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# THE MONTREAL MUSEUM.

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No. 9.

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VOL. I.

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## THE RED ROSE.

(*Concluded from page 513.*)

After their first embraces, he presented his young companion to his family; a few words sufficed to interest his mother and sisters deeply. Scarcely had Blanche manifested a desire to resume the dress of her own sex, before the young girls almost dragged her away, and were disputing as to who should have the pleasure of being her *femme de chambre*.

This conduct, simple as it may appear at the first thought, nevertheless acquired great value by the circumstances of the moment. Nantes was struggling under the proconsulate of Carrier.

It is a strange spectacle for the eye and the mind to see a whole town all bleeding from the bites of one man. We ask whence arises that force which takes an absolute command over 80,000 individuals over whom it domineers, and how is it that when one alone says, I will, all the rest do not rise and say: it is well! . . . but we will not. It is because there is a natural habit of servility in the soul of the mass of mankind, and that individuals alone have ardent desires for liberty. It is because the people, as Shakespeare says, know no other method of rewarding Cæsar, than by making him Cæsar. This is why there is tyrants of liberty as well as tyrants of monarchy.

So blood flowed in the streets of Nantes, and Carrier, who was to Robespierre what the hyena is to the tiger, and the jackal to the lion, gorged himself with the purest of this blood, until he should be the unconscious means of causing his own to be mixed with it.

Entirely new means of massacring were invented, the edge of the guillotine is so soon blunted. He imagined the *noyades*, (a new method of drowning,) the name of which is become inseparable from his own; bateaux were constructed purposely in the port, the purpose of which was well

known, people flocked to see them on the stocks. They were curious things and new these valves; twenty feet in length which opened to precipitate to the bottom of the water, the unfortunates destined to that mode of death, and on the day of their trial there was almost as great a crowd of spectators on the beach as when a vessel is launched, whose masts are wreathed with flowers, and triumphant colours hanging from all her yards.

Oh! thrice cursed be those men, who, like Carrier, have applied their imaginations to inventing variation for death, for ways of destroying man are but too easy to man! And cursed be those who, without theory, have committed unnecessary murders! They are the cause that our mothers pronounce the words revolution and republick with trembling; synonymous to them with the words massacre and destruction; and our mothers who make us men, and at the age of fifteen, who among us, when coming from the hands of his mother, does not shudder at the words revolution and republick? which among us has not had all his education to go over again ere he could coolly look upon those figures which he had so long regarded as fatal—93? To which among us has it not required all the strength of twenty-five years to look steadily on the three great colossus, of the revolution, Mirabeau, Danton, Robespierre? But finally we have become habituated to their sight, we have studied the ground on which they walked, the principle on which they acted and involuntarily have we recalled those terrible words of another epoch: That each of them fell but because he wished to stop the cart, while the executioner had yet work to do; it was not they who passed beyond the revolution, but the revolution who passed beyond them.

Let us return to Marceau and an entire family which his name protected against even Carrier himself. His was a reputation of republicanism so pure, that a suspicion had not dared to light on his mother or sisters. This is why one of them a young girl of sixteen, as if ignorant of what was passing around her, loved and was beloved, and the mother of Marceau, timid and fearful as a mother, seeing a second protector in a husband, hastened as much as she could the marriage that was about to take place soon, when Marceau and the young Vendean arrived at Nantes. This return at such a time caused double joy.

Blanche was handed over to the two young girls, who on embracing her instantly became her friends, for there is an age at which every young girl thinks she finds an eternal friend in the friend she has known for an hour. They left the room together, a circumstance almost as important as a marriage, occupied their attention: a woman's toilet; Blanche was not to wear a man's habit any longer.

Soon they brought her back decked in a part of the wardrobe of each, for they had obliged her to put on the gown of one and the shawl of the other. Foolish young girls! it is true that among all three they only numbered the years of Marceau's mother who was still beautiful.

When Blanche returned, the young general advanced a few steps to meet her, and stopped astonished. Under her first costume, he had scarcely remarked her celestial beauty and the graces she had resumed with her woman's habit. It is true she had exerted all her power to appear to advantage; for one instant, before her mirror she had forgotten, war, Vendée and carnage: This is because the most ingenuous soul has its coquetry when it begins to love, and wishes to please the object.

Marceau made an effort to speak, but could not pronounce a word; Blanche smiled and extended her hand to him joyously, for she saw she looked as beautiful as she had wished.

At night the affianced lover of Marceau's sister came, and as all love, from self-love to maternal love is egotistical, there was one house in the town of Nantes and one alone perhaps, where all was happiness and joy, while all around was tears and woe.

Oh! how freely did Blanche and Marceau allow themselves to breathe the breath of their new life; how far the other appeared behind them! it seemed almost a dream. Only, now and then Blanche's heart would swell and tears would flow from her eyes; it was because she thought of her father. Marceau would then re-assure her; and to amuse her, would recount his first campaigns, how the collegian had become a soldier at fifteen, an officer at seventeen, colonel at nineteen, and general at twenty-one. Blanche made him repeat all this often, for in all he said there was not a word of any other love.

And yet Marceau had loved with all the powers of his soul, he believed it at least. And he had been deceived and betrayed: contempt had with much difficulty forced a place in his young heart where all was passion. The blood which once boiled in his veins, slowly cooled, and melancholy had replaced his former exaltation. Marceau finally, before knowing Blanche, was but an invalid deprived, by the sudden absence of fever, of the energy and strength he owed only to its presence.

Well! all those dreams of happiness, these elements of a new existence, all these prestiges of youth which Marceau thought lost to him for ever, revived in the distance, vague still, but which he might yet attain: he wondered himself why a smile would sometimes return, without a reason and pass over his lips; he breathed freely, and experienced no longer that difficulty to live, which had still the day before absorbed his strength,

causing him to feel that a speedy death was the only barrier his grief could not pass.

Blanche on her part, drawn towards Marceau by a natural sentiment of gratitude, attributed the varied emotions which agitated her, to this alone. Was it not quite simple that she should desire to be constantly in the presence of the person who had saved her life? Could the words which dropped from his mouth be indifferent to her? His countenance stamped with melancholy, should it not excite her pity? and when she saw him look at her and sigh, she would say: what can I do for you, who have done so much for me?

It was agitated by these divers sentiments, which each day acquired new strength, that Blanche and Marceau passed the first part of the time of their stay at Nantes; at length the epoch fixed on for the marriage of the young general's sister arrived.

Among the jewels he had caused to be brought for her choice he chose a brilliant set of ornaments which he presented to Blanche. She regarded them for some time; at first with a pleasure natural to a young girl, and then closed the casket.—Are diamonds proper to my situation? said she sorrowfully; jewels for me! while my father is perhaps a wanderer in the fields, begging a morsel of bread for his life, a barn his asylum, while proscribed myself, . . . no, let the simplicity of my appearance hide me from every eye; reflect that I may be recognized. Marceau pressed her in vain, she would not consent to accept of any thing but an artificial red rose which was among the ornaments.

The churches were closed, it was then at the *Hotel-de-ville* that the marriage was sanctioned; the ceremony was short and sorrowful; the young girls regretted the church ornamented with tapers and flowers, the canopy suspended over the heads of the young couple, under which are exchanged the laugh of those who sustain it, and the benediction of the priest, who says: Go children and be happy.

At the door of the *Hotel-de-ville*, a deputation of mariners awaited the new married couple. Marceau's rank drew this distinction on his sister; one of the men, whose face did not seem to be unknown to him, had two bunches of flowers or bouquets, one of which he presented to the bride, and, advancing towards Blanche, who was earnestly looking at him, gave her the other. Tinguay, where is my father? exclaimed Blanche turning pale. At St. Florent, answered the man.—Take these flowers, there is a letter amongst them. Long live the King and the good cause, Mademoiselle Blanche. Blanche would have stopped him, spoken to him, interrogated him, but he had disappeared. Marceau recognized the guide before mentioned, and in

spite of himself he could not but admire the devotedness, the address and audaciousness of the peasant.

Blanche read the letter with anxiety. The Vendéans experienced defeat after defeat; the whole population was emigrating, flying from fire and famine. The rest of the letter was consecrated to acknowledgments to Marceau. The Marquis had learned every thing through the vigilance of Tinguuy.

Blanche was melancholy, this letter threw her back again into the midst of the horrors of war; she leaned more heavily than usual on Marceau's arm, she drew closer to him when she spoke, and her voice was softer. Marceau would have had her still more sorrowful, for the deeper the sorrow, the more the heart leans to a sympathising friend; and I have already said, there is much egotism in love.

During the ceremony a stranger, who had, he said, circumstances of the last importance to communicate to Marceau, had been introduced into the saloon. On entering with his head bent towards Blanche, to whom he gave his arm, he did not at first perceive him; but suddenly feeling her hand start, he raised his head, Blanche and he were facing Delmar.

The representative of the people approached slowly, his eyes fixed on Blanche, a smile on his lips; Marceau, with the perspiration starting from his brow, regarded him advance as Don Juan regarded the statue of the commander.

—Citizen, thou hast a brother?

Blanche stammered a few words, and was ready to throw herself into Marceau's arms.

Delmar continued:

—If my memory and your resemblance do not deceive me, we breakfasted together at Chollet. How is it that I have not seen him since in the ranks of the republican army? Blanche felt her strength about to fail; the piercing eye of Delmar followed the progress of her confusion, and she was about to sink under his glance, when he turned to Marceau.

It was then Delmar's turn to start, the young general's hand was on the hilt of his sword which he grasped convulsively.—The face of the representative resumed its usual expression; he appeared to have entirely forgotten what he had just said, and taking Marceau by the arm, led him into the recess of a window and talked for some time on the state of Vendée, and told him he had come to Nantes to concert with Carrier on new measures of rigour, which it was necessary to pursue with regard to the rebels. He announced that General Dumas was recalled to Paris; and soon leaving him, passed with a smile and a bow before the sofa on which Blanche had fallen on quitting Marceau's arm, cold and as pale as death.

Two hours after, Marceau received an order to depart and rejoin the army in the west, and take the command of his brigade.

This sudden and unexpected order astonished him; he thought he saw in it some connection with the scene that had just taken place: his permission did not expire till a fortnight later. He ran to Delmar's to obtain some explanation, but he had gone immediately after his interview with Carrier.

Obedience was all that remained, for to have hesitated had been to lose himself. At this period the Generals were submitted to the representative of the people sent by the Convention; and if some reverses were caused by their imperiousness, more than one victory was due to the alternative in which the chiefs were placed, of vanquishing or carrying their heads to the scaffold.

Marceau was near Blanche when he received this order; confounded by a blow so unexpected, he had not courage to inform her of a departure that would leave her alone and without a protector in a town sprinkled daily with the blood of her countrymen. She perceived his trouble, and surmounting her timidity, she approached him with the anxious look of a woman who is beloved, who feels that she has a right to question, and who questions. Marceau presented the order to her. She had scarcely cast her eyes on it, ere she fully comprehended the danger his not obeying would expose her protector; her heart was breaking, and yet she found courage to bid him depart instantly. Women possess this species of courage in a much greater degree than men, perhaps it is because it is connected with modesty. Marceau looked at her mournfully for some time; and you too Blanche, said he, do you order me to go? True, said he rising, and as if talking with himself, what could induce me to think otherwise? Madman that I was! when I sometimes thought of this departure I did imagine it would cause her some regret. He strode rapidly through the room. Madman! regret! tears! as if I were not indifferent to her! On turning he found himself facing Blanche; tears were flowing from her eyes, and sighs heaved her bosom. In his turn Marceau felt tears in his eyes. Oh! pardon me, he cried, pardon me, Blanche; I am unfortunate and misfortunes ever make us suspicious. Near you, my life seemed to mingle with yours; how shall I separate my hours from yours, my days from your days? Oh! miserable man that I am! I dreamed, and now I awake. Blanche, added he, in a calmer voice but mournfully, the war we wage is cruel and murderous, it is possible that we may meet no more. He took her hand. Oh! promise that if I fall far from you . . . Blanche, I have ever had a presentiment that my life would be short; promise that you will remember me sometimes; that my name will pass your lips if but in a dream; and I promise, Blanche, that if there is time between life and my death to pronounce one name, one alone, it shall be yours. Blanche was suffocated by

tears; but there was in her eyes a thousand promises, more tender than that Marceau exacted. With one hand she pressed his, and with the other pointed to the red rose, with which her head was decorated.—Ever, she stammered, and fainted.

Marceau's cries attracted his mother and sisters. He thought Blanche was dead; he rolled at her feet. Every thing is exaggerated when we love, hopes and fears. The soldier was a child.

Blanche opened her eyes, and blushed to see Marceau at her feet, and his family around her. He goes, said she, to fight against my father perhaps. Oh! spare my father; if he falls into your hands, reflect that his death will cause mine. What do you wish for more? added she in a low voice; I thought of my father, but after I had thought of you. Then recalling her fortitude, she supplicated him to go; and fully feeling the necessity, he no longer resisted her prayers and his mother's. The requisite orders were given and an hour after, he had received the adieus of Blanche and of his family.

Marceau followed the same road that he had travelled before with Blanche; he advanced without pressing or retarding his horse's pace, each locality recalled some part of the young Vendean's recital; he then thought of the danger to which she was exposed, which had not struck him so forcibly when near her. He was almost on the point of returning, when he recalled each word that Delmar had uttered, it required the utmost power of his reason to prevent him from giving way to his desire of seeing her.

Could Marceau have paid attention to any thing but what was passing in his own mind, he would have perceived at the extremity of the road, and coming towards him, a cavalier, who, after stopping his horse a moment to ascertain if it were really him, had spurred his horse to a gallop to meet him, and he would have known General Dumas as soon as he had been recognized himself.

The two friends threw themselves off their horses, and embraced.

At that same instant, a man from whose hair the perspiration ran, whose face was disfigured with blood and with torn clothes, leaped over a hedge, rolled, rather than walked down a bank and fell exhausted, and without strength at the feet of the two friends, pronouncing inarticulately the word, arrested! . . . It was Tinguy.

—Arrested! who? Blanche? exclaimed Marceau. The peasant made a sign in the affirmative; the unfortunate man could not speak. He had run five leagues, across fields and hedges, swamps and briers! He might perhaps have run one league, two leagues farther to reach Marceau, but having done that he had fallen.

Marceau considered him with open mouth, and a stupid stare. Arrested! Blanche arrested, he repeated continually, while his friend applied his gourd

of wine to the locked teeth of the peasant.

—Blanche arrested! this is then the object of my being ordered to a distance. Alexander, cried he, taking the hand of his friend, and forcing him to rise; Alexander, I return to Nantes, you must follow me, for my life, my happiness, my future is all there. He gnashed his teeth with violence; his whole frame was agitated by a convulsive motion. Let him tremble who has dared to meddle with Blanche. Dost know I love her with all the strength of my soul; that there is for me no longer a possibility of existing without her! Oh! fool, madman that I was to leave her! . . . Blanche arrested! and where has she been taken?

Tinguy to whom this question was addressed, was slowly recovering. The veins of his forehead were swollen as if bursting; his eyes were filled with blood, and so much was his chest oppressed that it was with the utmost difficulty that he replied to this question, when asked a second time.—“To the prison of Bouffays.”

The words were scarcely pronounced, ere the two friends were again at full gallop on the road to Nantes.

There was not a moment to lose, it was then towards the house occupied by Carrier himself, that the friends directed their course. When arrived there Marceau threw himself off his horse, and mechanically taking his pistols which were in the holster, hid them under his habit, and darted towards the apartment of him, who held Blanche’s destiny in his hands. His friend followed him more coolly ready however to defend him with his life if occasion presented, and that with as much carelessness as on the field of battle. But the deputy knew too well in what execration he was held, not to be mistrustful, and neither menaces nor entreaties could procure the General an interview.

Marceau descended more calmly than his friend expected to see him. He seemed to have adopted a new plan which he was fast bringing to maturity, and there is no doubt, that his resolution was taken when he requested Dumas to go to the post-house, and return instantly to the prison door for him with horses and a carriage.

The name and rank of Marceau opened the doors of the prison to him; he ordered the jailor to conduct him to the dungeon in which Blanche was confined. He hesitated a moment; Marceau reiterated the order in a more imperative tone, and the man signed to him to follow. She is not alone, said he opening the low door of a dungeon, but she will soon be rid of her companion who is to be guillotined to-day. With these words he closed the door, requesting Marceau to be as quick as possible, as he might be compromised by this interview.

Still dazzled by his sudden transition from day to-night, Marceau extended his arms like a man dreaming, endeavouring in vain to articulate the name of Blanche; he heard a cry: the young girl threw herself into his arms; she had recognized him instantly: her sight was habituated to the darkness.

She threw herself into his arms, for at that moment terror caused her to forget age and sex; the only question now, was of life and death. She clung to him as a shipwrecked wretch does to a rock, with inarticulate sobs, and a convulsive pressure.

—Ah! you have not abandoned me then! she exclaimed at length. They arrested me and dragged me hither, in the crowd that followed I perceived Tinguy; I cried Marceau! Marceau! and he disappeared. Oh! I was far from hoping to see you again. . . . But you are here. . . . You are here—you will leave me no more . . . you will take me away, will you not? . . . Say you will not leave me.

—At the price of my blood, I would snatch you from here this instant; but . . .

Oh! but see, feel this wall from which the water drops, this infected straw; you who are a General can you not . . .

Blanche, this is what I can do; knock at this door, blow out the brains of the jailor, drag you to the yard, cause you to breathe the air, see the sky once more, and allow myself to be killed in your defence; but, when once I am dead, Blanche, they will bring you back here, and there will no longer exist a man on earth who can save you.

—But can you do it, yourself?

—Perhaps.

—Soon?

—Two days, Blanche; I ask of you two days. But in your turn answer me a question on which depends perhaps your life and mine. . . . Answer as you would answer your God . . . Blanche, do you love me?

—Is this a time or place for such a question? do you think these walls are in the habit of hearing avowals of love?

—Yes, it is the time, for we are between life and the tomb, between existence and eternity. Blanche, hasten to answer: each instant steals from us a day; each hour a year. Blanche, do you love me?

—Oh! yes, yes. . . . These words escaped from the heart of the young girl, who forgetting that her blushes could not be seen, hid her face on Marceau's arm.

—Well! Blanche, then you must consent to marry me instantly. The young girl's whole frame quivered.

—What can possibly be your designs?

—My design is to snatch you from death; we shall see if they dare send the wife of a republican General to the scaffold.

Blanche, then understood all his design, and her love increased with redoubled force. She shuddered at the danger to which he exposed himself to save her; but recalling her courage, it is impossible, she said firmly.

Impossible! cried Marceau! impossible! This is folly; and what obstacle can intervene between us and happiness, since you have just avowed that you love me? Do you think this is play? But listen, listen, see death on the scaffold! the executioner, the axe, the cart.

—Oh! pity! pity! this is frightful. But you, you, once your wife, if that title does not save me, it makes my fate yours. . . .

—Then this is the motive that causes you to reject the only means that remain for saving your life! Well then listen! listen to me, Blanche; for I too have avowals to make, on seeing you, I loved; that love has become a passion, I live from it, as from my own breath, my existence is yours, my fate shall be yours; happiness or the scaffold, I will share all with you, I leave you no more, no human power shall separate us; or, if I leave you, I have but to cry *long live the King*, that word will re-open your prison to me, and we shall leave it together. It will always be something gained, one night in confinement with you, a passage in the same cart, and death on the same scaffold.

—Oh! no, no, go; leave me, in the name of heaven, I entreat you.

—What me go! Take care what you say or wish for, for if I do go hence without your having given me a right to defend you, I will go to your father, who weeps, and of whom you think not, and I will tell him: Old man, thy daughter could have saved herself, but would not; she willed that your last days should be spent in mourning. Weep, weep, old man, not that your daughter is dead, but because she loved you not enough to live.

Marceau had repulsed Blanche, who had gone and fallen on her knees at a few paces distance from him, and he paced the cell with clenched teeth and folded arms, uttering the laugh of an idiot or damned soul. He heard the sobs of Blanche, and his arms fell motionless by his side, his own tears started and he threw himself at her feet.

—Oh! in pity, by all that is sacred in this world, by your mother's tomb, Blanche, Blanche, consent to become my wife: it must be, it is your duty.

—“Yes, it is your duty, young girl, interrupted a strange voice which caused them both to start and rise: it is your duty, for it is the only means of saving your life, that life which is scarcely commenced; religion commands it, and I am ready to bless your union.”

Marceau, astonished, turned, and recognized the *Priest of Saint Marie-de-Rhé*, who made a part of the assemblage he had attacked on the night that

Blanche had become his prisoner. Oh! father, he exclaimed, seizing his hand and drawing him forward; Oh! father, obtain her consent to live.

—Blanche de Beaulieu, again said the Priest in a solemn tone, in the name of your father, whom my age and the friendship that united us, give me the right of representing, I adjure you to accede to the entreaties of this young man: for your father himself, if he was here, would approve of the act.

Blanche seemed agitated by a thousand contrary emotions; at length placing her hand in that of Marceau, she said: oh my friend, I have not strength to resist you any longer, Marceau, I love you; I love you and am your wife.

Their lips joined; Marceau was at the height of joy. The voice of the priest soon roused him from his ecstasy. Hasten, my children, said he, for my moments are numbered; and if you delay longer, I can only bless you from the skies.

The lovers started: that voice recalled them to earth!

Blanche cast a fearful look around. Oh! my friend, said she, what a moment to unite our destinies! what a temple for our hymen! do you think that a union consecrated in these dark and gloomy vaults, can be fortunate and durable?

Marceau shuddered, for he was struck with a superstitious terror himself. He drew Blanche to a part of the dungeon where the light penetrating through the crossed bars of a small air-hole, rendered the darkness rather less profound; there, both knelt and awaited the benediction of the priest. He extended his arms and pronounced the sacred words. At the same instant, the sound of arms and soldiers was heard in the corridor.—Blanche threw herself, terrified, into Marceau's arms. Can it be me they are already come for! she cried; oh! my friend how dreadful would be death at this moment!

The young General had thrown himself before the door, a pistol in each hand. The soldiers stepped back in astonishment.

—Be not alarmed, said the priest, presenting himself, it is me they are come for, it is me who is to die.

The soldiers surrounded him. Children, said he in a loud voice, addressing the bridal pair; children, kneel; for with one foot in the tomb I send you my last benediction, and the benediction of the dying is sacred.

The soldiers, awe-struck, kept silence; the priest had drawn a crucifix, which he had succeeded in concealing, from his bosom; he stretched it towards heaven; about to die himself, it was for them he prayed. There was a moment of solemn silence in which all present believed in God:—Let us go said the priest.

The soldiers closed around him, the door shut, and all disappeared like a nocturnal vision.

Blanche clung to Marceau:—Oh! if you leave me, and they come for me thus, if you are not here to help me to pass that door, oh! Marceau, do you figure to yourself, the scaffold, me! at the scaffold, far from you, weeping and calling on you and receiving no answer! oh! do not go, do not go! I will throw myself at their feet and tell them I am not guilty. I will tell them to leave me in prison all my life with you, that I will bless them. But if you go . . . Oh! do not leave me.

—Blanche, I am sure of saving you, I answer for your life; in two days I will be back with your pardon, then it will not be a life of prison and in a dungeon, but of air and happiness, a life of liberty and love.

The door opened and the jailor appeared. Blanche pressed Marceau more closely in her arms; she would not let him depart and yet a moment was precious; he gently unclasped her hands whose chain withheld him, and promised to return before the decline of the second day: Love me ever, he said darting from the dungeon. Ever, she said, falling back and pointing to the red rose in her hair. The door shut like the gate of hell.

Marceau found Dumas at the jailor's waiting for him; he asked for pen and ink. What are you about to do? demanded his friend, alarmed at his agitation. Write to Carrier, ask for two days respite, and tell him that his life shall answer for that of Blanche.

—Miserable man, cried Dumas, snatching the half written letter: you menace, and it is you who are in his power; have you not disobeyed the order to join the army? Do you think that if he once dreads you, his fears will even wait to find a plausible pretext? In less than an hour you would be arrested, and then what could you do for her or yourself? Depend upon it, your silence will perhaps cause him to forget, and his forgetfulness alone can save her.

Marceau had let his head drop on his hands; he seemed to reflect profoundly:—You are right, he suddenly exclaimed, and rising, dragged his friend into the street.

Some persons surrounded a post chaise.—If the weather was but hazy to-night, I know nothing to prevent about twenty good fellows from entering the town and rescuing the prisoners: Nantes is miserably guarded. Marceau started, turned and recognized Tinguay, exchanged a look of intelligence with him, and threw himself into the carriage.

Paris, said he to the postillion, giving him gold; and the horses set off with the rapidity of lightning. Every where the same diligence was observed, every where by the weight of gold, Marceau obtained promises that horses

should be ready at his return the next day, and that no obstacle should retard his passage.

It was during this journey that he learned that General Dumas had resigned his commission, demanding as an only favor to be received as a soldier in another army; and he had consequently been placed at the disposition of the committee of Public Safety, and that he was going to Nantes at the time he met Marceau, on his route to Clisson.

At eight o'clock in the evening, the carriage containing the two friends, entered the square of the *Palais-Egalité*. Marceau set out on foot for the *rue Saint-Honoré*, descended it and arrived at No. 336, he enquired for citizen Robespierre.

—He is at the *Théâtre de la Nation*, answered a young girl of about sixteen or eighteen; but if you will return in two hours, citizen General, he will be back.

—Robespierre at the *Théâtre de la Nation*! Art thou not mistaken? . . .

—No, citizen.

—Well! I will go there, and if I do not find him, I will come and wait for him here. My name is citizen General Marceau.

The Theatre Français had just separated into two companies. Talma accompanied by the patriotic actors, had emigrated to the Odéon. It was there then that Marceau sought for Robespierre, surprised that the austere member of the Committee of Public Safety should be gone to a theatre. The *Death of Cæsar* was the piece that was being performed. He entered the pit; a young man offered him a place by himself on the first row of benches, which he accepted, hoping that he would from there see him he sought for.

The performance had not commenced, but a strange fermentation reigned throughout the audience; smiles and signs were exchanged, originating, as from a kind of general quarter, a group placed near the orchestra, this group commanded the whole house, and one man commanded this group, it was Danton.

At his sides, speaking when he was silent, and silent when he spoke, were Camille Desmoulins, his seid; Philippeaux, Herault de Séchelles and Lacroix his apostles.

It was the first time that Marceau had ever seen this Mirabeau of the people full in the face; he would however have known him by his strong voice, his imperious manner and commanding air, even though his name has not been repeated several times by his friends.

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[Here follows a scene, which, as it is not immediately connected with the story, we are under a necessity of omitting on

account of its extreme length; it is probable, however, that we shall translate it for our next number, as it contains some interesting information concerning the first actors in the revolution.]

Marceau, whose mind was engrossed by far other things than the tragedy, was perhaps, the only one who witnessed this scene, which lasted but a few seconds, without understanding it, he however recognized Robespierre, he precipitated himself, from his place, and got into the lobby in time to meet him.—He was calm and cool as if nothing had occurred; Marceau advanced and named himself. Robespierre offered his hand; Marceau, yielding to a first emotion, drew back his own. A bitter smile passed over the lips of Robespierre.—What then do you want of me? said he.

—An interview of a few minutes.

—Here, or at my home?

—At your home.

—Then come. And these two men, agitated by emotions so different walked side by side: Robespierre, to appearance, indifferent and calm; Marceau, curious and agitated.

This was then the man who held the fate of Blanche in his hands; the man of whom he had heard so much, whose incorruptibility alone was evident, but whose popularity must appear a problem; indeed to acquire it, he had not used any of the means employed by his predecessors; he had not the persuading eloquence of Mirabeau, nor the paternal firmness of Bailly, the sublime impetuosity of Danton, or the low eloquence of Hébert; if he laboured for the people, it was silently and without rendering them an account of what he did. In the midst of the general levelling of language and costume, he had preserved his language polite, and his dress elegant; in short, as much as others did to confound themselves with the mass, so much did he do to keep himself above it; and at first sight, it was easy to see that this singular man could only be for the multitude an idol or a victim: he was both the one and the other.

They arrived; a narrow stair led to a room situated on the third story. Robespierre opened it; a bust of Rousseau, a table on which lay open *le Contrat social* and Emilius, a chest of drawers and a few chairs, was all the furniture the apartment contained. But the most extreme neatness reigned throughout.

Robespierre saw the effect this sight produced on Marceau. Here, said he, smiling, is Cæsar's palace; what hast thou to request of the dictator?

—My wife's life, condemned to death by Carrier.

—Thy wife, condemned by Carrier! the wife of Marceau! the republican of the old days! the spartan soldier! What then is he doing at Nantes?

—He is committing atrocities. Marceau then traced to him a picture of what we have already placed before the reader. Robespierre, during this recital moved on his seat in evident uneasiness without interrupting him, however, at length Marceau was silent.

—This is then the manner that I shall ever be understood, said Robespierre in a hoarse voice, the interior emotion he had just felt having sufficed to produce this change, where my eyes are not to see, and my hand to stop unnecessary carnage. . . . And yet there is enough of blood that is indispensable to spill, and we are not at the last of it.

—Well! Robespierre, my wife's release! Robespierre took a sheet of white paper.

—Tell me what was her maiden name?

—What for?

—It is necessary, to certify her identity.

—Blanche de Beaulieu.

Robespierre dropped the pen he held in his hand. The daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu, the chief of the brigands?

—Blanche de Beaulieu, daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu.

—And how came it that she is thy wife? Marceau related the particulars.

—Boyish fool! Madman; said he to him, should you . . . Marceau interrupted him:—I ask not of thee either abuse or advice; I demand my wife's pardon, wilt thou grant it?

—Marceau, will the ties of family, the influence of love never cause thee to betray the republick?

—Never.

—If thou wert facing the Marquis de Beaulieu, both in arms?

—I would do as I have already done, my duty.

And if he falls into thy hands? Marceau reflected for a moment. I would send him to thee, and thyself should be his judge.

—You swear?

—On my honor.

Robespierre took his pen. Marceau said he, thou hast had the happiness to preserve thyself pure in all eyes: I have known thee long, and have wished much to see thee. Seeing Marceau's impatience, he wrote the three first letters of his name and then paused. Listen, said he, regarding him fixedly, in my turn I beg five minutes attention, in return I give thee an entire life; that is paying well. Marceau made a sign that he listened. Robespierre continued:—I have been calumniated to you, and yet you are one of the few by whom I desire to be known; for what matters the judgment of those

whom I do not esteem. Listen then, three assemblies have in turn agitated France, have been united in one man, and have accomplished the mission with which the age had charged them: *la Contituante*, represented by Mirabeau, shook the throne; *la Legislative*, incarnated in Danton, conquered it. The work of the convention is immense, for it must commence the rebuilding. I have a vast idea, it is to become the type of this epoch, as Mirabeau and Danton were the types of theirs; there will be in the history of the French people, three men represented by three numbers: 91, 92, 93. If the Supreme Being grants me time to finish my part, my name will be above all names; I shall have done more than Lycurgus among the Greeks, than Numa in Rome, than Washington in America; for each of them had but an infant people to pacify, whereas I have an old society to regenerate. . . . If I fall, my God! spare me a blasphemy against thee at my last hour . . . if I fall before the time, my name which will have accomplished but half of what it had to do, will preserve the bloody stain that the other half would have effaced: the revolution will fall with it, and both will be calumniated. . . . This is what I had to say to thee, Marceau, for I wish at all events that there may be a few men who may keep my name in their hearts, living and pure, as the flame of the lamp in the tabernacle, art thou one of these men?

He finished writing his name.

—Here is thy wife's release. . . . Thou mayest depart without even giving me your hand. . . . Marceau took his and pressed it with force, he endeavoured to speak, but his voice was choked with tears, he could not pronounce a word, and it was Robespierre who first said: depart, for you have not a moment to lose.

Marceau darted down the stairs; General Dumas was ascending them.

—I have her pardon, he cried throwing himself into his arms; I have her pardon, Blanche is saved. . . .

—Felicitate me also, returned his friend: I have been appointed General-in-Chief of the army of the Alps, and I come to thank Robespierre for it. They embraced. Marceau flew to the place where his carriage waited for him, ready to set out with the same celerity with which it had come.

Of what a weight was his heart relieved! what happiness awaited him! what felicity was in store after such sorrow! His imagination plunged into the future; he anticipated the moment when from the door of her dungeon he would say to his wife:—Blanche, you are free, through me: come, Blanche, and let your love and fond kisses repay the debt of life.

From time to time, however, a vague anxiety crosses his mind, a shuddering strikes his heart, he then excites the postilions, promises gold, lavishes it, and promises more: the wheels burn the pavement, the horses fly, and yet he thinks they scarcely advance! everywhere relays are prepared,

nothing retards him, all seem to partake of the agitation that torments him. In a few hours he has left behind him Versailles, Chartres, le Mars, la Flèche; he perceives Angers; suddenly he feels a dreadful shock, the carriage turning over, breaks to pieces, he rises bruised and bloody, separates with one stroke of his sword, the traces which attached one of the horses, jumps upon him, and speedily arrives at the first post, takes one of the swiftest horses, and continues his route with more rapidity than ever.

At length, he has traversed Angers, he perceives. Ingrande reaches Varades, passes Ancenis; his horse is covered with froth and blood. He discovers in the distance Saint-Donatien, and then Nantes, Nantes! which contains his soul, his life, and all of future happiness. In a few moments, and he will be in the town, he reaches the gate: his horse fell dead before the prison of Bouffays, but he is there, what matters it?

—Blanche! Blanche!

—Two carts have just left the prison, answered the jailor; she is in the first. . . .

—Malediction! And Marceau darted away on foot through the crowd that is running to the place of execution. He joins the last of the two carts; one of the condemned recognizes him. General save her, save her. . . . I could not, and have been taken. *Vive le Roi et la bonne cause!* It was Tinguay.

—Yes, yes! . . . And Marceau opened himself a road; the crowd press him, push him, but still drag him forwards; he arrives at the place. He is facing the scaffold, he agitates his paper, crying pardon! pardon!

At this moment, the executioner seizing by its long fair hair, the head of a young girl, presented the hideous spectacle to the people; the crowd drew back in horror, they fancied it was vomiting waves of blood! . . . Suddenly in the midst of that silent crowd, a scream of rage, in which all the human powers seemed exhausted, was heard; Marceau had recognized between the teeth of that head, the RED ROSE he had given to the young Vendean.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THE BUTTERFLY.—(From Lamartine.)

Translated for the Museum.

To come forth with the Spring and to die with the rose,  
To be wafted by zephyrs in ether so bright,  
On the bosom of soft-budding flowers to repose,  
In wild rapture to drink perfumes, azure and light,  
And yet young, casting off the earth's dust from its wing,  
Tow'rd the blue vault above, like a sweet breath to spring,  
Of the gay butterfly such is th' enchanted lot;—  
It is like fond desire that on all a short kiss  
Uncontented imprints, and of long rest no spot  
Here beholding—to Heav'n flieth back to find bliss.

## THE GRAVES OF OUR BEST KINDRED.

To view each loved one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now,  
Before the chastener humbly let me bow,  
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed;  
Roll on vain days! full reckless may ye flow.—CHILDE HAROLD.

There is no time, or scene, so calculated to inspire us with devotion and so congenial to the feelings of a lonely heart, as the evening hour. Twilight throws such a heavenly softness over the earth. In such an hour, oh! how vivid will the glow of memory recall hours of happiness gone by, hours that will ever be consecrated to the purest feelings of the heart—and it is at such a time we wish to visit the graves of those we've loved, and while kneeling at the tomb of a dearly beloved brother—a tear falls—brush it not away, for it is a truly sensitive heart that swells with the recollections of past happiness. I have seen an aged mother bending over the grave of an affectionate son who was called away in the morning of his existence, to the bosom of a just God.—I have seen a wife shedding tears of blighted affection at the tomb of a deeply loved and regretted husband.—Yes, and I have seen a sister, kneeling at, and weeping over the last lonely resting place of a brother, whom in life she loved with all the devotedness of a sister's love, and who was the participater in all her joys, and the sweet soother of all her sorrows. We know our friends must leave us, time may throw a partial oblivion over regrets like these, yet—they never can cease to be remembered. Our friends may droop, wither and die from us. "Like a beautiful blooming flower," which will perish when touched on its verdant stem by the blighting cold wind. Yet their recollections will be too deeply hallowed in our memory, for even time itself to erase them. The bereavement of a dear relative may leave in the remaining part of our life a dark and unmeaning void, yet the heavenly thought that their spirits are hovering over us through the day, and keeping vigil by night, will be as a beacon light to guide and cheer us through the dreary pilgrimage that is allotted to us. I have a favourite retreat, it is under a *willow* at the *head* of a very near relative's grave, where I have passed some of the most happy, as also melancholy days of my life. Three summers have passed away since I saw borne to that dark and awful profound, the receptacle of millions, but which never gives forth from its unfathomable depths, one echo, the slightest sound of which would hush forever the gathering doubts and sneers

of incipient infidelity, one who had been twin in every happy hour, that threw its pure brightness over the repining career of youthful maturity, one who was taken from the bosom of his family, and launched into eternity to appear before a heavenly judge without one hour's warning, but whom I trust, through the mercy of God is among the Saints at his right hand. I must draw a veil over the remainder of my thoughts—thoughts under which I am only supported by the conviction that, in dying, he died the death of the righteous.

E——. .——.

Upper Canada. July 10th, 1833.

## THE ABBESS; A ROMANCE.

*By the Author of the 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' &c.*

Mrs. Trollope has commenced a sort of literary crusade against sundry of the nations of the earth; she strikes east, west, north, and south; she invaded America, and touched on the domestic manners of the people with a pencil dipped in aqua fortis; in the work before us she has made an inroad upon Italy, in the days when her popes were strong and her church in power, and has handled priests, nuns, confessors, and abbots, in a way which cannot fail to stir the wrath of some of the believers in the ancient church. She details the duties and the intrigues of convents, relates the erring conversation of nuns, gives us sad pictures of the perfidy of priests and the undue influence of confessors, and crowns the whole by exhibiting the dark workings of the Inquisition, from whose machinations one of the heroines of this story escaped with difficulty. In almost every page—more especially when the narrative breaks into dramatic detail—we recognize the same sharp and intrepid spirit, the same leaning to the picturesque side of everything, the same love of heightening the natural effect of all, and not a little of the same liking for warm delineations which we perceived in her *'Domestic Manners of the Americans.'* Unquestionably some of the chapters of the *'Abbess'* equal anything in the language for liveliness and truth; she excels whenever she sets loose the tongues of her nuns on breeding canaries, tending flowers, walking by moonlight, or surveying handsome pages and interesting travellers through the jealous gratings of the convent. We like her less when she touches on the mysterious doings of the priests and confessors; and we question if ever, in the fiercest moods of the Italian church, such grievous wrongs were wrought as the novelist intimates. She deals a little too, we fear in the improbable. It is said, that once on a time a bold and shameless lady contrived to set herself in the chair with the Pope, and before she was found out she had set the half of Christendom by the ears: Mrs. Trollope, with considerable hardihood, has made a Protestant lady head of a convent, and all but endowed her with the name and reputation of a saint, so exquisitely did she play the hypocrite.

The story relates at large the perils and vicissitudes of a noble Italian family, the female portion of which were secret Protestants, through the influence of an heretical grandame, and the male part weak and bigoted Catholics, through the influence of birth, and monks and confessors; one of the former becomes an abbess, and another is in danger of becoming a nun,

when a fortunate accusation of flirtation and heresy before the Inquisition, enables the elder to triumph over all her enemies, and the youngest to wed a husband of her grandmother's house—her own cousin, Hubert Lord Arlborough, of the isle of heretics. The scene is chiefly laid in the Castle of Albano and the Abbey of St. Katherine, in Italy; and the time when the story commences is the year 1575.

When the narrative begins, Juliet, the only daughter of Count de Albano, is young, lovely, and in danger of either being sent to a convent or carried away by a young and handsome cavalier whose name or lineage no one knows. It is thus our vigilant authoress comments on the matter; she treats her own creation worse than she did the American ladies:—

“I fear that to the young ladies of England, of the year 1833, my Juliet must have already appeared (to say the least of it) a very thoughtless and imprudent person; and I have not yet told the worst circumstance of her foolish love affair. She actually knew neither the name nor the country of her lover. How she chanced to meet him shall be explained hereafter; though no extenuation of her imprudence will be found in the manner of it.

“In fact, Juliet's only excuse lay in her most child-like innocence, and in the peculiar circumstances of her position. She had never known a mother. The noble lady who gave her birth, died whilst she was still an infant, and no female had been provided, who could ever pretend to take her place. The mother of Olive had waited upon the late Countess from the time of her marriage, and her daughter, having been brought up in the castle, was chosen on the recommendation of Father Lawrence, as Juliet's principal attendant, after she returned from the convent where she received her education. No single being was near her on whom she could with propriety bestow either confidence or affection. Her young brother, though mild and amiable in temper, was incapable of being more to her than a petted plaything; and poor little Morgante, though the most faithful of pages, was hardly fit, with all his sharp wit and ready invention, to be the sole confidant of the beautiful and highborn Juliet.—Yet so it was. Nevertheless, it is but justice towards Morgante to confess, that, in the present instance, his discretion had shown itself to great advantage; for he had more than once ventured to hint that he heartily wished his young mistress knew something of her lover's name and rank. That the latter was noble, however, he found it was treason to doubt, and therefore ceased to glance at the possibility of its being otherwise; but that it would be desirable to know his name, was an opinion by which he held stout, and against this, Juliet had never brought any very powerful objections.”

In the midst of these entanglements her dreaded aunt, the lady abbess, arrives; her stately manners, her enlightened conversation, and a certain

indescribable something that argued toleration of true love matters in her looks, won the heart of Juliet; she related the romantic story of her affection for the nameless cavalier, and the abbess rewarded her confidence by revealing the secret of her faith—that though the abbess of a convent, she was in all respects a Protestant. These communications are made in rather an interesting way, but we suspect some of our readers will prefer to hear the conversation which passed among the nuns who accompanied the abbess, Olive, and one of the servants of the Count's household.

“She had every reason to believe that her kind attentions were not displeasing to any of the holy ladies, who not only partook freely of what she set before them, but entered with great affability into conversation with her.

“‘It is really a pity,’ said the venerable sister Martha, sipping the cup which Olive had presented to her, from the cheering composition on the lamp, ‘It is indeed, a pity and a sorrow that such a slightly damsel as you are, should be affronted every day you live, by having the bold eyes of ungodly men cast upon you.—How well she would look in a bandeau and hood, sister Clara, wouldn't she?’

“‘She would be a perfect picture,’ replied the nun she addressed; ‘there is certainly no headgear in all Italy, that sets off fine eyes, like the bandeau of the White Dominicans.’

“‘But perhaps, daughter,’ observed another, ‘you may have formed some earthly attachment, that would make it inconvenient for you to become the spouse of Christ?’

“‘You need not be afraid to speak before sister Martha,’ said a third; ‘she is very good natured. Come tell us all your history—will you?’

“Olive, who perhaps had some doubts whether her own history would be sufficiently edifying for so select an audience, varied the subject by saying, ‘Oh, dear ladies! if you like to hear stories of true love, you ought to be told that which belongs, as I may say, to this very castle, where you now are; and I only wish that I could tell it to you as beautifully as Father Lawrence told it to me—I am right sure it would draw tears from your holy eyes.’

“‘Nay, good daughter, let us hear you tell it,’ said sister Martha.

“‘I do not think any one could tell it better,’ said sister Beatrice.

“‘I am sure I would rather hear you than any body,’ said sister Joanna.

“‘Now, pray begin—pray do, Signora,’ said sister Clara.

“The good abbess is gentle, accommodating, and kind; she encourages her niece in her love affair; accompanies her to an interview with her admirer on the sea shore; arranges future meetings, and to secure Juliet from all machinations, carries her to the convent, and acquaints her with the secrets and intrigues of the place. Thither the young lady is followed by one

of those fairy pages a child in size, but a man, and more, in acuteness of intellect and ready activity of fancy, whom we never meet with in life, but often find in the pages of romance, where they solve all difficulties and unriddle all mysteries. This little hero, Morgante by name, was found one evening by Count Albano in his chapel, and his confessor had the address to pass him off as something dropt from above; when he grew up, he bestowed his whole regard on Juliet, and all his mischief (and it was not little) on the confessor and the domestics. As his character is naturally drawn, we must give our readers a glimpse of him.

“‘The Virgin and all her holy company be praised, Signora! I thought, for certain, they had locked you up in your cell; and I meant to climb that high wall there, and clamber up to all the windows, one after another, till I found you out.—What a beautiful garden you have got here! and all the ladies are they the nuns they sent us to Albano?—I suppose, ma’am, (addressing Marcella) that you would not trust these young ones out, for fear they should never come back. Well—I am sure, they all look as merry as Olive herself. May I come and walk in the garden with you, Signora, whenever I like!’

“‘You don’t know what you are talking about, my darling,’ said old Marcella;—‘we should soon have a visit from my lord Abbot, just to ask what was the matter with us, if that were granted, I take it.—No, no, my man, you must run about outside the walls, when you want exercise. We don’t want to make a nun of you, you know—but for the garden—no.’

“Morgante looked at the novices, and they all laughed.

“‘Away with you, my man,’ said Marcella giving him a gentle push,—‘away with you, I say; your eyes are older than your stature. I must have no looking and laughing among my young ladies, here. Come along, master Page, come along.’

“‘May I not speak one word to my lady mistress?’ said Morgante.

“‘Well then, make haste—speak away; and have done.’

“‘Are you happy, Signora?’ said the boy in a low whisper; but Juliet discreetly answered him aloud.

“‘Yes, Morgante, very happy. And pray how do you like the convent? I hope you are very well behaved and orderly?’

“‘Why, as for my liking the convent, Signora, I shall find no fault with it, provided we do not stay too long—and, as for my behaviour, I suppose it is as it should be, because more old ladies than I ever saw in my life before, have done nothing but pat my head, and call me dear and darling, ever since I arrived.’

“The novices again laughed aloud at this sally.

“‘Come along, you little imp you,’ said the mother, seizing him by the shoulder, ‘they shall none of them call you so again, I promise ye.’”

“The boy could not resist his inclination to laugh, though it appeared as if Marcella shook him not very gently as she led him away.

“‘Cross old plague!’ cried one of the young ladies, who felt disposed to forgive the diminutive size of the page, in favor of his sauciness.

“‘Cross old plague! I perfectly hate her.’”

The following scene acquaints us with some of the pleasures of a convent: it is graphic.

“The next morning, sister Agatha came to the cell of Juliet, and told her that the lady Abbess waited breakfast for her. She was quite ready, and, with spirits recruited by a night of sound sleep, and a morning of bright sunshine, walked gaily through the long corridors with her gentle companion.

“‘Have you rested well, Signora?’ said the nun.

“‘Never better, dear sister: your convent is delightful.—What a garden! what flowers!’

“‘Our convent is the richest in the Duchy; and our ladies are most of them noble.’

“‘Indeed!—and so numerous too.’

“‘Our convent has more cells than any other in Italy.’

“‘And are they all so comfortable as mine?’

“‘All exactly alike; excepting that some of the sisters have images and relics of their own.’

“‘And the air is so fine here;—I think the convent must be very healthy?’

“‘I believe so—Our chapel has the heaviest golden candlesticks of any chapel in the state of the church, out of Rome.’

“‘Really!—and all the rooms and passages are so lofty, and so well aired.’

“‘Yes.—We have three images of the Virgin in solid silver, beside our Sant’ Catherina;—and that is silver gilt.’

“‘You don’t say so?—In the convent where I was educated, our refectory was not half so large and well lighted as yours.’

“‘I dare say it was not.—Our convent has the largest piece of the real cross in the state; and it is the only relic in Italy, that has got diamonds round the lock and handle of the coffer in which it is kept.’

“‘Altogether your convent seems to be very superior.’

“‘It is the first in Italy.’

“‘You must feel very happy in belonging to it.’

“‘Yes, very.—Only the years seem so long!’”

We had marked sundry convent scenes, of a sterner character than this, for quotation, and also a portion of the trial in the Inquisition, but our limits forbid such indulgence. We have not, indeed, the whole of the work before us. The Abbess and Juliet and Lord Hubert are on the sea, on their way to England, and we observe a tempest of considerable rigour and duration is about to rise; for the cloud has come over the moon, grey old mariners shake their heads, and the authoress has a hundred pages and odd to fill, before she can say *finis*. We are afraid that Mrs. Trollope has disposed of her heroines in a way little to the liking of her publisher—a shrewd man, who knows what’s what—and has, we presume, kept back the tragic conclusion, lest it should induce us to complain of the injustice of depriving the Inquisition of burning two handsome heretics for the pleasure of drowning them at sea.

## *BORDER TALES.*

### GRIZEL COCHRANE.

#### A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the King's troops,—long, deadly and desperate was his resistance, but at length overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried and condemned to die upon a scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailor waited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing, one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his house,—even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold damp walls of his cell to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered followed by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright and tearless, but their very brightness spoke of sorrow,—of sorrow too deep to be wept away, and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered—

“My child! my own Grizel!” he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

“My father!—my dear father!” sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied her words.

“Your interview must be short—very short,” said the jailor, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

“God help and comfort thee my daughter!” added the unhappy father as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. “I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child,

and that stung me more than death,—but thou art come my love—thou art come! and the last blessing of thy wretched father.”—

“Nay! forbear! forbear!” she exclaimed, “not thy last blessing!—not thy last!—My father shall not die!”

“Be calm! be calm, my child!” returned he; “would to Heaven that I could comfort thee!—my own! my own! But there is no hope,—within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be——”

Fatherless—he would have said, but the word died on his tongue.

“Three days!” repeated she raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand, “three days! then there is hope.—My father shall live. Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the King?—From him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die.”

“Nay! nay, my Grizel,” returned he, “be not deceived—there is no hope,—already my doom is sealed—already the King has signed the order for my execution,—and the messenger of death is now on the way.”

“Yet my father SHALL not!—SHALL not die!” she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together—“Heaven speed a daughter’s purpose,” she exclaimed, and turning to her father said calmly—“We part now, but we shall meet again.”

“What would my child?” enquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

“Ask not now,” she replied, “my father—ask not now, but pray for me,—and bless me,—but not with thy *last* blessing.”

He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck.—In a few moments the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

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On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostlerie on the south side of the street nearly fronting where what was called the “Main-guard” then stood. He did not enter the inn, for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his headquarters a few years before and where at a somewhat earlier period James the Sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man, but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim’s staff. Having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes

rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

“Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this,” said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when as if unable longer to brave the storm he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the way-side. Nearly an hour had past since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night, and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse’s feet was heard hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him holding a pistol to his breast.

“Dismount,” cried the stranger sternly.

The horseman benumbed and stricken with fear made an effort to reach his arms—but in a moment the hand of the robber quitting the bridle grasped the breast of the rider and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail to the north, and flinging it on his shoulder rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor, but no trace of the robber could be obtained.

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Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived.—The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed, and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father the Earl of Dundonald with the King’s confessor might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became

more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope bitter as it was perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted and would be despotic monarch had signed the warrant for his death, and within little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

“The will of Heaven be done!” groaned the captive.

“Amen!” returned Grizel with wild vehemence, “but my father shall not die!”

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Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He put his horse to its utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him, and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who bending over him and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said—

“Give me thine arms or die.”

The heart of the King’s servant failed within him, and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

“Now, go thy way,” said the robber sternly, “but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail,—lest a worse thing come upon thee.”

The man therefore arose, and proceeded towards Berwick trembling, and the robber mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

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Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept, and said:

“It is good—the hand of heaven is in this!”

“Said I not,” replied the maiden, and for the first time she wept aloud,—“that my father shall not die.”

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son. His

intercession with the confessor had been at length successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the King had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house,—his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy,—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered, he was habited as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

“When you have perused these,” said he, taking two papers from his bosom, “cast them in the fire!”

Sir John glanced on them, started and became pale,—they were his death-warrants.

“My deliverer!” exclaimed he, “how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life! My father,—my children,—thank him for me!”

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his knees, and he burst into tears.

“By what name,” eagerly enquired Sir John, “shall I thank my deliverer?”

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

“Gracious Heaven!” exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—“my own child!—my saviour!—my own Grizel.”

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest, and we may only add that Grizel Cochrane whose heroism and noble affection we have here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, and great grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.

## THE ALPINE HORN.

“Besides that of tuning the Kuhreihen, or *Raus des Vaches* the Alpine Horn in Switzerland has another—a more solemn and religious use.”—*From the German of Reichard.*

What moves the Swiss to tend his flocks,  
Invites to freedom, ever dear?  
What wakes the warrior, mid his rocks,  
When, downward, in his wild career  
He bursts, like glacier from its height,  
Entombs the foe he meets in fight,  
Himself estranged to fear?  
'Tis not the pipe, the harp, the lute;—  
For these may leave him still and mute!

Lo, from the vallies deep and wide,  
The sun withdraws his evening ray.  
The snow clad mountains slowly hide  
Their swelling base from parting day;—  
That day, whose gleams repose would seek,  
But travel on from peak to peak,  
Till they, too, fade away;  
And leave, with Alpine range on high,  
The herdsman lost to every eye.

But hark,—'tis his, thus highest born,  
Whose Eyrie cot is in the cloud,  
To take the sacred, vesper horn,<sup>[1]</sup>  
While evening shadows thus enshroud,  
And pour—distinctly pour around—  
“Praise GOD the LORD”—in heavens of sound  
Through stillness yet more loud,  
Till far away—through depths below—  
He wakes in all devotion's glow.

No sooner heard, than every swain,  
With lightsome heart steps from his cot,  
Repeats the word—and forth the strain—

From lip to ear—from spot to spot—  
Through every horn—from every tongue—  
Along the clefts—by old and young  
    The notes of praise are caught;  
The echoes, starting, stir abroad,  
And all respond the name of GOD.

And often, ere the hour can tell,  
    In mellow chime, its quarter gone,  
The horn and echo still will swell—  
    In sweetest concert wander on,  
Join, in the vale, the hymning rill,  
    Or climb the Alpine summits, till  
        In heaven,—and one by one—  
They enter each cherubic ear,  
Who love from earth such tones to hear.

But wherefore now this sudden pause,  
    Like preparation's smothered hum,  
When myriads under martial laws,  
    All mailed and sleepless, wait for some  
Advancing host? Or like the calm  
Which nature, in her evening balm  
    Will shew, ere tempests come,  
When dark and ponderous clouds prevail,  
Then burst in thunder, fire, and hail?

Hush!—for the last loud blasts that poured,  
    Admonish all in drawing nigh!  
'Tis now the temple of the LORD,  
    Where man holds converse with the sky:—  
Each herdsman, with uncovered brow,  
Records, while lowly bent, his vow,  
    And breathes the prayerful sigh,  
Till, confident, he takes his stand,  
Beneath Jehovah's shadowing hand.

Once more the lofty dweller breaks  
    The holy calm to worship given,  
When from his cloudy throne he speaks,  
    Like some loved sentinel of heaven,

Winding his horn with sweet "GOOD NIGHT,"  
Returned below with pure delight  
    By those, who erst, had riven  
The mountain solitude with praise,  
For quiet homes and happy days.

Good is the night that ends in prayer!  
    Blest is the praise that prayer succeeds!  
Calm is the lot of those who share  
    A neighbour's love and good-will deeds!  
And sweet, O sweet, is Alpine rest,  
When he has tranquilized the breast,  
    With whom the shepherd pleads!  
And safe, whom guardian angels keep,  
Unharm'd amid the tempest's sweep!

O yes, once more, the shepherd swain,  
    Lightsome, returning to his cot,  
Repeats the words—when forth the strain—  
    From lip to ear—from spot to spot—  
Through every horn—from every tongue—  
Alone the clefts—by old and young  
    The heart-felt wish is caught;  
New echoes finding no repose,  
Till sweet "GOOD NIGHT" the evening close.

*Manchester.*

JAMES EVERETT.

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[1] Sprachrohr,—literally a speaking trumpet.

THE DISCOVERY  
OR THE MARRIAGE PREVENTED,

By a Lady the author of "*Tales of the Heath*," "*Improvement*," a tale,  
"*Scenes at Home and Abroad*," &c.

[Written for the Montreal Museum.]

Duplicity and artifice are frequently defeated in their progress, by accidents apparently the most trivial and unlooked for!

Mr. Lee, was a plain, honest, English gentleman residing in the county of Kent, not many miles from the renowned Tunbridge Wells, where he led a happy, tranquil, good life; a perfect stranger to the luxuries, vices and follies of the Metropolis, to which he seldom paid a visit oftener than once in three years, and then, his stay was seldom prolonged beyond the same number of days—his contentment rested in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, and an unsullied conscience: to the wealthy, he was a valuable neighbour, to the poor a sincere friend; his table preserved that hospitality so proverbial to *old* English times, and so well understood in the *county* to which he belonged; his manners were frank and generous; the hand of prudence alone proscribed bounds to his liberality, his society was as much sought for its conviviality, as it was for the intellectual endowments of his mind.—Still Mr. Lee was a Bachelor; an orphan niece who had been from her infancy consigned to his care, seemed to have complete power over his best affections. He spared no expense that she might be possessed of such accomplishments as form the general standard of female education. From a child, opening beauty and sprightliness united with perfect good nature rendered Miss Fanny the delight of her Uncle's circle,—she played and sung with exquisite feeling, and with science sufficient to render listening a pleasure, without exciting the surmise, that the cultivation of attainments less showy but more valuable had been sacrificed—her dancing is said to have been the very personation of grace, her form was light, rising scarcely above the middle size, and seeming in its faultless symmetry to float rather than to move through the Quadrille. She exercised her pencil with judgment and taste. Assisted by her uncle she had early cultivated a knowledge of botany, a study peculiarly adapted to the female mind,—which employs without fatiguing the understanding, and impels the heart to hold converse with heaven, through

the most beautiful and sweetest objects of earth.—But the charm of these acquirements was not a little diminished, by Miss Fanny appearing on all occasions too sensible of possessing them—nor was she less sensible of the attractions of her sylph-like form, her mirror which she frequently consulted left no doubt on her mind, that “nature had formed her in its fairest mould”—nor did her list of sensibilities close here. The young lady was also *sensible* that her father had left her five thousand pounds, which, when of age were at her own disposal—she was also *sensible* that her uncle would double that sum whenever she might be disposed to bestow her heart and hand on a suitable aspirer to her charms.—That such advantages should inspire a girl of sixteen, just escaped from the restraints of a fashionable boarding school, with some degree of vanity, will not appear incredible to our most refined novel readers. Yet we must in justice state, that if Miss Fanny betrayed some vanity and frivolity of character, these, were *more* than over-balanced by the excellencies, and better feelings of our nature, the accents of pity never found her heart inaccessible,—her charities were numerous, and disposed with a correctness of judgment far beyond her years, while her affectionate attentions to her uncle and her magnanimity of conduct to all around, rendered her a reigning favourite in the village.

It is not to be supposed that a young lady so auspiciously circumstanced would remain long without an aspirer to her heart, she had already received many eligible offers, and was undecided on whom to bestow such an estimable treasure as herself, when a County Ball removed her perplexities, and presented at once to her view an individual, endowed as she imagined, with every accomplishment of mind and person calculated to render the marriage state—a state of bliss.

By the master of the ceremonies, Miss Fanny was introduced to Major Lucus, a tall, elegantly formed person, apparently about twenty-five years of age, of dark complexion, fine penetrating eye, large mustachios, and ease of manner well calculated to impress on the youthful mind the importance of the major’s rank, and condition in life. Added to which this son of Mars, talked loud, swore frequently—wore an eye glass, which he fixed with great adroitness to his eye, stared the ladies out of countenance; and, was, according to his own report, a person of the first style and fortune, besides being allied to the most ancient and noblest aristocracy of England, and possessing estates of immense value in Jamaica and other parts of the West Indies. The gallant major soon ascertained who was considered to be the greatest fortune in the assembly, and he lost no time in obtaining Miss Fanny for a partner, which of course, led to an introduction to her uncle, who, it must be confessed was not quite so much captivated with the manners of the noble warrior, as was his more susceptible niece, yet he did not choose to

treat with indifference a gentleman whom he understood to be of “fortune and renown” he therefore very cordially, gave him an invitation to the Manor house, which was, as may be anticipated, as cordially accepted.

By some accident or other, chance brought them every day a visitor, and at each interview, Fanny became more and more delighted with the agreeable company of this fashionable votary, his wit, his humour, his brilliant repartee, and his almost miraculous adventures, were making rapid strides towards a complete conquest over the gentle heart of Fanny, when the gallant major threw himself at her feet, and implored permission to solicit from her uncle, the hand of the young lady, on whom he vowed, his whole happiness depended. How different were such declarations, to the clownish courtship of the plain country squire. It was impossible to avoid drawing the comparison, and a short time only, served to convince this warlike man! if not, man of war! that he had gained a complete victory, at least, over the affections of Miss Fanny,—but with Mr. Lee his success was not quite so certain. The integrity of that worthy man’s own heart occasionally led him to be too credulous, yet he had not been able to reconcile to his mind, the manners of Major Lucus, as those of a well educated gentleman! and it was with difficulty he could expel the feeling of dissatisfaction which was continually obtruding itself whenever the subject of marriage, or his guest were introduced. Still he could entertain no doubt of his being a person of very great property, and he was inclined to endure what he did not much approve, determined to relinquish his own opinion to that of his niece whose happiness was dearer to him than any earthly treasure.

It was at this juncture that Mr. Lee received as a visitor into his house a distant relation, an old maiden lady who claimed his hospitality at that season by the advice of her physician who recommended the Tunbridge Wells waters as a necessary autumnal restorative. Sincerity and truth, were the characteristics of her mind; and, circumstances had endowed her with a more extensive knowledge of the world than had fallen to the lot of Mr. Lee who had passed a more sequestered life. This lady was no sooner introduced to the major than she distinctly perceived symptoms of too gross vulgarity in his deportment, and ignorance in his conversation to suppose, that he was in reality the character he had assumed.—She prudently offered her advice, that Mr. Lee should proceed with caution, and procure undeniable proof of the identity, and property of the person, who it appeared was shortly to become their relative. This wise suggestion caused some delay in the marriage, and gave time for the development of an event which proved of the highest importance to the happiness of the family; and destroyed at one blow the future fortunes of the assumed major. It happened that his valet, who officiated on all occasions as his confidential servant, had been sent by

his master on some secret expedition, and failing to return at the appointed time, a sensation of uneasiness and evident alarm, were visible through the efforts of concealment, on the pale countenance of the major, which did not escape the penetration of Mr. Lee, and his still more inquisitive guest. And excited from them, though secretly, a succession of surmises and doubts.—The mystery however was soon to be unraveled, the party were just assembled round the breakfast table, for since the sanction of the uncle had been obtained for the marriage and the day fixed for its solemnization, the major had taken up his abode altogether at the manor house. Miss Fanny was in the act of presenting to her betrothed, his first cup of chocolate, when she was startled by the abrupt appearance of two ill looking men who approaching the major rudely slapped him on the shoulder, at the same time, exclaiming with an oath, “we have got you at last sir, and we will take care you do not give us the slip again.”—The consternation of the party may be more easily imagined than described, when the two intruders produced their warrant for the apprehension of the man, who had assumed a name, and title to which he had no pretensions,—“this fellow has,” continued the man, “more than once escaped paying the penalty of the law for swindling and horse stealing, but we have got both him and his companion safe enough now. We nabbed his pretended valet in the act of picking a gentleman’s pocket on the race course at Tunbridge yesterday, and he is already safely lodged in the county gaol, indulging in the hope of saving his own life, by turning king’s evidence against his assumed master, who is in reality no other than his guilty comrade.” M. Lee heard the recital with silent astonishment, mingled however with some inward feelings of reproach, for having suffered himself to be so completely duped by external appearances. And as Miss Fanny, with no less grief than mortification, beheld her *noble major* led handcuffed from the room, her loquacious female friend thus, in the language of truth, addressed her: You perceive my dear girl, how little dependence we ought to place on exterior appearances.—Tinsel may have a brighter glare than *pure gold*, though its value be infinitely less!—take the advice of a sincere friend,—neither too hastily admire in others, nor be too anxious to acquire yourself, those fashionable manners, which are frequently founded in vanity and falsehood. Our own observations have proved, how easily the vulgar, the unprincipled, and the vile, when supported by effrontery, may imitate the folly and frippery of what is generally termed high life. You are young, you are inexperienced; but your heart I am fully persuaded, is imbued with every good feeling—let your esteem be only bestowed on good sense, and virtue; shun vanity, as a dangerous enemy,—detest affectation—for nonsense, have the highest contempt,—and as you

soar above such follies, you will become truly valuable to your friends and inestimable in society.

The amiable Fanny received this wholesome advice, with feelings that did justice to the excellence of her heart—at no very distant period to that alluded to, she accepted the hand of a plain, honest Kentish yeoman, who, though only a wealthy farmer, possessed a heart and mind enriched by every honorable and noble feeling—and she has now for many years performed the several duties of a wife, a mother and a member of society, with so much propriety, as to leave no doubt, as to the impression her well regulated mind received from the counsel so affectionately administered by her friend.

D. B.

Isle aux Noix, 20 August 1833.

## NEWLY DISCOVERED ABORIGINAL RACE IN INDIA.

[*By Captain Henry Harkness of the Madras army.*]

The contemplation of a community of men living in a remote and almost inaccessible solitude, distinguished by peculiar habits, and standing perfectly still in the moral world, while the rest of the great family is in constant motion, certainly presents a picture of such utter desolation and barbaric grandeur, that it reaches the sublime. Such a community is that to which captain Harkness introduces us.

These people inhabit the Blue Mountains, a beautiful and picturesque stretch of lofty hills, bounded by the Table land of Mysore and the Carnatic. —The physical character of the hills appears to mark them out for the residence of a primitive stock. They are rugged on the surface, broken up by abrupt ridges, formed of lesser hills and knolls, interspersed with deep ravines, vallies and interstitial forests, and plenteously watered by eccentric streams, that gush from their rocky sources into fertilizing currents, uniting at one point in the bosom of a schedule lake, and at others lost in unknown depths, or bursting into cataracts. The summit of the hills is peopled by the Tudas, a race distinguished in all respects from the inhabitants of those regions. They are above the common height, athletic and bold in their bearing. Our author's description of them is extremely interesting, and we give it in full.

“They never wear any covering to the head, whatever the weather may be, but allow the hair to grow to an equal length, of about six or seven inches; parted from the centre or crown, it forms into natural bushy circles all round, and at a short distance more resembles some artificial decoration than the simple adornment of nature. The hair of the face also, is allowed a similar freedom of growth, and in every instance, except from the effect of age, it is of a jet black, and of the same degree of softness as that of the natives of the low country.

“A large, full, and speaking eye, Roman nose, fine teeth, and pleasing contour, having occasionally the appearance of great gravity, but seemingly ever ready to fall into the expression of cheerfulness and good humour, are natural marks, prominently distinguishing them from all other natives of India.

“They usually wear small gold ear-rings, some of them a studded chain of silver round the neck, and rings of the same description on the hand.

“Their dress consists of a short under garment, folded round the waist, and fastened by a girdle: and of an upper one or mantle, which covers every part except the head, legs, and occasionally the right arm. These are left bare, the folds of the mantle terminating with the left shoulder, over which the bordered end is allowed to hang loosely.

“When in a recumbent or sitting position; this mantle envelopes them entirely, and for the day, it is their only clothing. They wear no sandals, nor any kind of protection to the feet or legs; carry no weapons of defense, of the use of which, indeed, they seem to have no notion; but in the right hand, a small rod or wand, which they use; not so much to assist them in walking, as in the management of their herds.

“The women are of a stature proportionate to that of the men, but of complexion generally some shades lighter, the consequence, perhaps, of less exposure to the weather. With a strongly feminine cast of the same expressive features as the men, most of them, and particularly the younger, have beautiful long black tresses, which flow in unrestrained luxuriance over the neck and shoulders.

“With a modest and retiring demeanor, they are perfectly free from the ungracious and menial-like timidity of the generality of the sex of the low country; and enter into conversation with a stranger, with a confidence and self possession becoming in the eyes of Europeans, and strongly characteristic of a system of manners and customs widely differing from those of their neighbours.

“They wear necklaces of twisted hair or black thread, with silver clasps, and here and there a bead, and suspended to them bunches of cowry shells, which hang down from the back of the neck between the shoulders. On the arms, immediately above the elbow, they wear a pair of armllets of brass, those of the right arm being much larger than those of the left; silver bracelets are on the wrists; and on the fingers and thumbs of each hand, a number of rings of various descriptions. They also wear a zone round the waist composed of a sort of chain work, of either silver or a mixed metal resembling brass.

“The upper garment, or mantle, resembles that of the men: but it is worn differently, and, reaching to the foot, envelopes the whole frame.

“This attire, is by no means graceful; it gives them an unfeminine and mummy-like appearance; and neither they nor the men having any pretensions to cleanliness, this wrapper is from that circumstance often rendered still more unseemly.

“They are, however, a lively, laughter loving race, and in the sudden transition and free expression of their sentiments show a strength of feeling and correctness of thought little to be expected under such a garb.”

The question, *who can they be?* expresses the author's curiosity, and is not ill calculated to awaken that of its readers.—Unlike other Indian tribes, they do not congregate in villages, but follow strictly the pastoral life, each family living separately in his own morrt,<sup>[1]</sup> or dwelling. In each of the morrts is a building larger and superior to the rest, standing apart from them, and surrounded by a wall. This building is ostensibly the dairy; but the Tudas attach a sacred feeling to it, and would not permit a stranger to enter it, on the grounds that it contained a deity, who would be provoked by intrusion. Captain Harkness, however, persevered, and although they affected a great mystery about their religion, he was not satisfied until he penetrated the sanctum of their worship. What he saw there is worth transcribing.

“After some trouble, I managed to open the door, by rolling it over on its side into a groove or niche made on purpose to receive it. It consisted of one piece of heavy wood, six inches in thickness, but as may be supposed from what has been mentioned of the door-way, small as its dimensions as to height and width.

“On looking into the interior of the temple, I observed the partition wall, as described to me, dividing the space within into two apartments; and in the centre of it, and exactly in a line with the first door-way, another opening, but of similar dimensions without any door. Within the inner apartment, and opposite to the two door-ways, I thought I saw a shining object, much resembling the small idols commonly seen similarly placed in Hindoo temples.

“With some difficulty I passed through the outer portal, and entered the first apartment, which I found to be about ten feet by eight, but in the centre only of height sufficient to stand upright. On two sides were raised places, a foot and a half from the ground, intended to recline or sleep on; and in the middle a large hearth or fire place, surrounded by a number of earthen pots and other utensils of the dairy.

“The door-way in the partition wall being much smaller than the outer one, I made several attempts before I succeeded in getting through it, but this I at last effected by lying on my side, and in that position twisting myself through.

“This apartment, excepting in height, was of smaller dimensions than the other, but surrounded on three sides by similar raised places; and on each side of the door-way were little niches, apparently intended for lamps.

“Within this apartment was almost total darkness, and to my surprise the shining object which I had observed from without was no longer visible.

“After carefully searching every part, I was about to return, fully convinced that there was no idol, and from what I had seen from Hindoo

temples, this had never been intended for the reception of one, when I thought I observed the shining object; but it again disappeared, and left me in darkness as before.—However, after a minute or two, it returned, and then remained fixed.

“I now discover that this object was nothing more than a shapeless piece of rude stone, having no symbolic form; and that it was evident it had at one time constituted a part of the raised seat; that the cause of my not seeing it for some time after I had been in this apartment, as well as the reason of the extreme darkness, and of the coming and going of the light, was my servant standing before the outer door-way, and obstructing the rays of the sun, which, darting through these two entrances caused the comparative and transient brilliancy.”

It appears that they have a good reason for keeping up a mystery about their faith, since by doing so they preserve their ascendancy over the other tribes in their neighbourhood.—They claim the lordship of the soil, and keep it by the affectation of their sacred lactarium. What their religion really is remains still unknown. The chief, indeed only visible symbol, is a bell, generally deposited in some sacred niche in the temple. To this bell they pay reverence, pouring out libations of milk, but merely as a type, and not as an idol. Whatever their religion may be, observes Captain Harkness, their disbelief in transmigration, their freedom from idol-worship, and their utter ignorance of the Hindoo Triad, clearly prove that it is not a branch of the Brahmanical faith.

Their language is equally curious. In pronunciation it is deeply pectoral, and it is quite distinct from the languages of the surrounding countries. It has no affinity to the Sanscrit, or any of the Asiatic languages. So difficult is it to acquire, that, although the Neilgherry hills have been the seat of the principal collector's catchery for the last ten years, the native servants are not able to understand any of its most ordinary expressions. They assign it, not to the eastern, but the western hemisphere. It has no written character, and is exclusively oral; but whether it may not at some future period have a regular alphabet and visible symbols, is, of course, doubtful. Captain Harkness overcame these difficulties, and furnishes his readers with a very curious table of words and phrases, with their translations.

The customs of these isolated people are equally unlike the majority of the tribes. Their marriage ceremonies are strange enough, and the marriage law admits of a convenient laxity, permitting to either party the privilege of cancelling the contract the following morning.<sup>[2]</sup> The women are allowed two or three husbands, and as many gallants. Infanticide was formerly sanctioned amongst the Tudas, but is now discontinued. They have their sacred groves, like the Druids, burn their dead, and keep herds of sacred

cattle. They are peaceful but brave, live in single families, forming no society or mutual bonds of kindred or security; they migrate from hill to hill, with all the simplicity of the patriarchal ages: and few in number, those arrived at the age of puberty not exceeding six hundred; and are apparently a remnant of some powerful and superior tribe, driven by persecution into the heart of the mountains.—*Chinese Courier*.

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[1] Equivalent to our word *Home*.

[2] This is not unlike an ancient law that prevailed in Ireland during the period when the Druids were the spiritual chiefs. It gave to the man the privilege of taking his betrothed on trial for a year, and at the end of that time returning her to her parents if he disliked her.

## REMARKS ON THE COREAN LANGUAGE. [1]

“The civilization and literature of the greater part of eastern Asia originated in China. In China, first, characters were formed to express ideas; in China, sages and lawyers lived and taught; and from China, the other nations received their civil institutions. Corea, Japan, the Lewchew islands, Cochin-china, and Tonquin were successively reclaimed from barbarism.—When these several nations adopted the Chinese mode of writing they introduced also the original sounds of the characters; but as their organs of speech differed widely from those of the Chinese, they were either unable to pronounce them correctly, or they confounded them with similar sounds in their own language, which were more familiar to their ears. We find, therefore, a great variety in the pronunciation of the Chinese characters, among all the nations who have adopted them as their medium of writing; yet, even in this variety, there is a striking analogy with the pronunciation of the Chinese character in the Mandarin dialect, which is the true standard.

“The more literature advanced, the more common the use of such phrases in the colloquial dialects became. Thus, though the spoken languages of the nations by whom Chinese characters were adopted, at first widely differed from the Chinese, yet they gradually became assimilated,—just as, by the adoption of Latin words and phrases among the barbarians who overthrew the Roman empire, their native tongue was gradually changed into a latinized jargon or *patois*. Nevertheless the Chinese characters, when merely read over, were unintelligible to an illiterate native, unless properly explained in his native tongue; though the sounds were not entirely foreign to his ear. Thus two languages arose, one merely expressive of the sounds of the written characters, the other expressive of the ideas uttered.—For the latter, the natives of the respective countries, above-named, invented alphabets, strictly adapted to their own organs of speech.—These general remarks apply fully to the Corean language.

“Though the majority of the inhabitants know how to read the Chinese written language, they have nevertheless, for greater convenience, adopted an alphabet suited peculiarly to their own tongue, similar in theory to the Japanese syllabic system. The formation of the alphabetic characters is extremely simple, but at the same time very ingenious.

“There are fifteen general sounds of consonants. These fifteen being joined, as initials, to the vowels and diphthongs, form a syllabary of one hundred and sixty-eight different combinations. The consonants appear often

to change their pronunciation, considerably; and the vowels sometimes do the same, but more slightly. This is generally, if not at all times, for the sake of euphony.

“The Korean language, like all the languages of eastern Asia, has neither declension nor conjugation. It agrees exactly with the Chinese, so far as regards position, as a substitute for inflection. The pronunciation of the Chinese characters has been so completely mixed up with the original language of the country, that the present spoken language consists in great part of composite words, in which the words of both languages are united to express one single idea. Hence the language is extremely verbose. At first sight, it appears to differ widely from the Chinese, and to bear a greater resemblance to the Mantchou, but on nearer inspection, the reverse is found to be true. The Chinese has been so thoroughly interwoven with it, and so fully moulded according to the organs of the natives, that one may trace the meaning of the whole sentences, after having been somewhat accustomed to the sounds wherein the natives read the Chinese characters.

“The resemblance between the Korean and Japanese languages is very striking. The Koreans study euphony to excess, and often omit or insert a letter to effect it. We may call the Korean a very expressive language, it is neither too harsh nor too soft. The Chinese language is sometimes unintelligible to foreigners, because it contains a great many sounds, which are only half pronounced; while the Korean is full and sonorous, and may be easily understood. The Koreans confound, interchange, and transpose the letters *l*, *m*, *n*, and *r*. As they are a very grave people, they pronounce their language with peculiar emphasis. Their language is expressive, not on account of the great number of ideas which they can convey through this medium, for the natives are poor in thoughts, but because of its sonorous nature. We meet in it all the terms for abstract ideas which the Chinese language contains; but for many of those ideas, they have nothing more than the sound of the Chinese characters, and not an original word.

“It is remarkable, that not only the Chinese, but also the nations who have received their civilization from them, have taken the utmost pains to cultivate the Chinese language. To encourage the study thereof, it has been made a duty, incumbent on all who aspire to literary honors, and thereby to offices in the government, to know the language thoroughly. This seems to be no less the case in Corea, than in the other *Chinese language* nations; and hence it is that the Chinese character is so generally understood in a country, which, in civilization, is far inferior to China, as it is also to Japan.

“We have not been able to ascertain whether there exists, among the Koreans, a variety of dialects; this we can *suppose* to be the case from the nature of their language. We endeavoured to obtain some native books; but

in this we failed; and indeed, we were not allowed even to have a sight of them.—The books which have, by way of Japan, fallen into the hands of Europeans, are all the same as the Japanese; and are interspersed with explanations of the most difficult passages.

“The Coreans with whom we came in contact were acquainted with the Chinese classical books; and this seemed to be the extent of their knowledge; hence we may very safely conclude, that the Coreans possess scarcely any works, except those which they have received from China.”—*Chinese Repository for November, 1832.*

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[1] By the Rev. Charles Glutzlaff.

## THE THEATRES IN THE SOUTH OF GERMANY.

[From the London Court Journal.]

The theatre in Vienna may be said to form the basis of public life, in fact, in this capital it is the subject of every conversation, and I would not say that it has not some influence even on the course of the funds. Not that I would assert that, the Viennese is unacquainted with every thing else, for he is no stranger to the productions of modern literature; and in spite of Prince Metternich and his censorship, he manages to become acquainted with what is going on in the world: but he loves to speak of his theatre, whether the Opera or any other. The National Theatre is consecrated to the spoken drama, and a foreigner may guess what it is as soon as he hears the orchestra play a few bars of one of their worn out overtures.

It is only a few years ago that all the splendor of this establishment was confined to some reminiscences of the old school, and to pieces which the French call '*de pure conversation.*' It was really curious to see with what '*à plomb,*' with what vivacity, and with what truth the half forgotten characters of Iffland, and the heavy dramas of Kotzebue, were represented. But independent of these pieces, tragedy was raised in no insignificant height. The citizen of Vienna, however, is placed too low in the scale of intellect to distinguish simple impressions from the influences of real life: he views every thing through a downright matter of fact medium; and when Romeo poisons himself, the spectator thinks he sees a favorite actor dying; he therefore prefers quitting his stall in the middle of the third act. Thus it almost always happens that Othello smothers Desdemona to empty benches. There appears to be something in the climate contrary to the reign of Melpomene, and the splendid talent that struggled against these hostile dispositions are either exhausted, or have been prematurely cut off. Grillparzer himself, the tragic poet, the idol of the people, has ceased to write, and the stage has become the undisputed patrimony of Laupach of Berlin, until the moment of a new restoration, which is not far distant, shall arise.

In Vienna, music is one of the elements of society; the opera and ballets are in consequence, got up with great splendor. The Viennese in this particular resemble the Italians. At one time Barbai had collected a company at the Carynthia Theatre, such as has never been seen, or perhaps will never be seen again.—Lablache, Donzelli, David, Rubini and some others, who have since produced great sensations both in Paris and London, were all

there together. Middle. Sontag sprang from this school: but this brilliant period has vanished, and the Opera, after several failures, is now under the direction of Duport, and barely exceeds the limits of mediocrity.

Although these splendid times for the drama should revive at Vienna, they would now have to encounter a formidable rivalry in the rest of Germany. But there is still one theatre unique of its kind—that of Leopoldstadt; it is situated in the faubourg that leads to the Prater, and it was there that appeared, for the first time, the demon of an irresistible gaiety . . . , at first personified by a stupid domestic, Kasperl, and which, in spite of numerous ‘travestissements,’ remains always the same—active, sensual, stupid, and knavish to a degree, but in other respects so inoffensive, that the censorship seldom found occasion to exert its prerogatives. The people flocked in crowds to this theatre, eager to contemplate their own image in its burlesque mirror. But every thing in our world is subject to error; the administration of Leopoldstadt took a false direction, and robbed itself in the ‘clinquant of romanticism.’ Raymond, one of the best buffoons, became a dramatic author, and explored with great success the regions of fairy land. His pen became insensibly the ruler of the Green room, but he sank under this brilliant temptation, and imprudently quitted the circle traced out to him by nature. As to Raymond his merit was incontestable; as the rival of Shakespeare he had none. And this false direction of individual talent is the more to be deplored, for the whole establishment received a check which it has not been able to recover. But the vital principle is yet untouched and a cure may yet be effected, provided a skilful physician be found. The two theatres of Vienna and Josephstadt have no particular aim; they throw open to the public the whole region of the drama, from high tragedy to pantomime; in this they may be said to closely resemble their own two patent theatres.

At Munich, unlike Vienna, the theatre is not a necessary condition of social life. While there are five theatres in the city of the Emperors, there is only one at Munich, and that only open three or four times a week. The favorite amusement is the Opera; this establishment is organized with great care; it may be said, however, that the new pieces find their way *au repertoire* rather late, while the old ones are repeated too often.—Madame Waagen and Madame Sigl Wesperman are the ornaments of the opera: the first is distinguished by the compass of her voice; the second by her graceful utterance.

The theatre of Munich, while under the direction of the Royal Intendant, Poisl, was conducted in the most sluggish manner, but since the 1st of March last it has been let. The new director, however does not appear suited to his situation, for unquestionably the most beautiful theatre in Germany is

the arena of all that is vulgar and ordinary, and the inhabitants of Munich have no reason to forget their theatre in the faubourg, which was closed by order of the government four years ago. Whether a good theatre would answer in this city, I cannot pretend to say; the Bavarians certainly do not appear gifted with a great taste for the art in general.

Stuttgard is a small city, but much more lively than Munich. The inhabitants of this little capital love their theatre, and support it with all their means; and thus succeed in maintaining it on a footing of tolerable mediocrity: it also possesses some good performers, such as the comedian Leydelham and Hambuch the singer. A taste for the opera predominates here, as well as at Carlsruhe, where Hartzinger occupies the first rank. However, it would be wrong to imagine that good comedy is not in vogue in these two little capitals. The musical drama occupies a place in Germany in ratio as political opinions are more or less fettered, either from obstacles without or from indifference within; and it must be considered as a good omen that the opera has not stifled a taste for all other branches of the dramatic art.

Frankfort on the Maine possesses an opera judiciously directed, and an excellent orchestra. The famous opera at Darmstadt, and the theatre of the Court of Cassel, are closed; and a like destiny awaits all the other courtly theatres in the small states of Germany.

## VARIETIES.

*Singular Anecdote.*—It is well known that the provinces of *Shense* and *Shanse* contain some of the most opulent men in China. The natives say they have money heaped up like mountains. And the chief money lenders in Canton are from these provinces. During the last years of the late Emperor *Kea-king*, a rich widow of the name of *Chun*, of the district of *Tae-yuen-foo*, had a son, who went to all lengths in luxury and extravagance. Among other idle pursuits, he was a great chess player. But chess, on a piece of board, or *paper*, as the Chinese have it, is a very meagre, though interesting game. Master *Chun* conceived a new idea. He got a large room painted as a chess board, with tables for himself and friend on opposite sides. For chess-men, he purchased a *set* of beautiful female slaves, dressed them up in various colours, and made them perform, by signal, the duty of knights, pawns, horses, kings, queens, castles; &c. This high chess player saved himself the trouble of moving the pieces. At a given signal, the pieces taken made their exit at the door.

Of these proceedings the Emperor got intelligence, and probably, offended by a rich subject out-doing him in luxury, he affected to be horribly offended—(his own habits gave the lie to this)—at the idea of buying slaves to perform the office of chess men! He fined master *Chun* 3,000,000 of taels, and transported him to the black-dragon-river, for life; telling him, at the same time, that he ought to be infinitely grateful, that his “brain-cup” (or head) was not separated from his shoulders.

*Puffs Erroneous.*—A few days ago M. Robert Montgomery whose new poem on ‘*Woman*’ is at present undergoing *cross-examination*, sent a note to a certain Editor in the Strand to the following effect—“Dear Sir, I trust you will oblige me with a few *puffs* for my *Woman*.”—The note was directed to Mr. — Strand; and was delivered into the hands of a pastry-cook (thro’ the ignorance of the bearer) of same name in the same street. He also dealt in puffs like (and yet unlike) his namesake; but feeling at a loss as to the *quantity* required and, moreover, understanding the said bearer had no *cash* wherewith to pay, he at once indited the following reply;—“Mr. — begs to thank Mr. Montgomery for his order, and shall be happy to supply his *woman* with any number of puffs as soon as the money is sent.” We are indebted for this whimsical anecdote to a correspondent, who states he has in his possession the original note of the bard.—(*From the Leeds, English paper.*)

“VEGETABLES which are green, should, to be healthy and nutritious, be perfectly fresh. Those who are wilted and stale, are unhealthy, and decidedly worse than none. *All succulent plants*, when used green, are in a rapid state of growth and development. Their stalks, leaves and roots, are full of active juices, which have been recently elaborated; and if the sources of life be suddenly checked by plucking them from the earth, and exposure to the air, they soon wilt from a rapid evaporation of their juices, and the process of decomposition immediately begins.—They are thus, in many instances, rendered actually injurious.—Salads, radishes, asparagus, greens, cucumbers, peas and many others may be named. Some are more liable to injury from exposure than others. We will here briefly illustrate this position:

“Vegetables consist of, or are made up of carbon, oxygen hydrogen or water; and occasionally, azote or nitrogen. This last is a most poisonous gas. During the day when the sun or atmosphere is acting powerfully on vegetable life, oxygen and hydrogen being the basis of the nutritious and saccharine qualities, is rapidly given off through their numerous pores. The azote or nitrogen remains. Now this is the case with wilted vegetables. The fine, succulent, and nutritious part is decomposed into the atmosphere, and the worthless parts are retained. Some plants so treated are actually poisonous; and all are more or less injurious. Those who understand the subject can at once detect them by the taste.

“This is one great reason why choleras, dysenteries, and cholics are so prevalent in the months of July, August and September; particularly in large towns and cities; when wilted, stale, and therefore worthless vegetables are in continual use, and the markets and shops are filled with miserable unripe fruits, bruised from careless treatment in carrying them to the market; for which purpose they are picked from the tree in a green state, and crushed into almost rottenness by jamming, jolting, and packing together in great quantities. All such fruits are positively injurious, in promoting those diseases, and ought in no instance to be used.”

*London and Parisian Fashions.—July 1833.*

Some very pretty bonnets of muslin or *Organdi* have just been introduced for the promenade. They are lined with colored silk, and ornamented with a bunch of wild flowers. Drawn bonnets of *organdi* are also much worn. They are usually lined with pink silk, which supports the shade, and has a becoming effect on the complexion of the wearer. The ribbons used for trimming these bonnets are pink gauze figured with white.

Round the edges of silk hats, it is not unusual to place demi-veils of black lace, with very light patterns. *Ruches* round the brims are now confined exclusively to undress bonnets.—Fancy straw is beginning to lose the favour which it enjoyed at the commencement of the summer.

Mantelets of black silk are lined with pink or blue. They are made with long ends and with large collars to turn over. The collar as well as the mantelet is trimmed round with black lace. It takes from nine to twelve yards of lace to trim a mantelet.

Pelerines are also made of black silk, lined with colored silk and trimmed with black lace. They are made with square collars, which are also trimmed with black lace; and round the neck a small black *ruche* confined by a colored ribbon. Black mantelets and pelerines may be worn by every description of costume, with dresses of figured muslin, *foulard*, *gros de Naples*, &c.

Some elegant parasols have recently been imported from the establishment of Verdier, in the Rue Richelieu. The sticks are made of *Laurier de Chine*, or of *Peau de Serpent* imitating thorn. At the top of the handle there is a hole, tipped with gold, through which is passed a cord and tassels. The ring, and the ornaments which terminate the whalebones, correspond with the wood which forms the handle. Several of these parasols are covered with white *pou de soie*. The most general colours for parasols are *œil de corbeau* and green. Black lace in lieu of a fringe is considered very *recherché*.

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We have received the three first numbers of the second volume of GREENBANK'S PERIODICAL LIBRARY, opening with "critical sketches of the genius and writings of SIR WALTER SCOTT and LORD BYRON," succeeded by the "Journal of an Officer" and "Service afloat."

The prospectus to this Journal contains many promises, and it is but just to say that they have been fulfilled to the letter.—The choice of matter has been most judicious, being not only of strictly moral tendency, but also containing a fund of valuable information for all classes of readers. We

should particularly recommend it to heads of families, as while, by its perusal, they gain an extensive knowledge of the literature of the day, young people under their charge may imbibe with that advantage, much instruction already possessed by their seniors.

## THEATRE ROYAL.

Since the last number of the Museum was published, Mr. and Miss Kemble, who were then in Quebec, have returned, and after performing on two evenings left town for New York. Miss K. sustained her brilliant reputation; more able critics have pointed out the particular beauties observable on those occasions, we shall not therefore at this distance of time enlarge upon a subject so deeply felt by every person of taste who has lately attended the Theatre. Our former remarks on that young lady's performance were however received with so much indulgence, that we feel encouraged to hazard a few words on that of her father—wishing, that whatever we may say concerning actors and audience should rather pass as remarks made in friendly conversation than as a regular *critique*, for which we certainly feel incompetent. During Mr. Kemble's visit to this city, for some reasons or other unknown to the public, he invariably performed, except on one night, what are comparatively insignificant parts, and although no fault could be found in his acting, the impression generally left on the minds of the audience, was that of a gentleman of taste and talent, who could not fail in any thing he *undertook* to do. On one occasion however, chance, or more properly speaking, accident, favored the many who longed to witness, what is, perhaps to GLORIOUS JOHN, that which Miss Kemble is to Mrs. SIDDONS. On the evening after his return from Quebec, Mr. K. was announced as Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet, but owing to the injury received in a fall, he was unable to perform the character allotted to him, and the play was changed to "the Merchant of Venice." We should be very sorry to assert that Mr. K's lameness was inflicted by the Gods as a punishment for wishing to defraud us poor natives of so much enjoyment, but still, as he is now well, or nearly so, we may say we are not very sorry that the climate of this country renders stoves necessary, and that the said stoves require certain tubes to carry off the smoke, yclept pipes, which pipes also require perforations to pass through; for in consequence of all this combined, we received, in newspaper phrase, a rich treat: Mr. Kemble, as SHYLOCK, shone forth on the dazzled audience, like a blazing meteor. To our individual self, the opportunity of witnessing this performance was really precious, having never before seen the part of the blood thirsty, but deeply injured Jew, enacted after any other than the Kean style. In the deceased Kean, his son, Mr. Maywood and others who performed this part, the same bad English, the slow step, the tones adapted to the different speeches, and even the same

manner of whetting the knife is observable. But in the present instance a refreshing originality is conspicuous. As far as we can judge, the readings of the two great men are the same, but their manner of conveying the same ideas are different. We speak of Mr. K. senior as though he still existed, in his many close imitators.

Mr. Kemble's bursts of rage are really terrific, and who can listen to his recital of his wrongs, without deeply feeling, that although this case is a fiction, there has been too many among that persecuted race who were victims to a like oppression?—Even the *good* Antonio spat upon Shylock, and called him dog! The trial scene was one of absorbing interest, Mr. DeCamp did honor to his illustrious relatives, aiding to render the illusion so powerful, that we fairly hated him for his bitter mockery of the miserable old man. But with all our admiration of the vast physical and moral powers displayed by Mr. Kemble, we are aware however that we have not seen him to the best advantage; on the night in question, setting aside that he was performing a part for which he was unprepared, he was evidently suffering great pain, and towards the latter part of the evening he seemed to walk with much difficulty: the specimen however is more than satisfactory, and we feel thankful for it.

Since the period above alluded to, the theatrical horizon of Montreal has also been illumined by several other bright stars; among the most conspicuous, Miss Clara Fisher, Miss Meadows and Mr. Sinclair may be mentioned.

Miss Fisher is a charming actress, and deserves the praise bestowed upon her by the public; but we rather fear she has chosen too low a standard. Is she what might have been expected from the child who performed the part of Richard the third at the age of five years, in a manner that astonished old performers?

Several of our country correspondents have requested us to give them some particulars concerning the audience, ladies' dresses, &c. This is not an easy task, for although each time the above mentioned persons performed, the house was well filled, and many times crowded to excess, yet, in such a place as Montreal where each lady has a fashion of her own, to describe any, were to point out some individual to observation: all the general observations we could make for the benefit of our correspondents, are, that there were on most nights the usual complement of young ladies in bright pink dresses and coral negligees, of maturer matrons in gros de Naples, and other gros' too numerous to mention. There was also a number of gentlemen, arriving late in parties, who kindly joined their efforts to those of the performers to amuse the public; unfortunately, however, their loud remarks frequently made at a most interesting moment, and, savouring more

of the petulance of the champagne, they had *perhaps* been taking, than of its brilliant spirit, were not appreciated by their hearers in the manner expected. We heard some hostile whispers, and saw volumes of big words *looked* at the offending parties, however, nothing serious occurred.

Another class of play-goers have been numerous too this season,—these may be called soliloquizers, and are recognised by their looks of enthusiasm, and the words, “splendid! beyond all! extraordinary talents!” uttered from time to time distinctly, but in a tone of deep pathos. As in the former case, there were selfish cavillers who found fault with them, saying, they had rather judge for themselves, forsooth! that these remarks destroyed the illusion, a train of ideas, &c.

We may also venture to mention two head-dresses, or manners of dressing the head; the first is a singularly ugly cap; the crown of which is made to fit the head or nearly so, and ornamented with ribbons, &c. The front is not so easily described; all we can compare it to, is, a pair of the wings of the old fashioned Canadian calashes, one of which, made of stiffened lace and trimmed with edging and is placed on each side of the face, produces a striking effect; in a theatre particularly, where those who are so unfortunate as to be placed directly behind one of these immense annoyances, are reduced to the necessity of looking at it, or of straining their eyes to watch the flitting forms of the performers, distorted by this veil. The other novelty for the head is plain to an equal excess, but perfectly accommodating to neighbours: It consists of the hair being all collected and fastened on the back of the head in the Grecian style, sometimes without any ornament whatever, at others a chain of gold, or jewels, crosses the forehead, and is also fastened with the hair. This very classic head gear is becoming to a particular style of countenance and form of the head; we think it might be much improved by substituting a delicate wreath of flowers for the chain.

## Transcriber's Notes

Punctuation and spelling have been changed silently to achieve consistency.

[The end of *The Montreal Museum Volume 1 Number 9* edited by Mary Graddon Gosselin]