



NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTROQUE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1829.

NO. XXIII.

VL. X.

Extracts from Devereux, a Tale by the author of Pelham—continued.

Good old man! his very defects were what we loved best in him—vanity was so mingled with good nature that it became graceful, and we revered one the most, while we most smiled at the other.

One peculiarity had he, which the age he had lived in and his domestic history rendered natural enough, viz. an exceeding distaste to the matrimonial state: early marriages were misery; imprudent marriages idiotism, and marriage at the best, he was wont to say, with a kindling eye, and a heightened colour, marriage at the best—was the devil. Yet it must not be supposed that Sir William Devereux was an ungallant man. On the contrary, never did the beau sexe have a humbler or more devoted servant. As nothing in his estimation was less becoming to a wise man than matrimony, so nothing was more ornamental than flirtation.

He had the old man's weakness, garrulity; and he told the wittiest stories in the world, without omitting any thing in them but the point. This omission did not arise from the want either of memory or of humour; but solely from a deficiency in the malice natural to all jesters. He could not persuade his lips to repeat a sarcasm hurting even the dead or the ungrateful; and when he came to the drop of gall which should have given zest to the story, the milk of human kindness broke its barrier despite of himself, and washed it away.—He was a fine wreck, a little prematurely broken by dissipation, but not perhaps the less interesting on that account; tall, and somewhat of the jovial old English girth, with a face where good nature and good living mingled their smiles and glow. He wore the garb of twenty years back, and was curiously particular in the choice of his silk stockings. Between you and me, was not a little vain of his leg, and a compliment on that score was always sure of a gracious reception.

The solitude of my uncle's household was broken by an invasion of three boys—none of the quietest; and their mother who, the gentlest and saddest of womankind, seemed to follow them, the emblem of that primeval silence from which all noise was born. These three boys were my two brothers and myself. My father, who had conceived a strong personal attachment for Louis Quatorze, never quitted his service, and the great king repaid him by orders and favours without number; he died of wounds received in battle—a Count and a Marshal full of renown, and destitute of money. He had married twice; his first wife, who died without issue, was a daughter of the noble house of La Tremouille—his second, our mother, was of a younger branch of the English race of Howard. Brought up in her native country, and influenced by a primitive and retired education, she never loved that gay land which her husband had adopted as his own. Upon his death, she hastened her return to England, and refusing, with somewhat of honourable pride, the magnificent pension which Louis wished to settle upon the widow of his favourite, came to throw herself and her children upon those affections which she knew they were entitled to claim.

My uncle was unaffectedly rejoiced to receive us.—To say nothing of his love for my father, and his pride at the honours the latter had won to their ancient house—the good gentleman was very well pleased with the idea of obtaining four new listeners, out of whom he might select an heir, and he soon grew as fond of us as we were of him. At the time of our new settlement I had attained the age of twelve; my second brother (we were twins) was born an hour after me; my third was about fifteen months younger. I had never been the favourite of the three. In the first place, my brothers (my youngest especially) were uncommonly handsome, and, at most, I was but tolerably good-looking; in the second place, my mind was considered as much inferior to theirs as my body—I was idle and dull, sullen and haughty—the only wit I ever displayed was in sneering at my friends, and the only spirit, in quarrelling with my twin brother; so said or so thought all who saw us in our childhood; and it follows, therefore, that I was either very unamiable or very much misunderstood.

But to the astonishment of myself and my relations, my fate was now to be reversed, and I was no sooner settled at Devereux Court, than I became evidently the object of Sir William's pre-

eminent attachment. The fact was, that I really liked both the knight and his stories better than my brothers did; and the very first time I had seen my uncle, I had commented on the beauty of his stocking, and envied the constitution of his leg; from such trifles spring affection! In truth, our attachment so progressed that we grew to be constantly together; and while my childish anticipations of the world made me love to listen to stories of courts and courtiers, my uncle returned the compliment, by declaring of my wit as the angler declared of the River Lea, that one would find enough in it, if one would but angle sufficiently long.

Nor was this all; my uncle and myself were exceedingly like the waters of Alpheus and Arethusa—nothing was thrown into the one without being seen very shortly afterward floating upon the other. Every witticism or legend Sir William imparted to me, (and some, to say truth, were a little tinged with the licentiousness of the times he had lived in,) I took the first opportunity of retailing, whatever might be the audience; and few boys, at the age of thirteen, can boast of having so often as myself excited the laughter of the men and the blushes of the women. This circumstance, while it aggravated my own vanity, delighted my uncle's; and as I was always getting into scrapes on his account, so he was perpetually bound, by duty, to defend me from the charges of which he was the cause. No man defends another long without loving him the better for it; and perhaps Sir William Devereux and his eldest nephew were the only allies in the world who had no jealousy of each other.

A Family Conversation—A Priest, and an Era in Life.

"You are ruining the children, my dear Sir William," said my gentle mother, one day, when I had been particularly witty, "and the Abbe Montreuil declares it absolutely necessary that they should go to school."

"To school!" said my uncle, who was caressing his right leg, as it lay over his left knee—"to school, Madam! you are joking. What for, pray?"

"Instruction, my dear Sir William," replied my mother.

"Ah, ah! I forgot that; true, true!" said my uncle, despondingly, and there was a pause. My mother counted her rosary; my uncle sunk into a reverie; my second brother pinched my leg under the table, to which I replied by a silent kick; and my youngest fixed his large, dark, speaking eyes upon a picture of the Holy Family, which hung opposite to him.

My uncle broke silence; he did it with a start.

"Od's fish, Madam,"—(my uncle dressed his oaths, like himself, a little after the example of Charles II.)—"od's fish, Madam, I have thought of a better plan than that; they shall have instruction without going to school for it."

"And how, Sir William?"

"I will instruct them myself, Madam," and Sir William slapped the calf of the leg he was caressing.

My mother smiled.

"Ay, Madam, you may smile; but I and my Lord Dorset were the best scholars of the age; you shall read my play."

"Do, mother," said I, "read the play. Shall I tell her some of the jests in it, uncle?"

My mother shook her head in anticipative horror, and raised her finger reprovingly. My uncle said nothing, but winked at me; I understood the signal, and was about to begin, when the door opened, and the Abbe Montreuil entered. My uncle released his right leg, and my jest was cut off. Nobody ever inspired a more dim, religious awe than the Abbe Montreuil. The priest entered with a smile. My mother hailed the entrance of an ally.

"Father," said she, rising, "I have just represented to my good brother the necessity of sending my sons to school; he has proposed an alternative which I will leave you to discuss with him."

"And what is it?" said Montreuil, sliding into a chair, and patting Gertrude's head with a benignant air.

"To educate them himself," answered my mother, with a sort of satirical gravity. My uncle moved uneasily in his seat, as if, for the first time, he saw something ridiculous in the proposal.

The smile, immediately fading from the thin lips of the priest, gave way to an expression of respectful approbation. "An admirable plan," said he, slowly, "but liable to some little exceptions, which Sir William will allow me to indicate."

My mother called to us and we left the room with her. The next time we saw my uncle, the priest's reasonings had prevailed. The following week we all three went to school. My father had been a Catholic, my mother was of the same creed, and consequently we were brought up in that unpopular faith. But my uncle, whose religion had been sadly undermined at court, was a terrible caviller at the holy mysteries of Catholicism; and while his friends termed him a Protestant, his enemies hinted, falsely enough, that he was a skeptic. When Montreuil first followed us to Devereux Court, many and bitter were the little jests my worthy uncle had provided for his reception; and he would shake his head with a notable archness whenever he heard our reverential description of the expected guest. But, somehow or other, no sooner had he seen the priest, than all his purposed raileries deserted him. Not a single witticism came to his assistance, and the calm, smooth face of the ecclesiastic seemed to operate upon the fierce resolves of the facetious knight in the same manner as the human eye is supposed to awe into impotence the malignant intentions of the ignoble animals. Yet nothing could be blander than the demeanour of the Abbe Montreuil—nothing more worldly, in their urbanity, than his manner and address. His garb was as little clerical as possible, his conversation rather familiar than formal, and he invariably listened to every syllable the good knight uttered, with a countenance and mien of the most attentive respect.

What then was the charm by which this singular man never failed to obtain an ascendancy, in some measure allied with fear, over all in whose company he was thrown? That was a secret my uncle never could solve, and which, only in later life, I myself was able to discover. It was partly by the magic of an extraordinary and powerful mind, partly by an expression of manner, if I may use such a phrase, that seemed to sneer most, when most it affected to respect; and partly by an air like that of a man never exactly at his ease; not that he was shy, or ungraceful, or even taciturn—no! it was an indescribable embarrassment, resembling that of one playing a part, familiar to him, indeed, but somewhat distasteful. This embarrassment, however, was sufficient to be contagious, and to confuse that dignity in others, which, strangely enough, never forsook himself.

He was of low origin, but his address and appearance did not betray his birth.—Pride suited better with his mien than familiarity—and his countenance, rigid, thoughtful and cold, even through smiles, in expression, was strikingly commanding. In person, he was slightly above the middle standard; and had not the texture of his frame been remarkably hard, wiry, and muscular, the total absence of all superfluous flesh, would have given the lean gauntness of his figure an appearance of almost spectral emaciation. In reality, his age did not exceed twenty-eight years; but his high, broad forehead was already so marked with line and furrow, his air was so staid and quiet, his figure so destitute of the roundness and elasticity of youth, that his appearance always impressed the beholder with the involuntary idea of a man considerably more advanced in life.—Abstemious to habitual penance, and regular to mechanical exactness in his frequent and severe devotions, he was as little inwardly addicted to the pleasures and pursuits of youth, as he was externally possessed of its freshness and its bloom.

To be continued.

From the Token. THE COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOPE LESLIE.'

He is a man, and men Have imperfections; it behooves Me pardon nature then.

The Patient Countess. L'homme honore la vertu, Dieu la recompense.

The dark empire of superstition has passed away. This is the age of facts and evidence, experience and demonstration, the enlightened age, par excellence. Ghosts, apparitions, banshees, phocas, clurricanes, fairies, 'good people all,' are now departed spirits. The fairies, the friends of poets and story-tellers, the patrons, champions, and good geniuses of children, no longer keep their merry revels on the greenward by the glow-worm's lamp; they are gone, exhaled like the dews that glittered on last summer's leaves. The 'dainty spirits' that knew to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled clouds, to put a gicelle round about the earth in forty minutes, have no longer a being save in poetry. Like the Peri of the Persian mythology, they forfeit their immortality when they pass the bounds of their paradise—that paradise the poet's imagination. Though in the full meridian of our 'en-

lightened day,' we look back with something like regret to the imaginative era of darkness, when spirits, embodied in every form that fear or fancy could invent, threaded the paths of human life, broke its monotony, and colored its dull surface with the bright hues and deep shadows of magic light. We almost envied the twilight of our Indian predecessors, whose quickening faith, like the ancient philosophy, infused vitality into external nature, imparting a portion of the Infusite Spirit, to mountain, valley, stream, and flower, that faith that gave discourse and reason to trees, and stones, and running brooks. Strange that in the progress of light, mind should surrender its dominion to matter! that the metaphysics of nature should yield to the physical sciences! that the materialism of the mineralogist, the botanist, the geologist, should prevail over the spirituality of the savage! But so it is. The suggestion of superstition, so universal in man's natural state of ignorance, are silenced by the clear, cold demonstrations of knowledge. Who now ventures to tell a fairy tale beyond the purlieus of the nursery? Who would hope to raise a ghost above the subterranean region of the kitchen? The murdered lie as quietly in their graves as if they had been dismissed to their rest anointed and anealed; and even Love's martyrs, the most persevering of all night-walkers, no more revisit the glimpses of the moon. And yet there seems to be a deep foundation in nature for a belief in mysterious visitations, in our unknown and incomprehensible connexion with spiritual beings. The mighty mind of Johnson was duped by the ghost of Cocklane, and seized, as he himself confesses, on every tale of the reappearance of the dead to support his religious faith! What are we to infer from the horoscope of the hero of 'Guy Rannering,' what from the 'Lady of Avenel,' and all the strange prophecies fulfilled of Sir Walter Scott, but that the wild and fantastic superstitions of his native land, that meet-nurse of a poetic child, still control his imagination.—Even Napoleon, who feared no power embodied in flesh and blood, bowed like an Oriental slave before the dark, mysterious despot Destiny.

We have made this long introduction to a ghost story that was once our good fortune to hear well told, to persuade our readers that we have drunk deep enough of the spirit of the age to laugh, when we are in the presence of the honored public, at the superstition and credulity of others, though we may still cherish some relic of it in our secret soul.

Somewhere between twenty and thirty years ago—there is, alas! a period when accurate dates become a sort of *momento mori*—we, or rather I—for, like a late popular writer, we detect that reviewer in the abstract, the 'cold, adreterical,' and pompous *we*—I was on a visit to a friend of my parents who resided in New York. Mrs. Reginald Tudor. She was an English woman by birth, but had long been a resident in this country, and, though of a noble family, and educated with aristocratic prejudices, she was, in all acts of kindness, condescension, and humanity, a Christian; and is not Christianity the foundation, the essence of republicanism? Her instincts were aristocratic, or those principles of conduct that are so early inculcated and acted on that they become as impulsive and powerful as instincts; but when a deed of kindness was to be done, she obeyed the levelling law of the religion of universal equality. As Mrs. Reginald Tudor, the lady of polite society, she was versed and strict in all artificial distinctions and nice observations; but as a Christian, friend, and benefactress, no fiery-revolutionist ever so well illustrated the generous doctrine of equality; for hers was the perfect standard of rectitude, and every one who needed the tender charities of life from her, was her 'brother and hersister.' Forgive her then, gentle reader, a slight contempt of republican manners, and a little pride in her titled ancestry and noble English relatives.

Like most old people, Mrs. Tudor talked always of the past, and the friends of her youth. Her grandfather, whose pet she had been sixty years since, was her favorite topic. Her stories began with 'My dear grandfather, Lord Moreland.'—Lord Moreland was the invariable sequence.—But this was an innocent vanity, and should not cast a shade over my honored friend's memory. The only evil attending this foible, so ill adapted to our country, was, that it had infected her granddaughter, my friend Isabel Williamson.

To be continued.

From the London Age. THE TOOLEY STREET HEIRESS.

MINORIES, 14th Aug. My Dear Mr. Age.—It's not all gold as glitters. I've heard say: I'm sure I couldn't have thought that there was so much trouble in being a fortune, and after all, I'm not to be my own mistress; would you believe it, Pa has put down in his will that Uncle in the Minories is to be my guardian. I never could like the place, it's so low—why it's close to Rag Fair, where all the Jews lives. But, however, it's only for a year, and Uncle now is as sweet as sugar, though when Pa was alive, he was always a scolding him, for letting me have my own ways. But, dear Mr. Age, I've got to tell you such a pure piece of news. It's quite a new era in my life—as great as when Pa died—for if I don't mistake, I've got a new beau, quite the gentleman

—I'm sure I could almost have cut my finger off, out of vexation, when I found my lost beau only a amateur. Uncle, you must know, makes pumps for ships, and other things—in that line, and he took me this morning on board such a beauty of a yacht, which he was taking up in his line. He told me a-going it belonged to a gentleman of a very noble family, who had spent all his fortune, and that report said, he was near driven mad by unkindness; but, however, some ways, he's got this yacht, and she's like a little fairy—but what he's going to do with her nobody can tell. Uncle says no expense is spared, and that she will be the most complete thing in the River. When we got on board, the steward said, no one could go in the cabin, as the gentleman had given orders not to be disturbed. "Lord, Sir," says I, "if you tell the gentleman it's only a young lady—I don't suppose he'll refuse;" and sure enough I was right—for out he comes, and did so sweetly apologize for his servant's conduct—who, he said ought to have known, that no orders, however positive, of not being disturbed—could apply to a young lady like me. Was not that the genteel way—it was doing the thing as it ought to be done—it was a touch above the Borough, and as for the Minories—aye, right and left, with every East India warehouse included, it's my belief they couldn't have found so beautiful an idea in a month. The gentleman did so seem to read me through—I felt somehow so odd—and yet so pleased—but, dear me, he is so different to my first beau—he's not then so young—nor yet so pretty—but his eye is such a piercer—he's not imperious or audacious—but then somehow, he does convince one that he could be both if he liked—and he does it in so respectful a way, that he quite bewitches a body—I'm sure I couldn't refuse him any thing in a proper way. He was so agreeable and did seem so sorry when Uncle got up to go—and just before we left the cabin, he gave Uncle an invitation for any of his family to go to Scarborough, where his vessel is going next week—and then he gave a tender soft glance at me—which was as much as to say the compliment is for you. I felt my face as red as fire, but which he didn't pretend to see. He has such superior ways—a gentleman's agent, in all he does or says. There is nothing like a man after all—your boy-lovers are such a thoughtless set, they never know their own minds two minutes together—I've had one boy, but I'll take better care than to have a second. Now, Mr. Age, won't you be surprised, when I tell you, Uncle answered, That could his ward—that's me—pursued his dame—that's my aunt—to take charge of me—his son should be under orders to wait upon us. What a countenance the gentleman put on—not handsome—why he looked a heaven-born creature, and such expression I never did see before, when he said to Uncle, "Then, Sir, I shall consider the invitation accepted, provided this young lady will do me the honor of joining the party—for her persuasion I feel assured, will act with the influence of a command." I couldn't speak for the life of me—but it seemed he knew well enough what was passing in my thoughts, for on leading me up the steps—he gently pressed my hand. It did make me thrill so—how on earth could he have known he might squeeze my hand—I do believe had he given me a kiss I couldn't have been cross. So, Mr. Age, it's all settled—for the only difficulty Aunt made was the expense, which I said should all be mine—so it should, if it was to cost a thousand pounds. I don't suppose we shall be long agoing to Scarborough, and as I have no secrets from you, I will write you all the news I pick up amongst the quality, and what more I find out about this strange gentleman—I'll mark his ways while on board the yacht, and tell you truly of whatever happens, to dear Mr. Age, your ever loving friend as usual,

JULIANA.

P. S. Uncle's not given up the shop in Tooley-street, but no more at present.

FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL. MY NEW COAT.

A Fragment.

I never was so miserable in all my life, as the day I put on my new coat. My misery was heightened by the circumstance, that I expected to be particularly happy. I put it on after breakfast. It fitted me exceedingly well, and I have rather a handsome figure—at least, so my tailor tells me. I had been reading Miss Landon's "Improvisatrice;" but the moment I put on my new coat, I found that my thoughts wandered to Prince's-street, and I could no longer participate in the sorrows of her heroine. I buttoned my new coat; for the greatest natural philosophers inform us, that we should always wear a new coat buttoned, that it may get a habit of sitting close to the body. I buttoned my new coat, and sallied forth. I passed through the western division of George-street. It struck me that there was an unusual number of ladies at the windows. I did not care: I was sure that my new coat had a fashionable cut; so I said to myself, "they may look at it if they please." I resolved however, not to walk as if I were conscious that I wore a new coat. I assumed an easy, good-humoured, condescending kind of air; and the expression of my countenance seemed benevolently to indicate that I would have addressed a few words to an old friend, even although he appeared in a coat I had seen him in six months before.

I reached home, more dead than alive. I threw off my coat, and sent it to the Kitchen to be dried. My cook is a very good woman, but she is rather fat. I sat by myself, meditating upon the uncertainty of human life. My reverie lasted a long while. Suddenly an odour like that of a singed sheep's head reached me. I started up; in a moment the fatal train crossed my mind; I rushed into the kitchen; my cook was fast asleep; and my coat was smoking before the fire, burnt brown in a dozen different places, with here and there several small holes. I seized a carving-knife to

I did not wear my Indian handkerchief in my breast; for I look upon that as a stratagem to which men should resort only when the front part of their coat gets threadbare. I put my handkerchief (it is real India, and I have only one of the sort) into my coat pocket, and I allowed one of the yellow corners to hang out as if by accident. I occasionally conveyed it from my pocket to my face; but, when I replaced it, a yellow corner, by the same accident always hung out.

At the corner of Castle-street, several porters touched their hats to me; and two maid-servants, who were standing at the top of their area-stair, looked after me till I was out of sight. When I came to where the coaches are, opposite the assembly rooms, three or four men asked me if I wanted a coach; but though the compliment rather pleased me, I declined their offers in a dignified and gentlemanly manner.—Just as I passed Gardner's shop, or between that and M'Diarmid's, an individual, rather shabbily dressed, whispered in my ear, "Any old clothes to sell, sir?" I answered, "no!" rather gruffly; for my first impression was, that a kind of sneer was intended at my new coat: but on reflection, I feel convinced that these old-clothes-men only address persons of gentlemanly appearance; and therefore I take this opportunity of publicly expressing my regret for my severity to the individual in question, who, I am sorry to repeat, was rather shabbily dressed. Hitherto I had met with little to ruffle me.

Just as I turned into South-Haggar-street, I rubbed against a white phantom, who passed on as if nothing had happened but who left the whole of my right arm and shoulder covered with flour and dust. The daring villain was a baker, and with a ruthless barbarity worthy only of a lineal descendant of the murderer Haggart, he had attempted to destroy for ever my coat and my happiness. Fortunately, an obliging footman, who was near me at the time, seeing my distress lifted his hand, and, by a pretty violent application of it to my back and side, succeeded in restoring me to comparative peace of mind. I got into Prince's-street. The sun was shining brightly; all the world was abroad; but I did not meet with one whose coat was so new as my own. I felt my superiority; I perceived that I was an object of universal attention. I don't know how many black eyes glanced sunshine into mine; I cannot recollect the number of blue ogles that stole my heart at every step. Opposite Blackwood's shop, a gentleman, in a blue surtout and green spectacles, stopped me, and addressing me in French, gave me to understand that he was a Spanish refugee—very poor and very miserable—and that, as he had been informed I was celebrated for my charitable actions, he hoped I would afford him a little assistance. I was rather pleased at the stranger's address; but how he came to be informed that I was celebrated for my charitable actions, I confess I cannot very well comprehend; for, with the exception of a penny I threw to a little boy who continued scraping on the fiddle under my window one day after dinner when I was falling asleep, I do not think I have given away a farthing in charity for the last nine months. The Spanish refugee, however, in green spectacles, had done me the honour to single me out, probably in consequence of the air of distinction which my new coat gave, and it would have been very inhuman in me not to have presented him with half a crown. He received it with much gratitude, and I went on towards the Calton-hill.

Passing the Waterloo hotel, I encountered a cloud of dust, which I did not at all like, but which I was philosopher enough to submit to in silence. Several evils were awaiting me. After I had ascended the hill, the day suddenly overcast; big, heavy drops of rain began to fall—faster and faster—till a thunder-shower came tumbling down with irresistible violence. Good heaven! rain—thunder-rain upon a new coat—the very first day I had ever put it on! I turned back—I ran—I flew—but in vain! Before I could reach the nearest place of shelter I was completely drenched. I could have wept. But I was in too great agony to think of weeping. When I got to the east end of Prince's-street, there was not a coach on the stand. I might have gone into Barry's or Mackay's, but it would have been of no use—I was as wet as I could be. I walked straight home through the splashing streets. I do not think I was in my right reason. I was to have died out in my new coat, and now it would never look new again! I was soaked in water. I put my hand in my pocket mechanically to take out my silk handkerchief—I don't know why; heaven and earth! it was gone: my pocket had been picked! I had lost my new silk handkerchief. The horrible conviction flashed upon me that the Spanish refugee in green spectacles, who had complimented me on my charitable actions, and to whom I had given half-a-crown, took it from me! I reached home, more dead than alive. I threw off my coat, and sent it to the Kitchen to be dried. My cook is a very good woman, but she is rather fat. I sat by myself, meditating upon the uncertainty of human life. My reverie lasted a long while. Suddenly an odour like that of a singed sheep's head reached me. I started up; in a moment the fatal train crossed my mind; I rushed into the kitchen; my cook was fast asleep; and my coat was smoking before the fire, burnt brown in a dozen different places, with here and there several small holes. I seized a carving-knife to