE THIRD.—THREE MORNING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.
PLATE THE FOURTH.—AN EVENING DRESS, FOUR HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE FIFTH.—THE LADY MAYORESS IN HER COURT DRESS (*Made by Mrs. Bradley, of Maddox Street, Regent Street*); TWO EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE HALF-LENGTHFIGURES.
PLATE THE SIXTH.—THREE MORNING AND EVENING DRESSES, TWO HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY.
PLATE THE SEVENTH.—A SCENIC REPRESENTATION OF THE MASQUERADE SCENE IN THE FARCE OF "ONE HOUR," AS PERFORMED AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

[*At the request of numerous New Subscribers, we have published this Month, for the Second time, a Scenic Representation of the Masquerade Scene in the Farce of "One Hour," as performed with so much éclât at the Olympic Theatre.*]

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE YEAR.

COUNTRY AND TOWN. LAMENTATIONS OF THE LADIES. REMONSTRANCE OF THE GENTLEMEN. MIRTH AND MUSIC. CHRISTMAS.

Friends—the year is overgrown,
Summer, like a bird, hath blown;
Leaving nothing (fruit nor flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours,
And a fierce and froward season,
Blowing loud for some rough reason
Rushes from a land unknown.

The year is overgrown! A few days longer and it will be no more; the birds, the bees, the butterflies all are gone: the leaves and the flowers went long ago, and the year itself tired, old and worn out, will be sent out of existence amidst the cheers and rejoicings of clusters of happy hearts eager to welcome its young and blithe successor. The last days of the year are calculated to awaken serious as well as merry reflections: the years, as they roll on, are but so many types of human existence. We have our summer and our winter, our spring and our fall; and happy are they who in *their* "best days" can bring, like the dying year, glad hearts around their couch untouched by doubts or fears of the future. The year's death is attained; when we next address our readers it will have gone into the past!

All that e'er was good is flown,
All things that were good or gay,
Dance, song, smile, have flown away,
And we now must sing together,
Songs more sad than autumn weather.
And dance upon a stormy ground,
(While the wild winds pipe around)
A dark and unforgotten measure,
Graver than the ghost of pleasure.
Till, at last, at Winter's call,
We die, and are forgot by all.

We are writing in a dull November day, a day fit for "thick-lipped melancholy" to wander in, but we hope that our remarks are not overtinged with sentiment. We will stir up our fire, draw our *fauteuil* closer towards it, snuff our candles, and see if we can discourse of livelier matters.

The coldness and dulness of the weather has driven many of our fashionables back to London from their country retreats. The country is delightful enough in the summer when the days are bright and beautiful, and the nights are short; but it is horrible when we can only look out upon bare trees, swamps, and directory posts. "Horrid in country shades to dwell," exclaims the fashionable *belle*, as she looks out from the back window of "Rose Cottage," or "Paragon Park," upon a swampy lawn, and the hills in the distance covered with dense black clouds, the rain pattering against the casement, perhaps, and exciting "pretty considerable tarnation melancholy feelings," as Jonathan would say. "Nothing to be seen but cows and geese!"

"One's moped to death with cawing crows
On silent fields; and as for beaux,
One's optics it surprises.
To see a decent animal,
Unless at some half-yearly ball,
That graces the assizes."

It is no wonder, therefore, that the ladies gave their votes for London in the winter season. Who is there that is not naturally dull that would not change a country seat for a town house in December.

O, the unutterable bliss,
Of changing such a wilderness,
For London's endless frolic.

Where concerts, operas, and plays,
Chase from the cheerful nights and days
All vapours melancholic!

There is a great deal of talk about the gaieties there are to be in the coming season. Already LAPORTE has commenced operations with respect to the opera, and there is every reason to believe that we shall have the great Italian vocalists among us again.

While we are gossipping with our readers concerning fashion and fashionables, we may as well introduce a communication we have just received from an angry gentleman, respecting which we would decline offering any opinion. We give it as we have received it: if the reproof contained in it be felt to be just, our fair readers will no doubt set about to reform their *modes*.

## FASHION AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

I take the liberty of submitting to the noble and gentle conductors of the "World of Fashion," a few observations which have been inspired by the contemplation of the extravagance of the present fashion of ladies' apparel. A few evenings ago, I was present at an entertainment at the house of a lady of the first distinction, and was particularly struck with the absurdity of some of the fair guests in the way in which they followed the fashion! I know that a woman might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, but it is quite as certain that she might as well be out of the world as dress unbecomingly. Now what can be more unbecoming than to see the present tight apparel, upon the person of a lath and plaster damsel, all skin and bone? The effect of such apparel on such a person is unsightly; it looks as if a skeleton were enwrapped in silks and satin. The origin of the present fashions may be traced to our great grandmothers, among whom there may have been a great quantity of big women; flesh in those times must have preponderated in quantity. A woman with an arm like a mill-post might look well in the tight sleeves of our grandmothers, but how does a mere straw-like arm look in them? And then again, not only do our thin young ladies of the aristocracy wear the tight sleeves of their great grandmothers', but to make the absurdity greater, they adopt an inflated balloon at the lower extremity of the sleeve! And, indeed, some of them have a series of little balloons runing up them and confined to the arm by ribbons, or what not. Now, ladies, I insist upon it that this is very absurd. There never were prettier fashions than those which the present *meagre-mania* has superseded: the flowing robes gave a fullness and majesty to the figure, setting off an indifferent one to advantage, and making a good one to still more beautiful. Ladies, ladies! do let your wisdom burst forth from its retirement. Discard the ant quated wardrobes of your great grandmothers, and by appearing in our assemblies in a more becoming style of dress, give pleasure and delight to the hearts of your million of admirers, among whom I have the honour to be. FLORIMOND.

## LIVES OF THEIR MAJESTIES AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

It is our happiness to remain in a state of peace, while contention and warfare exists in surrounding kingdoms and states. This is a proof of the wisdom and excellence of the measures of our sovereign King WILLIAM who, of all existing monarchs, seems best to understand the art of governing well. It was natural that there should have been the most lively anxiety evinced by the nation, when a report was circulated of the serious indisposition of HIS MAJESTY, towards the latter part of the month. And we, among other loyal and grateful subjects, lost no time in making ourselves acquainted with the truth. Much gratified were we to find that the rumour was quite destitute of foundation. HIS MAJESTY remains in the enjoyment of his good health, and continues to entertain the great and the good at his Royal table.

The Court has taken up its winter residence at Brighton, several important alterations having been made in the Pavilion for the comfort and convenience of HIS MAJESTY. Both the KING and the QUEEN have been much in public since their arrival at Brighton. The KING takes airings in his carriage, while HER MAJESTY walks on the chain pier, attended by several ladies and gentlemen of the Court, or makes equestrian excursions in the neighbourhood. HER MAJESTY is certainly one of the most admirable female equestrians of the day. The dinner parties at the Pavilion have been select and social. In honour of the birthday of her Royal Highness the Princess AUGUSTA, an entertainment was given by HIS MAJESTY. A military dinner has also been given by the KING, when those distinguished officers, Lieutenant Colonel MADOC, General GASCOIGNE, the Hon. Sir W. LUMLEY, and others, were entertained by their sovereign.

On the Sunday following the day when the Court arrived, THEIR MAJESTIES, together with the Princess AUGUSTA, the Royal suite and household, attended divine service in the Royal Chapel. The body of the chapel upon this occasion was filled by persons, admitted, as usual, by tickets. The officiating ministers were the Vicar (the Rev. Dr. EVERARD) and the Rev. J. S. ANDERSON. HER MAJESTY also attended the afternoon service, which was performed, for the first time, in the Royal chapel. On every Sunday THEIR MAJESTIES have been punctual in attending to their religious duties.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of GLOUCESTER is upon a visit to THEIR MAJESTIES. Prince EDWARD of SAXE WEIMER has, also, arrived. This young Prince will shortly proceed to Sandhurst to enter upon his military studies.

## ON DITS AND GOSSIP OF THE FASHIONABLE SALONS.

"————Lively and gossiping;
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world;
And with a spice of mirth too, making men glad,
As if rich sunshine glowed about them."
*The Courtier.—A Comedy.*

A "FLIGHT" OF FANCY.—We read in the newspapers that a Miss ——, had accompanied a celebrated aeronaut in a balloon excursion, and that the youth, beauty, and spirit of the young lady had caused the spectators, as she stepped into the car to express their admiration in loud terms. The day way rainy. An Englishman seldom admires anything in a shower of rain. "She must be very beautiful," we exclaimed within ourselves, as we sat by our fire-side listening to the pattering of the rain, "to exact homage at such a time." We fell into a reverie. We seemed to pass into the future, and the following occurrences appeared to have transpired. If

anything like them should have actually happened, our vision is the more remarkable; for we give them but as the airy nothings of a dream. We beheld (in our abstraction) the balloon inflated. The car was then attached, the German Baron and Baroness ——, and two gentlemen, seated themselves therein; Mr. G——, after casting around the *lasciate-egni-speranza* look of a desponding *conducteur d'omnibus*, as he relinquished his last hope of discovering one more five-and-twenty-guinea passenger to complete his fare, had just decided to leave mother earth, when a slight stir appeared among the bystanders, and a youthful female, of prepossessing and ladylike appearance, advanced eagerly through the crowd, as though fearful of being "too late for her place." Having expressed to Mr. G—— her desire to join the party going in the balloon, that gentleman evinced his great satisfaction at the circumstance, delicately hinting, at the same time, the "preliminary step" of paying twenty-five guineas. For this the young lady seemed fully prepared, as she instantly placed the required amount in his hands, and stepped gracefully into the car. The age of the fair heroine did not exceed nineteen summers. Nothing can describe the sensation caused by the enterprising choice of such a modest-looking person; and many gay and gallant hearts wished themselves in the place of the Messrs. G——, or of the two gentlemanly individuals, or of the steady German Baron and Baroness, who were to bear the fair creature company to the skies. At length the gallant Captain ——, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, stepped forward and volunteered to become one of the adventurous party. All the intelligence that —— could gather was, that the lady's name was Miss ——, that she had come in a private carriage, and given her coachman orders to wait at the entrance until he saw the balloon rise; then he was to drive off, and follow as much as possible the direction it seemed to take. The balloon rose majestically. The varieties of prospect, and the alternations of good and bad weather, gratified our travellers. Miss ——— was enraptured! At length the party landed, completely drenched with rain, in a ploughed, inundated field. No human habitation was within their view. At length, they discovered the high road, which after a dreary walk of three long miles, conducted them to Uxbridge. It then appeared to be that the Baron and Baroness —— very wisely sought the comfort of their room for the night, with a large fire; the Messrs. G—— and the two gentlemen started off together for town; so that none remained unprovided for, except the heroine Miss ———, and the chivalrous Captain ——, to whom, in departing, Mr. G—— had said, by way consolation, "*You see, sir, this undertaking was not fit for a lady.*" Captain ——— felt the sad truth of this valediction as he looked at his drooping companion: clinging, wet silk stockings, and muddy satin shoes, clothed her feet; so his heart prompted the necessity of changing them for others not *quite* so damp. Accordingly they sought out a shop where "*chaussures des dames*" were sold, which they entered, and obtained shoes and stockings, and several other adjuncts of the female toilette. Captain —— then procured a chaise, in which, after a most agreeable *tête-a-tête* of fifteen miles, he conveyed the fair traveller to her friends. The following day, he called to make inquiries after the health of his late *compagnon de voyage*: and he found her family iving in a respectable, well-appointed house, not one hundred miles from Oxford-street. Miss ———'s father and mother were indignant at the "flight," of which they had no intimation until her return, as she had taken out her carriage under the excuse of shopping. But they were most grateful to Captain —— for the considerate care he had bestowed on the youthful object of their wrath, whom he was enabled to see, as, from the combined effects of terror, rain, scolding, fatigue, and varieties of atmosphere, Miss ——— was confined to her bed. Such was the subject of a *dream*.

The Lost Diamond.—We are told that at a recent fashionable entertainment, a certain Countess remarkable for her display of jewels, lost a diamond from her necklace. It was found by the Earl, her husband, whose suspicion being excited by the dull look of the gem, without saying a word to his lady took it to the jeweller from whom he had purchased the necklace some time previously, who at once pronounced it to be false, and certainly not one of the diamonds sold by him. This led to a scene; the Earl was imperative, and the lady confessed the loss of the original jewels, at the whist-table of Lady ——. The losses at *that* table are said to be immense.

Follies of Fashion.—A very interesting chapter might be written upon the follies of fashionables; a volume might be got together upon the subject, without much difficulty; a *soiree* furnishes plenty of materials, a card-party offers opportunities for observation, and a ball overflows with incidents. We would undertake to write three volumes of good fashionable small talk upon the follies and foibles displayed in one ball at the Duke of D——'s, or at H—— House. We would notice here the folly of a certain lady of distinction, who has already received her three warnings, in sufferings her house to be made the rendezvous of the common gamblers of high life, and giving countenance to such disreputable characters, merely because she is passionately fond of cards. We do not believe her Ladyship to be guilty of any unworthy practices, indeed we may speak positively to her Ladyship's integrity; but there are those who frequent her house who do so, in order to play at cards to win. Her Ladyship is a kind, good, generous creature, and thinks all persons honest who but seem to be so. Her passion for cards is a folly, and we think that it would be better if she were to look about her a little more carefully than she is accustomed to. The Duke of ——— carries his dancing rage to the extreme limits of the rational. Sometimes his Grace is actually dancing mad. One day he had invented a new step for the mazourka, and anxious to have a partner to practise it with, he remained outside the room-door of a fair and pretty relative, while she was writing a long billet (billet-*doux?*) within, beseeching her to make haste, and in his enthusiasm he made a false movement and fell down a flight of stairs. Lord S——'s folly is to have sumptuous sets out upon his dinner-table. Colonel —— to have a gorgeous "set out" in the Park. Lady G—— —— is never so happy as when she is caracolling in Rotten Row on a tempestuous day, her long raven curls floating on the wind, and her cheeks and nose as red as a dahlia. Lord A——— delights in dining at eleven o'clock at night. Lord ——— to sit among the poor people in a country church, to show his humility. In fact, a thousand follies might be described, all committed by parties of high rank. These obervations have been occasioned by the sight we have just witnessed of Lord ——— (a tall, languid dandy officer) lounging up St James's-street in full regimentals, with a riding whip in his hand, which he applied to the back of every unbiteable-looking dog he met, for the sake of hearing them bark! O, the idea!

Lady Blessington's "Old Gentleman."—Lady Bles-

SINGTON paints the condition of a moderately-gifted gentleman in very brilliant colours. Her pictures are calculated to make young gentlemen admire such unreal prettinesses, and wish with *Desdemona*, that they had been made "such men." Lady BLESSINGTON, like Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, *celestialises* humanity; her standard of human excellence is something above mere flesh and blood; it is essentially spiritual; her love is the love of angels, and her creatures a sort of beings occupying a position between angels and men. In her recently published work, this error is conspicuous. How charming is her "old gentleman!" but how unreal! One would long to be an old gentleman, if it were a true picture, for the sake of such happy feelings as would be inspired by the contemplation of the things with which her Ladyship adorns the old gentleman's country seat. Behold this *semi-spiritual* being (for we declare, positively, that there is nothing in humanity like him) at his escrutoire examining the love-letters and favours received from ladies in his youth. What piles of letters, in delicate hand-writing, tied up with ribands of as delicate die: gentle ghosts of departed pleasures and forgotten pains! What miniatures of languishing blue-eyed blondes, and sparkling *piquantes* brunettes! What long ringlets of hair of every colour from the lightest shade of auburn (maliciously called red) to the darkest hue of the raven's wing! What rings, pins, and lockets, were scattered around, with mottoes of eternal love and everlasting fidelity! which eternal love and everlasting fidelity had rarely withstood the ordeal of six months' intimacy. What countless pairs of small white gloves! what heaps of purses, the works of delicate fingers! What piles of fans, the half-authorized thefts of ball-rooms, thefts so gently rebuked and so languidly reclaimed! What knots of riband grasped in the mazy dance! What girdles, yielding with blushing, coy delay! with bouquets of faded flowers enough to stock the *hortus siccus* of half the botanists in England! and a profusion of seals, with devices each more tender than the other." This is all very pretty, but where is the old gentleman living that can produce such things, if an old gentleman were suddenly to discover such things in a secret drawer of his escrutoire, would he not throw them hastily behind the fire, lest any one might see the relics of his "foolish days?" No, no, Lady Blessington, there does not exist such an "old gentleman" as thine, in these our days!

AN ELOPEMENT.—There has been much conversation with respect to an elopement in high life, in which the young lady, who was confined to her room by her parent (who suspected her intention) escaped by means of a rope-ladder conveyed to her by her maid, who was supposed to be in the confidence of the father. The affair has been quietly arranged since the "happy couple" arrived from Gretna, and Lady G——— says, in allusion to it, that "after all it was but an exemplification of the old adage, "Love laughs at *Lock-Smiths*."

A SOBRIQUET.—A certain tall and attennuated lady of distinction, has been nicknamed "*la belle Giraffe*." The lady looks very *cross* when she hears herself named.

A WOULD-BE POETESS.—It is supposed that the eldest Miss M———, the daughter of a lady once highly celebrated for her personal attractions in fashionable circles, exhausts a ream of paper every month. Poor girl! she has not written, we are told, one poem yet that is even satisfactory to herself.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—We have had occasion to contradict the silly rumours that have been in circulation of the intended marriage of the Heiress Presumptive; but the gossip-mongers of English and Continental coteries were not to be deterred from pursuing their pastime, and every young foreigner who landed on our shores has been set down as a suitor to the young Princess. The report which gained most credit gave the hand of the illustrious VICTORIA to a Prince of SAXE COBURG: indeed, we heard it stated for positive, that the marriage would take place, by persons not apt to give ear to the babble of the day. We remained incredulous, however: we had reason to believe that there was no truth in the rumour, and this, among the rest, we denied. We could trace it to no higher quarter than a foreign journal. Upon the Continent the fabrication obtained much credit, but, as we expected, the promulgator of the falsehood has been compelled to retract it; and, in a recent number of his journal, apologize for the error into which he had fallen. "Our London correspondent," he says, "in transmitting to us the news of the intended marriage of the Princess VICTORIA to a Prince of SAXE COBURG, appears to have been led into an error, and to have yielded too easily to the wish manifested by the majority of the English nation; for we learn, from an authentic source, that there is no foundation for this news." We feel certain that the marriage of the Princess VICTORIA will *not* take place for a length of time; indeed, we believe that marriage has not yet been seriously contemplated by her Royal Highness. When that event *does* take place, we trust that her hand will be bestowed upon a Prince worthy of England's pride and hope.

O'er her fair face as yet is only cast
  The delicate hues of spring;
Though round her is the presence of the past,
And the stern future gathers darkly fast,
  As yet no heavy shadow loads their wings.

A little while she has to be a child,
  Her lot is all too high;
Her face is very fair, her eyes are mild;
But duties on her arduous path are piled,
  A nation's hopes and fears blend with her destiny.

Victoria! Royal child! the future is thy own,
  May it be blessed in thee;
May Peace that smiles on all, be round thy throne,
And universal truth, whose light alone,
  Gives golden records unto history.

LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY.—Those noble individuals have created a sensation in Russia. They arrived at St. Petersburgh from Moscow on the 21st ult. The attentions paid to them by the Imperial Family and the Court, have been cordial and unceasing. The following is an extract from a private letter addressed by the Noble Marquis to a friend in London:—"The Emperor gave me a most splendid manœuvre. He commands the line himself in person, and does it right well. He is, I hear, an excellent tactician. He has a fine voice, and looks all he is, at the head of his prodigiously fine Cavalry Guard. I never saw horses and men in better state or higher discipline. The men were always magnificent. The regiments that pleased me most were the Grenadier Gardes à Cheval and the Lancers of the Guard; they are beautiful. The young Czarowitz headed his Hussar Regiment of the Guard. He is an extraordinary handsome young man of eighteen—six feet high. The Emperor was most flattering and cordial to me. You will hear of his visit *sans*

*ceremonie* to Lady L. We go to his country-house to-day for a day or two. We are placed quite on a footing of intimacy and cordiality with the family." We have also been favoured with the following extract of a letter from Lord Seaham, dated St. Petersburgh, Oct. 24th :—"There was a grand review given to-day by the Emperor—(The manœuvre mentioned in the letter of the Noble Marquis) all the Cavalry of the Guard, which amounts to 10,000 men. It was certainly a very fine sight. After the review to-day he (the Emperor) came in a common little caleche, totally unattended, to see the Marchioness at the hotel (de Londres). He came quite suddenly upon us, and was hardly known, as he had not so much as a footman with him—merely a long-bearded Russian driving him."

The Marchioness of Chandos' accession of fortune by the recent decision of the Scots Courts, under the will of her father, the Marquis of Bredalbane amounts to 130,000*l.*

A Certain Noble Lord, whose attentions to the gentler sex have lately met with their reward, in his union with a fair widow, was previously to that event so assiduous and *empressé* in his suite, or rather suits, preferred in various quarters, as to have acquired from the ladies the *sobriquet* of the Solicitor-General.

November has been a dull month to many. The Lady Mayoress lost a set of brilliants on the Lord Mayor's day. We hope, however, that they have been recovered; if not, November will have been a dull month to her, if the compliments paid to her Ladyship by the distinguished personages who sat at her table on the day above stated, did not seem to be of greater worth than were the diamonds that were lost. Never was the chair of Lady Mayoress more worthily supplied.

Before we again address our readers, Christmas will have transpired, and all its characteristic gaieties. There is no season of the year marked with such genuine English hospitalities as Christmas. The old customs are getting into disuse, however (more's the pity!) and refined people think it unbecoming to mix in such revels as were enjoyed by their forefathers. This is a ridiculous idea. Enjoyment of the national or religious festivals cannot discredit those of any class or station. Much as we love to dwell in the pavilions of fashion, we nevertheless leave the boudoir and the drawing-room for the "great hall" at Christmas-time, and right gladly encourage the sports of the humble classes. We love to see the holly and the mistletoe in our houses. We love to hear the Christmas songs of our ancestors, full as they are of genuine English feeling. And though at other times we only sing the music of Mozart and Rossini, we have no objection now to "raise our voices" in the old carol of the fine-hearted Herrick, the glorious old author of "Cherry Ripe."

Come with the noise, my merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While the good dame she, bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring;
With the last year's brand, light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play that sweet luck may,
Come while the log is tending.
Drink now the strong beer, cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is shredding,
For the rare mince-pie, and the plumbs stand by,
To fill the paste that's kneading.

And now, gentle readers, presenting to you our monthly collection of tales for the grave and gay, poetry, gossip, et cetera, we take our leaves, and till the season of "mince-pie" bid you farewell. A merry Christmas to one and all!

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## THE DRAMA;

### OR, MONTHLY CHRONICLE OF ALL THE NOVELTIES AT THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c.

"The Drama is the most perfect pleasure of a polished people."
— Addison.

The quality of dramatic entertainments does not seem to have improved as the quantity of theatres has increased. We have now a profusion of theatrical establishments in the metropolis, and to suit all classes, from the gorgeous Opera to the little hovel to which admission may be obtained "for the small sum of one penny;" but dramatic entertainments have deteriorated. There are too many theatres, in fact; we have not actors enough to supply them, and the consequence is, that the few clever ones who might have remained together had there been fewer houses, are now dispersed and scattered abroad. Still, however, the theatres in the olden times, when the Drama flourished, were as numerous as they now are; but then there were better actors than we now have, and more of them. At one period the number was rarely less than eight, and sometimes double the number, although London and Westminster were then scarcely a tenth part so large as at present: among these, Drury-Lane Theatre had its origin in a cock-pit, which was converted into a theatre in the time of King James the First, previous to the year 1617, when it was pulled down by an outrageous mob. It was afterwards called both the Cockpit, and the Phœnix Theatre, that fictitious bird having been adopted for its sign. After the Restoration a patent was obtained by Thomas Killegrew, who, in 1622, erected a more commodious theatre on the site of the present one. The actors of this theatre were then, as now, called "His Majesty's servants," and about ten of them, who formed part of the Royal establishment, were termed "Gentlemen of the great chamber," and had ten yards of scarlet cloth, with a suitable quantity of lace, allowed them annually. Covent-Garden theatre took its rise from a patent granted in 1662 to Sir William Davenant; whose company was styled "the Duke's servants," out of compliment to the then Duke of York (afterwards King James the Second). The old theatre, which was erected about the year 1733, was first opened by Mr. Rich, the celebrated harlequin, and introducer of pantomimes.

From these historical recollections we proceed to notice the leading performances of the month, and first, those of the "National" theatre, as it is called, by Mr. Bunn—the Theatre Royal—

DRURY-LANE.—Mr. Edwin Forrest, the American actor, and *The Siege of Corinth*, have been the leading features. Of Mr. Forrest let us first speak. We have seen him in the characters of *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Damon* (in that bombastic "tragedy" *Damon and Pythias*) and our conviction is that he is a clever melo-dramatic actor and pantomimist, but that he possesses none of the attributes of genius; he is a clever player but not a great actor; he can represent animal passion in a bold, indeed, a frightful manner; but he cannot pourtray a whole character with that contumacious truth and delicacy of finish which distinguish the performances of a great actor. He altogether misconceives

the character of *Othello*, one of the finest creations of our national dramatic poet. He makes *Othello* a proud, bold, and conceited man; one who thinks "boasting an honour," and who delights in blazoning what he thinks to be his good qualities.

*Othello* is a noble tragedy; all its characters are exquisitely conceived, and as exquisitely executed. It is eminently calculated to impress upon the mind lasting sentiments of active virtue. Is there any husband whose unfounded jealousy *Iago* would not check? Dr. Johnson is particularly unequivocal in his praise of this tragedy, for he says that "its beauties impress themselves so strikingly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustrations. Whoever read the novels of GERALDI CINTHIO from whence this play is taken, will perceive how accurately SHAKSPEARE has adhered to the general plot and story of the novelist, and how judicious are his alterations. SHAKSPEARE'S *Moor* is in most respects far superior to CINTHIO'S. One variation in which the play seems to be inferior to the novel, consists in this. SHAKSPEARE makes *Iago* erroneously believe that *Cassio* is really in love with *Desdemona*; whereas CINTHIO makes the whole a plot of *Iago's*, whose treachery is thereby rendered more conspicous, and the innocence of *Cassio* and *Desdemona* also more apparent.

Mr. FORREST'S performance of the *Moor* is, as we have said, an exhibition of an erroneous idea. He does not seem to understand the character, or else he is regardless of the truth of the character in his endeavour to produce stage effects. Some of his scenes were exaggerated in a way that was frightful to behold. We never saw anything more horrible. MR. FORREST ceased to represent humanity; he set a devil before us instead of a human being, and Mr. O. SMITH might have taken a lesson from it.

One great inconsistency in Mr. FORREST'S performance of *Othello*, was the crying way in which he asked *Desdemona* for the handkerchief. In the previous scene he had been made to believe that she had given away the handkerchief, and had resolved to kill her: but this he appears to forget; and when he comes before *Desdemona*, he cries over her, and asks her for the handkerchief as if he believed that she had it in her possession and could produce it. This scene, which poor KEAN used to give with such terrible energy, Mr. FORREST failed in. He was tame and peurile. In the final scene, Mr. FORREST ventured on an originality of a very queer character. Instead of entering like a murderer into *Desdemona's* chamber, he was discovered sitting at an open window, looking out upon a beautiful starry night, inhaling the sweet breeze, while his intended victim lay softly slumbering in the bed. We suppose Mr. FORREST thought that as *Othello* had made up his mind to kill *Desdemona*, he believed it to be immaterial whether she caught a cold or not. A contemporary, in allusion to this freak of Mr. FORREST'S fancy, says that an old lady, who sat next to him during the performance, cried, "Oh, the black brute! Such a night as that ought to drive the devil out of him!" And so it ought. "SHAKSPEARE," adds our contemporary, "might be of the same opinion." The final scene was bunglingly performed, and the death of *Desdemona* done in a regular Old Bailey style. Altogether the performance was, as an illustration of the legitimate drama, a failure.

Mr. FORREST'S *King Lear* was of the same character as his *Othello*, it was melo-dramatic and showy, we cannot award it any higher praise. The part of *Damon* is essentially melo-dramatic, and therein Mr. FORREST succeeded better than he had done in any of his previous assumptions. In the loftier passages of the character, those in which mental energies were more required than mere physical force, he was very indifferent. Scenes not artificial in themselves were made so by Mr. FORREST'S acting.

We will now turn our attention from Mr. FORREST, whom the play-bills and the daily papers have puffed amazingly, and come to the *Seige of Corinth*. Our readers are aware of the merits of ROSSINI'S Opera, *L'Assedio di Corinto*. It was produced the season before last at the King's Theatre, and repeated last season, when the splendid singing of GIULIETTA GRISI, TAMBURINI, RUBINI, and LABLACHE, obtained for it considerable popularity, more, indeed, than its intrinsic merits entitled it to. It is a showy, noisy affair, possessing little of genuine melody. It afforded great scope to GRISI and TAMBURINI for the display of their extraordinary powers, which they did not fail to take advantage of, and to turn to the best account. Without GRISI and TAMBURINI, we think the opera would have failed at the King's Theatre. At Drury-lane, their music is sung by Miss SHIRREFF and Mr. W. BALFE, and those who have heard their great predecessors in their characters, will be inclined to rate more highly than ever, the powers which could make such dull music interesting and attractive. Miss SHIRREFF exerted herself to the utmost of her ability, and sung with animation and skill; but, nevertheless, she made but a slight impression upon the audience; in the simple passages she was heard to the best advantage. Mr. WILSON pleased us highly by the easy and graceful manner with which he delivered the music of the character of *Signor Minotti* (*Cleomenes*). Mr. WILSON possesses one of the most beautiful voices upon the English stage, and it has been a great support to the opera of the *Siege of Corinth*. Mr. TEMPLETON was affected and artificial as usual. We did not like the *Alp* (*Maometto*) of BALFE. His voice has but little power, and though it may be heard with pleasure in the concert-room, it is any thing but pleasing to us in a large theatre. The exquisite "*Sorgete!*" of TAMBURINI, was very flatly given. The opera was got up in a showy manner, and to that class of play-goers which delights in "dumb show and noise," it must have given great satisfaction. Mr. BOOTH has appeared in *Richard III.* He is a superior actor to Mr. FORREST.

COVENT GARDEN.—There has been no novelty at this "patent" theatre worth mentioning in detail. The insipid melo-drama of the *Exile* has been put forth as a first price attraction, with Mr. VANDENHOFF in the part of *Daran*, and Miss VINCENT in that of *Alexina*. The lady and the gentleman played those romantic characters in their usual styles. *Othello* has attracted good houses. Mr. MACREADY has played the *Moor*, Mr. VANDENHOFF, *Iago*, and Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, *Michael Cassio*. As far as the male characters are concerned, the Covent Garden performance was superior to that at Drury Lane, and as the prices at the former theatre are little more than half those charged for admission to the latter, it is not to be wondered at that Covent Garden has had the most patronage. A cheap and good thing will always be preferred to a dear and inferior one. *Julius Cæsar*, has also been performed at Covent Garden, *Brutus* by Mr. MACREADY, *Cassius* by Mr. VANDENHOFF, *Marc Antony* by Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE, and *Cæsar* by Mr. G. BENNETT. It was an effective and excellent performance. A melo-drama, called *Thalaba* has been produced.

LYCEUM.—This theatre has closed a successful and profitable season. The business has been conducted with great spirit, and our thanks are due to the management for their having afforded us many a night's rational amusement.

ADELPHI.—A poor and insipid translation of a French vaudeville (which is itself but a poor version of the induction to the *Taming of the Shrew* by our own SHAKSPEARE) was produced at this theatre recently under the title of *Rosine; or, am I a Princess?* Mr. REEVE, who sustained the principle male character, did not seem to have taken the trouble to learn his part, and it happened that the genius of drollery, which seldom fails to assist him upon occasions of this kind, did not answer his call upon the present emergency, and the consequence was most deplorable dullness. The audience were displeased, and the piece itself, being dull also, they would not suffer it to have more than a two nights' existence, Mrs. YATES played the character of *Rosine* very prettily. but with some little extravagance. Had the piece lived, we might have been critical with respect to her performances, but as it is one of the departed, we will say no more with reference to it.

A black man, an American, of the name of RICE, who had previously amused the ladies and gentleman of that classic region, St. George's Fields, where a seat in the boxes of the theatre can be obtained for two shillings, and little boys can get a peep at the players for sixpence in the gallery, has been transplanted to the Adelphi. We are surprised that Mr. YATES, who is remarkable for the good taste displayed in the production of novelties, and the elegance of his stage representations, should have thought it advisable to set before his patrons the exhibitions of this Mr. RICE. The antics of that person are really very preposterous, they might with ease be imitated by any one of the visitors to the shilling gallery. By the side of this performer, Mr. JOHN REEVE appears a chaste comedian. We were sorry to see so talented an actress as Mrs. STIRLING placed in the absurd character, which she played in the piece which served as the medium of Mr. RICE's introduction to a *Flight to America*. Mr. RICE's part is called *Jim Crow*, and the principal feature of his performance was a song, called "*Jump Jim Crow*."

OLYMPIC.—Several sprightly burlettas have lately been produced here with much success. The company is talented. VESTRIS is herself a tower of strength. We were much pleased with Mr. HAYNES BAYLEY's burletta of *The Barrack Room*, in which the Widow of Wych-street plays and sings charmingly. One of her songs is quite a gem. The last novelty is called *Emigration*. The plot of which describes the adventures of *Mr. Sheares*, a London tailor, and his better-half. He has been in business in London, but the world being slow in appreciating his merits, he gets into difficulties, and determines to leave the pleasant though ill-judging land of his fathers, and emigrate to America. He accordingly scrapes together the sad remains of his fortunes, and with his wife, an accomplished mantua-maker, embarks for America. When the piece opens, *he* has landed, but the lady has become the late *Mrs. Shears*—she went to the bottom, as he believes, with the vessel in which they had embarked. OXBERRY's mode of relating the circumstances of his escape is most humorous—but this part is so filled with misplaced puns, not of the best quality, that the excellence of his personification is neutralised, He proceeds to make love to an American girl, and consents to doff his sables, and figure with her in a ball to be given in the evening. A lady arrives just as the ball is going to begin, and brings in her train an Irishman, her professed admirer. In the course of conversation, she declares herself to be the defunct *Mrs. Sheares*, and relates how she escaped. She also agrees to go to the ball, and dresses herself to advantage for the ocsasion. The desolate husband and the mournful wife meet in the midst of a *galop*, and are astonished at finding each other alive—they of course profess great joy at meeting. and the piece ends. Mrs. ORGER and Mr. OXBERRY were very diverting in the principal characters; but the piece cannot have a long run.

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## AN ACTOR'S RECEPTION.

*To the Editors of "The World of Fashion."*

GENTLEMEN.—I feel persuaded that the playbills and the critics have not done justice to the merits of the great actor. He is the world's wonder. No words can do justice to his performances. We may talk of astounding effects, and electrical sensations, but no idea of the excellence of his genius can be derived from such phrases. I beg you will allow me to convey to the fashionable world through your Magazine the effects I witnessed one evening while gazing upon the great actor's personation of one of Shakspeare's heroes. I believe my veracity is unimpeachable. The astounding effects of the great actor's performance were such as imagination, in its loftiest flight could not possibly conceive. They were more than beautiful, they surpassed the sublime! The performance was received with Great, Abounded, Rebounded, Redundant, Unlimited, Unrivalled, Unparalleled, Quite Flattering, Unanimous, Unremitting, Unheard-of, Thundering, and most Extraordinary and Extreme Applause. At the appalling spectacle presented in the third act, when the actor flew, in frantic fear and tremendous terror, from his frightful fancy's sketch, the audience were electrified in an unparalleled manner; the applause was decidedly deafening and awfully alarming: it made the house to shake, and quiver to the foundation. The actors who stood at the wings (and who had presented the great tragedian with a splendid gift, without the remotest idea of taxing the stupendous actor's hospitality when they travel to his country) were dissolved in tears; the scenes moved out of their slides, the strings of the fiddles in the orchestra cracked asunder, and the rest of the instruments appeared eager to dance with delight. The grand gas chandelier moved to and fro, and some say that a statue of Shakspeare was seen to move its head, as if in approbation. The auditory's tears fell copiously, and some were so exhausted with emotion that they sat panting like pigs, with their tongues hanging out of their mouths. The noise was heard at Charing-cross barracks, where the officer on duty, fancying that it was the military overpowered by a Radical mob, sent a detachment with their pieces primed and loaded, who arrived just in time to witness the catastrophe and bear back to the barracks the tidings of the greatness of this gorgeous and immense tragedian.

Overpowered by the contemplation of the sublimity of this startlingly superior, and surprisingly splendid dramatic assumption, I have only ability to subscribe myself,

Your friend and admirer,

TABITHA TITTMOUSE TIMMS.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE;
### WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

'Little Love is a mischievous boy,
And plays with the heart like a toy."

"Little Love" does not appear to have relished the very cold and very dull days of November, for he has not at all exerted himself: his triumphs have been few. The ladies are obdurate, or else the gentlemen are very reluctant to "propose." We have but little to record this month in the matrimonial way. We hope, however, that both ladies and gentlemen will make up for the present deficiency in the next month, and that December will find *beaux* happier than they seem to have been in November, and *belles* with less reason to sing "Dear me, they don't propose." We have much pleasure in giving the additional publicity of our own pages to the marriage of the fair niece of Lord DUNSANY, to the Hon. T. BARNEWALL, a marriage which seems to promise a long and uninterrupted career of felicity. May the torch which burns so brightly now, burn on while life shall last! It affords us much gratification, also, to be able to announce the wedding of AMELIA, youngest daughter of the late R. NIXON, Esq., of the Grove, Highgate, to the Rev. HENRY STODDART SAY, a worthy minister of our religion, whose talents and virtues render him deserving of the prize which he has thus won. Mr. CHARLES TOWNLEY has led to the altar, at St. James's Church, Lady MARY MOLYNEUX; and on the next day, they were again married at the Catholic Chapel, in Warwick-street, Golden-square, in the presence of the united families of MOLYNEUX and TOWNLEY. The latter is among the most ancient Catholic families in Lancashire.

Some of the greatest and best have departed from this world since our last publication; from earthly mansions fled to happier homes, where peace and love dwell, and will dwell for ever. One of the kindest, noblest, and best of women was the lamented Countess of HOWE, an affecting tribute to whose memory is the affliction which h r premature decease has occasioned in the distinguished circle of her acquaintance, and particularly among the poorer classes in the immediate vicinity of Penn and Gopsal (the family seat, in Leicestershire). Lady HOWE was at once feared and loved. Her own spotless private character, the peremptory manner in which she spurned, in her own practice, whatever bordered upon deception or equivocation, commanded respect; while her boundless charity, her humane and compassionate disposition, her kindly feelings towards the poor, made her beloved universally. Schools, clothing, societies, and lending libraries, she supported and encouraged, not merely with her purse, but with her own personal aid. Many a cottage has been cheered and gladdened by her presence, and many a drooping heart revived by her smile, or strengthened by her advice, at an hour when the fashionable world in London had barely risen.

Lady HOWE's religious opinions were strong and well-considered. She had studied divinity, and was by no means averse to an argument on theology. The "tea and Bible parties" she abhorred; but a conversation with a learned divine on some of the more intricate points of our faith, with some theological authorities by her side to refer to, was one of her chief pleasures.

Equally admirable was her distinction between *Religion* and *Cant*. A dignitary of a distant country, who was on an eleemosynary visit to England, succeeded, after considerable difficulty, in procuring an interview, in which he laid his plans and expectations before her. She listened to all his details, sifted some one or two of his assertions, and allowed him, much to his surprise, to depart without any addition to his store. "Base metal!" was her rematk when he quitted her. "That man's conversation is, throughout, evasion. He is begging, not for ——, but for his own fireside!" And such, the result proved, was the fact.

The QUEEN is known to have entertained the highest opinion of her Ladyship's talents, temper, and sound discretion. The late Countess, with the Duchess of GORDON and the Countess of DENBIGH, formed the celebrated "*Council of Three*," by which many of her Majesty's decisions and movements were presumed to be regulated.

The manner in which Lady HOWE always alluded to her Royal Mistress was reverential and affectionate in the extreme. "The QUEEN," she was accustomed to say, "is no politician. Her tastes are all simple: so simple, that they might all be gratified in very humble life. Her Majesty is much less concerned about State than is generally supposed. She is deeply attached to her religion, very grateful to England, and devoted to her husband. Beyond these objects her feelings rarely travel." This wise and good being has passed from this world to enjoy her reward, we trust, above.

We have also to record the death of the Earl of DUNMORE. His Lordship was in his 75th year. His Lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, Viscount FINCASTLE, who was recently united to Lady KATHERINE HERBERT. His Lordship and his bride had arrived at Dunmore Castle from the Continent about a fortnight previous to the Earl's death. The Lord Viscount FORBES, eldest son of the Earl of GRANARD, is also dead. He was in his 57th year. For some months previously to his death he suffered under an aberration of intellect. His Lordship was Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Longford. He was also Custos Rotulorum and Colonel of the Militia. He married, about five years ago, FRANCES, daughter of the late Dr. TERRITT, formerly Judge of the Admiralty Court at Bermuda, by whom he has left two sons, the eldest of whom, GEORGE ARTHUR, now Viscount FORBES, is in his fourth year.

Among the marriages on the *tapis*, is said to be one between the Earl of WINCHILSEA and Miss BAGOT, eldest daughter of Sir CHARLES BAGOT (one of the Maids of Honour to her Majesty). It is at present undetermined whether the ceremony will take place in England or at Paris, where Miss BAGOT is at present staying with Lady MARY FOX. The Noble Earl is the widower of Lady GEORGIANA GRAHAM, eldest daughter of the Duke of MONTROSE.

Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON, who has been banished to America for having occasioned the recent insurrection in Strasburg, was on the point of marriage to his cousin, the Princess MATHILDE DE MONFORT.—The Archduchess THERESA, who is about to marry the King of NAPLES, has just completed her 20th year. Her dowry is to be six millions of florins (about 600,000*l.*).

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ERRATUM.—The effect of one of the tales in our last Number (*My First Lover*) was somewhat impaired by a typographical error. It occurred near the end of the article. The name "*Timothy Twist*" should have been printed "*Christopher Twist.*" The corrections may be made with a pen.

The Last & Newest Fashions, 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.


*The Last & Newest Fashions — 1836. Morning Dresses.*

The Last & Newest Fashions. 1836. Evening & Fashionable Head Dresses

The Lady Mayoress. November. 1836.
The Last & Newest Fashions. Evening Dresses.

The Last & Newest Fashions 1836. Morning & Evening Dresses.

# NEWEST LONDON AND PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1836.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

FRENCH OPERA DRESS.

Fig. 1.—A pelisse composed of emerald-green *satin royal;* the *corsage* is made in the habit style, with a velvet collar and lappels, which are partially open on the breast, and discover a cambric *chemisette* trimmed with the same material: the *corsage* and front of the skirt are fastened with brandenbourgs of the same shade as the velvet. Sleeves *à la Gabrielle*, but much reduced in size, and ornamented with tassels and brandenbourgs. *Chapeau à la puritaine*, of rose-coloured velvet; it it decorated with satin ribbons to correspond, and the plumage of a superb bird of Paradise.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Mantle of *satin de laine*, the colour is *terre de Pologne*, figured in a darker shade. The sleeves are of the *demi Marmeluc* form. Velvet collar, and pelerine *à l'écharpe* of a very novel cut; the collar and pelerine are finished with tassels. Bonnet of green *velours épinglé*, a round open brim, the interior trimmed with blond *rûches*, and the crown ornamelted with a bouquet of *plumes panachées*.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Rose-coloured satin robe, the border trimmed with a single flounce. The *corsage* plain, and half high, is partially covered by a pelerine mantelet of rose velvet, it is pointed behind, and trimmed round with broad English point lace; the scarf-ends fasten behind. *Tulle* cap, the front arranged in *rouleau;* a high caul trimmed with rose satin ribbon.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Pelisse of grass-green satin, trimmed with swan's-down, a *rouleau* of which encircles it round the border and up the fronts. High *corsage*, and long tight sleeves. *Mantelet Capuchin* of the same material, and like it lined with rose satin, and trimmed with swan's-down. Rose-satin hat, an oval brim standing out from the face, and the interior trimmed with blond and rose ribbon; the crown is decorated with ribbon, and a bird of Paradise.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 2.—Pelisse of *popeline brochee* of a new shade of drab; high *corsage* tight to the shape, and partially covered by a pointed pelerine, trimmed in a novel style with dark brown velvet. The sleeves are full at the upper part, but of the Amadis form at the bottom; they are ornamented at the shoulder with velvet, and the front of the skirt is decorated with *chevrons* of the same. *Collerette* of a new form, of embroidered *tulle*. The hat composed of azure blue velvet, has a long melon crown and round open brim, the interior of which is trimmed with pointed blond; ribbon, and a blond lace drapery decorates the crown.

MORNING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Robe of violet *gros de Naples*, frilled down one side of the skirt with the same material plaited. Plain *corsage*, three quarters in height, and pointed pelerine, trimmed *en suite*. Long tight sleeves, the upper part covered by six rows of trimming similar to that described. White *peluche* bonnet trimmed in a very light and tasteful stile with white satin ribbon, edged with blue, and sprigs of satin flowers of various colours.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 1.— Lemon-coloured *rep* velvet robe, *corsage* low, square, and tight to the shape, is bordered round the top with blond lace standing up; short sleeves, forming a moderately full *bouffant* terminated by blond ruffles, and ornamented with knots of striped satin ribbon; *coiffure* of the *demi chinese* kind, decorated with a *ferronière* of gold chain, and two white ostrich feathers.

SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.

Fig. 2.—*Organdy* robe over a very pale rose-coloured satin slip, the *corsage à la corset*, with a very full drapery set on, the folds are ornamented in the centre, and on the shoulders, with knots of rose satin satin; the sleeves are disposed in rows of *bouillons* to the elbow, from whence a Venetian sleeve falls loosely over the remainder of the arm, and is looped at the bend of it, it is bordered with lace; four rows of white and rose *bouillons* trim the skirt; cap of *tulle bouillonné*, ornamented with floating lappets of the same material, and flowers.

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Robe of white *poult de Soie*, low *corsage*, trimmed with a lappel of lilac satin, bordered with lace; tight sleeves, entirely covered with rows of lace set on with little fulness, and ornamented at the bend of the arm with knots of ribbon; head-dress of hair, disposed in ringlets at the sides, and partly in a bow, partly in ringlets behind; it is ornamented with a wreath, *à la Taglioni*, of hot-house flowers.

HALF-LENGTH FIGURES AND FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

4.—Dinner Dress.—Robe of one of the new materials of the chaly kind; the *corsage* partially high behind, descends in a demi lozenge before, and is trimmed in a very novel manner with *tulle*; short sleeves, tight at the upper part, but terminated by *bouffants* of white satin; *Coiffure à la Marie* of hair adorned with flowers.

5.—Head-Dress of Hair arranged in voluminous masses of ringlets at the sides, and a twisted knot behind; it is ornamented with *coques* and knots of cherry-coloured velvet.

6.—An Italian Turban composed of an intermixture of lemon-coloured gauze and rose velvet.

7.—A front view of the head-dress of Fig. 1.

8.—A side view of Fig. 9.

9.—Head-Dress of Hair *à la Valliere*, disposed in long loose ringlets at the sides. The hind hair is gathered up on one side in an open bow, from whence a profusion of ringlets fall in the neck. Roman pearls and flowers ornament the *coiffure*.

## PLATE THE FIFTH.

PARIS OPERA DRESS.

*Oiseau* satin robe, a low *corsage*, rounded and trimmed with a lappel of a very novel form, ornamented by *rouleaus* and *coques* of satin; the lower part of the *corsage* is cut in the corset style, and a little pointed. Sleeve *à demi Gabrielle*. Head-dress, an Italian toque of white gauze, spotted with gold, the folds made very full and high; it is ornamented with the ends of the gauze richly fringed with gold, which descends in the drapery style.

THE DRESS OF THE LADY MAYORESS.

The *manteau* is composed of rich royal purple velvet

splendidly embroidered with gold lama, in a superb pattern. The *corsage* is cut low and tight to the shape. The sleeves are white satin, ornamented with puffings of gold-coloured *gros de Naples*. They are of a small size, and intermixed with blond. Superb blond manchettes, not so deep as the antique ruffles, terminate the sleeves. The robe is white satin, trimmed with blond and embroidered in lama acorns and oak leaves. The *corsage* is ornamented in front in the stomacher style, with narrow gold cord and acorns; a superb *cordilière* descends from the *ceinture*. The back is trimmed with an Elizabethan ruff. Head-dress, feathers and diamonds; white kid gloves, embroidered in gold; white satin slippers.—[*The dress was made by Mrs. Bradley, of Maddox-street, Regent-street: it does her infinite credit; and we would recommend our fair readers to give their orders to so very talented and tasty a dress-maker.*]

EVENING DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Robe of pink figured satin; the border of the skirt is trimmed with a wreath of puffs of white *gaze Sylphide*, they are formed by *agraffes* of pink satin ribbon; the *corsage* low and square, is draped *à la Sevigné* with white gauze, and trimmed round the back and shoulders with a small pelerine-mantilla of blond lace, it is ornamented with pink *agraffes* and small *papillon nœuds* down the centre; short sleeves trimmed with blond *manchettes à la Chevalière*.

## PLATE THE SIXTH.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

Fig. 1.—Parrot green satin robe, the *corsage* made quite up to the throat, and fitting close to the shape, is trimmed with velvet *feuilles* down the front, they decrease in size as they approach the waist. Sleeve demi-large, the upper part trimmed with a double fall of bullion fringe; a row of which encircles the bottom of the skirt. Orange rep velvet hat, the interior of the brim trimmed with blond and *coques* of crimson velvet, the crown decorated with orange ribbons and a sprig of orange blossoms.

PARIS OPERA DRESS,

Fig. 2.—The robe is apple green *poult de Soie*; *corsage* made quite high, with a small falling collar, is trimmed, as is also the front of the skirt, with fancy silk trimming arranged *en militaire*. The sleeves fit closely at the lower part of the arm, but are very full from the shoulder to the elbow. Hat of white *moire*, the brim round and open, is trimmed in the interior with flowers and blond lace; white satin ribbon and a bird of Paradise decorate the crown.

PARIS DINNER-DRESS.

Fig. 3.—Skirt of pale slate-coloured satin, the border trimmed with a single flounce of the same material, upon which, near the edge, is laid a band of black velvet: it is surmounted by three bands of velvet. Velvet spencer made quite up to the throat; the back is plain, the front ornamented with fancy silk trimming, and brandebourgs. The sleeves of the Gabrielle kind, are trimmed with knots of satin ribbon corresponding with the skirt. Blond lace cap, a low caul, the front high on one side, is decorated with a row of *dents de loup* of rose ribbon, placed next the face; flowers and ribbon ornament the other side, and ribbon and a sprig of flowers decorate the caul.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Novelties are pouring in upon us from every quarter. We may say, with truth, that it is the era of progress in Fashion as well as Science; and, perhaps, after all, the *discoveries* of the former are as useful to humanity as those of the latter: they serve, at least, one of the most essential interests of humanity—they give bread to thousands who would otherwise want it. But truce to moralizing: let us hasten to present our Fair Readers with the new *Ordinances of La Mode*.

Forms of Robes in Morning Dress.—As we have given so many in our prints, we have but few observations to make respecting them. We must, however, observe that the pelisse robe form is most prevalent, and the most novel of that kind have the *corsage* made quite up to the throat, and fitting close to the shape; it is buttoned down the front, as is also the front of the skirt, with large velvet buttons, either black or to correspond in colour with the dress. The sleeves are very large from the shoulder to a little below the elbow, the lower part made tight, and shaped exactly to the arm, is buttoned at the side with velvet buttons; a square velvet collar completes the trimming of the *corsage*. If any trimming is adopted for the skirt, it must be a band or bands of velvet.

Evening Dress Robes offer a good deal of variety as to their form, some being made with very low *corsages*, trimmed with mantillas of the *fichû croisé* kind; others with flat points, or *bouffant* draperies in *tulle de Soie*; they recal the ornaments of the robes of Queen Anne's day, and are perfectly adapted to a low *corsage, en cœur*. They are attached at regular distances by a knot or ornament of ribbons. Our prints offer some elegant models of these *corsages*. We may cite also those partially high behind, and forming a V on the bosom, with a trimming cut square, which has the effect of a pelerine. There is such latitude allowed for sleeves, that we cannot point out which is the most fashionable form, but we have given in our prints all that are worn.

Trimmings of Evening Dress Robes are not yet definitely fixed, but are expected to offer great variety. Gauze, or *tulle bouillons* are already in favour, and will certainly remain so: we may assert with safety that velvet trimmings will also be in request. Furs we are assured will be very much employed, that is to say, sable and ermine for trimming robes, but we by no means guarantee the truth of this report. *Chenille* also is talked of as being about to regain its former importance in trimmings. We have seen some fringes and other fancy trimmings composed of it, but we cannot take upon ourselves to say how far it will be fashionable.

New Materials for Robes.—We gave in our last number a long list of such as were most fashionable; but, however elegant and sumptuous they may be, and undoubtedly are, they cannot compete with velvet, which will be this season more than ever adopted, both for the promenade, visits, and evening dress. The colours for the two former will be maroon, *moire doré*, a new hue, *fumée* and black; cherry, *giroflée*, and *bleu-Haiti*, are for evening dress. We must observe that a lady of taste in dress will not wear a velvet bonnet with a robe of that material for visiting or promenade dress; for the hat or bonnet should be of satin. But if the robe is of any kind of silk, then a velvet bonnet is perfectly *tonish*.

Mantles.—Among the great variety of those now adopted in carriage-dress, we may signalize as among the most elegant those of rich figured silk, satin, or cashmere, wadded, lined with coloured satin, and the lining quilted either in a qua-

drilled pattern, or in small flowers. We need say nothing of the form of those elegant mantles, because we have given the most approved in one of our prints.

Katzaveika.—This is the name which the Russian ladies give to their pelisse-mantle, which we understand is expected to be very highly in favour in London during the ensuing season; it differs little in the form from other mantles, except being shorter; it is made with sleeves, and a collar that sits close to the neck. The materials, as well as the trimmings of these mantles, afford great variety. Besides velvet, satin, and silks of all kinds, that is of all rich kinds, and of full colours, it may be made in those of light colours, particularly in white satin, in which it is remarkably elegant. As to the trimming, fur, velvet, fringe and lace, may any of them be adopted. It is always wadded, and is in equal favour for the morning visit and the evening wrap.

Mantelets.—They are now made wadded, and with the linings quilted in the style above described. They are generally trimmed with fur. We shall cite two that appear to us the most worthy of the attention of our fair readers:—The one is rose-coloured satin, lined with white satin, and bordered with swan's-down. The other is bronze-coloured velvet, lined with apple-green satin, and trimmed with sable. Both of these are intended for evening wraps. For promenade, or morning carriage-dress, we see a great number of black satin and other dark-coloured satin mantelets, trimmed with *rouleaux* of sable: they have for the present replaced shawls, with the exception of

Velvet Shawls, which may be pronounced a novelty of surpassing elegance. We refer to our plate for the first that has appeared, and therefore we have only to observe that these shawls are all of a very large size, square and of full colours, black ones are, however, in a majority; indeed, no ground is so well calculated to show the beauty of the embroidery. We have, however, seen some fawn-coloured ones, the border worked in detached bouquets; we considered these extremely elegant; and some green ones embroidered in what is called an Egyptian border: these latter were rich, but in our opinion *bizarre* and too showy.

Velvet Pelerine-Mantelets will be extremely *recherché* both for carriage and public promenade dress. We refer to our print for the most novel of them, and have only to observe that they are made, in general, in sombre hues; black, green, and deep lavender are preferred. The trimmings, as yet, are of lace only, of antique patterns, and double grounds.

Muffs have, this season, a greater vogue than they have enjoyed for some years past. They are generally of sable, but many of our most elegant leaders of the *mode* prefer ermine: thus we have some reason to think that the royal fur will once more regain its legitimate supremacy.

Grebe.—We put this novel article under a separate head, because, although it is stiled fur, it is, in reality, composed of the plumage of a bird, a kind of wild duck, we believe; it was imported into France from Germany, and has now made its way here. We have seen boas, muffs, and palatines, composed of this fur, if we may call it so, but although it may obtain a momentary success as a fancy fur, there does not appear any chance, in our opinion, at least, of its ever being adopted permanently. It will only *take* among rich and elegant women, who like every thing new, uncommon, and, above all, dear.

Materials for Hats and Bonnets.—Velvet, which had such a run last season, will this year also be employed for the major part of *demi-toilette* hats and bonnets by our *élégantes*. *Rep* velvet, less rich than the other, but also lighter, and more *jauntie*, will also be much adopted by ladies of good taste. So will *pelûche*. With regard to satin and *moire*, there has been a contest which is not yet decided, as to which shall prevail. The latter is an innovation, and actually unfit for the season, but have we not seen velvet trimmings fashionable under a burning sun, and upon muslin dresses, and can we after that find fault with any caprice of *la mode*.

Colours and Trimmings of Hats and Bonnets in Half-Dress.—Those of velvet may be worn, either simply trimmed with knots of ribbon, with feathers, or sometimes even with flowers; but the only really fashionable flowers for black velvet, are orange blossoms, or a bouquet of roses. A poppy or a tuft of periwinkles is employed for a green velvet hat; and for those, of all other colours, the flower must be in velvet of the colour of the hat. The colours, maroon, scabieuse, and grey, are the favourite hues for *rep* velvet. Grey forms an excellent contrast either with *ponceau* velvet, or cherry-coloured *rep* velvet. *Pelûche* bonnets when intended for very young ladies, are simply trimmed with plain satin ribbon. When worn by married ladies, they are decorated with feathers, flowers, or *rep* velvet. The favourite colours for satin hats are parrot-green and straw; those of *moire* are in general either black, white, or myrtle-green. The interior of the brims of hats and bonnets will continue this winter to be trimmed with flowers. In some instances, however, we see the tips of feathers employed instead of them, but this is rarely the case. Some of the most elegant of our winter bonnets are those which have the interior of the brims trimmed with early spring flowers, such as the Persian lilac, the field violet, and other wild flowers.

Forms of Hats and Bonnets.—We observe that those of velvet have larger brims than the others, but yet not of an extravagant size; they are rather close at the sides, and wide across the forehead. Round and oval brims seem to be in equal favour, but if there is any majority, the latter have it. In general, the flowers or knots of ribbon employed for trimming hats are placed very low in the crown; it is now very unfashionable to place them at the summit of the head. Feathers alone are allowed to rise above the head, and even then not a great deal, as they must droop on one side.

Chapeau Toque.—This is a new head-dress which is likely to have a very great run, it is composed of velvet and ornamented with pearls. The shape is between a hat and a toque, and is, we think, one of the most generally becoming that we have seen.

Dress Caps have suffered a modification, they are higher in front, and trimmed with sprigs of flowers at the top. Exotics are preferred. The caul is always low at the back.

Fancy Jewellery.—A new ornament for the hair has just appeared both in it, and in gold. We mean pins with very large heads, which are worn under hats or caps instead of knots of ribbon or flowers. This kind of ornament is employed by the Sicilian peasants, with whom these pins are heir-looms.

New Colours.—There never, perhaps, was so great a variety fashionable; besides those we gave last month, which are still in favour, we may cite *moire doré*, parrot-green, amethyst *mordoré*, and above all garter-blue; this tint, which is that of the order of the garter, will be the favourite hue of the season.

## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER,

(FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.)

The moment is at length arrived when all is bustle and preparation for a brillliant winter, our mercers have exercised their invention, and to very good purpose, upon the fabrication of the most splendid new materials that have appeared for years. The grand point now, and one that is not quite decided, is the forms in which these superb tissues are to appear. In our last number we presented our fair readers with a long list of new materials, let us now lay before them, as far as we can with certainty, such information as we have been able to gain with respect to forms.

Robes de Chambre.—Those of winter begin to re-appear in all their luxury at the fire-side. They are almost all composed of fine merinos, or cachemerienne either plain or printed; they are either wadded, or lined with *pelûche*. Rose or cherry-coloured *pelûche* is excessively pretty under pearl-grey merinos. *Pelûche bareolié*, in Turkish patterns, has an excessively rich effect under white, blue, or light green cachemeriennes. There is no great alteration in the make of *robes de chambre*; in fact it does not admit of any considerable change. They are as ample as ever, and made with a very deep falling collar. The sleeves continue large, but not quite so much so as they were last season.

Fashionable Materials for Robes.—We have to cite in addition to those mentioned in our last number both for half and evening dress, silks with satin stripes, and also quadrilled, and changeable silks; some have colours that contrast strongly with each other. As, for instance, blue mixed with red and black squares. Poplins are very much in favour for robes of all kinds. There are watered and figured poplins of all colours, and almost of all patterns. Small spots, or lozenges thickly strewed, and colour on colour, are much in favour for undress robes.

Douillettes.—These truly comfortable pelisses are beginning to be adopted both for out-door dress and for home *negligé*; when worn in the latter, they are left open before, and display a handsome muslin under dress. In the former they either fasten invisibly in front, or wrap across. *Douillettes* are always composed of silk of a plain kind, and generally of dark colours, and lined with sarsenet of a brilliant hue. A good many have velvet collars and cuffs, but no other kind of trimming whatever.

Undress Mantles.—Those generally employed for the early morning walk, or a visit to the minor theatres, are of a woollen material, a dark ground, either plaided or spotted. This material of a soft, fine, and warm kind, is stiled *flannelle double*. These cloaks are made loose in the back, with a pelerine set on full, and sleeves which descend over the hand, they are a very convenient and comfortable envelope.

Satins and Brocades.—The former are adopted in all their varieties both in half and evening dress. The plain ones only are worn in morning *negligé*. Satins are certainly made much richer than they have been for several years, but yet it must be confessed that even the most elegant satins have an air of simplicity by the side of the rich and heavy brocades that are fashionable at present. An evening robe, to be quite *à la mode*, ought to be at once soft and firm, and loaded with patterns figured or embroidered in silk: it ought in short, to be almost standing alone, in order that it may vie with those citadels of our grandmammas' or great grandmammas', that gave occasion to so many bad jokes at their expense.

Morning Bonnets.—The brims have diminished a little in size during the last month, a good many are made rather bent over the forehead. Satin and *peluche* are the materials generally employed for them, they are trimmed in a simple style with satin ribbon, and the interior of the brim ornamented only with a full *rûché* of blond lace, or *tulle*, which descending at the sides in the *demi cornette* style, has the effect of a pretty morning cap. Sometimes a knot of ribbon loops the *rûche* back at each side of the forehead, but this fashion is not general.

Drawn Bonnets are now laid aside in *negligé*, but some of the most elegant half-dress bonnets are those recently made of black satin, lined with *satin vert chon*, the casings are put pretty close together, and the brims round and open are of rather a large size, the interior is trimmed next the face with blond lace intermingled in a very novel manner with small green flowers; plain black satin of a very rich kind, and a sprig of orange flowers decorates the crown in general, but we have seen some in which a fancy flower, composed of the *barbes* of ostrich feathers was substituted for this ornament. The ribbons must, however, always be black.

Muffs and Tippets.—An attempt has been made to cry down the boas, by circulating reports of their being no longer fashionable; nothing can be more false, since they are quite as much in favour as they ever were, and we may affirm, as a matter of certainty that they will lose nothing of their attraction during the winter, for should the frost set in very severely, they will probably be adopted as they were last year, with the large fur capes, or *mantelets courts*, as they were generally called. Muffs, although so early in the season, are in great request, much more than they have been for some previous years.

Morning Caps.—There is a good deal of difference in their form this month, the cauls are made higher, and so also is the front when it turns back from the face, but a good many are made with the borders descending on the face, and lightly intermixed with knots of ribbons. Several also, and those latter are the most elegant, are of *tulle bouillonné*. We may cite among the most distinguished of these latter, one in which the *tulle* was disposed *en bouillonné* on the sides only; and the caul was encircled on the summit of the head, with a wreath of ribbons disposed in deep points.

Forms of Robes.—We announced in our last number all that was then known of the different forms of robes preparing for winter. We are still in an uncertainty as to those that will be adopted. As yet we see only slight modifications of the summer fashions; in general, *corsages* are made tight to the shape, and partially covered either with a *pelerine meuchoir*, or a small shawl lappel placed square, and dividing the *guimpe* of the robe before and behind, the lappel is trimmed with a puffing of the same material, frequently cut bias, or a fold, or band of velvet.

Artificial Flowers will be this season of greater beauty and variety than they have been for several seasons past. Besides a great number of rare and valuable plants and flowers with which the researches of celebrated botanists have recently enriched France, there are a great many fancy flowers of singular beauty. Where sprigs are employed for *coiffures* they are mounted separately; but bouquets should be mounted in half wreaths.

# ORIGINAL LITERATURE.

## HISTORY OF THE PEERAGE;
OR, THE
## BIOGRAPHY AND GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;
WITH ANECDOTES ILLUSTRATIVE AND CHARACTERISTIC.

## CXXXIX.—English Earls.

### EARL OF ABERDEEN.

The heroes sleep, clothed in scaly mail:
Battle's red field was where they loved to be,
Oft have their banners rustled in the gale,
In all the pomp of blazing heraldry!
Where are their bowmen now, the shield and spear,
The steed and battle-axe, and all they once held dear?

The days of chivalry are gone, and the men whose heroic deeds threw a lustre on the name of GORDON, in the tented field, now "sleep with their fathers," in the silence of the tomb. And many were they who thus distinguished themselves: honoured were they while living, and honoured be their memories!

Tread lightly here, this spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages;
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,
Names that still cast a halo round our pages;
Listen! 'tis Fame's loud voice that now complains,
"Here sleeps more sacred dust than all the world
contains!"

The Earl of ABERDEEN traces his lineage to the founder of the House of GORDON. In the time of the chivalrous JAMES the Second of Scotland, PATRICK GORDON, of Methlie, was one of his firmest and most intrepid supporters. He fought under the King's banner in many stirring battle-scenes, and eventually lost his life while engaged in the service of his King at the battle of Arbroath in the year 1445. The son of this gallant officer obtained a grant from the King of a part of the Barony of Kellie, which became vested in the Crown by the forfeiture of ALEXANDER, Earl of CRAWFORD. He also acquired other honours, together with large landed estates, most of which remain in the family to this day. He may be said to have laid the foundation of the wealth of the present noble representative of the family. When he died he left five sons and two daughters. His eldest son, PATRICK, inherited his land. This gentleman, PATRICK GORDON, of Methlie and Haddo, further increased the possessions of the family, and obtained charters under the Great Seal from King JAMES III. in 1481, from JAMES IV. in 1505, and from JAMES V. in 1514, all of considerable tracts of land, besides acquisitions from Lord SINCLAIR, the Bishop of ABERDEEN, and others; the whole of which are embodied in one charter. This gentleman obtained a good repute while living, and enjoyed a fine old age: he died in the year 1533, when his grandson, JAMES GORDON, of Methlie and Haddo, succeeded him.

The wealth of the GORDONS continued to increase. This gentleman obtained considerable grants of land from King JAMES V. He distinguished himself greatly in public life, and obtained marked approbation. At the commencement of the troubles of the unfortunate Queen MARY, he joined with others in signing the association for the protection and defence of the young Prince (JAMES VI.); but no sooner did he discover that the Queen had been imposed upon, than he joined the Earl of HUNTLEY, who was then acting as the Queen's Lieutenant in the North, and he remained constant to her cause and interests ever after. By this he obtained royal charters of several other lands and baronies, and further increased his fortune and home-happiness by marrying MARJORY, daughter of Sir THOMAS MENZIES, of Pittfodils, Comptroller of Scotland. He died in the year 1582, and was succeeded by his grandson, JAMES GORDON, who married JEAN, daughter of WILLIAM, Lord KEITH, and died in 1624.

His successor (his grandson) was one of the most intrepid and gallant gentlemen of his time, and whose spirit and misfortunes form a part of the national history. Sir JOHN GORDON, of Haddo, was second in command to the noble Marquis of HUNTLEY, over the forces raised against the "Covenanters," in 1639. In various engagements, his activity and gallant bearing won "golden opinions from all sorts of men," and more particularly at the battle of Tureff, in 1642, his conduct was so remarkable that the King (CHARLES I.) created him Baronet of Nova Scotia. The possession of this honour excited him to fresh exertions, and completely did he realize all the expectations that had been formed of him. In 1643 he defended the house of KELLIE against the Covenanters; but here his good fortune terminated, and the remainder of his career it is painful to describe. He was obliged to capitulate, and to surrender himself to his enemy, who no sooner had him in their power, than they sent him to Edinburgh, where he was imprisoned in a church, which was afterwards called Haddo's Hold. He was subsequently tried, condemned, and executed at the Cross of Edinburgh, in 1644,

"——— the busy brain
Grows sad by contemplation of the past."

The estates of Sir JOHN GORDON were forfeited, and remained under sequestration until the restoration of King CHARLES the Second, when they were bestowed upon the son of the martyr to the cause of his King, Sir JOHN GORDON, of Haddo, who died in 1665, without male issue. He was succeeded by his brother Sir GEORGE GORDON, of Haddo, who was as much distinguished for his high legal knowledge and attainments as his parent had been in a military capacity. In the year 1680, he was nominated one of the Senators of the College of Justice. In the year following he was made President of the Session, and in 1682, arrived at the high and enviable distinction of Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. Upon this latter occasion he was made a Scottish Peer by the titles of Lord HADDO, METHLIE, TARVES and KELLIE, Viscount FORMANTINE, and Earl of ABERDEEN. From the

time devoted to professional studies and labour, he stole a hour for love. His heart rested upon—

——— a fairy thing,
With sunshine in her eyes,
And such a blush as the red rose
To welcome June supplies:
Of late the blush had been less bright,
The eyes of deeper blue,
As if the just awakening heart,
Its own soft shadow threw.

It was the noble Earl that had awakened it. And after a short time given to wooing, that noble lord led to the nuptial shrine the fair ANNE, daughter and heiress of GEORGE LOCKHART, Esq., of Torbreeks. He lived to the patriarchal age of eighty three, and dying in 1720, was succeeded by his second, but eldest surviving son.

This was WILLIAM, who, in 1721, was elected one of the representative Peers of Scotland. His lordship was partial to the felicity of wedded life, for he had not less than three partners in the course of his existence. The first lady of his choice was MARY LESLY, daughter of DAVID, Earl of LEVEN, by whom he had an only daughter, ANNE (who married WILLIAM, Earl of DUMFRIES. His second lady was SUSAN, daughter of JOHN, Duke of ATHOL, by whom he had one daughter, CATHERINE (who married COSMO, Duke of GORDON, and after his death, S. L. MORRIS, Esq.) and an only son, GEORGE, his lordship's successor. The third time that he adventured in love's lottery he took for a partner ANNE, daughter of ALEXANDER, Duke of GORDON, by whom he had a family of four sons and a daughter. His Lordship died in 1745, and was then succeeded by the son above-mentioned,

GEORGE, who also was elected one of the representative Peers of Scotland. Intent on marriage joys, he lured from her home, to glad his own halls, the fair CATHERINE, daughter of OSWALD HENSON, Esq., of Wakefield, in the county of York; and with the general consent of all parties they were married—the home of the father was exchanged for the home of a husband. What a world of tenderness is there in that word home!

——————— Home!
O, at that spell, what mingled feelings come
Thick on the heart with overwhelming force,
Love, tenderness, regret—perchance remorse!
Alas! how few look back upon their youth,
Who glean not from the past unwelcome truth,
That Time, of stealthy step and pinion grey,
Brings no new joy like that he takes away!

By this lady, the Earl of ABERDEEN had the following family:—

1. GEORGE, Lord HADDO, born January 28, 1764. (He died October 2, 1791, in the lifetime of his father, leaving by his lady, CHARLOTTE, youngest daughter of WILLIAM BAIRD, Esq., of Newbyth, the following family:—1. GEORGE, the present Earl; 2. WILLIAM; 3. Sir ALEXANDER GORDON, K.C.B., Aid-de-Camp to his uncle, Sir DAVID BAIRD, and afterwards to his Grace the Duke of WELLINGTON. He was killed at the Battle of Waterloo; 4. CHARLES; 5. ROBERT; 6. JOHN; 7. ALICIA, who obtained from the PRINCE REGENT, in 1815, a grant of the precedency which she should have enjoyed had her father succeeded to the Earldom).
2. WILLIAM.
3. CATHERINE, who died unmarried.
4. ANNE, who married EDWARD PLACE, Esq., of Skelton Grange, Yorkshire, and died in 1821.
5. SUSAN, died unmarried.
6. MARY, who was married in 1789, to THOMAS HORTON, Esq., of Howryde Hall, Yorkshire.

The Earl of ABERDEEN died on the 13th of August, 1801, when his grandson, the present Earl, succeeded to the honours.

This noble individual is named GEORGE HAMILTON GORDON, Esq.; his titles are Earl of ABERDEEN, Viscount FODMANTINE, Lord HADDO, METHLIE, TARVES, and KELLIE, in the Peerage of Scotland, Viscount GORDON, of ABERDEEN, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia. He is also K.T., M.A., F.R.S., F.H.S., President of the Antiquarian Society of London, and Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen. He was born January 28, 1784. The Viscounty of the United Kingdom which he enjoys was obtained by creation on the 1st of June, 1814. His Lordship has been twice married; in the first instance, in July, 1805, to CATHERINE ELIZABETH, eldest surviving daughter of JOHN JAMES, first Marquis of ABERCORN, by whom he has one surviving daughter, ALICE. The first Countess of ABERDEEN died on the 29th of February, 1812. His Lordship, on the 8th of July, 1815, espoused HARRIET, Viscountess HAMILTON, relict of Viscount HAMILTON, and mother of the present Marquis of ABERCORN, by whom he has the following family:—

1. GEORGE JOHN JAMES, Lord HADDO, born September, 28, 1816.
2. ALEXANDER, born December 11, 1817.
3. FRANCES, born December 4, 1818.
4. DOUGLAS, born March 11, 1824.

The Arms of the Earl of ABERDEEN are: *Azure*, three boars' heads couped, within a double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered, with thistles, roses, and fleurs-de-lis, *cr.* Crest: Two arms, from the shoulders naked, holding a bow ppr. to let an arrow fly; in commemoration of the deed by which RICHARD CŒUR DE LION was slain by one of the family's supposed ancestors, BERTRAND DE GOURDON, in 1190. Supporters: dexter, a man representing one of the senators of the college of justice, in robes ppr.; and sinister, a minister of state in his robes also. Motto: *Fortuna sequatur.* The Earl of ABERDEEN has distinguished himself as a statesman upon many important occasions. For a considerable length of time he filled the high office of principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and now, when he is no longer engaged in an official capacity, his knowledge of Continental politics is frequently brought to bear upon the transactions of the time. He is remarkable for his shrewdness and the profundity of his wisdom. The following description of his Lordship's person and characteristics, which appeared in a publication of recent date may appropriately conclude our genealogy. "Lord ABERDEEN has the name of being the proudest and coldest aristocrat of England. It is amusing to see the person who bears such a character. He is of the middle height, rather clumsily made, with an address more of sober dignity than of pride or reserve. With a black coat much worn, and always too large for him, a pair of coarse check trousers very ill-made, a waistcoat buttoned up to his throat, and a cravat of the most primitive *negligé*, his aristocracy is certainly not in his dress. His manners are of absolute simplicity, amounting almost to want of style. He crosses his hands behind him, and balances on his heels: in conversation his voice is

low and cold, and he seldom smiles. Yet there is a certain benignity in his countenance, and an indefinable superiority and high breeding in his simple address, that would betray his rank after a few minutes' conversation to any shrewd observer. It is only in his manner toward the ladies of the party that he would be immediately distinguishable from men of lower rank in society."

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## FORTUNE'S VAGARIES;

### OR, MUSIC, LOVE, AND POVERTY.

"O, world! how slippery are thy turns!"

Our eyes fell accidentally the other day upon an advertisement in an old newspaper to the following effect:—

"To the Fashionable World.—Mr. Eugene Dalrymple, begs respectfully to acquaint the nobility and gentry that every moment of his time being occupied with his present pupils, he cannot, consistently with his sense of justice, take any more during the present season."

"And who was Mr. Dalrymple?" said we to ourselves. Who was this great and popular professor of something not disclosed in his advertisement, who had the honesty to refuse to take more pupils than he could properly attend to? His light is gone out. He is unknown to the present generation, whose grandfathers and grandmothers may have ran after him and idolized him. His very name is unknown; and lives only upon the old newspapers. Just as we were thus thinking, in came a worthy sexagenarian of our acquaintance, to whom we handed the newspaper with the inquiry, "Did you ever hear of Mr. Eugene Dalrymple?"

"Mr. Eugene Dalrymple!" exclaimed my friend. "Of a truth I have heard of him. Why, Sir, he was the most popular professor of harmony in London for three seasons than any man that lived before or after him. The popularity of Herz, Moschelles, or Bochsa, is as nothing to what his was. I have seen ladies of distinction solicit at his carriage-door, as he was about to take a ride, to return to his music-room, just for a lesson for a quarter of an hour. And if the lady was young and handsome, Dalrymple seldom refused. He might have married, if he had pleased, the richest heiress in England; he might have become immensely wealthy, but he was a gay, frivolous creature; and fortune, which in a frolicsome mood, elevated him to all this greatness, of a sudden, in an angry moment, tumbled him down to obscurity, poverty, and wretchedness. From the saloons of St. James's he passed to the abodes of misery in St. Giles's; eventually he became possessed of a little property, and having learned wisdom from experience, the latter years of his life was rendered comfortable."

This explanation only raised my curiosity the higher, and having requested my friend to communicate the particulars of the eventful life of this unfortunate son of Apollo, he gave them to me, as I now shall have the pleasure of repeating them to my readers. Eugene Dalrymple was a professor of the piano-forte, or rather the harpsichord, for that was the name whereby the instrument was called, which answers to our piano-forte, and none were more successful than he in charming the ears and the hearts of the ladies. He was a handsome fellow, gay-hearted and accomplished, yet withal he was a most upright and honest man, and as he often used to say, when his friends upbraided him with his follies and the gay life he led, he would reply, "Never mind, I only injure myself." As freely as money came to him, so freely did he spend it; his heart was as great as his means: no tale of distress was told to him without its bringing forth something more solid than tears; had he been an Emperor there would not have been a poor man in his dominions. For three years he was the professional lion; the nobility and gentry endeavouring to obtain the advantage of his tuition for their children, but he could not teach all, and many were disappointed. Among the latter was a certain dowager Countess, a vain ambitious woman of great wealth and influence, and who took umbrage at the refusal of Eugene Dalrymple to undertake the tuition of her nieces. She immediately bethought her of starting a rival to the popular professor; and sending to Paris to a M. ——, offered to guarantee him a certain number of pupils if he would take up his residence in London in the following season. The French professor agreed to the terms. The Countess exerted herself, and successfully. She was embittered against Dalrymple, and exerted herself to ruin him. He took no heed of his fame, and continued to live in the same careless and indifferent manner as before, the consequence was that one by one his pupils dropped off, and finally Dalrymple found himself deeply in debt, and without the means of payment. He was arrested and confined in the Kings's Bench Prison, the few pupils that remained, forsook him, and Dalrymple being too proud to beg, became neglected and forgotten. He had not a friend in the world.

When he obtained his liberation he endeavoured to re-commence his profession; but his star had set, never to rise again. His rival was now lord of the ascendant, and the fair who were used to solicit at Dalrymple's carriage-door, no longer knew him. In his despair he offered his services to the theatres, and to his consternation learned that the orchestras were already full, and there was no vacancy for him. Subjected to a thousand mortifications of this kind, his spirits drooped and declined: eventually, he was taken a second time to prison, and then did he become familiar with poverty in its most distressing form. In the same room with himself was an old foreigner, whom Dalrymple had once casually relieved in the streets by presenting him with a larger sum than the foreigner had ever before possessed at once. He never forgot the features of his benefactor, and when he found him an inmate of the same prison, he gratefully endeavoured to lighten his cares. Dalrymple had forgotten the transaction, and was delighted by the gratitude which the Frenchman displayed. They obtained their liberation on the same day. "Well, my friend," said Dalrymple, "and how do you propose getting your living now?" "Why," replied the other, "I can borrow a couple of dancing dogs at five shillings a day, and I think I might get a living by them. What do you mean to do?"

"Faith, I know not," sighed Dalrymple. "I have not a friend in the world, nor the means of getting a morsel of bread."

"I hope you'll not take it amiss what I say," observed the Frenchman, "but I think if you were to get a violin and play to my dogs, we might make a good thing of it."

Dalrymple smiled. His pride revolted. But then he had not a shilling nor a friend in the world. "I'll do it," he said, after a moment's reflection. "I must beg or steal if I do not. I *will* live professionally."

And on the following day Dalrymple, the once popular teacher of St. James's, and owner of a mansion and a carriage,

was fiddling to a couple of dancing dogs in the public streets of the metropolis. He led this kind of life for a month, when one of the dogs died, and the Frenchman returned to his own country. Then Dalrymple bought a hurdy-gurdy and delighted the ears of the servant maids in the vicinity of the squares with his harmony. In particular, one young lady's lady, a Mrs. Sensitive, was charmed with the music, or the musician, and having brought over Mrs. Cook to her interest, they had the poor hurdy-gurdy player into the kitchen, and frequently did he amuse them with the strains of his instrument, and his spirited and agreeable conversation.

Now, Mrs. Sensitive was a nice kind-hearted young woman, the only daughter of a thriving butcher, in Leadenhall Market, and who expected "a something" when the old gentleman, her papa, should be taken away to his ancestors. She thought it unbecoming of her station to fall in love with a hurdy-gurdy player; but when love says "Yes, yes," we all are aware that it is quite impossible for young ladies either above stairs or below to say "No, no." Mrs. Sensitive, like Mr. Talfourd's *Ion*, felt that it was fated she was to fall in love with Dalrymple, and Dalrymple could not but be grateful for the kindness he experienced from the young lady's lady.

He had never been in love before; but now he was in chin deep. It may be that there was an interested motive for *his* affection. He may have been tired of street rambling, and have fancied that the savings of Mrs. Sensitive, or the fortune of her papa, the butcher, might set them up in some creditable way of business. He kept closely to Mrs. Sensitive therefore, and Mrs. Sensitive felt happy in enjoying the attentions of such an interesting gentleman.

"Ah, Mrs. Sensitive!" he exclaimed one day, having not the fear of an action for breach of promise before his eyes. Oh, Mrs. Sensitive! Will I not make you mine by all the ties of love and matrimony, when the fates shall cease their persecution, and my aspiring soul shall soar to the heights of its ambition. Burn this hurdy-gurdy!"

"Nay, Eugene," sighed Mrs. Sensitive, "do not revile it. It is an improvement upon your crazy fiddle."

"Yes, my divinity!" exclaimed the poor musician: "when I first saw you, and you first saw me, my fortunes were at Zero, and I endured the misery of *fiddling* to a brace of dancing dogs. My agony and despair was then insupportable. I had resolved to imitate the example of the poetic Sappho. I had seen you, my brain was impressed with your lovely image; my heart was full of love, my pocket alone was empty. In a moment of phrenzy I rushed from my attic chamber to the roof: the moon was shining brilliantly, and I prepared to end my wretchedness. But at that instant, at that critical instant, a couple of angry cats that were engaged in the tug of war upon some adjacent chimney pots, rolled down upon me, and laid me prostrate in the gutter. The crash and yell awakened the inmates, and when I recovered, I found myself in a warm bed attended by an angel in the shape of an ugly old woman, who ministered to me, as a fond mother would do to her dying child, and when she learnt the story of my life—good soul! she was only a clear-starcher and went out to wash—she wrote a petition for me, and put down her own honoured name for sixpence at the foot."

"What a change in your fortune, Eugene!"

"Change, indeed! Oh happy recollections of times past. Once I was the popular professor of sweet sounds: once the good, the great, the young, the beautiful, deemed it a happiness to receive instructions from me. I was the fashionable teacher of the day. But I was a fool, and became the victim of wealth. I ran into a thousand excesses, lost my money, lost my health, lost my pupils, and, worse than all, I lost my reputation."

Mrs. Sensitive interrupted him with her tears.

"Sweet, gentle soul," exclaimed Dalrymple, pressing her to his bosom, and kissing away her tears, "be comforted. I received a letter this morning which I do believe contains good news. It is sealed with the crest of a noble lady, who was one of my kindest and best of friends, but she went to the West Indies with her family, and I have not heard of her for many years. Now I am sure this letter brings me glad tidings, and I would not open it till I came to you, in order that you might share my felicity."

"Alas! Eugene!" sighed the interesting young lady's lady, "do not be too sanguine."

The lover took the letter from his pocket, and gazing upon it wistfully, he exclaimed, "I tremble! This is the letter as the man says in the play, that either makes me or undoes me quite. If my hopes should be disappointed! Ah! I cannot bear this suspense. Oh, Mrs. Sensitive, my heart, my soul, the church, the ring, all depend upon this letter; this little seal decides my fate or fortune. I stand before this bit of sealing wax, like the trembling culprit, with all his hopes of life and happiness depending on the verdict. He fears the worst, yet still the active soul, which pictures hope when every hope is gone, and cheats the credulous heart with fairy scenes which are delusions all, imparts its rainbow hues to that which to all else wears the dull despairing hue of certainty. Fortune and happiness this letter brings, or it seals my poverty and wretchedness. One moment and my destiny is known!"

With trembling hand, the lover broke the seal. He gazed for a moment upon the contents of the letter, tears started into his eyes, he clasped his hands wildly, and involuntarily sinking upon his knees, his lips appeared to move in fervent prayer.

"Eugene! Eugene!" exclaimed Mrs. Sensitive, who stood looking at him in amazement, ready to cry and only waiting to know what it was to be for, "Eugene!—dearest! What is in that letter?"

"Read, read, read!" murmured the lover, and Mrs. Sensitive read as follows:—

"Sir—Acting as executor to the will of my deceased aunt, Lady Oldcourt, I have much pleasure in forwarding to you the following extract from that document. 'I give and bequeath the sum of four thousand pounds to Mr. Eugene Dalrymple, professor of music, now or late of ——— street, St. James's, in testimony of my admiration of his professional talents.' I shall feel happy in fulfilling the bequest of Lady Oldcourt, as soon as your leisure will permit you to wait upon me, and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Augustus Oldcourt."

It is needless to describe the joy which this interesting letter gave to the affectionate hearts of Eugene and Mrs. Sensitive. Dalrymple was now master of four thousand pounds, but he did not despise the woman who had fed and sheltered him in his distress, neither did he forsake her. He was about to commence business as a seller of music, and was, moreover, about to marry his dear Mrs. Sensitive, when an event happened that altogether changed their situation and prospects. The father of Mrs. Sensitive, the butcher of Leadenhall, died suddenly one day, and it was found that the

miserly old gentleman, who stuck to the shop to the last, was the owner of ten thousand pounds in the 3 per cents; and when his will was opened it was found that he had bequeathed the whole to the "sole daughter of his house and heart."

It was now Mrs. Sensitive's turn to be generous: she closed the butcher's shop, of course, but she opened her arms to her dear Eugene. They married soon afterwards, and retired into the country, where they enjoyed the purest domestic felicity. The wife was not quite so polished as the husband, but the latter was kind and considerate. He loved her for the goodness of her heart; and they were happy. Never before, not even in the days of his professional glory, had he enjoyed such perfect happiness.

## THE BILLET-DOUX.

My heart's dear love! O, what a world of bliss!
What joys extatic seize upon my frame,
When on the wished-for page I view thy name,
While my pale quivering lips thy dear name kiss.
And as I trace the hand that far, far hence,
Pens the fond wish, my heart is rapture all;
I feel wild transports fill each love-fraught sense,
Yes, yes, the potent charm can well recall
Gay hope's emblazon'd tints; can well renew
The faded scenes that died within my view,
Can peace and joy and life itself restore.
Long shall love's token live within my breast,
For ever be my bosom's welcome guest;
My jealous doubts, and anxious fears are o'er,
Lucille is kind—and I can ask no more!

## THE COQUETTE.

Cheated lover, why believe her,
Do not think her vows sincere;
She will grieve thee, she will leave thee,
Leaving nothing but despair:
Fair her smiles are, soft as day's star,
And her maiden mien is mild;
She can blush too, if a youth woo,
Looking like a simple child;
Fond and faithful, the ungrateful
Will not give to thee a sigh,
Pledges slighted, fond hopes blighted,
She will leave thee there to die.

## FRIENDSHIP.

Hearts which true friendship once have joined,
No time nor absence e'er can sever;
The chain she weaves our souls to bind,
So firm its texture lasts for ever;
But if by chance a spot of rust,
Its shining surface should obscure,
It would be most unkind, unjust,
To say its substance was not pure;
They chase all anxious doubts away,
Thy friend will still remain the same;
He ne'er will give the cause to say,
What is friendship, but a name!

## THE LAST SMILE.

She sat beside me yesternight,
With lip and eye so blandly smiling,
So full of soul and life and light,
So sweetly my torn heart beguiling,
That she had almost made me gay,
Had almost charmed the thought away.
That memory soon mine all would be,
And she would smile no more for me.

## THE DRYSALTER;

OR, LOVE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—A TALE.

"Love knows no rules, and never love knows less
Than when obedience we'd exact from it."—KNOWLES.

The lover sought truth in a lady's heart,
A lady sweet and fair;
And there was no vanity, folly nor art,
But truth—only truth was there.

In one of the upper windows of the house of Master Ephraim Dodden, the drysalter, near unto London Bridge, a blue-eyed maiden sat to witness the Procession of the Mayor and Aldermen, on the day when the former functionary entered upon the duties of his office. It was the Ninth of November, and all the holiday-makers of the good city of London, clad in their best apparel, and wearing their best smiles, were present at the show. The London apprentices were not the least happy of the number; for all of them entertained expectations high, and each pictured to himself his own dignified person sitting in the state coach, and his progress attended with the cheers and rejoicings of the populace; for in the times we speak of, the Lord Mayorship was the highest honour coveted by the youth of the middle classes in London. As the procession passed Master Dodden's house, many a face was attracted to the casement where the young and beautiful daughter of the drysalter sat, gazing upon the spectacle; the old men wished they had such a peerless daughter, and many of the young desired themselves in circumstances which would enable them to solicit the hand of the rich drysalter's child. Many, indeed, wished themselves in the situation of the Lord Mayor, and inwardly resolved to devote all their time and energies to their respective employments, in the hope that Margaret might remain single until they were able to rank themselves among the thriving citizens of London. It was known that Dodden had decreed his daughter's hand for a tradesman. He had suffered by the dishonesty of a titled courtier, and had formed such a dislike to the aristocracy in consequence, that when a Secretary of Sir Henry Guildford, one of the favourites of the King, the bluff Henry the Eighth, solicited the hand of Margaret, the old drysalter ordered the springalde from his house, and offended Sir Henry by the intemperance of his behaviour to his Secretary.

Dodden was rich, however, and he cared nothing for Sir Henry's displeasure. He had amassed much wealth, and only continued in business that it might be given as a portion for his youngest daughter, Margaret. Her three sisters were already married to men of high repute in the city of London; and Ephraim Dodden was determined that Margaret should not be lower nor higher than they. "We will have a drysalter for thee, Meg," the old man would often say as he

pressed the fairy-looking girl to his rugged bosom. "We will have a drysalter for thee, or thou shalt die Meg Dodden!"

Margaret loved her father—she had seen no other man who had awakened a deeper feeling than that of friendship. And she would hang upon the old man's neck, and while a tear started into her eyes, exclaim, "I will live and die with thee!"

Margaret, however, made rash vows. She considered that she could love no man better than her father; and when her companions talked to her of their attachment to their lovers, she ridiculed their passion, and laughed them to scorn. But this was not always to be the case; and on the Lord Mayor's day which we have described above, Love found the scorner in the upper window of the drysalter's, and thought her a fitting subject for the exercise of his power.

Among the sight-seers upon that occasion, whose attention was attracted by the fair face of the drysalter's daughter, was a noble-looking youth who stood before the house of Master Dodden, on the opposite side of the street, gazing up to the window wherefrom Margaret was looking, long after the procession had passed, and apparently heedless of all things but the fairy girl, who remained at the casement amusing herself by looking at the passers by, some of whom in groups were discoursing of the splendours of the spectacle which they had just seen, while others were running with all possible speed towards it, fearing lest they might be too late for the sight. It was some time, therefore, before Margaret discovered the stranger on the opposite side of the street, with his face upturned to her window. She did not immediately withdraw, prudishly; nor did she exercise any of the arts of coquetry to captivate the stranger; she was unused to such things; she only wondered why the stranger regarded her so intently, and remained amusing herself with the passers by.

At length the streets began to thin; the spectacle had ended, and Margaret arose from her seat at the window to proceed to the dining-room, to which she had been summoned full half an hour before. She cast a last look at the stranger, and his eyes were still upon her; finding that she was about to withdraw, he kissed his hand, and Margaret being thus made sensible that she had achieved a conquest, quitted the window with some emotion. Many had been accustomed to look at her, and with an expression that could not be mistaken, but never had youth been so bold as to kiss his hand to her. Margaret descended to the dining-room, amused with this little incident; it occupied her thoughts for full five minutes, for her father was absent at the civic festival; but it then gave place to the good things of the table. Presently, however, one of the shopmen rudely entered the dinner-room, and said that a young gallant was below, who was desirous of seeing Master Dodden, and that so important was his business, he would not leave the house until he had seen him, or one of his family.

Margaret desired the man to ask the gallant into the counting-house, where he could remain until her father's return.

"I have asked him into the counting-house," was the reply, "but he became very wrathful, and bade me tell him if a counting-house was a fitting reception-room for a gentleman of his appearance."

"Well, then, Stephen," said the fair Margaret, "since the gentleman is so particular, bid him rest himself in the parlour. But mark you, Stephen, let some one have business in the parlour, for the strange gentleman may be a knave."

Stephen descended, and Margaret continued her dinner. It was not long, however, before Stephen returned. The gentleman felt exceedingly cold in the parlour. He had just recovered from a serious illness he said, and was apprehensive of a relapse.

"Fie, Stephen!" said Margaret, "hast thou not kindled a fire for the gentleman? 'Tis uncourteous behaviour to keep a gentleman who comes on business in a damp apartment. Let a fire be made instantly."

Stephen again departed. The fire was kindled. But a quarter of an hour had not elapsed when Stephen again made his appearance. "It is growing late," he said, "and the gentleman is anxious to begone. He asked me if my master had no son or daughter in the way, to whom he could disclose his business."

"And what didst thou tell the gentleman?"

"That one daughter was the only child my master had in the house. 'Then,' quoth he, 'bear her my compliments, and beseech her to grant me an interview, for my business is of the last importance."

Margaret was puzzled. She had no knowledge of business-matters. At first she bade Stephen take the stranger a refusal: then recalling him, she thought it might please her father if she were to manifest her solicitude for his welfare by hearing the stranger. "I will see him, Stephen," she said, "be pleased to shew the gentleman in."

In a few minutes the gentleman was in the presence of Margaret. The astonishment of the latter may be conceived, when she beheld the noble-looking youth, who had been gazing at her from the opposite side of the street, during the procession. She murmured, "You have a matter of importance to disclose ——"

"Madam," replied the stranger, "you say true; but my business cannot be disclosed before one not belonging to Master Dodden's family."

Margaret besought Stephen to withdraw.

The stranger seated himself near to Margaret, and told her that he came, commissioned by a correspondent in the north, to pay a certain sum to Master Dodden, to whom he stood indebted.

"The clerk, who is below," said Margaret, "can take the money, and give you a receipt."

"Nay, gentle lady," said the stranger, "there are circumstances connected with the debt that I would fain explain. But the dull details of business would to you be tiresome. Grant me your leave to wait till Master Dodden's return."

Margaret felt embarrassed. She could not, however, refuse the stranger's request. The conversation took a lighter turn, and eventually, the stranger described himself as the Lord Walter Mantleton, the eldest son of the Earl of Wardynne. The time wasted, and Master Dodden continued to enjoy the hospitalities of the Lord Mayor; and Margaret and the Lord Walter sat together waiting his return, Margaret anxiously wishing for her father's coming, Lord Walter thanking fortune for keeping him away. The latter endeavoured to creep into the good graces of the lady; their discourse fell upon love, and Margaret ridiculed the passion.

"Then, you were never in love?" quoth the lordling.

"Ah! say'st thou never? Good, my Lord, I *am* in love; ay, deeply, truly!

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lord Walter.

"Yes, my Lord. Heaven knows I love my father dearly!"

"Oh!" said Lord Walter with a smile; "but couldst thou not love a husband?"

"I, faith, I never wish to love a husband."

"Never, Margaret! Bethink thee that thy father, good though he be, and much beloved of heaven, cannot remain to shield and succour thee for ever. The time must come when he thou lovest with such true and sole devotion, must go the way of frail humanity, and then what would become of thee? —without another's love to cheer thee and support thee in life's weary pilgrimage?"

He paused, and Margaret was silent. A new train of thoughts seemed to have sprung up in her mind. And Lord Walter did not for some time disturb her reverie.

At length he laid his hand upon her's, and taking her white fingers within his, he said—

"Couldst thou love *me*, Margaret?"

The embarassment of the maiden was relieved, and the high hopes of the lover suddenly checked at a most interesting and critical moment, by the sound of Master Dodden's voice upon the stairs.

"Ah!" exclaimed Margaret, "it is my father," and she sprung to the door to meet him.

"Well," cried the bluff trader, "where is this mysterious customer that will not tell his business to any but myself? Where is he Meg?"

"I am glad to see thee, Master Dodden," quoth the stranger, advancing.

"Kind and familiar!" quoth the drysalter, "I do not know thy face."

"But my name thou may'st have heard of Master Dodden, I am the Lord Walter Mantleton."

"I do not like thee any the better for thy name. The last man of the court who sat in this room cheated me, and I have no reason to think thou dost not mean to imitate his example."

Lord Walter smiled, "I do not blame thy candour, honest Master Dodden ———" he said—

"How know'st thou me to be honest?" interrupted the trader. "You have not had dealings with me."

"But I *would* have dealings with thee, Master Dodden, and our acquaintance should last for life. I'll tell thee what I mean, without reserve or fraud."

"And if thou dost," said Dodden, half aside, "thou'lt be the first courtier I have known to do so."

"I came hither, Master Dodden," said Lord Walter, "prepared to deceive thee with a false tale of money matters, my object merely to make your acquaintance. I would have amused thee with a fictitious tale of a debt owing to thee by the man in the moon, or some other person of whom thou might'st have had as much knowledge. I would have paid thee the money, and have thought thy acquantance well bought at such a price."

The drysalter looked at Lord Walter with a comical expression of surprise and admiration; then bursting into irreverent laughter, he cried, "Thou art an extravagant rogue."

The Lord Mayor's wine had made the drysalter merry; in his graver moments he would not have thought of laughing at a lord.

"Do you think so, Master Dodden?" quoth the lover. "Wilt thou come and see me at Wardynne House?"

"No, no, quoth the drysalter. I go not to courtiers' houses. But—but what do you want here? Why would you became acquainted with me?"

"Shall I tell you honestly?" asked Lord Walter.

"I shall like thee none the worse if thou dost."

"Briefly?"

"Brevity is what I love."

"Then, Master Dodden, what think'st thou of me for a son-in-law?"

Had Master Dodden suddenly heard that he had been chosen for Lord Mayor, he would not have been so much surprised as he was at this extraordinary enquiry. He moved his bulky form about in his chair, he knitted his rugged brows, adjusted his ruff, rubbed his chin, and did a profusion of other things which characterize a good natured man in a passion; but he did not speak for some moments. "Look you, Sir courtier," he at length replied, in as mild a tone as he could possibly assume. "My daughter was not made for a Court. She is the child of old Ephraim Dodden, the drysalter, and a drysalter's wife she shall be, or Meg shall be no wife at all."

Lord Walter who understood at a glance, the drysalter's character, thought it prudent to retire. After a few more words, in which the determination of Dodden was repeated, the lover took his leave.

Margaret was not an unconcerned spectator of this scene. A new and strange passion seemed to have been awakened in her bosom. She delighted to hear the stranger speak: was sad when he was silent, and glad when he spoke again. Her eyes glistened when he declared his love for her, and her heart was depressed by her father's reply. When the gallant had gone, her father found her in tears. "What's this, Meg!" he cried, "weeping! Tut, tut; never cry, wench; thou'lt have plenty of those springaldes about thee, now that thou art growing into womanhood; but thou shalt have a honest drysalter for thy husband, Meg; one that shall make thee happy. There—go to bed, go to bed, sweet wench." And the old man kissed the cheeks and forehead of Margaret, and she retired, for the first time in her life thinking her father a cruel man.

Lord Walter did not give up the drysalter's daughter, however; he bribed her servant, and learnt the state of her affections. A correspondence was opened: the lover's soon understood each other, and Margaret now thought love to be a very delightful thing.

Master Dodden soon afterwards received a communication from a kinsman in the country, apprising him of the misfortune of a neighbour, who having been ruined by the loss of a ship at sea, was, with his family, reduced to great distress. It was the wish of the bankrupt-merchant to place his eldest son with some trader of London, where he might gain a knowledge of business, and strive to improve his fortune. Master Dodden complied with a wish expressed by his kinsman, and wrote to him desiring him to send the young man up to town to assist him in his business. In about a fortnight, a youth presented himself at Dodden's house. He was about twenty years old, and a very strange looking person. His hair was dark and shaggy. He had lost an eye, and wore a black patch over the place were it had been; his manner was awkward and unbecoming. "Well," thought Dodden, "this is a queer youth, but I must make the best of him."

Master Humphrey (so was the youth called) was exceedingly ugly; but he was nevertheless most attentive to his master's business. Within three months he had gained the entire confidence of the drysalter, who loved him as if he had been his own son. Master Humphrey had a musical voice, and a tenderness of expression which made the stories he would tell of his father's misfortunes, particularly interesting. Dodden was never so happy as when seated with Humphrey

and his daughter Margaret round the fire of a winter's night, listening to the youth's tales. Margaret would often gaze upon him admiring, and weep.

Humphrey was awkward at first in the drysaltery business, but his heart was evidenlly in it, and he exerted himself with so much success that before the expiration of twelve months Master Dodden thought him as well able to manage the business as himself; and he would leave it entirely under his care, while he went into the country to collect his debts from his customers. One afternoon, however, when Dodden had been dining with the Sheriffs, he came home rather suddenly, and instead of finding Humphrey in the shop, or warehouse, he discovered him with his arm round Margaret's waist, and her head reclined upon his shoulder, seated by the parlour fire. This aroused the drysalter's anger; Humphrey was too poor to be his son-in-law, and Dodden had thought him too ugly to inspire the love of his child. Surprised at the discovery, he expressed his indignation in no measured terms; but Humphrey besought his patience, while he assured him that he had received intelligence from a ship just arrived, that a private venture of his own had been successful, and had returned him a profit of a thousand pounds. Old Dodden's eyes sparkled. "Well, Humphrey," quoth he, "I do not blame thee for thinking of Meg; but you ought to have told me of it."

Dodden was at heart delighted. He loved Humphrey, and now that he had a thousand pounds, he thought a marriage with his daughter would not be a bad thing. So he allowed the wooing to go on; Humphrey loved Margaret, and Margaret loved Humphrey, and Dodden was delighted to think that the old wish of his heart would be gratified, and he should have a drysalter for his son-in-law.

The wedding day, at length, arrived, and Margaret never looked more lovely, and never was more happy. All the relations of Dodden were present, and the kinsman, who had recommended Humphrey, had come up from the north to be present at the nuptials; and while the ceremony was being performed the aforesaid kinsman frequently called Dodden's attention from the ceremony to ask him about some parts of the architecture of the sacred edifice. The old drysalter was much annoyed at this, because it prevented him from hearing what was said by the contracting parties; but he could not be angry on such a day. The ceremony ended, and Margaret was a happy wife.

The wedding guests were seated before a well-spread board, and about to commence the banquet, when a sudden confusion was heard without, and presently in came a venerable-looking man, clad in silk and velvet, and, approaching the table, old Dodden saw him, and in astonishment exclaimed, "The Earl of Wardynne!"

The wedding party rose from their seats, immediately. "Be seated, be seated," said the venerable Earl, "do not let me interrupt the festivities. I have merely come to see the lady whom I am told my son was lately much attached to, and to drink her good health if she be the beautiful wench report describes her."

"This is my daughter's wedding day, my Lord," said old Dodden, evidently vexed to have his dinner interrupted. "Her wedding day, sayst thou!" exclaimed the Earl. "Then by your leave I'll take *my* dinner with you. Though the drysalter rejected the son of the Peer, the Peer will handle a knife and fork with the drysalter!"

The good humour of the Noble Earl caused his speech to be responded to by the whole party with loud applause; and the bridegroom rising from his seat, the beautiful Margaret rose also, and Humphrey, taking the hand of his bride, filled his glass with wine, and besought the guests to drink with him, "The health of the most noble Earl of Wardynne!"

The toast was duly honoured; and the Earl immediately toasted the beautiful bride, prefacing the toast with so warm a compliment to her beauty, that old Dodden, who had previously considered the Earl an interloper, and had remained sullenly silent, now vied with the rest of the party in shewing him attention.

The dinner ended, and the Earl of Wardynne evinced no wish to leave the party. Indeed, he made his way up to the bridegrom and bride, and appeared to be so highly delighted with the latter, that Dodden began to think it not exactly becoming of his Lordship to evince so much attachment, and ventured to remind his Lordship that it was his daughter's wedding day.

"Aye, God bless her sweet face!" said the venerable Earl, and then chucking the blushing bride under the chin, added, "and make her a happiness to you and me, Master Dodden!"

"My Lord!" exclaimed the drysalter.

The bridegroom then presented Margaret with wine, and silence immediately ensuing, she, in a tremulous voice, besought the company to drink the health of ——

"*Humphrey, the drysalter!*" cried old Dodden, interrupting his daughter, and raising his full glass to his lips, anxious to be the first to honour the toast.

"Nay, my good father," said Margaret hastily, "the health of the *Lord Walter Mantleton!*"

The company seemed to be electrified. Their consternation was not lessened, when Humphrey, the drysalter, throwing off his black and shaggy wig, and tearing the black patch from his eye, smilingly presented himself in his proper person to the company.

"Lord Walter Mantleton!" exclaimed the guests.

Old Dodden was lost in wonderment.

The sequel may be guessed. Lord Walter had won the fair Margaret, and married her as a drysalter, in compliance with her father's resolution. Only Margaret, the old Earl, and the "kinsman" in the North, had knowledge of the trick of love that Lord Walter was playing. The drysalter was inclined to anger when the discovery was made, but he thought better of it. And within a month, the drysaltery business was disposed of, and old Dodden was a happy inmate of the mansion of the Lord and Lady Mantleton.

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## KLOPSTOCK AND META;

### OR, THE POET'S LOVE.

"Of all the things that angels see,
Who look from heaven above,
There cannot be a sweeter thing
Than is a woman's love.—L. E. L.

Klopstock, one of the most exquisite of German poets, was distinguished not less for his attachment to Meta, than for his poetical effusions. "A poet's love is immortality," and the name of Meta will never die while the fame of her lover lasts. It is happiness to be loved by a poet; and Meta enjoyed that happiness in all its fulness. The Danish Minister Bernstoff sensible of the genius of the poet, obtained permission from his sovereign, the King of Denmark, to invite him to Copen-

hagen, where the people were anxious to do him homage. This invitation was accepted, by Klopstock, and through it he became acquainted with the lady who influenced the after part of his life, and who figures as conspicuously in his writings as Laura does in the divine verse of Petrarch, or Saccharissa in the poems of our own Waller. At Copenhagen he was treated with distinction, and his genius elicited the warmest encomiums. Moreover, a pension was bestowed upon him, which raised him above the cares of the world and enabled him to cultivate the muses with tranquility. But no honours, no rewards, no enjoyments gave him half the pleasure which he derived from the acquaintance and love of Meta. Her name was blazed abroad: the women envied, and the men loved; but not with that deep spiritual love of the poet, to whom her heart was devoted. His love of Meta influenced his character, and mode of thinking. That period of life in which the heart is susceptible of the tenderest impressions, is generally the most important to persons of ordinary sensibility. What must it be, therefore, to a poet? It is a second birth of the mind, and produces in it the same effect, as the spring time does upon the fields, covering and enamelling them with verdure and flowers. The way in which these tenderly devoted beings became acquainted, was singular, Meta was one day assisting at the toilet of a female friend, when she perceived some scraps of paper lying about, which she took up to read. They contained some verses by Klopstock. She was charmed with them. She procured the whole poem, and passed days and nights in reading it. She loved the poet's genius, and longed to behold him who had given her so much gratification. She had acquaintance with a literary gentleman, named Giseke, who resided at Brunswick, to whom she learned that Klopstock was personally known. She wrote to him requesting information upon every point of interest in the life of him whose works she regarded with such intense affection.

The poet happening to be in Brunswick at the time, Giseke showed to him Meta's letter; upon which, he immediately resolved to go to Hamburgh in order to become acquainted with her. Love directed him, and completed its work. They met, and Meta felt that her fate had become linked inseperably to the poet's. Klopstock was equally charmed. He could not stay more than three days in Hamburgh, because the Danish Minister had besought him to use the utmost expedition; but a shorter space than three days was sufficient to unite these two hearts in the bonds of lasting friendship. On the day after the poet's arrival, he sat, at an entertainment, by Meta's side; she listened to every word that fell from his lips with deep attention: never had she heard sweeter music. She asked him such questions and spoke in such terms as show what interest one has in the person, writings, and destiny of those we love. An intimate correspondence was established between them. Before he arrived at Copenhagen, the tender poet had written three letters to the object of his affections; and ever after, he continued to consecrate to her, the sentiments of his heart and the beautifnl effusions of his genius.

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## THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER;

### A TALE OF THE TYROL.

The boldest chamois-hunter of a small village in a romantic part of the Tyrol, was Hugh Clannuck. Agile and courageous was he, dexterous with the rifle, and capable of enduring excessive fatigue. His jet black locks, and dark flashing eyes, full of that restless and daring expression which characterizes the chamois-hunter, gave him a bold and picturesque appearance. In the same village lived a poor but lovely peasant girl, and whose father had lost his life in the dangerous occupation of a chamois-hunter. Hugh loved Alice sincerely. But it was some time before he declared his passion. His love was returned; and a day was eventually fixed for their marriage. Till then, each day seemed to the lovers an age. But the appointed time arrived at last, and all the peasants in their holiday apparel were seen flocking towards the bridegroom's dwelling, rejoicing, but at the same time envying the felicity of Alice and Hugh. The ceremony was performed and our lovers were made happy. Hugh had to go to some little distance from the village, and on returning, suddenly heard a bullet whistle past his ear. Some person had evidently attempted to deprive him of existence. Wondering at this strange occurrence he hastened forward to join his friends, whom he found anxiously awaiting his return. They were all assembled on the green in front of the house dancing, when a man named Andrew Elpath came forward and challenged any one of the party to wrestle with him. Andrew was comparatively a stranger in the village, for he had not been there more than two months. He was about thirty-six years of age, above the general height, his eyes were shaded by immense brows, and the lower part of his face almost covered with whiskers, and a grim moustache. No one ventured to accept the stranger's challenge. But at length Hugh, anxious to vindicate the courage of the party, came forward. At the outset, Andrew, from his superior size and strength, seemed to have the advantage; but Hugh at length threw the stranger, amid the shouts of the assembled party. Andrew instantly retired, with an expression of countenance which betokened the malicious feelings which lurked in his heart. He cast one look at Alice as he departed, and the beautiful peasant girl turned from his fixed gaze in affright.

At the expiration of five days the bridegroom was compelled to return to his occupation. He took an affectionate leave of Alice, promising her that his stay would not exceed two days. With his faithful dog Wavy at his side, he departed, full of anxious hope and expectation. After travelling all night, in the morning he found himself in the haunts of the Chamois. Feeling the rope which he carried to assist him in his occupation rather cumbersome, he laid it down, and proceeded onwards towards the spot where he saw a herd of chamois. Hugh immediately prepared for a shot. The largest of the herd suddenly turned, and Hugh, levelling his rifle, fired. The chamois gave a spring, and fell lifeless over a frightful chasm, while the others bounded off with inconceivable velocity. Hugh, upon reaching the chasm over which the chamois had fallen, found it impossible to descend without the assistance of his rope, and returning for it he discovered that it had been removed some yards. His thoughts were engrossed by his prize, however, and he paid no heed to this circumstance. Returning to the precipice, he drove a stake in the ground, and having fastened his rope, he lowered himself. Securing the chamois, he tied it to the rope, intending to draw it up after him, when he heard Wavy barking furiously, and in another minute the stake, rope and chamois, fell into the abyss below. Hugh stood on a ledge of rock and for a few minutes stood motionless: he then muttered some prayers to the Virgin for protection. Listening, he plainly heard the

following words, murmured in a hoarse voice, which he instantly knew to be Andrew Elpath's, "No more shall he wrestle with me! No more shall he repose on the fair bosom of *his* Alice! *His!* O, no, no, no; no longer *his!* He dies, and Andrew Elpath is revenged!" Upon recovering from the effects of the fall, Hugh found that it was quite impossible for him to ascend. He stood upon a small projection of the rock scarcely large enough for his feet. In this condition he continued during the whole of the day and night. He hallooed, but no one heard his cries. It was about eight o'clock on the following morning that he thought he heard voices on the rock. He listened more attentively—they approached—he recognised the voices of his friends. Presently a rope was lowered, and Hugh was soon clasped in the embraces of his friends, by whom he was informed that on the preceding afternoon the dog, Wavy, entered the village alone, and by his lamentations convinced every one that something was amiss. They then, at the request of Alice, volunteered to come in search of him, the dog acting as their guide. They had been thus led to the chasm. Hugh now informed them of all the circumstances, and they devised a plan for the punishment of the villian, Elpath. Hugh was carried into the village as one dead: and the funeral was appointed to take place. Elpath, among others, was invited. The day arrived, and the friends of Hugh were assembled. Elpath shed hypocritical tears, and endeavoured to win the admiration of Alice by his affected sorrow. At the moment when his grief was loudest, the room door was hastily thrown open, and Hugh stalked into the midst of the assembly. Elpath shrieked at the sight. His knees knocked together; his teeth gnashed; his whole frame was convulsed. He murmured a few hoarse sounds, while his eyes remained fixed upon Hugh. Suddenly he burst into violent laughter. He danced, he raved. The wretched Elpath had become a maniac!

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## VAIN PEOPLE AND PROUD PEOPLE;

### OR, A PEEP INTO THE HUMAN HEART.

"Look upon this picture, and on this:—
The counterfeit presentiment of two brothers."

The terms pride and vanity are by many considered synonymous, and are often used to describe the same thing. Indeed, they seem to be so very nearly allied that it requires more than ordinary discernment to mark the line which separates them. Nevertheless, an acute observer can discover an essential difference between them. Vain people are studious to catch applause by a forward display of presumed excellencies, which they arrogate either wholly, or to a degree, without just title to support their claim. Proud people, on the other hand, challenge respect from a consciousness of latent merit, without even deigning to represent the grounds of their pretensions to every one of those from whom they would exact the tribute. The proud are, therefore, generally, distant and reserved; the vain are familar and communicative. The proud are the best friends, the vain are the best companions. The proud have the most good nature, the vain have the most good humours. It is sufficient for the vain that they are admired by the present circle that surrounds them, they weigh the importance of their admirers by the scale of self-love, and if those admirers condescend to extol them, they blindly confer excellence upon those admirers, and believe them to be the best people in the world. But the proud often view the circle about them with sullen contempt, they disdain to receive applause from those who do not deserve it themselves. It is not the tribute but the tributary which gratifies the delicacy of their ambition. It is owing to this difference that the vain are generally pleased in all companies; whereas the proud find satisfaction but in few. The one are satisfied with their own imaginary perfection, and delighted with every one who rates or appears to rate their merit according to their own estimate; the other, though conscious of distinguished worth, are nevertheless sensible of their defects, and are disgusted with the indiscriminate zeal of vulgar eulogium. Thus, the proud man will be delighted with one word of praise from a judicious man, while a torrent of panegyric from a fool will give him pain. To these different degrees of self-satisfaction it may, perhaps, be owing, that the vain man has generally the most lively imagination; the proud man the most solid judgment. The vain man has generally the most power to amuse; the proud man has generally the best talents to instruct. But as thousands court amusement for one who solicits instruction, the former generally thrive best in the world, while the latter has the best title to its encouragement. The one entertains you by exerting their whole strength to prepossess you with an opinion of their excellence; while the other keeps you at a distance, by concealing their qualities until they are convinced that your judgment is worthy of regard. The vain man covets renown, the proud man seeks reputation. To be distinguished is the ambition and the endeavour of the former, to deserve distinction is the endeavour of the latter. The one, so that they gain the end in view, are seldom overnice in the means of obtaining it; but it is not sufficient for the other to reach the proposed ultimation unless they can attain it by means which are honourable and justifiable in their own opinion. The vain are often betrayed into a littleness of spirit, and sometimes led into moral turpitude by an eager desire to be thought important; while the proud often seem deficient in worldly sagacity, from a real magnanimity of soul. But, however, the real superiority rests with the latter, it is generally attributed to the former. Light and ornamental qualities are more generally engaging than deep endowments. Almost every ignoramus who can splutter French and talk small behind a shop-counter is accounted an agreeable fellow, and yet the fellow's brains would not cover a sixpence.

Thus, it often happens, that proud men live in obscurity with a degree of latent merit that might illustrate an exalted situation, while the vain man is brought forward in the world and often made ridiculous by his promotion. If the extremes of the two characters could be happily blended together, they might form a disposition attractive and agreeable, if the one were less forward, and the other more affable, both might become engaging. The vain who endeavour to be agreeable to all, are seldom warmly attached to any. The proud, who are morose to the multitude, embrace the few with cordial affection. Such is the condition of human nature. Exterior grace with internal worth are rarely united in the same person. Those in whom they are united cannot be too highly prized.

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## LA BOUDOIR;

### OR, SCRAPS AND SKETCHES FROM THE ALBUMS OF PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

"———I do present you, ladies,
With a garland of sweet flowers—some bright,
Some sad, like life, made up of smiles and tears;
Contemn them not—what one dislikes some other one
May favour—please you select herefrom."

*Dream of Arcady.—A Pastoral.*

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?—The name is often bestowed on a well-dressed knave, and witheld from the right owner, who only wears its qualifications in his heart.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—The health of the mind produced by virtuous exercise: they who would obtain it otherwise, search for a Will-o'-the-wisp.

WHAT IS DESTINY?—The scape-goat which we make responsible for all our crimes and follies; a necessity which we set down for invincible, when we have no wish to strive against it.

A SHREWD QUESTION.—Soon after the breaking out of the Peninsular war, a poor Irishwoman, who had been in the habit for many years of going to the same place to purchase a halfpenny candle, was told by the shopkeeper, that instead of a halfpenny he must have a penny for the article. "Why so?" enquired the Irishwoman. "Oh," replied the tradesman, "the war, the war; there is a tax upon tallow." "Och then, musha," said the poor woman, "bad luck to 'em, do they fight by candlelight?"

JEALOUSY.—Tormenting yourself for fear you should be tormented by another. "Why," asks Rochefoucault, "does not jealousy, which is born with love, always die with it?" He would have found an answer to this question had he reflected that self-love never dies. Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites, nevertheless, the least pity.

LORD ———'S PROBOSCIS.

For every implement of trade
I vow Lord ———'s nose is made;
A spade for digging, scythe for mowing,
When he's asleep, a trumpet blowing;
An anchor sure to hold its ground,
A plough to which no match is found;
A hook with ready bait for fish,
A fork and spoon to sweep the dish;
Builders might use it for a prop,
Farmers as harrows for a crop;
'Twould serve as battle-axe in war,
Or when at home, the gates to bar;
Ever prepared, himself he shows,
For every implement's his nose!

A WISE SENATOR.—A Canadian farmer had the honour to be elected a representative for the county of ———, in Lower Canada. On his return, he was asked, "Well, what have the Assembly done?" To which he replied, "I don't know." "And what did you go for?" "Two dollars a day." Would that all British senators were as willing to tell the truth.

MEN AND MONKIES.—A young dandy officer lately displayed his agility by running up a narrow hand-rail on the side of a flight of steps at a hotel in Brighton, and having accomplished the feat, he exclaimed exultingly to some more sedate gentlemen who stood looking on, "There's not another man in this house can do that." "No, indeed," was the reply, "there is not another monkey on the premises."

A CON.—What would be the most appropriate appellation for the author of Lalla Rookh, with all his works around him? *Tome Moore.*

DOMESTIC LOVE.

Domestic Love! Not in proud palace halls,
Is often seen thy beauty to abide!
Thy dwelling is in lowly cottage walls,
That in the thicket of the woodbine hide;
With hum of bees around, and from the side,
Of woody hills some little bubbling spring,
Shining along through banks with harebells dyed,
And many a bird to warble on the wing,
When morn her saffron robe o'er heaven and earth doth fling.

LOYAL WISH.—Among the addresses presented upon the accession of King James the first, was one from Shrewsbury, wishing his Majesty might reign as long as the sun and the moon and stars endured. His Majesty received the address with a smile, and observed, "I presume it is the intention of the good people of Shrewsbury that my son should reign by candle light."

THE DANGERS OF DIAMONDS.—How strange appears to us the passion for jewels inherent in women in all countries and times. The extent to which it was indulged in Rome is proved by Julius Cæsar having passed a law forbidding unmarried women to wear them. One would suppose that a similar prohibition existed in England, inferring from the impatience the generality of our young ladies evince to be married, and the pleasure they take when this perilous desideratum has been attained in displaying a profusion of jewels on their persons. Nor are our matrons less addicted to this expensive passion, for were the Athenian ordination by which an unfaithful wife was prevented from wearing jewels, carried into effect in our days, it would be the ruin of jewellers; but might be the saving of many a man's purse, if not his honour. And yet, who knows how far such a punishment might deter women from a breach of virtue; vanity their besetting sin, being thus instigated to preserve what hitherto it had assisted to overthrow; for there is much more of *vanity* than *passion* in nine-tenths of the *liaisons* that lead to a breach of conjugal fidelity.

INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL EXCELLENCE are the two poles of the axis around which the globe of humanity revolves.

THE QUEEN OF THE WORLD.—Folly is the queen of the world: we all more or less wear her livery, her orders, her crosses—and her bells.

BYRON ON MATRIMONY.—The following opinion expressed by Lord Byron upon one of the most interesting affairs of life is but partially known. A man, said his Lordship, should marry by all means, yet I am convinced the greater part of marriages are unhappy; and this is not an opinion which I give as coming from myself, it is that of a very excellent, agreeable, and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and has not encountered ostensibly any extraordinary misfortune, or loss of health, riches, children, &c. She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this I am convinced a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in: a tendency so natural as that of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results, yet the reverse is the fact; there is certainly something

radically wrong in the constitution of society—'the times are out of joint.' It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclinations. Dr. Johnson once proposed to have all matches made by appointment of the Lord Chancellor, affirming that the result would be quite as great an amount of domestic happiness as is produced by the actual system. I believe him. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bands of Hymen as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he marries by choice, who only marries by accident. In this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.

LAST WORDS.

Fare thee well! we met in sorrow;
Fare thee well! we part in pain;
Long the night and drear the morrow,
Ere we too shall meet again.
The bosom that is fondly beating,
(Beating, too, alone for thee)
Like its hopes, its friendships fleeting,
Pulseless soon, and cold may be;
Fate may part us, death may sever,
Clouds of darkness hover near;
Hope still points to realms of ether,
Heaven shall bless our meeting there.

THE PIANO FORTE.—It is not generally known that this popular instrument was the invention of the poet MASON. He had seen the attempts of the Germans to make keyed dulcimers, which were in some degree susceptible of the *forte* and *piano*, but as they were all constructed on one principle, they required a particular touch of the finger, which was very difficult to acquire and which spoilt it for harpsichord practice: they were also deficient in precision and delicacy, and the performer was by no means certain of producing the exact strength of sound intended. MASON removed these objections by detaching the hammer entirely from the key, and giving them only a momentary connexion, an improvement which distinguishes the *piano-forte* from all other instruments.

ROYAL PHILANTHROPHY.—It gives us pleasure to contemplate the life and actions of the illustrious young lady, who, in all probability, will, at a future day, wear the British crown, We perceive her life spent in the practise of piety and virtue, and behold her constantly engaged in doing good. The following lines were written upon the visit of her Royal Highness to the Chiswick Asylum, a branch of the Children's Friend Society:—

She has cared for the fatherless,
For the sinner has learned to feel,
And the course which her heart has begun,
Gives the pledge of a people's weal.

She has fancied herself the poor child,
Whose pathway is over the deep;
She has imaged those "homes in the wild,"
Where the far away cease to weep.

She believes that as equals they share,
With herself in the kingdom of love;
And remembers the humblest may wear,
A crown brighter than hers, above.

THE ART OF "SINKING" IN POETRY.—A well-known poet sacrificed too liberally to Bacchus one evening at the Athenæum, and was led home by an acquaintance of his, who was in a more sober state. The day had been wet, and the kennels were full of water. The poet fell into one of them, and pulled his companion after him, who exclaimed in allusion to one of the poet's lines. It is not '*I*-ser, rolling rapidly,' but *we*-sir."

FLOWERS.—Have any of our fair readers been able to raise a light blue dahlia. That is the horticultural prize most sought after. Some florists declare that it is not possible to raise one.

LOVE AND POETRY.—Recently, in Glasgow, a man was brought up before a police magistrate for the offence of giving a kiss to a young girl, who objected to such homage to her charms, when the following poetical dialogue took place:—

*Magistrate.*—Is your name John Jay?

*Prisoner.*—Yes, your honour; so the people say.

*Magistrate.*—Was it you that kissed the girl and gave the alarm?

*Prisoner.*—Yes, your honour, and surely I thought it no harm.

*Magistrate.*—You rascal! did you come here to make rhymes?

*Prisoner.*—No, your honour, but it will happen so sometimes.

*Magistrate.*—Get along with you, you scamp, get out of my sight.

*Prisoner* (*moving off*).—Thankee your honour. And I'll bid you good night!

MUSIC IN ENGLAND.—It is true, I have vaunted the many other qualities the English possess, sufficiently to be allowed to say, that that nation is, perhaps, the least musical that I know. There are certainly some distinguished performers, and occasionally great talent to be met with in society; but the mass "knows nothing about it." The men in general do not comprehend or feel it; harmony has no power over their nerves; for the most part they look upon a musician as a secondary sort of being, but they do not the less go to the Opera to cry "Brava, brava!" drawling out the first syllable of this word to a great length: and why? because it is good style to do so! In fact, there does not exist a single composer—at least as far as I know—in all Great Britain, excepting, perhaps, a Mr. Bishop, who is not without a certain talent, not for composing, but of arranging; for putting together the music he borrows from other nations; for a species of little opera, or vaudeville, which should be called Anglo-Franco-Germano-Italiano—like a *salade en Macedoine*, you do not know what you are eating. In Mr. Bishop's works may be detected many passages, which seem like ancient acquaintances, to whom you are just going to give a name, when a stranger arriving, *à l'Anglaise*, puts your memory at fault. I could always anticipate the end of his duos, when sung on the stage, by the manœuvre of the two singers, who at this moment generally retreat gradually each toward his or her respective side-scene; so that the unfailing shake which finishes every English air, the applauses, and the bow or courtesy, fall exactly at the instant when there is nothing to be seen but the arms and head, the rest of the person having disappeared behind the scenes."—*From the Count de Melfort's "Impressions of England."*

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