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THE  
MONTREAL MUSEUM.

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No. 11.

OCTOBER 1833.

VOL. I.

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GOODY BLAKE, AND HARRY GILL,

A TRUE STORY.

Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?  
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?  
That evermore his teeth they chatter,  
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.  
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,  
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;  
He has a blanket on his back,  
And coats enough to smother nine.  
In March, December, and in July,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;  
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
At night, at morning, and at noon,  
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
And who so stout of limb as he?  
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,  
His voice was like the voice of three.  
Auld Goody Blake was old and poor.  
Ill fed she was and thinly clad;  
And any man who pass'd her door,  
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,  
And then her three hours work at night  
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light.  
—This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,  
Her hut was on a cold hill side,  
And in that country coals are dear,  
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,  
Two poor old dames, as I have known,  
Will often live in one small cottage,  
But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day;  
Then at her door the canty dame  
Would sit, as any linnet gay.  
But when the ice our streams did fetter,  
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!  
You would have said, if you had met her,  
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.  
Her evenings then were dull and dead;  
Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed,  
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! when e'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout,  
And scatter'd many a lusty splinter,  
And many a rotten bough about.  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile before-hand, wood or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days.  
Now, when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could any thing be more alluring,  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?  
And now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,

To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake,  
And vow'd that she should be detected,  
And he on her would vengeance take.  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take,  
And there, at night, in frost and snow,  
He watch'd to seize old Goody Blake.  
And once, behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand,  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land.  
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—  
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill  
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her:  
Stick after stick did Goody pull,  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had filled her apron full.  
When with her load she turned about,  
The bye road back again to take,  
He started forward with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake:  
And fiercely by the arms he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast,  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"  
Then Goody, who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall;  
And kneeling on the sticks she pray'd  
To God that is the judge of all.

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm—  
"God! who are never out of hearing,  
"O may he never more be warm!"  
The cold, cold moon above her head,

I nus on her knees did Goody pray,  
Young Harry heard what she had said,  
And icy-cold he turned away.  
He went complaining all the morrow  
That he was cold and very chill:  
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,  
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!  
That day he wore a riding-coat,  
But not a whit the warmer he:  
Another was on Thursday brought,  
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,  
And blankets were about him pinn'd;  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,  
Like a loose casement in the wind.  
And Harry's flesh it fell away;  
And all who see him say 'tis plain  
That, live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again.  
No word to any man he utters,  
A-bed or up, to young or old;  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."  
A-bed or up, by night or day;  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still:  
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,  
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

*Wordsworth.*

## THE INDISCREET MAN, A TALE.

*Translated from the French for the Montreal Museum*

Towards the middle of the Spanish war there was, in a town which we shall not name, for fear of passing for the hero of this story, a French officer who had the reputation among the ladies, of being the most elegant, the most amiable, and most blabbing of all the handsome men who ever wore epaulettes. Balthazar had already had so many opportunities of verifying that indiscretion is the worst of faults, in love particularly; his friends had carried off so many of his mistresses, and he had so rarely succeeded in taking revenge, that he had resolved twenty times never to speak again, but the force of nature had ever gained the victory over him.

It was doubtless in the intention of accomplishing this terrible vow, that scarcely was he established in the garrison, when his comrades observed him gradually withdraw from their society. Balthazar, except during the time of service, abstained from all social intercourse, he neither walked, rode, or attended parties of pleasure with them. He was dumb and almost invisible. This time the change appeared serious and decisive. Our officer had commenced a new life. He gave for pretext that he wished to learn the Spanish language well in order to read Don Quixotte in the original. If he carefully shunned all his military companions, he took as much pains to frequent a house in the suburbs which was inhabited by an old man and a child of about fifteen or sixteen years of age; there was not in this family either young ladies or old ones, no, not even an old duenna. The inquisitive, and the wild young fellows of his regiment could not form any suspicions; and as every thing becomes habit at length, and ends by being forgotten, Balthazar was at first called a maniac, and then thought of no more.

This was all that our officer wanted, for he well knew, that amiable, gay, sensible and handsome as he was, if there was an agreeable adventure to be hoped for among the ladies, it could be for no other than himself, and he was resolved, this time, not to let his good fortune escape. This adventure, in fact, was not long ere it happened. One evening on his return after spending half the day running about the country with the old Spaniard and his little boy, the same as he did on most days, he found a perfumed note in which he was informed that a beautiful lady had noticed him several times in his rambles, and was much interested in him, and would be happy to tell him of it in person, but that the profoundest mystery must cover so much weakness,

which she reproached herself for; and it was indispensable, that he should give her during some time, proofs of patience and the strictest secrecy.

Balthazar placed this billet on his heart, and did not close his eyes that night. The next day he went early and joined the little Pacheco, the Spanish boy, with whom he had agreed the day before to visit several antiquities on horseback. The little Pacheco was a charming child, slight, delicate, very active, and a great laugher. Balthazar, had felt a friendship for him the first day they met, and this friendship had increased for many reasons. First, Pacheco was his greatest resource to chat with, and help to perfection him in the Spanish language, the old man being very much occupied and almost always absent, frequently from morning till night, and sometimes till night also, without however any one knowing what were his occupations. Balthazar himself, determined to become discreet, naturally respected his silence and secrecy. But of all the reasons which had attached Balthazar to Pacheco, among which his beauty and precociousness must be reckoned, the extreme youth of his new friend was the most prominent. He would have scrupled to talk of his gallantries and adventures to such a child, and he considered himself happy in having his tongue thus forcibly bound, so much had he, this time, at heart to keep his vow.

The ramble took place as usual without any remarkable event occurring excepting that Balthazar was continually looking from side to side, and little Pacheco, without interrupting his employment of gathering flowers and chasing butterflies, said to him several times: "My friend, do you expect any one? have you given a rendezvous here to any of your comrades?"

Balthazar answered that he was thinking of his friends in Paris, and that he was unhappy in being so far from them. One loves their friends so well in France! Still he looked into all the groves and coppices by the road-side. He rummaged all the corners of the old palaces and aqueducts; lost labor! He did not even perceive the corner of a veil or the shadow of a mantilla.

He returned home sorrowful enough, but he had scarcely arrived, when he received another billet. The lady had followed him in his ride, and lost none of his movements. She still recommended discretion and the most profound mystery.

"She saw me," said Balthazar. "But this woman is then a sylph! she is invisible. As to discretion I risk nothing; I see no person." He then took the note, folded it, and kissed it tenderly, his eyes filled with tears. "Singular adventure," said he, "I believe I love her already."

This lasted several weeks. Each evening a ramble with the little Pacheco, and on his return another billet. The style of the lady became more tender and more confiding. She appeared at length to believe in the discretion of the young officer, and in proportion as the motives of distrust disappeared,



and the moment to repay by an interview, his trial of patience and of silence, it was visible that the hand of the lady trembled violently; and judging by that alone of the emotions of her heart and the delicious blushes which must cover her brow and face, it was certainly quite sufficient to turn the head of a young officer, who was gallant, impassioned, and a handsome man.

Balthazar could not remain stationary, and he exerted the strength of four to keep silent. His terror of himself and his precautions redoubled as the moment of the dénouement approached. He acquired sufficient empire over himself to keep his secret during one long month, when a last billet appointed a meeting.

The place of rendezvous was to be in the pleasure palace of the nobleman who had been the governor of the town, but uninhabited since the arrival of the French, the governor having fled with his family to the mountains, where he was busied in assembling guerillas. Balthazar was flattered by the idea that his unknown had such a beautiful palace at her disposal. "She cannot be less than a countess," said he to himself, "I am of a good family, and who knows! . . ." Thus speaking, he raised his head with a proud look, thinking how often such adventures had ended in brilliant and happy establishments. One thing did still give him anxiety, he knew not, in real truth, if the unknown was young or old, ugly or handsome. The hour happily arrived to draw him from uncertainty. What joy!

On the outside, the front of the palace was of Moorish construction, and presented a dark and obscure appearance; but the interior how different! a soft light, flowers, rich carpets, the furniture all velvet and gold, the curtains of Damask and Persian, Chinese vases and ornaments over the chimneys, cristal lamps hung from the ceilings, and at the extremity of a magnificent boudoir a young girl, in a white dress was reclining on a divan.

Balthazar doubted not that she was the daughter of the governor, and in truth it was her. But how came she in the palace? Had her father secretly left her there, or had she returned, being unable to follow the body of the guerillas in the mountains? The governor himself, had he in reality left the town? All these questions asked of himself by the officer, were soon forgotten by the lover; and when the young girl rose, beautiful in her modesty, confusion and embarrassment, Balthazar fell at her feet, and wept like a child.

Nothing inspires ladies with so much courage as seeing their lovers weep. Accordingly the beautiful girl used every endeavor to calm Balthazar's agitation and trouble, and spoke to him with tenderness and gaiety, showing that she possessed both sense and delicacy of mind.

She asked him if he loved her truly, and if he was decided to sacrifice all for her.

Balthazar answered with warmth that there was no sacrifice he would not make to obtain merely the pleasure of kissing her hand.

The lady smiled, and told him to remember that, she then extended her hand to him, which he covered with kisses, and she withdrew.

Our officer, left alone in the apartment, was so happy that he could not speak. He felt that he loved this time as he had never loved before; he vowed he would not whisper a single word of his marvellous adventure; and allowing himself to be conducted out of the house he descended the ramparts in silence, but when he reached the middle of the town, his heart, full of joy, could contain it no longer, and he went along singing in a stentorian voice all the songs he had ever learned of Cimarosa and of Daleyrac at the *balcon des Bouffes* and of *Feydeau*. He spent the night composing romances and drawing from memory the features of his beautiful mistress, which struck him as bearing a great resemblance to those of the handsome little Pacheco. This puzzled him: however he had never paid much attention to Pacheco's features, but perfectly remembered those of his beautiful incognita, her beautiful lips, fine aquiline nose, large black eyes,—and he was determined to observe his young friend closely the next day.

His astonishment was so great the next day to find in Pacheco the exact counterpart of his mistress that he fell into a profound melancholy, and did not perceive that the poor child was more full of life, more joyous than ever, his cheeks vied more with the rose, and his eyes were more brilliant; he laughed and frolicked round him, saying he would go to France to learn to speak french, and said Balthazar must write to his mother and sisters in his favor.

—“But you,” said Balthazar, forgetting all his resolutions, “have you a sister?”

—“I have neither brother nor sister,” answered Pacheco. Saying this the child became pale, his gaiety disappeared, and he went and sat down near the old Spaniard, who coldly addressed a few words to him in the language of the country.

Balthazar had seen nothing of this, so much was he absorbed by this resemblance; he did not see either that instead of going to saddle the horse of his child for their usual ride, the Spaniard was arranging the table for a repast, covering it with musty old bottles of Xeres and Rancio.

To be brief, our hero found himself drinking, smoking, and *de grisant*, without at all perceiving that a great change had taken place in the manners of his friends, since he had said: *Have you a sister?* and that this improvised repast concealed an atrocious piece of perfidy. He soon lost his reason, and told over the details of his good fortune at the governor's palace.

Such an expression of sorrow and stupor passed over the countenance of Pacheco, that Balthazar trembled and felt himself half sobered. He heard the old Spaniard say:—Come, the horses are ready, the moon is rising, we must go.

—“You are about to take a journey, Pacheco?” said Balthazar.

“Yes, a long journey.” And the child threw himself on his neck, which he had never done before and kissed him several times, weeping bitterly.

Balthazar heard no more, and the night air having restored his reason and memory, he directed his steps towards the governor’s palace; for he had been promised a rendezvous every night, if he was discreet.

The palace was darker and more desolate-looking than on the preceding evening. He knocked several times; no person appeared. At day-break, he returned, in sorrow and despair. He went a hundred times to the house where Pacheco had lived and to the palace of the governor, but he did not again find the Spanish boy, or his beautiful unknown. He had seen them for the last time.

This adventure made such a deep impression on the heart and mind of the handsome officer, that he became silent and melancholy; it is the only one that he never mentioned, and since then he has been extremely reserved and silent.

If the question is asked, of whom then did we obtain the recital of this history, it happened as follows:—

Some years since, under the restoration, in a saloon in the *faubourg Saint Germain*, conversation turned upon a recent marriage, and a person of good sense, but very paradoxical, pitied the husband for having married a widow whose first marriage had been the result of a real passion, saying that we never could love truly twice. A Spanish count attached to the embassy sustained the contrary, to prove which he cited his own wife, whom the man of paradoxes knew to be a model of conjugal affection and maternal tenderness. “Well,” said the count, “she had loved an officer who still lives perhaps, and whom I shall probably never see, and this first love, at an age scarcely passed childhood, had taken such possession of her heart that she has owned to me that for three years she refused every match proposed to her by her father, in the hope of exhausting his patience and of obtaining permission to retire into a convent.

“It was during the war of the empire, my father-in-law, who was then governor of the town of —— had retired with his daughter to a house in the suburbs, to oversee at the same time the conspirations in town and the movements of the guerillas in the country. The greatest precautions had been taken in order that his retreat should not be made known to the French. Life, itself . . .”

The count was at this part of his recital, when I saw Balthazar, who was by me, become as pale as death. His eyes filled with fears; he rose and left the house.—*Le Voleur*.

## ON THE USE OF PERFUMERY.

No one should leave Paris, without visiting that “spicy Araby” of sweet odours, the Magazin of the Sieur Felix Houbigant-Chardin, in the Rue St. Honoré. I passed an hour there, this morning, in an atmosphere that penetrated to the very imagination, and sent me home with ideas as *musquées* as my person. There is a philosophy in odours, if one knew how to extract it; attars and essences apply to the mind with considerable influence, through the most susceptible, but capricious of the senses. A Roman lady very literally “dies of a rose in aromatic pain,” and swoons at the aspect of a bunch of flowers; while she inhales with indifference the steams of the *immondizia* piled up under her casement. A *petite maîtresse* of Billingsgate, or “les Halles,” perhaps might faint at the effluvia of an Hottentot toilet.

In the middle ages, and even down to the times of the Bourbons and the Stuarts, the absence of personal cleanliness and domestic purity, rendered artificial odours indispensable; and “sweet bags,” perfumed pillows, and scented gloves, breathing of rue, rosemary, cinnamon, and cedar, like a box from the *Fonderia of Santa Maria Novella*, in Florence, were indices of the barbarity of a people, to whom the first duty of civilization was unknown.

The hero of the Fronde, and traitor to all parties, the gallant Prince de Condé, was so notorious for neglecting his person, that Mademoiselle cites him in her memoirs, as past endurance; and talks of his uncombed hair, and untied cravat, with other less supportable slovenlinesses. She herself, however, was apt to lapse into similar faults; and she gives a description of her personal disorder in going in the “*carrosse de la Reine*,” as a thing of frequent occurrence, and even of boast, when not in her state toilet.

In the old times, apartments strewed with rushes, rarely removed, or *parquets* never washed, tapestries that received the dust of ages, hangings inaccessible to purification, and filthy feathers nodding over canopies as filthy, with princes and princesses too dignified to wash their hands, required at least an “ounce of civet, good apothecary,” to cleanse the foul imagination of the visitor; and they must have given occasion for a love of perfumery, more overwhelming than modern nerves can well relish. Cardinal Mazarin, who, in his quality both of priest and Italian, could not have been particular in such matters, (for it is unnecessary to observe that dirt was a dogma of that religion of which the *pic-puces* were the ministers), used to joke Anne of Austria for her love of perfumery. He was accustomed to say, that bad

smells would be her punishment in the other world; and really I think they might suffice for any moderate iniquity, short of the “seven deadlies.”

As personal purity has increased, the intensity of the fashionable perfumery has lessened; and the verity of the axiom been more generally acknowledged, that they who are without odour are the sweetest. There is a wide interval between the musky sweet bags of the olden times, and the essences *de Mousseline* and *Reseda* of the present day. In 1816 the French had scarcely got further in the progress of perfumery than the *eau de Chipre* and *Millefleurs*; and the *eau de Cologne* (or, as the ladies' maids call it, *eau de Cöloän*) was still in high vogue. In the actual state of illumination, *eau de Cologne* is banished to the medicine chest, with lavender drops and cardamom tincture. Instead of bathing the handkerchief, its ministry is confined to bathing bruises, and dissipating headaches. By the bye, we Parisians do not bathe our handkerchiefs now with any thing. The most delicate perfume thus conveyed, would be deemed too strong and coarse for modern *romantic* nerves. The process of perfuming an handkerchief is more elaborately scientific and marks the spirit of the age: as such, it cannot fail to interest posterity; and I record it, as a matter of conscience, even though it should never “reach its address.”

Take a dozen embroidered cobwebs, such as some “*araignée du voisinage*” might weave for the reticule of Queen Mab, and place them in the pocket of an elegant *porte-mouchoir*, which must not be of any of the old fashioned prismatic colours; but as “*La Mode*” phrases it, “*de la couleur la plus nouvelle.*” Into the cover of this elegant and indispensable superfluity, the delicate odours are to be quilted, which communicate a just perceptible atmosphere; (that is to say, an atmosphere perceptible to the practised olfactories of enlightened nerves;) and which mingling with the freshness of the last spring-water-rince of the laundry, renders the application of the handkerchief to the face a “perfect pleasure.” This receipt I give almost in the very words of the *merveilleux* from whom I had it; and who inveighed with more eloquence than I can hope to convey in writing, against the pints of lavender water which English ladies scatter on their handkerchiefs, giving their opera box the smell of an apothecary's shop, or an Irish whiskey house.

# THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.<sup>[1]</sup>

BY ROBERT FOLKESTON WILLIAMS.

Solemn, and still, and melancholy was the hush  
In *Santa Clara* of the thousands there;  
Deep as the human soul, or as the gush  
Of a young heart in prayer;  
For the full heaviness of grief let fall  
Its shadow on them all.

It was a solitude, although the aisles  
Were thronged with living forms; and they were rife  
With those affections, passions, tears, and smiles,  
That tell of human life:  
Yet were they as the winter frost can make  
The surface of a lake.

For each, so awed to silence, held his breath  
In lips that fearful wonderment compressed;  
For, lo!—they stood beside the form of death  
Clad in a royal vest—  
A sightless, moveless, voiceless one, whose look  
Was more than they could brook.

She who'd been carried from the gloomy cave  
Into the light of day—she who had been  
Snatched from the dreary region of the grave,  
Sat there enthroned a queen;  
And Pedro stood beside his murdered bride,  
That once had been his pride.

It was a sight to soften hearts of stone,  
But to behold the wild and fearful gaze,  
In which all seemed so strongly thus to own  
The loved of other days;  
And paid the homage of humility  
To that pale mockery.

His sons knelt down before her—on her hand,  
Clammy and chill, their lips did reverence;  
And their dark eyes the lifeless being scanned  
With tearful eloquence;  
Filled with the feelings which have made a part  
Of the afflicted heart.

And courtiers gay and stubborn knights bent low,  
And holy men were suppliant, as they gave  
Their benediction to the pomp and show  
That glorified the grave;  
While banners, plumes, and scarfs, stirred by the breeze,  
Waved like funereal trees.

The king was on his royal throne, beside  
The corpse of her he loved, he felt how vain  
Were those bright ornaments of regal pride,  
And looked like one in pain:  
For there were feelings stirring in his eye  
Of some deep agony.

Again there was a pause, and not a sound  
Came on the listening ear. His eyeballs dim  
Had lost observance of the things around:—  
Yet what were they to him?  
For e'en the dead, clothed in her royal state,  
Looked scarce so desolate.

He found, although he might the dead unearth,  
And deck her out with royal excellence,  
He could not give to her a second birth,  
That breathed of life and sense!—  
Could not again supply the vital flame  
That organised her frame.

A shadow of deep suffering arose  
Over his manly brow—it was the gloom  
Of speechless passion, such as finds its close  
But in the silent tomb.  
And then as from a troubled sleep awoke,  
Thus mournfully he spoke:—



‘My Ines, my beloved one—Oh! thou  
Who art among the bright ones who have been;  
Did I not swear that thou shouldst be a queen,  
And look around—have I not kept my vow?—

‘Thou hast a glittering diadem—the throne  
Of many kings is thine, the sceptre dwells  
Within thy grasp:—and where’s he who rebels  
’Gainst the authority its sway shall own?

‘Princes here kneel in homage; heroes wait  
Ready to battle for thee; churchmen stand  
With holy prayers to bless the work in hand;  
And thou art honoured by the good and great.

‘But, O! thou knowest not the glories here—  
The film of death has glazed thy brilliant eye,  
The lustre of that gaze has long passed by,  
That warmed the smile and glorified the tear.

‘Thy gentle heart the slimy worm has sought,  
And the kind feelings which it knew are o’er;  
Thy look is passionless—thy lips no more  
Speak of the fervent love which once they taught.

‘The heaven-born impulses thy spirit felt  
Cannot remain with the insensate dead;  
They’ve passed, they’ve perished—have dissolved and fled,  
And left me but the clay in which they dwelt.

‘But, hark! the murmur of a voice hath spread  
Around me words of an unearthly lore:—  
‘To the dark tomb its denizen restore!  
Give back the dead, oh! king, give back the dead!’

‘I hear thee!—and although my heart will yearn  
For the lost fellowship it has confessed,  
Still I will give thee to thy silent rest,  
And to the dead I will the dead return.

‘But I will raise a noble monument  
In Alcobaça’s ancient walls, and there,  
With many a sacred mass and holy prayer,  
Shall that bright form to its last home be sent.

‘That, in the after-time, may many then,  
Knowing thy spirit hath become divine,  
Find a sure refuge at thy honoured shrine,  
For sinful deeds done by repentant men.’

Of what avail was all this gorgeous scene—  
Thus proudly garnishing the earth-worm’s feast?—  
Nought! for at the same table served have been,  
King, courtier, and priest.  
Mock not the grave, for in a little space  
There shall we all have place.

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[1] “The tragical fate of this beautiful but unfortunate woman has created many fine compositions by poets of different nations.—She was married to Pedro, the son of Alonzo, king of Portugal; but the father of the prince objected to the match, and, with circumstances of great cruelty, assisted in her murder. Until Pedro came to the throne, he had not sufficient opportunities to revenge her death; but almost immediately after his father’s decease, his vengeance fell upon the murderers with an unexampled ferocity. When he was satisfied with the summary justice he had inflicted, he proceeded to the church of St. Clair at Coimbra, caused her corpse to be brought from the sepulchre, to be arrayed in royal vestments, to be placed on a throne with a crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand, and there she received the homage of the assembled courtiers and of the highest officers of the state. From the church her body was conveyed on a splendid car, accompanied by the male and female nobility of the kingdom clad in mourning, to the monastery of Alcobaça, wherein he had ordered to be constructed two magnificent tombs of white marble, one of which he

intended for himself, and the other for his queen. This occurred about the year 1361.”

# MARIA, THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. H. BAYLEY.

Author of "*Tales of the Heath*," "*the Widow and Daughter*" &c.

I recollect Maria Austin, as the most beautiful, most loveable, and lovely creature my memory recalls, and whose uncomplaining sweetness and cheerful endurance of those thousand petty but galling annoyances to be found in the dependant life, have left an impression on my mind never to be obliterated.

The first hour she saw the light of day deprived her of a mother, and from that moment, she became the sole consolation and darling object of her surviving parent.

At the birth of his infant, Colonel Austin had to deplore the loss of a wife, imbued by nature with virtues which give an exaltation to the female character, raising it in dignity as superior to the follies and vanities of this life, as beyond its aspersions and jealousies. To a heart ennobled by the best feelings of our nature, Mrs. Austin combined an accomplished, and well regulated mind, enriched by cultivation produced from the prolific seeds of education, until it had blossomed with an energy, and an amiability, peculiarly its own.

Nature had also with the hand of liberality bestowed her favors on the Colonel, who was not only an intellectual, but in every sense of the word a good man. He had gloried in his attachment to her whose death he now so deeply deplored, not only as the idol of his heart, but as the sincerest friend, and wisest counsellor he could ever hope to possess. The keen anguish of accumulated suffering now pressed heavily upon him, the natural energies of his mind became enfeebled, to paroxysms of despair succeeded a pale and fixed melancholy, which for a season threatened the annihilation of reason.—That eye that had ever smiled the smile of benevolence, now wept the tear of sorrow. Yet through the cloud of grief, there sometimes shone a ray of religious resignation, which springing from the mind afforded its own consolation, and conveyed a gleam of hope to his surrounding friends; many of whom strenuously advised that he should exchange into a regiment on foreign service, considering that a variation of scene afforded the only chance of his recovery from a shock, which, like the vampire had been destroying the energies of the mind, and almost depriving it of its very existence.

He would not however listen to the proposal, but immediately disposing of his commission retired with his infant girl to a small cottage in the west of England; determined there to devote his remaining days to the performance of a duty which had now so imperatively become his own. Who shall bound the powers of human misery! or say to sorrow, so far shalt thou go but no farther; the mind becomes impaired, but hearts seldom break by excess of grief, yet the slow consuming hand of mental anguish leads us through a lingering death to an early tomb.

The Colonel survived but a few years the loss of her whose memory he had so dearly cherished, leaving his little Maria under the guardianship of a gentleman, on whose principles he fondly hoped he might depend, and at the same time bequeathed to her the residue of his property.

The person appointed by Colonel Austin as the future protector of his dearest earthly treasure, was a Mr. Penson, the companion of his early studies, the friend of his maturer years, one who had sympathized in his sufferings and mourned his death, and was fully resolved to fulfil faithfully the important trust he had undertaken. This gentleman had a son and daughter, the former three, and the latter two years older than Maria, who was thirteen when she entered the family of her guardian.

In the common acceptation of the word Mr. Penson was what is generally denominated a kind hearted man, that is, he never intentionally did any harm, sometimes gave a few pence to the poor, occasionally invited a friend to dinner, was mild in his deportment, but weak in intellect, of which he had given sufficient evidence in his matrimonial choice, though it must be confessed that Mrs. Penson had been, and still was a very pretty woman, but unfortunately for her family the beauty of her face had been her chief endowment, while her mind had been left free from all embellishment, and her heart contaminated by indulgence. She had been nursed in the lap of luxury and indolence, and became the very quintessence of fine ladyism; from a spoiled child Mrs. Penson had sunk into the character of a spoiled wife, under the management of her “poor dear mamma,” and the indulgence of her “dear good husband;” her two children, William and Emma were from example in danger of falling into similar error,—all that imagination could devise, or whim, and caprice invent was thought of for their gratification, they were not to be disappointed, for fear of spoiling their temper, and as Miss Emma was considered very beautiful, all contradiction to her was very strictly forbidden by her *judicious* mamma, from an apprehension that the young lady should shed tears, which might dim the lustre of her eye, or give a melancholy cast to her countenance. Such was the family into which poor Maria was now introduced, and in which she soon found she was to be treated with the coolness, and servility of a dependant.

Long nurtured in the retirement of a country village, the beloved of a doating father, the admired of all around her, and loving *all* within her circle with the ardour of a young and affectionate heart, high-souled as meek, quick as artless, her pride was awakened not less than her sensibility by the hauteur of those whom in rank she knew to be her inferiors,—the insolence of Emma who envied her a look of kindly feeling, or encouragement from her guardian, the guarded yet pointed ill-treatment of Mrs. Penson who literally grudged her her food, were daily, hourly trials to poor Maria, who in short had plenty on her hands. Miss Emma had taken a fancy to the little orphan, and would have no other to wait on her, to dress her, or curl her hair,—her mamma had also discovered that Maria worked with extreme neatness, and therefore found her constant employment at the needle or tambour frame, and, occasionally when the cook was busy, she was found useful in assisting, or superintending the duties of the kitchen, even the housemaid did not think she was presuming too much in requesting Miss Austin to dust the drawing room, or her lady's dressing room on any particular occasion. There was however one, and only one in the family whose youthful heart sympathised with her suppressed feelings, and heartily wished it had been in his power to alleviate their pang; that one was William, the only son of Mr. Penson, who though not a favourite in the family, possessed a mind superior to them *all*, his disposition was mild, and his heart imbued with noble sentiments, he watched with tenderness the trials which Maria had daily to encounter, and from his soul he pitied her—“pity it has been said is akin to love,” and so it proved with William.

Three years passed on and the only change in Maria was, that the buddings of early beauty now blossomed into maturity, and that chaste, pure mind which had been suppressed by almost unparalleled trials, now burst forth with an energy peculiarly its own, and soaring in its native excellence rose above misfortune, giving to the countenance an expression of animation and loveliness scarcely to be equalled. Maria's heart was also susceptible of kindness, it had been formed in the mould of affection, how could she then live without loving, and whom could she love but the individual whom alone on earth seemed to care for her? if gratitude filled her heart, its overflowings were of a more tender nature, like those of pity, they were nearly “akin to love.”

The accumulated trials and mortifications to which she was hourly exposed did not extort even a murmur,—her angelic face still beamed with contentment, unless when she found it impossible to conceal from William their effects upon her feelings, to soothe the anxieties felt by him on her account, to render his perceptions obtuse as to her real situation, or prove to him by an air of cheerfulness that the arrows he witnessed fell harmless, was

now the great business of her existence. In truth William and Maria were a pair of interesting lovers, their confidence was so entire, their manners so natural and similar, with minds so superior, and hearts so devoted, that it seldom falls to the lot of any one to be intimately acquainted with a couple so gifted by nature, and apparently so fitted to render each other happy. This state of affairs had continued about two years, and as both were young, delay was of no consequence, seeing that it energized both mind and affection—when a succession of events took place in the merchant's family giving a total change to the monotony of the scene. William who had hitherto been employed only in his father's counting house, had an eligible situation offered him as principal clerk in a firm of great eminence in Rotterdam, the offer was not [to] be rejected, for unhappily Mr. Penson's mercantile affairs had not escaped the general depression; he had found it necessary to reduce his establishment until his number of clerks amounted to one, and that one, a confidential person whose services were indispensibly necessary in the management of the concern.

As the hour approached for William's departure, Maria's anxiety and sorrow became almost intolerable, although not a shade of doubt sullied the pure light of love, yet she could not think of his absence unmoved, or be insensible, that to *him*, and *him* alone she owed the power of sustaining her mind in tranquility, under the pressure of those many evils which crowded upon her, by the growing intolerance of Miss Emma, and the decreasing expectations of her mother, who, from necessity, had reduced her establishment from five to three servants, the natural consequences of uncertain fortune, and mercantile speculation.

Before the intimation of this new grief had had time to make any great impression on Maria's mind, William abruptly entered an apartment where his sole treasure was busily employed with her needle, and presenting her with a letter "*that*" said he, "dearest girl, seals my doom, and contains an order that I embark immediately for my destined port."—"your orders are indeed sudden," said Maria, striving to conceal a sigh which swelled her heart almost to bursting, "but we must submit, dear William; to be parted from those we love is always painful, but it is only irreconcilable when we lose the refreshing hope of meeting again." "And on *that* hope I will sustain life, my charming Maria, and by your example meet with resignation the most poignant hour of my life, fondly cherishing the exhilarating hope that this dreaded separation will ultimately lead to our permanent happiness; bereft of that support every transient joy could, like a cloud, evaporate, leaving a blank only in my existence,—promise, dear Maria, that in your grief your mind shall not sink under the miseries of your situation, which my affections aided by my endeavours, will I trust soon enable me to remove."

Cheerfully indeed would this affectionate girl promise any thing that could have added to the happiness of him who was her all of earthly good. She saw with heartfelt grief that his eyes could not be blinded by her innocent artifices to conceal the mortifications of her unhappy station, and yet, that it was impossible for him to resent the indignities she suffered, or mitigate the toil she endured, without a violation of his duty toward his parents.

William had hardly quitted the parental roof when the family were plunged into dire calamity by the elopement of Miss Emma with an Ensign in the —— Regiment of foot, with whom she had become acquainted in her frequent promenades on the Steyne at Brighton, where Mrs. Penson had taken lodgings for a few weeks in order to recruit her health and strengthen her nerves, which she pronounced to have been sadly shaken by the abrupt departure of her son. In the mean time their domicile in London had been consigned to the care of Maria, who indefatigable in the performance of her duty, had been actively employed in making arrangements for the return of the family, and devoting her leisure hours in writing long epistles to her dear William. The images which chiefly occupied her mind were those of his anxieties on her account, and often, and bitterly did she weep over the sorrows in which she feared he might indulge, and often did she determine for his sake, to sustain life, and hope even under the heart-rending miseries she felt, and the more terrible terrors which frequently assailed her from the utter desolation of her situation, from which she dared hardly look for relief; thus pondering over her fate Maria was one evening at a late hour aroused from her reverie by the unexpected arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Penson whose perturbation of mind, and extreme anger towards each other, both alarmed and grieved her; upon learning the cause of their distress, all remembrance of her own sufferings subsided, for them only she felt, and thought, endearing attentions were administered with an affection that could proceed only from the heart of innocence and truth.—No clue could be traced as to what had become of the fugitives, except that they had eloped in a post chaise and four from Brighton. Mr. Penson who loved his daughter became almost frantic, and his lady inconsolable; on her beautiful Emma her fondest hopes had been fixed, and it had long been her determination that her exquisite girl should not accept the hand of any beneath the rank of a Peer, to which she considered her pretty face and reported fortune would quite entitle her, for though it is probable had Mr. Penson wound up his affairs he would not have been possessed of five thousand pounds, yet it was currently asserted, that the beautiful Miss Penson would on the day of her marriage receive from her father a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. From what channel this error arose it is not for me to decide, but probably to its source may be traced the imprudent step which this infatuated girl had taken, and



which had involved her family in so much misery—lured by the prospect of gain, a thoughtless unprincipled young man had laid a net to ensnare one, of whose merits he knew too little to warrant the bare suspicion of an honorable attachment.—While poor Emma blinded by vanity, and dazzled by appearances, did not for an instant suppose that the red coat could conceal under its bright linings a heart of the blackest dye, but so it proved, for as soon as this juvenile son of Mars found that his beauty was destitute of fortune, his love became less ardent, in fact it soon dwindled into indifference; perhaps no deluded victim was ever treated more harshly or severely—ere many months had passed Emma found that her protector had taken his departure, and that too, without the common courtesy of an adieu, to join his regiment in the West Indies, leaving his disconsolate wife bereft not only of protection, but also, nearly without the means of subsistence, and that at a time when her situation demanded his peculiar care. Emma in the extreme of her distress had supplicated by letter the forgiveness and assistance of her parents, but alas! those parents were inexorable; the poor girl's letter was returned with a severe reprimand, coupled with an injunction never to trouble them again. How little did they reflect upon the enormity of their crime, that they were spurning from their protection the unhappy victim of their *own* mistaken management, and of the ill-judged education their *own* folly had led them to bestow on their now unhappy child. Nature had given to Emma, a mild and pliant disposition, that might with care have been trained to the stem of excellence, and amiability—but rocked in the cradle of indolence and vanity, she absolutely became a sacrifice to her parents' errors. Reduced to the last guinea, and receiving but an occasional trifling remittance from her husband, without either the energy or the means of exertion, poor Emma would have sunk into oblivion, and perhaps have ended her career by death, had not the soul of an angel, in the form of Maria, hovered over and protected her. That affectionate girl received from the little property bequeathed to her by her father, an annual allowance to purchase her cloathes, books &c. This had never been disposed of extravagantly, but it was now apparently hoarded with a parsimony that astonished both Mr. and Mrs. Penson, and the latter had not unfrequently reproved with severity Maria's want of taste in her dress, and her meanness in turning and patching her garments in lieu of replacing them with new. How little did she suspect that when such reproofs were harshly given they were like arrows to the heart of her who was devoting every guinea as she received it to the support of the unhappy Emma, who neglected and humbled was pining in misery.

Although Mr. Penson had become more tranquilized, he had never ceased to mourn the erring conduct of his daughter, upon whose contrition, it

was believed, he would again have received under his roof and protection, but his wife was peremptory; her decision was irrevocable, and she was determined that her delicate nerves should not be excited by an interview with her disgraced daughter, who, by an act of folly had forfeited her affections for ever. Mr. Penson however could not forget that he was still the parent of Emma, he had been forbidden to mention her name—but his parental heart did not cease to ache, his temper became more uneven, indolence more apparent, business was less attended to, and ultimately home less frequented. At this crisis of our narrative, Maria received intimation of the death of an uncle of her father's who having resided many years in Calcutta had amassed immense wealth, and having no heir, had bequeathed to the daughter of his favourite nephew the whole of his property. How amiable was the conduct of Maria on this occasion.—The first feelings of her heart were those of gratitude towards that Supreme Being, who had thus unexpectedly invested her with the power of “healing the broken hearted.” “Poor Emma,” she inwardly ejaculated, “if I cannot restore to you that peace of mind which I so ardently wish for you, I thank God that I can now place you, and your infant beyond the grasp of poverty.” Such were the reflections of her sympathizing soul, when Mrs. Penson rushing into her chamber, threw herself in an agony of tears on her bosom, exclaiming: “Oh, Maria, we are ruined! we are ruined! we are ruined! the cloud which has for some time been hovering over our heads has now burst forth with a violence uncontrollable!” “Mr. Penson is not ill I hope, Madam,” said the trembling girl. “No, my husband's health is unimpaired; but his mind is, I fear, tortured on the rack of despair, our ruin is inevitable; yesterday he received the intimation that the Banking-house in which his property is invested had failed. Maddened by accumulated disappointments and sorrows, instead of returning home, he imprudently entered a gambling house, and at one throw of the die involved himself in a debt of five thousand pounds, for which he is now arrested, and will be thrown into prison.” The unhappy wife could say no more, but in a paroxysm bordering on madness threw herself on the sofa.

That energy and self command which had been the characteristic of Maria's mind did not now forsake her. Taking Mrs. Penson by the hand she implored her to be composed, saying, “Your apprehensions for the safety of my guardian, dear Madam, give a gloomy confirmation to your mind of events, which in reality shall not take place—my fortune is now sufficiently large to enable me to pay the debt without distressing myself, be happy, and Mr. Penson shall be immediately liberated.” A sensation difficult to express, but mingled with gratitude, surprise and joy, for a moment prevented an acknowledgment to the generous offer, but Maria perceiving the lady was

now in a state to be left, she pressed her lips to her forehead, and entreating that she would seek repose on the bed, she staid only to gain the name and address of the fortunate winner of Mr. Penson's property, then hastening to the drawing room, she wrote to the gentleman requesting that he would call upon her banker for the amount of the draft enclosed. At the same time requested, that Mr. Penson might be immediately liberated; her wishes were of course complied with, and Maria had the heartfelt happiness of seeing her guardian through her generous exertions restored to his own fire-side. How much this last act had enhanced her value in the family, we will leave the public to decide.

Major H—— for that was the name of the gentleman who had received Maria's check waited on the banking firm, at Charing-cross for the cash. The note from Miss Austin, though laconic, had been dictated with so much elegance and feeling as to inspire the Major with an exalted opinion of the refined sensibility of the writer;—her signature "Maria Austin," had also startled him—and impressed him with an ardent desire to become acquainted with the young lady. The fact was, that he had once loved a "Maria" with so much sincerity, that neither time nor distance could teach him to forget her, though he has said that hitherto "He never told his love;" the object of his unchanged affections proved to be the mother of the charming girl with whom he was now brought in contact. Colonel Austin and himself had been brother officers in the same regiment, and at the same time became each enamoured with the lovely daughter of Major Wimpole. Finding that Austin had proposed, and had been accepted by the young lady, he exchanged into a Regt. then in India from whence he had never returned until a few months previous to the gambling transaction.

Having ascertained from the banker an outline of Maria's history, with a faithful recital of her late generous conduct to Emma, for it had been through his hands the money had been conveyed to her protégée as the medium least likely to wound the feelings, already too severely lacerated by misfortune and neglect; his mind being fully satisfied as to the identity of Maria's relationship to his former friends, he hastened with his check uncashed, to the residence of Mr. Penson, and sending up his card requested an audience with Miss Austin, to whom he explained his former friendship and undiminished regard towards her lamented parents, requesting that he might now be permitted the honor of transferring that sincerity of feeling to their daughter, whose esteem he would consider invaluable, being already acquainted with the excellence of her heart and mind, "as the first trifling token of my truth," said the Major, "I must beg to destroy in your presence this check, which I no longer value, except for its consequences, which I prize more than ten times the sum." The last sentence was expressed, and

the act of tearing the check had commenced when Maria exclaimed, “stop! I pray you, stop!” at the same time with her extended arm arrested its progress towards destruction,—then pulling the bell, she said, to the Major: “grateful for the affectionate respect you have expressed towards my much lamented parents, and anxious to prove how solicitous I am to take advantage of friendship so generously proffered to their daughter, I will, with your permission, in the presence of my guardian, lay myself under an obligation that will bind me by the endearing bands of gratitude to you forever.”—The servant entering Maria desired him to request that Mr. and Mrs. Penson would give her the pleasure of their company; they instantly obeyed the summons, and received from the gentleman an explanation of his visit and intentions. “And now, my friends,” said Maria, “I am going to put your sincerity to the test, before I say one word in acknowledgment for the handsome compliments you have been heaping upon me. Major H—— has kindly tendered me this check, as being now *worthless* to him, I can accept it but upon terms that must be acceded to by all the party.” Turning to Mr. Penson she continued: “it is my wish that it should be immediately settled on the infant of your Emma, allowing the mother the interest of the money until the child be of age, and you, dear madam,” she said, addressing Mrs. Penson, “will I intreat, do me the favor to receive your daughter who so much needs parental care and protection; if her fault has been great, her sufferings have been immense, the soothing voice of consolation may cheer the drooping heart, if it cannot make it happy, and I am sure you will confess that our cup of bliss could not be full, while poor Emma was sipping the dregs of misery.” An appeal so amiably made had its effects.—Emma was to be immediately received into her father’s house, Major H—— was to become the godfather of her child, and on the day of his christening five thousand pounds was to be invested in the bank as his future property. “And now,” said Maria, “having disposed of my friends to my liking, I wish to dispose of myself, and therefore request the sanction of my guardian to my marriage.” “Your marriage, dear girl!” exclaimed Mr. Penson, “and whom do you wish to marry?” “Your son, sir,” said Maria smiling, “With your full sanction.” “Gads Zooks!” exclaimed the enraptured Mr. Penson, “and is it for my William that you have refused all the good offers that have been made you? Have him, to be sure you shall! and I will send for him home directly.” The summons was quickly obeyed, and before many moons had passed William became the happy husband of the loveable, and lovely Maria; it is not fair to conclude without stating that a year had only elapsed, when Major H—— was again called upon to become godfather to Maria’s first child, which as it was a son he insisted upon naming “Wimpole

Austin,” and at his death bequeathed him the whole of his amassed Indian fortune.

Isle aux Noix, October, 1833.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

### RESCUED RECORDS.

(*Supposed to have been written by a XX. Marine under his present Majesty.*)

In the following sketches the reader may possibly fancy he catches an occasional glimpse of the inky thumb of Prince Puckler Muskau or Baron D'Haussez. This he will be led to imagine, perhaps, from a certain readiness displayed in discovering facts connected with different places which have eluded the most vigilant antiquaries and historians; the flattering generalities; the complaints of the insufficient notice taken of a distinguished person coming from an important part of the world—his having to pay for eating and drinking at taverns, &c. &c. But, in order to prevent the impression that they had a finger in the business, it is most positively affirmed that not a line of the original is in the handwriting of either of these gentlemen.

One word more. As it has for some years been the custom to account for the possession of curious manuscripts (from the *Man of Feeling* to the *Dominic's Legacy*), it is considered advisable to state, that these sketches were brought to light under the following circumstances:—

Mr. L—— had for several nights regularly observed Mrs. L—— cut into square pieces what appeared to him to be a continuous MS., for the purpose of curling her hair—(they were only newly married). Perceiving one evening that she was using blank paper, it came into his head to ask her if the MS. was all gone; to which she replied that it was. “And what was it about?” said he. “I cannot tell,” replied Mrs. L——; “my father left it to me in his will, with an injunction not to read it, but to curl my hair with it as long as it lasted, which I have faithfully done.”

Knowing his wife's father to have been rather an eccentric man, Mr. L——'s curiosity was instantly excited; and fortunately gaining possession of some of the ill-used fragments, he determined to investigate their nature. He soon discovered enough to make him regret what was irretrievably lost; while the difficulty of rescuing those horribly-screwed-up relics from oblivion can only be compared to the task of unrolling the ancient papyri of Herculaneum, which cost Sir H. Davy so much trouble, and as given the world so little. *Should the reader, therefore, find in them any expression which may appear over-strained, he must attribute it to its having been so much twisted!*

Wishing this to be particularly remembered, the reader is introduced, without further preface, to

## THE RESCUED RECORDS.

It was in the summer of 18—the thought first crossed me to leave my native place for a little while, and pay a visit to the East. Accordingly, on the morning of the — of — I bade adieu to Battle-bridge, jumped into an omnibus, and, for the first time in my life, went to the Bank—a place which possesses much interest for many persons, though it never afforded me any. During my journey I could not help observing traits in the conduct of the passengers which must astonish every stranger. On my getting into the vehicle, no one rose, or even took off his hat to me; and when seated, I found we were much crowded—yet, though they saw I was very uncomfortable, and must have known I came from Battle-bridge, no one offered to make more room for me by sitting down in the straw! The owners of those accommodations, too, are extremely sordid: their fare is sixpence, every farthing of which they make you pay; and then, as if they thought you a goose, they turn you out at the Poultry.

THE POULTRY.—In the observations I am about to offer, let not the Cockney sportsman think I am making game of the Poultry; but it does strike a traveller, particularly one from Battle-bridge, that the name of this place is most absurd. As well might it have been called a country lane,—indeed, in this there would have been some reason, for it is actually surrounded with berries—Bucklers-bury, Alderman-bury, and so on. In vain I inquired of the inhabitants whence it derived its name; the only probable answer I obtained being, that it perhaps alluded to its proximity to Guildhall, where elections are contested, and that it should therefore be spelt *Poll-try*.

CORN HILL, LEADENHALL STREET, &c.—Proceeding easterly, you ascend Corn Hill, which acquired its title from being generally so crowded with people, that it is impossible to avoid having certain hard and soft afflictions of the toes trodden upon. You soon come to Leadenhall Street, where stands the famed Hall of the East India Company, which gave its name to the street; but not, I believe, as is generally supposed, from Leaden Hall, but from the following circumstance. The East India House supplies the whole of England with tea, and it is sold in chests lined with thin lead. Now, at one time a very deep fellow had the management of the tea-sales here; and when a grocer had bought a chest of tea for a certain sum, he would make him pay extra for the lead, as it was not in the bargain. This was carried to such an extent, that it became the rule to bid so much for a chest of tea, “lead an’ all,” which, I have no doubt, was the origin of the name of the street—now

corrupted into Leadenhall. But the numerous instances of misspelling are almost beyond belief.—From this place you proceed to Fish Street Hill, at the foot of which is the monument of London; but to the astonishment of the stranger, he finds it incapable of *moving*, and actually *standing*—although Pope assures us that it

“*Lifts the head, and lies!*”

This is the way persons who never visit London are misled! You may hence continue your course to the Tower, which is strongly guarded by soldiers, though I think quite unnecessarily; but the people consider, as they must have soldiers, they may as well employ them; and accordingly, though herbs are remarkably cheap, they even set them to protect their Mint!

The stranger should visit this part of the city at about nine o'clock of a summer's morning, when men, women, and children, may be seen streaming in all directions to the Tower. This towering attraction is nothing more than the Londoners going off to Margate,—a place where they get browned like crusty loaves, and then think nobody can see they are London *bred*. From the hurry they are always in at this time, it is an excellent opportunity (if you wish to form an opinion of the people) to judge of the *general run* of the Cockneys. In front may be seen the dear husband, with various cloaks and shawls over his shoulder; in one hand he carries a basket, with the foot of a fowl peeping out from one corner at its fellow-trotters, and a slice of ham hanging over the front as a label of contents; the other hand grips “my Missus's” bonnet and cap-box; while he is obliged to wear his own great-coat because he can't carry it. Behind steps out his dearest half and their charming daughter, who think it unnecessary to have a coach, “as there's no luggage”; so condescend to walk, taking care to keep up their parasols, by way of poking out the coal-heavers' eyes; and to bring up the rear, you hear little Johnny come sniffing along, in the vain endeavour to run as fast as his nose.

But I must admit it is not always that the husband is so accommodating, or so anxious for the trip; for I believe many of these people to be such radical Cockneys, that they would rather go to their own Commons than visit Piers at Margate and Ramsgate. Indeed, I am borne out in this belief by the case of my worthy three-days' landlord Mr. Stokes, who, I am sure, would never have gone had he not been in a manner compelled, as the subjoined account of his journey (derived from the most accurate and exclusive sources) will, I think, sufficiently prove.

“He that rises first is first dressed,” said Mr. Stokes, as his wife and daughter entered the parlour at seven o'clock one Saturday morning, and



found him pacing the room, with his hat and great-coat on, and his umbrella under his arm. "Why, my dear," replied Mrs. Stokes, who perfectly understood him, "there's plenty of time; we have only a few little things to pack up—and Jemima told the coachman to be here precisely at eight: so we can all ride comfortably to the Tower." "Ride, Mrs. S.! you know I never ride. This Margate whim is unpleasant enough to me, without being shook to bits in a coach over the stones." "Well, my dear, there's plenty of time; and we'll just have an early breakfast, and start as soon as possible; but, as I said, I have a few little things to pack up, which I will get about directly."

Now Mr. Stokes was, or rather wished to be, a quiet, come-day, go-day, God-send-Sunday sort of man; but, unfortunately for his sins, he was blessed with a wife of a totally opposite character. He wished to get through life with as little trouble as possible—to pay few visits, and receive less company—to go to bed soon, and to rise early. But from all this his wife differed—though going to bed and getting up was, indeed, the subject of every evening's warm yet unconvincing debate. She did not like what she termed "the boorish, ungentle manners of the old school,"—she had heard of the march of refinement, and not only endeavoured to join in the march, but wished to enlist Mr. S. likewise. This was not all the annoyance he was subject to; for besides his wife's attempts at polishing Mr. S. (which were as grating to him as those of a file on a poker), he was constantly put out of his way by the "witticisms" of Uncle Brown, a bachelor brother of Mrs. S. who lived with them. Then, again, Miss Jemima Stokes was, as her mother used to say, of a "poetic temperament," and continually breaking in upon his afternoon naps with some sudden expression of delight at the beauties of nature, or some "flash of thought,"—all which her father, poor man! considered its unfortunate flighty propensities. But to return to the parlour.

Mrs. Stokes had left the room, and Mr. S. continued pacing up and down, when "Oh, papa," cried Jemima, as she looked from the window, "this is what the poet might indeed call a 'glad smiling morn.'" "Nothing to smile at," muttered her father; "here have I been up ever since half-past five, ready to go at a moment's notice—and now you talk about packing up, and breakfast, and riding, and—but this proves what I say—if you had got up at ——" "Listen, listen, papa!" exclaimed Jemima. "What's the matter?" asked her father somewhat alarmed. "Oh, that beautiful bird!" "Pshaw! don't bother me with your birds!" and his quickened pace shewed he was a hasty man.

Just at this moment in walked Uncle Brown—"Why, Stokes, they tell me you won't ride with us?" "Ride, sir! did you ever know me to ride? No—I'll not go in a coach all the way to the Tower—shake, shake, shake—for any body." "Shake, shake, shake!—Ah, I see—though you have some fears for

the voyage, you don't like to *tremble* before you get on board." "What do you mean, sir? I'll not be——" "Papa!" again cried Jemima. "Well, what now?" "Do you know that Mr. Hitchcomb is going with us?" "Mr. Hitchcomb—who is Mr. Hitchcomb?" "Oh, such a charming young gentleman—so fond of poetry—and so am I, you know, papa—we just suit each other." "Suit each other indeed!—there's a pretty pair of you, as the jackdaw said to his legs."

By this time breakfast was nearly ready; and Mr. Stokes was about to take his seat, when Miss Jemima suddenly exclaimed—"Papa, papa, that boy has stolen the eggs!" "The devil! I couldn't make my breakfast without——" "No, no; I don't mean our eggs, but the poor sweet little bird's eggs, that built——" "Bah! why; you are——" "La, papa! here's the coach at the door!" and this fortunately stopped the awkward compliment her father was about to bestow upon Miss Jemima.

Mrs. Stokes now made her appearance again, declaring that she felt so fatigued with rising at seven, and busying herself as she had done, that she hoped she should make a hearty breakfast, "Breakfast, Mrs. S.! why the coach is come; and now you talk about breakfast. But this is as I expected—no breakfast shall I get. It proves what I say, if you had got up at——" "Well, well, dear, never mind that; we will start directly—we can take breakfast on board. But you'll ride with us?—come now, say you will; we shall all get there so comfortably together." "No, I will not—you know that I——" "But, dear Stokes, you'll not be able to walk there in time—why, I declare it's half-past eight!" "Half-past eight! then we shall all be too late; this proves what I so often say—if you had got up——" "Pray, my dear, don't let us enter upon that subject: I'm sorry it's so late, but we must make up for the lost time. Where's Jemima—where's Uncle Brown?"

The house now became a complete little world of confusion; and in the thick of it Mr. Stokes was unconsciously tumbled into the coach;—the others were at length seated, and away they went. For a few minutes a strict silence was observed by all parties; for Mrs. S. knew that her spouse was displeased at riding, and thought it prudent not to give him further annoyance just then; and Miss Jemima, being immersed in one of her "thoughtful moods," was heedless of all around her.

After a while, Uncle Brown asked Mrs. S. if she didn't think they should be too late. "I hope not," said she. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed Jemima, suddenly, "Mr. Hitchcomb is left behind!" "Behind! what—for a footman?" said Uncle Brown. "No, no, we should have waited for him." "How unfortunate!" replied Mrs. S.; "but no doubt he will join us at the Tower." "That," said Mr. S.; "proves what I say—if he had got up——" "Ah, if he had got up—on the box," said Uncle Brown, "he would have been a——"

“Beautiful creature!” said Miss S. “Beautiful goose!” growled her father; “he a beautiful crea—why, girl, you are growing silly!” “Goose, papa! did you ever see a goose gallop past like that horse?”

In this manner they proceeded, enjoying all those indescribable little comforts so peculiar to the Stokes’s and not totally unknown to many other families.

When they arrived at the Tower, no Hitchcomb was there; and it afterwards appeared that Mr. Stokes was right in his surmises, for Mr. Hitchcomb was in bed when he should have been with them. He had most strangely mistaken Miss Jemima’s bashfulness for a want of kindness to him; and resolving to let her know it, he sat up till two o’clock that morning to compose a poem suited to the occasion, to present to her when on board. Retiring to rest highly pleased with the “applicabilities” he had infused into it, he slept soundly till ten o’clock, when he was awoke by some one whom he had alarmed by loudly repeating the first stanza:—

*“On the Coldness of my Love.*

“My Love a steam-boat I will prove her,  
And I’m the paddle-wheels so wide—  
With all my power I strive to move her,  
Yet, like those wheels, I’m put a-side.”

And thus Mr. H. was left to mourn over his blighted prospects.

The party fortunately reached the Tower before the boats started; and after some talk from Mrs. S., a few growls from Mr. S., ditto sighs for Mr. Hitchcomb, from Miss S., and *the usuals* from Uncle Brown, they found themselves on board, and thought that nothing but pleasure was now to come.

An hour was spent in waiting for, and another in taking breakfast; which short space of time did not suffice for all Mr. S.’s complaints at having to breakfast with about two hundred people between wind and water—the music setting his teeth on edge—the thump, thump, thump of the engine shaking the three-inch-square pieces of roll into his throat before he could masticate them, in defiance of the sausage-machine rapidity of his jaws—and hundreds of other annoyances.

Mrs. S., however, was not to be the baulked of her pleasure—she enjoyed herself, she said, very much; and Jemima and Uncle Brown were quite delighted. Matters went on in this way till they “got out to sea,” when Mrs. Stokes, finding herself growing giddy, at once owned that “things seemed to take an unpleasant turn.” Away came Jemima with her hand on

her mouth to her mother— “What, child! are you taken ill, too!” “No, no, mamma; but we had better go below directly.” “Oh, the captain says the wind is in our teeth—so I’m sure we shall have the toothache!” “La, child, that’s the expression they use when the wind blows from the front; and when it blows from behind, they say we are going before the wind.” “Why, mamma, I thought the steam-boats always went before the wind, because they’ve no occasion to wait for it.” “Well, love, I—I—O dear, how ill I am!” “Oh, so am I—O dear, it’s just come on!”—and they sank down upon a seat, overcome by those “*unspeakable sensations* one feels on leaving one’s native shore for the first time.”

Meanwhile the gentlemen, to their shame be it spoken, took little notice of the sufferings of the ladies. “Will you take a segar with me?” asked a dandy of Uncle Brown. “I should feel proud, sir; but do you not see what is written on the paddle-boxes—no smoking abaft the funnel?” “No smoking!” said old Mr. Stokes; “why we have been smothered with smoke all day from that chimney—look at the blacks on my white waistcoat!” “Ah,” replied Uncle Brown, “this is the consequence of giving the Blacks their liberty—which you were always arguing for.” “Liberty, sir! do you know what you are talking about—do you know what the man below at the fire does when these blacks come down?” “Stokes, dear!” called Mrs. S. at this moment. “To be sure he does, ma’am,” said a strange gentleman. “To be sure he does what, sir?” asked Mr. S. “Stokes.” “What the devil do you mean, sir? how dare you——” “I say the man below, stokes.” “Below Stokes! and what do you know of Stokes?”

Here a loud laugh from those around, and a second call from his wife, stopped the further progress of this strange misunderstanding. He turned to Mrs. S., and found her very pale and full of complaints—so was not sorry when the captain came to her, who—with that peculiar grin and softened voice which obtain for a Margate captain the title of “such a very nice man,” asked her “how she found herself.” “Rather, unwell, thank you, sir,” “Oh, pray, ma’am, don’t thank me; you’ll be better presently—there’s a fine fresh breeze springing up.” “A *fresh breeze!*” said Uncle Brown; “I am happy to hear it, for the ladies are quite tired of that we have had all day.” “Indeed I am,” replied Jemima, who was now by no means in an enviable condition. “Ah!” continued she, “I am much deceived in this nasty voyage—Miss Jenkins told me that the motion of a ship was like riding on a horse.” “And so it is,” returned Uncle Brown; “only then you are on the back, and here you’re on the *main*.” “Oh, Uncle, how can you make so light of our situations!” “Well, I own it’s too bad; for you do appear very ill; and when I look at you ladies, and see you so altered, I cannot help thinking of the bills we saw in Thames-Street—‘*Reduced Fairs to Margate!*’ ”

Jemima now retired to the ladies' cabin with Mrs. S., who was so giddy that she made a sad business of walking. This the "such-a-nice-man" captain observed, and slyly exclaimed, "Poor creature! she rolls about like a seventy-four in a heavy sea." "No," sternly replied Uncle Brown; "she's only a *forty-four* in a heavy sea—and that's no affair of yours;" which was sufficient to induce the captain to take his leave.

Mr. Stokes, was now, as he said, just beginning to feel comfortable,—Mrs. S. and Jemima had been remarkably quiet for some time; and he had entered into a conversation with an elderly gentleman of his own stamp, with whom he was greatly enjoying himself in praising the "old school," running down the "march of intellect," &c. &c.—in despite of the occasional interruptions of Uncle Brown, who contended that steam-boats were proofs of our "*rapid* improvements," and that the extension of so little information over such large sheets as the Penny Magazines were sufficient evidence of the "*spread* of knowledge."

But Mr. Stokes was a doomed man. They soon arrived at Margate; and when his wife and daughter had once more got on shore, all his troubles returned upon him tenfold—in the expressions of delight from Mrs. S., the witticisms of Uncle Brown, and the rejoicings of Miss Jemima that they had escaped shipwreck,—notwithstanding, as Uncle Brown said, the nasty vessel had been all day *upon the rock!*

F. B. F.

## A PAGE FROM MY JOURNAL, OR NO FICTION.

“*Je n’enseigne pas, je raconte.*”

MONTAIGNE.

I have arrived at that certain age which the world calls *passée* and all young ladies pity; for what woman would reach the age of forty six unmarried, if she could possibly avoid it? Well! fate decreed me an old maid, and resigned I *must* be, so now carry my little bag, snuff box, and brown snuffy handkerchief with all imaginable fortitude, and continue to smile away many a dull hour, in relating to my younger sister (just fancying herself at the age of fifteen a great belle) all the brilliant offers I have received and refused, from a moustachioed Count, down to an Ensign. Not forgetting a doleful history of being cruelly deceived by one I had given my young affections to, “for ah! the lot of woman was upon me, and I met a *woman’s recompense.*”—And after trying hard to break my heart—had nearly succeeded, when a dashing young Captain, presented to my admiring eye, a fit subject for a conquest, and the opportunity was irresistible. Can any young woman withstand two beautiful gold epaulettes, bright red coat,—and—I forget what facings—accompanied by a bewitching grace, and commanding look? Can any young woman withstand such attractions as these? I now address myself to *sensible* middle aged persons, not ridiculously romantic girls priding themselves on constancy, and therefore waiting with patient persevering affection till some young divine gets a curacy of *sixty pounds* a year (sterling of course) or some younger son the usual provision of five and sixpence a day to all those bearing his Majesty’s “sign and seal.” Indeed no! such was not my case, I called pride to my aid, tore his faithless image from my heart—and dressed my hair—A la Greque,—but I must own nevertheless, these were unproductive conquests, for here am I an old maid, glad to court my little *crow* quill to dislodge *ennui*. And must I own it?—a sometimes heavy heart,—by giving an occasional passage in my own life, or perhaps, that of others, with whom I have come in contact.

I have been a traveller in my day; a limited one to be sure, nevertheless there are few cities of the United States I have not visited, it is human nature however to be dissatisfied, and I look back with very little satisfaction on any of my visits. It is true I have learnt much from experience, and experienced much from what *I have seen* others learn, but these lessons of

the mind were drawn from many an hour of pain and annoyance, I gathered the thorn with the flower. My last sojourn was in Philadelphia, where my father, either for interest or some other good reason he never thought proper to give me, accepted an invitation for my spending the winter with the family of Mrs. C——; this family were noted for their wealth and parsimony; the former we had often heard of, the latter I discovered after a very short residence with them; there can be nothing more hopeless than genuine vulgarity, arising from presumption of superior wealth, while the habits of humble life live demonstrated in every movement and action, where perhaps a certain tact of manner, the growth of education and *shrewdness* may be sufficiently acquired to cover defects, altho' a close observer can easily perceive that this is not an every day garb; we cannot expect to pluck flowers from a poor soil. Mrs. C—— was the daughter of low but wealthy parents, she had received the liberal education her father could so well afford, and certainly in a degree profited by it. She could draw prettily, spoke French fluently, and was a perfect musician; all these with a ready flow of words, rendered her an agreeable companion; she was peculiarly odd in person, short and disproportionably stout, with a countenance harsh and unpleasing; nature had been most bountiful, in encircling her mouth with a jetty down, and had not been unsparing to the sides of her face. She reminded me much of a fat burly poodle waddling and panting with the last gasp of the asthma, "but to give old nick his due," she could smile, and that one feature would have reduced a face even uglier than her own. It requires an abler pen than mine to do justice to Mr. C——. It is scarce possible to find words sufficiently forcible to convey to the mind's eye this man of size, the very reverse of his lady, he was as tall,—not quite as a giant, and stout in proportion, with a course bluff manner, when he occasionally reminded us of his existence which was not often, of few words, and fewer ideas; he was a perfect nonentity, an Englishman by birth, and a mongrel by *education* (I make use of the word by courtesy), he learnt his A B C, in England, and as he told me in a confidential way, he was not smart at his learning, so they sent him to America to do *some business* and he had married Susie; and her money, and his money, had *done* the business. Theirs had been a match of interest, not love, and with her smartness and his stupidity, she of course ruled the roost, and when wives do that (no disparity to the sex) Lord help the man! The first few weeks of my visit glided on smoothly enough, an occasional musical soiree given with much good taste, and now and then an evening at the Theatre, what with shopping and parading the streets, we contrived to fill up our time agreeably, but Mrs. C——'s acquaintances were not of the first class, altho' an occasional visitor from the more fashionable part of the town would sometimes honor

us with a call. I had been nearly a month their guest, and had not yet received one invitation; and like all young girls—a party was my delight. 'Tis true our musical evenings were most pleasant, particularly diversified as they were, by Mr. C——'s display of taste, his constant call for Paddy Whack *without variations*, or Mallbrook, the only two tunes he assured me, he ever learnt to *sing well*, tho' he had tried many a time to learn a Psalm, but as the tunes were not as *purty* as those, he never could succeed. I think I see him now nodding to a diminished cadence, as he comfortably seated himself in the corner of the sopha to doze away the time, or if a full chord for a moment aroused his slumbering faculties, with one dull eye half opened, and a distorted twist of the mouth, he would half murmur, that's a very *purty* tune Miss Maria. Notwithstanding all this, I sadly longed for a party, some change from our usually dull and never ending evenings, where Mrs. C——'s occupation was in counting up how many cents she had expended that day for soap, candles, &c., and how much extra expence I had put her to in the one meal more (for my special convenience) of lunch, for pickled oysters, pastry, or any other variety, (which by the bye, as we did not part on the best of terms, was sent up to me in the shape of a small bill) while Mr. C—— with the candle as close to his nose, as it well could be without singeing, would spell over the newspaper, and if by accident he put it down for a second, was half an hour in finding the last place. Such were the couple under whose roof I was domesticated; a thundering knock one morning announced some well-bred footman, and our little ebony attendant entered with two little three cornered notes. An invitation! I exclaimed with delight, and at the Glovers too, answered Mrs. C——, and then she paused—awful pause. Shan't we go? I said, half frightened to death. Why yes, in a hesitating tone, but Mr. C—— don't like parties, and to tell you truth, Maria, he has been so long out of society (meaning he never was in it), I am afraid he will commit some blunder. Oh! we can go without him you know, by all means, let him stay at home. We can't do that, said Mrs. C—— in a decided manner; ladies never go here, unless accompanied by gentlemen; we'll get some other gentleman? But no! I felt the impossibility; no man in his common senses would enter a crowded room with such a little object on his arm, perhaps arrayed in rainbow colours; it was inevitable, we must go with Mr. C—— said I almost crying, is there no alternative, none! Maria, none! or *believe me* I would *avail* myself of it,—for I know he will commit us—and himself. And with this *encouragement*, I was yet fool enough to accept. Mr. C——'s dread of the party even surpassed my delight, the paper dropped from his grasp, go to the party, Susie! And at the Glovers, too! Why you didn't go last year? is that a reason why I should not go this year, Mr. C——? *We are* going, and you too. Me too! good gracious! why I haven't



any pumps, or a waistcoat, or a——. Mrs. C—— quietly waited for the rest of the catalogue. “Oh! I tell you what to do, said he in a brisk tone,” as a sudden idea struck him; “lend them our silver forks and spoons, that will do as well as our going.” “What has put that into your head, you stupid fool?” said she evidently annoyed “Nobody, only they borrowed them last year you know.” “They did not,” replied she now in a rage, “you would not go last year, so I refused the invitation, and sent to offer any thing I had,” and she named a few silver spoons and forks. “Very likely,” said the poor man half bewildered, “that was the way, however they sent them home very nice and clean, and so we shan’t mind to lend them again; only I thought as *you said last year* they invited us *only* to borrow the forks and spoons, and so we might send them this year and get off so nicely from going.” This was a little too much for patience and bad temper; she was aware I now *understood* the *annual* invitation, and shrieking at him like a virago, she bade him read the newspaper, and not utter another word for go he should; he knew Susie well enough to do as he was bid. The Glover’s party was the constant theme; who would be there? perhaps the British Ambassador, or Spanish chargé d’affaires, or Mr. this one, and Mrs. that one; then came the puzzle of dresses; should it be pink and blonde? or scarlet and elephant sleeves? French puffs, or corkscrew ringlets, diamond sprig, or yellow wreath? Ah!—the last was the best thought—simple and elegant. At last the evening arrived, all was bustle and confusion, Mrs. C—— shrieking at the height of her voice for the maid (or woman of all work). Mr. C—— was marching up and down the room, brushing all before him, in perfect desperation, while *poor me* was tortured to death by the two little children, really fine creatures at any other time;—it was Henry, dear don’t put your dirty fingers on Maria’s pretty dress; me will do that, (suiting the action to the word). Addy, my love, you’ll break my pearl necklace, go out of the room, that’s good children; will you bring me home something good if I go out, from the party? I will indeed only make haste and go away; first tell us what you’ll bring? Oh cakes of course; and sugar candy, lisped Henry? Certainly—and grapes? of course, in fact I promised to bring the whole supper table; at last all was ready. Mrs. C——’s nett and points were bewitching, Mr. C——’s *pumps* an excellent fit, and as to his black genoa velvet waistcoat, I can only say, it was made by what’s his name? in Chesnut Street, a first rate cut, and accorded well with the somberness of his countenance; then we all assembled in the parlour enveloped in hoods and cloaks, off the carriage rattled—and stopped—before a brilliantly illuminated mansion; liveried footmen thronged the hall; crowds the reception room. I gave a last twist to a curl, and bounded down the stair, followed by Mrs. C——, but where was Mr. C——? Why! stuck behind the door trying to hide himself, and looked

for all the world as if he came there to play—*boo-peep*. Alas! is there anything in nature like an awkward man, a tall man I mean proportionably stout; a small man's awkwardness may be hid by the crowd—but a tall man! there he stands, towering above his neighbours, the perfect victim of all the horrors of *gaucherie* assisted by *mauvaise honte*; such was Mr. C——, he refused to enter the room, dodged behind the door, pleaded every body would turn and look at us, that they were handing coffee and he should spill his if he attempted to touch a cup. Seeing there would be a quarrel even on the *threshold* of the door, I entreated Mrs. C—— to enter the room with me alone. Mrs. Glover stood conveniently near at that moment, and not allowing her time to reply, I drew her onward, our curtsy was made, seats gained, and time given me to draw breath, and reflect on the unpleasantness of associating with people not of your own *caste*; the party was like every other crowded one, dancing and cards the amusements, *pushing* and *heat* the inconveniences, I of course partook of the former, and endured the latter, and was so situated in one of the quadrilles as to have an occasional glimpse of Mr. C——'s visage, as he would now and then peep in at the door, with curiosity the predominant expression, and as he poked his head forward and then back, as persons passed to and fro; he looked so very like “a toad in a hole” that I could contain myself no longer, and laughed so long, and I am ashamed to say so loud, that I felt myself as ill-behaved as Mr. C—— himself, and so thought my partner, who gazed on me in perfect amazement. I attempted an apology, made some ridiculous excuse, and tried to look demure; all would not do, he took me for a fool, and leading me to a seat the moment the dance was concluded, started off in all imaginable dignity, and stood staring at me thro' his glass for full five minutes in a corner of the room, with a face beaming with contempt; he thought I was laughing at him no doubt, and felt a proper indignation at my want of taste. Supper tables were not in vogue at that time, but refreshments were handed between every dance; I rather like the fashion than otherwise, one requires something to relieve the fatigue of dancing, altho' perhaps it has its inconveniences: you are in danger from a sudden jerk, not infrequent in a crowded room, of putting the contents of your plate into the lap of your neighbour. The last tray had scarcely made its exit, when a tremendous *crash* was heard, indicative of the downfall of a large china bowl of pickled oysters, accompanied by a suitable supply of plates, forks &c.; our well bred hostess did not *look* as if she trembled, but when the slam of the hall door followed the crash, *some* of her guests *did*. I met the fearful glance of Mrs. C—— and in a moment she was at my side? that was Mr. C—— whispered she. I am afraid so, replied I, in rather a dismal tone. We had better go *now* don't you say so? O yes, certainly said I. Feeling we had *done our best* for one

evening, a very few minutes saw us in our carriage, neither spoke, but drove home in silence, each occupied with our own feelings. At length we arrived, and found Mr. C—— striding up and down the room like a maniac. There, Susie, didn't I tell you, he bellowed forth as we entered; I don't like parties, and you would not believe me; isn't there all the oysters on the fine carpet, and the plates on the top of them, and I forgot, about the tray and forks, and oh my eight dollar hat, you would make me put it on! there it is upon the peg. I mechanically looked up on the wall, not *there* said he, but on the peg *on their wall*, (he had actually left his hat in his fright) O Miss Maria, it all came of one of them men in blue and silver, I was helping myself quite fast *to plenty* oysters; you see I like them very much, when I turned round, and that man was looking at me, as if I was doing something wrong, I got so frightened, my hand trembled, and before I knew what I was about, down went the bowl and the tray, and all came down together, and then—I ran away,—I never will go to another party, so don't ask me. I did not *hesitate* to promise, or mentally vow, never to be induced to accept another invitation while in Philadelphia.

## SISTER THERESA.

*Translated from the French for the Museum.*

It frequently happens that the human mind, when at fault, attributes to the imagination certain phenomena the causes of which are supernatural or merely unknown. How many unexplained facts, we consider as demonstrated because we deduce them from certain causes which in very truth explains them not at all, will be one day perhaps, by the effects of chance or the progress of human knowledge, more clearly and more logically developed. In the mean time, here is an anecdote the authenticity of which has been warranted to us, and which we give up to the speculation of metaphysicians and searchers after occult causes.

In 1814, at the time when the French armies, so often victorious, experienced in their turn the chances of an adverse fate, the main body of the troops in Italy was effecting a retreat, when near Milan, the rear-guard was attacked by the Austrians. After a combat of several hours, the enemy retired leaving several dead on the ground.

A young Austrian officer, M. de Schennbrunn, remained on the field of battle, and his wounds were so serious that he had been left for dead. He was transported to Milan by some religious persons and every care lavished on him. His illness was long and painful, and he had nearly sunk under his sufferings, but at length by the aid of art and his youth he triumphed over the sickness.

On recovering his reason, his first care was to enquire where he was, where he came from, and who had succoured him. A sister of charity, who was at his side, and who had watched him during his agony, answered all his questions with kindness, and gave him the most minute details on the subject of his sickness. M. de Schennbrunn was touched by the interest which had been displayed towards him, and penetrated with admiration and gratitude for the devotedness of this pious woman, to whose care he was perhaps indebted for the continuation of his days. Witness each day to the cares she secretly bestowed upon him, moved by the charms of her sweet, mild countenance, he felt arise within him, the tenderest sentiments for this virtuous girl.

M. de Schennbrunn was of a rich and noble family; he learned that she had not yet pronounced her vows, and he resolved to offer her his hand, fully persuaded that his mother would be proud to adopt for her daughter, the person who had saved her son. He ventured then to unveil his heart

before her, and confide to her his projects; but what was his despair when he found his offers repulsed. "I am consecrated to the service of God," answered sister Theresa, "and it is my wish to die in the habit I wear. Your remembrance will never leave me; return alone to your mother, and if you sometimes think of me, let it be to pray to heaven that it will bless the attentions I bestow on the unfortunate beings whom it shall send me, as it has blessed those I have paid you; speak to me no more of your affection, or you will force me to see you no more." These last words were pronounced in a tone that admitted of no reply. However, she was ever so kind, her attention so tender, that he could not renounce an alliance that must form the happiness of his life.

One day that she was seated at his bed-side, M. de Schennbrunn again dared to renew his request, he mingled so much fire with his words, and his eyes expressed so much passion that the young nun appeared moved. In his exaltation he covered the hand, which she extended to silence him, with kisses; she arose, and seeking to conceal her emotion, said:—"You are now out of danger, sir, my care is no longer necessary; in saving your life I have performed a very delightful duty; to-day, in withdrawing I fulfil a sacred one."

These words were pronounced with effort; it was easy to perceive that a storm had risen in the heart of the nun.

M. de Schennbrunn was of a rich and ancient family, as we have already said, and she, a poor girl, without fortune, without relations, she had devoted herself to the ministry of charity; she could not aspire to an alliance that was interdicted her, by her birth and state; and she besought heaven to extinguish the first sensations of a passion that might consume her.

The unfortunate young man, who in a single moment had seen all his hopes vanish, could not resist the shock; his wounds re-opened and he fell into a state that caused the utmost alarm for his life. Sister Theresa again came and recalled him to health, but as his state improved, he became more melancholy and thoughtful. She perceived it, and, fearing a relapse, complained of it to Mr. de Schennbrunn. The officer rallied his courage, and seizing the hand of Theresa, he exclaimed:—"You will leave me again, but this time you will kill me, yes I will repeat to you again, I love you. My life is in your hands; in a word I shall owe you more than life, a whole future of happiness; or else these bandages, these cares, all are of no use." So saying, he tore off the dressings of his wounds. Her heart beat violently; and she did not think it her duty to resist longer against so much love. Her words were less severe, and the invalid flattered himself that she would at length accede to his vows. By degrees he recovered his health, and he waited for his convalescence with impatience, as the epoch when she would confirm his

happiness; but heaven had ordained otherwise. Sister Theresa fell ill in her turn; fatigue, and the agitation she experienced in her inward struggles, where reason combatted her love, all had contributed to develop within her the germ of a malady to which she fell a victim in a few days.

The death of sister Theresa was a dreadful blow to M. de Schennbrunn; in his despair he called on death, which alone could re-unite him to her whom he had so much loved; more than once suicide even came into his mind; but as he had ever cherished the sentiments of religion, he felt that God alone is the arbiter of the human destiny. He had moreover, in his heart, an idea that his sufferings would be short, the angel who had watched over him on earth would still protect him on high. His wounds were now entirely cicatrised, but his health injured by grief did not allow him to perform military duty. When his regiment returned to Milan, his comrades who had heard of his cure came to see him several times. He received them in a friendly manner, but he was so melancholy and languid, that they observed with regret, the friend they had thought saved, extinguishing by a slow agony; and they resolved to employ every means in their power to efface the painful remembrance that overpowered him.

The officers of Mr. de Schennbrunn's regiment were to give a ball to the Milanese ladies, and they decided that cost what it might, M. de Schennbrunn must be forced to attend; but all their invitations, even prayers, failed to vanquish the resolution of the young officer; he preferred his moral sufferings, and ended by finding consolation in them. Piqued by this refusal, one of those with whom he had been most intimately connected, could not refrain from saying that his melancholy degenerated into weakness. "Her whom you love is dead," said he; "these are misfortunes we should expect; we are mortal, and seldom find companions who do not abandon us sooner or later." "What you say may be true," answered M. de Schennbrunn, "but I do not possess that exalted degree of philosophy" (in speaking thus his eyes were fixed on a distant part of the saloon); "moreover," added he, "who told you that she whom I love is dead? . . . Do you come here to break my heart? . . . Sister Theresa has not left me one moment, she does not leave me, even now; I see her, she extends her arms to me, there, at the bottom of the room, she would console me . . . Oh! it is not an illusion, it is truly her! She calls me! do you hear her soft voice! . . ." His eyes filled with tears, his features were discomposed, and he extended his arms as if he would seize the object he saw.

The ball took place; all the handsomest women of Milan were present; joy and gaiety reigned throughout the evening. At supper the conversation fell on M. de Schennbrunn, each made some remark on what they termed his unfortunate passion; some of the women laughed at it, and were about to do

more, when a young officer remarked near him, a lady whose features bore so strong a resemblance to those of sister Theresa that she might be mistaken for her. He soon communicated his observation to his friends, it flew from mouth to mouth and they almost unanimously agreed to employ a stratagem which in their opinion would produce the best of effects.

The regiment was to quit Milan soon, and they determined to meet at a banquet at which M. de Schennbrunn could not refuse his presence on account of the general custom. The proposal was made to M. de Schennbrunn, who after much hesitation accepted it, less on his own account, than for the sake of gratifying the wishes of his comrades. The day fixed upon arrived; at the hour indicated M. de Schennbrunn went with the body of the officers, and took his place at table, but he did not eat, his brow was sad, it was in vain they endeavoured to divert him; he appeared preoccupied, and his eyes constantly reverted to an obscure part of the room. The dessert appeared, joy again reigned, champagne sparkled in the glass, and joy in the eyes of the assembly, a signal is given, a door opens, and the sister Theresa slowly approaches M. de Schennbrunn. At this sight the eyes of the sick man wander, a convulsive trembling seizes his limbs, he hides his face in his hands and exclaims in a voice of despair: "My friends, my friends, save me, I conjure you; I see two of them!"

One of these, it will be easily imagined, was the Milanese whose resemblance to sister Theresa had been remarked at the ball given by the officers.

They imagine that this crisis will disappear. A signal is made to the false nun to advance. She goes up to him, and takes his hands tenderly, when he rises in an inexpressible transport, repels the woman with violence, and falls without sense or motion.

A few moments after he had ceased to live; and mourning succeeded to their joy.

The body of M. de Schennbrunn was deposited near that of the sister Theresa. The regiment soon after left Milan, but the remembrance of the poor visionary was long preserved in that place.—*Voleur*.

## THE DYING POET.

*Translated from LAMARTINE, for the Museum.*

(Continued from page 467)

Yes, I attest the Gods! my lips did ne'er  
Since first I breathed—utter without a sneer  
That great word—offspring of man's phrenzied brain,  
I've prest it oft, still found 'twas but of wind,  
And cast it from me,—like some juiceless rind  
My wearied lip would press in vain.

Man, in the barren hope of doubtful fame;  
On the fleet stream that bears him casts a name  
Which less'neth daily as it speedeth on;  
From age to age the bright wreck to and fro,—  
Sport of Time's wanton wave—is swept;—and lo!  
T' oblivion's deepest depths 'tis gone.

Another name I hurl upon that sea  
Which laves no shore,—and, shall I greater be  
Whether it sink, or ride upon the surf?  
As tow'rds the throne of light eternal springs  
The proud swan, asks she, think you, if her wings  
Fling yet their shade o'er the vile turf?

Why sang'st thou then?—Ask Philomela why,  
'Mid night's mysterious shades, her melody  
Blendeth she with the sounds of rushing rill?  
I sung, my friends, as man breathes,—as doves sigh—  
As plaintive moans the blast that sweepeth by,—  
As wails the cascade on the hill.

My life was only love, and prayer, and song.—  
Mortal, of all that lures the mortal throng,  
Nought at this farewell hour with grief I part,  
Nought,—save the sigh that fire-wing'd sped above,—  
The lyre's rapture,—and the silent love



Of a heart prest into my heart.

At Beauty's feet to wake the trembling lyre,  
To see from strain to strain the heavenly fire  
Flow with the sound and pass into her breast,—  
From these ador'd eyes make the tear-drops shower,  
As rain Aurora's from the brimming flower,  
When the wind's breath hath walk'd its rest.

Behold the modest virgin sadly raise  
Tow'rds the blue vault of heaven her pensive gaze—  
As thither with the sound to wing her flight—  
And on thee drop that look with rapture full,—  
While 'neath her downcast lids doth flash her soul  
Like a quivering fire at night;

Mark o'er her brow the shadow of her thought  
Flitting;—her lips refuse the utt'rance sought,  
Then hear,—bursting the spell of ecstasy—  
That word,—re-echoed by the heavens above—  
That word—of Gods and men—I love! I love!  
Oh 'tis this that were worth a sigh.

A sigh? a sad regret? . . . no, no! my soul  
On Death's wing borne fast speedeth to that goal  
Upon which instinct fix'd my ardent eye;—  
Thither I go where burns Hope's beacon light,—  
Whither the breathings of my lute take flight,—  
Whither hath sped my ev'ry sigh.

Like to the bird which see'th in Night's dark womb  
Faith,—bright eye of the soul,—hath pierced my gloom  
My Fate's reveal'd by her Prophetic power,  
How oft my soul, to Eden's future shore,  
On wing of fire upborne, hath dared to soar—  
Anticipating the death hour!

No name inscribe on my dark earthen bed,  
With a mausoleum's weight crush not my shade;  
I envy not a mound of mouldering clay.  
Give solely to my couch sufficient space

That on it the lorn pilgrim's kneeling trace  
    May sink, ere he pursue his way;

Oft, in the mystery of still and shade,  
On the grave's turf fond Prayer her wings doth spread  
And findeth Hope reclining upon Death.  
Beside a tomb man's earthly chains half riv'n  
Wider 's th'horizon and the soul to heav'n  
    With flight less cumber'd towereth.

Break—give to the winds my lute;—its sound  
Was but an echo *my* soul to respond.  
The Angel's lyre shall vibrate to my song.—  
Erewhile, living of rapture without end,  
Perchance, their sublime courses worlds shall bend  
    Attentive on my music hung.

Erewhile . . . but ah!—hath touch'd my lyre's strings  
The dull cold hand of Death;—it breaks and flings  
A stifled mournful sound upon the breeze,—  
And now 'tis mute!—Seize yours, friends whom I love:  
My soul shall from this world to that above  
    Ascend with your saint melodies.—

## ISABEL DOUGLAS, OR A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

ISABEL,—Dearest, do you doubt my constancy? Can you for one moment suppose me such a *heartless* being as to forget the only one I ever *have, or ever* can love? No, witness High Heaven my sincerity, and should I prove false or *forget* you, may heaven forget me; wear this, continued he, casting a gold chain around her neck from which was suspended his own likeness, and should what I have vowed to you be false, trample it beneath your feet together with the remembrance of me as unworthy a place in your dear heart. Such were the parting words of Lionel Grenvill to Isabel Douglas his affianced bride as he folded her to his heart for the last time previous to his departure on a continental tour; but in one year, dearest, I shall return to love and Isabel.

Isabel could only answer by her tears,—she loved him with all the strength of woman's love—and although separated from him, yet she felt such a confidence in the depth of his affection that she was comparatively happy. But ah, deceive not thyself nor trust too much to man's promises for they are as transient as the bubble of the deep. His letters were at first couched in the warmest terms of love and faith, but soon they came less frequently, and she perceived a coldness in them that she could account for in no other manner than by the decrease of his love. It cannot be, thought she, that he does cease to love me, no; and a thousand excuses were conjured up by her imagination. But it was too true; he had proceeded immediately to ——— where he intended remaining a few months. A short time after his arrival he became acquainted with a young lady who in outward appearance resembled his own dear Isabel, but oh! how widely different in mental qualities. Isabel, mild, gentle, and amiable, was indeed possessed of every good quality; while Amelia Fitzearl, giddy, wild, extravagant and artful, had determined Lionel Grenvill should be a captive in her chains. He, not knowing this, at first sought her society from the delightful recollections it brought back to his mind. But how dangerous are those attentions which are paid to a young, beautiful, and fascinating female. Amelia Fitzearl played her card of deceit with such success that before he was aware of any particular prepossession in her favour he had offered his hand (but not his heart) and was accepted. In less than six months from the time he parted with Isabel he was the husband of another. But were they happy? were no bitter reflections his? Did he not feel the depth of the injury he had done to the only being he loved? Yes, although perpetually in a whirl

of dissipation, yet a secret voice “still and small” was constantly whispering the name of her he had forsaken, to embitter his most mirthful hours—and his wife he had found her to be a heartless thing of self-gratification. Could he be happy with such a woman? Oh! no, indifference succeeded the passion which they termed love, thus they dragged on a miserable existence of four years, when death put a termination to their unhappiness, Mrs. Grenvill had taken a violent cold which settled upon her lungs and was succeeded by quick consumption which carried her off in less than six months. The first certain intelligence that reached Isabel of Lionel’s inconstancy and marriage was through a letter from a relative in the town where he was, who informed her of every particular. She had about half perused this when she sunk fainting upon the floor, from whence she was conveyed to bed and remained in a deranged state for four weeks, when she began to discover signs of returning to her senses. She recovered, but never was she the same blithe being. The miniature he had given her at parting was now her constant companion; such is the love of woman who although neglected and forsaken, yet when once her love has been won, however undeserving the object, it can never be forgotten. Time may partially erase it from the recollection but it is too deeply rooted in her heart, it never can be totally eradicated. It was now nearly five years since she had last seen Lionel Grenvill; she was sitting in her drawing room with one elbow resting on her piano, her hand supporting her head, in the other, she grasped firmly the miniature; oh! said she, could I but once more see the dear original, I think I should then be perfectly happy. A low sigh near her breathing the name of ISABEL, startled her, she turned and perceived Lionel Grenvill, he leant forward to clasp her to his breast. But raising her hand for him to desist, she enquired what had brought him there and to leave her presence—what, said she, would Mrs. Grenvill think did she see you kneeling to me? for she knew not of her death. He had by this time fallen upon his knees. Altho’ hated while living let the dead rest—I never loved her, strange infatuation, that I should thus have given up happiness for misery. But oh Isabel dearest, hear what I have to say and then should you deem me still unworthy of you, cast me from you to be completely wretched for life. He then related every thing just as I have before mentioned, asking her forgiveness a thousand times. As soon as his wife died, he had a great desire to return to his home, and when he came there he heard that she whom he loved so well was still there and unmarried, and feeling a strong desire to see her, had gone, and as he passed the window saw her sitting as described; he renewed his professions of love—he turned to see what effect his presence had on her, she was weeping, her head gently reclined on his shoulder and she faintly whispered: I am thine for ever.

Upper Canada, Oct. 1833.

E.

## HUMAN BEINGS.

### *Chacun à son tour.*

My history, my dear Bob, will afford you but little amusement, however, as you wish to hear something of my early life, in a few words I will give it to you.

My father, Jacob Surface, was one of many brothers, and enjoying a small competency he married at an early age, for he was but twenty one years older than myself; and both being extravagant ran through in a short time all they had. My mother died when I was but four years of age, and of course I can have but a faint remembrance of her. However, I have been told she had but a comfortless life with my father who, peace to his soul, had a villainous temper of his own. Unnatural as it may seem my mother detested me, out of compliment to my father who lived eight years longer than she did, and died leaving me as a legacy to one of his brothers. My uncle placed me at a boarding school, and then after a few years, I left it for the care of a clergyman, the kindest being I ever knew. He was instructor, parent and friend, and many a heart-yearning had I after I left him to once more be the companion of his rambles, and his fireside.

At the age of eighteen my uncle placed me in his counting house, and from my steadiness of habit (I always had a reflecting mind) he gave me a share in his business which was a lucrative one, and in a short time I became master of a handsome sum of money. My cousin, my uncle's only child, became the object of my tenderest regards, I loved her fondly—madly—and was equally beloved in return. Being four years my senior, she at first raised some slight objections which I combatted, for what has age to do with the heart? the affections? My uncle consented, and every thing was arranged for our nuptials, when one evening complaining of a head-ache, arising, as we supposed from a slight cold she was induced to retire at an early hour, and never rose more from that bed, death claimed her—and I lived to soothe the broken heart of her parent who left me heir to all his wealth, but what is wealth to me? Where are the blessings I covet? The wife of my bosom, the creature of my boyish love? Gone! gone! and I remain a lone thing unloving and unloved. Poor Jack paused, a tear quivered in his eye which he hastily brushed away, and thus continued his tale:—I left England determined never to revisit it again, and sought friends in the new world, and many have I found. Among my letters of introduction was one to old Wellin, he gave me a general invitation to his house, which I profitted by; although hospitable,

money was his God and with a miser (which he was of a certain class) friendship was out of the question. I had become a misanthrope perhaps, or rather an observer of mankind, which *made me* a misanthrope, and my intimacy with old Wellin aided me much in my study. There were to be seen little nephews and big nieces striving for the largest legacy, vulgarity in its coarsest garb on one side, a trifle of elegance on the other, or to express myself more plainly some of the family were vulgar to a degree, others attempting to be rather more genteel, and all convincing me, we work—strive—but for the same selfish end. Yes, my dear Bob, self is the aim of our life. We hear of injustice, treachery, infidelity, ingratitude, but do we feel it as it afflicts others? No! jocund youth never believes or understands what does not touch themselves, till it is forced upon them by experience, and then we learn to despise and hate with a bitter hatred the falsehood and treachery of our species. Look at the world's honourable men, who are they? What are they? He that can stand the test of a challenge, by forfeiting or taking the life of a friend, perhaps for some undue word, made in a moment of excitement? or he that is overloaded with debt, risks the happiness (which ought to be dearer than his own) of some lovely woman, for the gratification of his own selfish wishes? Do we not daily see man, in all the energies of his nature winning and monopolizing the affections of many a fair woman, his equal in station (and therefore exempt from distrust) conceiving himself warranted by any capricious, changeable feeling, to break promises, oaths, perjure himself before man and God, and shipwreck her happiness? Yet is the infamy of such a crime tolerated in civilized society to the disgrace of human nature, whereas did it meet with the punishment it merits there would be less broken hearts, less seared affections and many happier faces; yes, selfishness is implanted in our nature from infancy, and it is but by the *reflection* of our fault that we can correct ourselves.

Such was the history and moral of prozy old Surface (so he was called), to which his friend Bob Rowland listened with all proper respect, hoping to hear in some change of the story the lov'd name of Reckless introduced. Miss Reckless had taken his heart, not by storm, but by her foot which was not particularly small, but *particularly* neat. But no! Old Surface had "say'd his say" and no Reckless made its appearance; however there is nothing like resolution, and bringing his to the sticking point, he risked his friend if he still continued his intimacy with them. No; was the reply, they have some impudent sons who forget the respect due to their seniors, I go there sometimes, but not quite so often: I first knew them some ten years since, when overtaken by a storm one evening I sought shelter in the pretty little summer residence of old Mr. Reckless; the family were just at tea, and the finest set of dirty faced little children, I ever saw; Miss Reckless (Bob's

heart was in his throat) presided at the social board, the mother sitting on one side, Phil reading a book and sipping his tea on the other; the mother has been a beauty in her day, with strong remains of it yet, and a slight tinge of affectation in her manner by no means disagreeable.—She is perfectly lady-like; the daughter (Bob moved his chair closer) is unlike either parent in person—charming in every thing, when she pleases—accomplished even to pudding making, she has a face of intellectual comeliness, and a well stored head and runs away with all the common sense of the family. She has a pretty foot, said Bob. I never looked at her foot, answered Surface, she has beautiful eyes and a ravishing smile, perhaps more remarkable for its scarcity, she does not always condescend to beam upon us, she looks devilish sulky sometimes. Is she bad tempered? asked Bob.—What woman is bad tempered, sir? They are all angels.—No, sir, Anny Reckless is only cloudy, when she has no one to flirt with. But to continue my description of the family, Phil, I will not dwell on; his follies all know; in pursuit of pleasure, scattering all before him, laying waste the gifts God has given him “in vain dreams,” possessing talents,—*fathomless*—and overpowering, frustrated by the want of one gift more, the greatest which God can give to man—common sense.

As to the old father he is a good old soul, queer in his ways, a dabbler in law, much to his *cost* sometimes, plain in manners, and plainer in habits, with strong judgment and a good conscience; he is an honor to human nature. I need scarce tell you from this evening I became a frequent, and always I may say looked for visitor. One evening chatting over our cigar, on law subjects, Mr. Reckless mentioned some particulars of lapse legacies (a term in law I suppose you know nothing about) which occurred to some members of his family, Anny said to her mother in an aside. Do you know, mama, Eliza Mist did not speak to Thomas for a year after uncle Wellin’s death? Why? enquired the mother. Because she made a spiteful speech about his being so much with uncle and faring no better in the end than the others. Indeed! said Mrs. Reckless in a vacant manner, scarce heeding the remark.

Now, my dear Bob, let me give you an insight into the study of mankind, talk little and observe much. Listen with one ear and hear with the other; always take a chair in that situation which commands a view of the whole company, that you may see as well as understand. For instance nobody dreamt I heard this aside, given rather *soto voce*, but it convinced me of two things, one was my opinion of Miss Eliza Mist’s vulgarity, in spite of airs and graces, for none but the illiterate and vulgar shew their petty malice in this way; and secondly that Anny Reckless felt a stronger interest for Tom Wellin, than mama did. You don’t think she likes Tom Wellin, do you? asked Bob fearfully. I did think so, once, but not now, there has been a fracas, and I



trust she has too much sense ever to sacrifice herself to a swaggerer with scarce brains enough to carry him across a gutter. Stop! stop! Mr. Surface, Tom's my friend and a fine fellow, I won't hear any thing against him, he is good enough for any girl. Why, for any girl he may be, but not for some. Anny Reckless shan't marry him, sir. The devil she shan't, said Bob. Why, can you prevent it? I can *try*, sir, Anny Reckless deserves a king. I always heard she was accomplished, answered Bob. What do you call accomplished? asked old Surface. Why, playing the piano and singing and——Fiddlestick, sir, for such accomplishments; she makes pickles and puddings, cuts out her own dresses and mends her own stockings; these are accomplishments, sir, not playing country-dances and singing lackadaisical love songs, and drawing flowers from nature, trying to gull people with stiff daubs resembling a pea stick with a red night cap on it, to frighten the crows. Well, Mr. Surface, you would recommend all women who can cook in preference to being well informed or accomplished, said Bob. No sir, I would recommend a woman such as Anny Reckless who can do a little of every thing sufficiently well to always please; not one who can play a little, daub a little, while her husband comes home after his day's fatigue, to enjoy a greasy steak and a smoky bowl of soup. Very true, said Bob, a good house-keeper is an excellent thing. Yes, and as Anny Reckless is both that and a clever little body, she shan't marry (if my reasoning has any weight) a weak-pated fool, such as your friend Tom Wellin, who is as much under the subjection of a certain person as a child of five years old, and combined with this general *debility* of mind he is something worse—don't talk to me sir of your Tom Wellin, I know him sir, since his birth and all connected with him; by the bye they give Phil Reckless credit for my last *jeu d'esprit*, did you hear that sir; do they suppose peculiarities are only to be found in Duke's place, or that scribbling is only confined to one family; they little think that Jack Surface knows them all; he can hear with an absent air, and *sees more*, and *says little*: the world, my dear Bob, is filled with the credulous,—the unthinking; men who in their wrath, will tell you the very secret that exposes those, even bound to them by the ties of consanguinity, why the veriest trifle sir, such as a *present* to my own sister, and *none* to *me*, will cause anger enough to destroy a character, and then again, the overbounding love of confidence, which is the strongest characteristic of some, will in their moments of *particular friendship* tell you of the shameful conduct of one, who wrote impertinent letters, and insulted the family of Mr. Such a one, and almost broke the heart of Miss Such a one, and me sir, I sir, that did sir, every thing a man could do in his hour of need sir, (you see my dear Bob self again was the secret,) I got at the whole story of Mr. Such a one, because *I* sir was offended. Mind Bob, never buy presents for any member

of a large family, unless you have *rich enough* to *tip* each a bauble, or look to your character sir. I never make presents said Bob. You'll be a rich man then,—and if you should ever change your mind and feel inclined to lavish your superfluous cash on some sweet object of your admiration, see that she understands the value and don't take a *paste*-face for a cameo of price, or a carved *cornelian* for an *antique*; for the pure and impure are to be found in Rome as well as in Broadway.—(*Several lines illegible.*)

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Such is the world, my friend, and when you live to my age and study its deceit as I have done, you will find disgust your sole feeling, and believe the only pursuit in this world, is in striving for a better, which through the intercession of our blessed Redeemer we may hope to gain.

D. S——

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL MUSEUM.

*Madam,*

Having received a note in an unknown hand, in answer to some verses supposed to have been sent by me to the writer, I wish, through the medium of your Magazine, to inform my fair correspondent, whoever she may be, that to the best of my knowledge I have never addressed her in prose, and certainly not in poetry; that my heart is, as yet, cold and hard as the marble that formed Pygmalion's statue, and moreover, that I trust I shall respect the being who animates my bosom with the genial warmth of love, too highly, to wish to draw her into the impropriety of a private correspondence.

——. P.

Montreal, Oct. —33.

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Since the last number of the MUSEUM appeared before the public, an article has been published in the *Montreal Herald*, which places the editor of the former in a position she certainly never expected to occupy, that of being under a necessity of defending herself against an accusation of personality and detraction; being there however, she esteems it her duty to herself and any individuals, who, by the officious interference of her affectedly moderate adviser, may imagine themselves pointed out in the Museum, to give the most decided contradiction to the insinuation. A resident in Montreal but for the last two or three years, and having moreover, during that space, from choice and circumstance, lived entirely isolated from society, it is natural that the editor of the Museum should be ignorant of the private affairs of the families composing that society. Aware of this, and fearful of having unintentionally erred, on the first mention of this affair, she anxiously looked over the Museum to detect, if possible, the offending pages; one article, from its title might be suspected as that in question; witty, well written, and containing bursts of moral eloquence that would do credit to any publication; but if grey-beards speak true, only delineating character as it is found in every country and age; on re-perusing it, the editor felt relieved, when a note from the author of the sketch came to dispel any remaining doubts. The person not only utterly disclaims all intention of personality, but also, all acquaintance with the distinguished and most

respectable family forced upon public notice by the injudicious remarks of the *Herald*.

Other Montreal journals, as well as some in Quebec and elsewhere, mention the number in question favorably, and the editor knows not for what reason the Herald alone should find fault. She agrees with her fraternal friend in reprobating the mere idea of a "Scribbler" but does think a gentle Flapper that would teach naughty editors their duty to each other might not be amiss; that effected, they could more fitly assume the office of censors, and indulge in flowery orations upon "personality and detraction", without danger of retort.

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The editor of the Montreal Museum takes this opportunity of offering her grateful thanks to MRS. H. BAYLEY, a lady well known in the literary world, for the productions with which she has several times enriched the pages of the Museum; the present number contains an article equalling the preceding in merit. We have the more reason for grateful feeling toward Mrs. BAYLEY knowing her to be almost constantly employed, either in completing a series of Moral Tales, she is about publishing in New York, or in writing in prose or verse for the London Literary Periodicals. We hope soon to be enabled to give a review and extracts from some of her works published in England.

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Subscribers who do not receive their numbers regularly are requested to send a note to that effect to the Editor through the Post Office.

ERRATUM IN NO. 10.

\*\*\*598—The 16th line should read thus:—

\*\*\*d to save yet sacrifice the innocent, tho' guilty! Yes,

\*\*\*e 599—In the 7th line, pro cling, read clung.

## Transcriber's Notes

Punctuation and spelling have been changed silently to achieve consistency.

The two abbreviated names, originally given as D. S..... and Major H.... are here represented as D. S—— and Major H—— respectively.

The scanned copy of this publication, on which this digital version is based, unfortunately is missing the beginning of the lines of text in the ERRATUM IN No. 10. The location of the missing text is indicated by \*\*\*.

A word inferred to be missing accidentally is enclosed in [ ].

[The end of *The Montreal Museum Volume 1 Number 11* edited by Mary Graddon Gosselin]