

The vicar-general made answer to neither. He rose abruptly : at a sign given by him, the proper officer declared the court adjourned : the sufferers were hurried back to their cells—some went whither they would—others, whither they would not ; but all dispersed.

A faint and solitary light glanced from a chink of the prison-walls—it came from the narrow cell of the Italian merchant and his daughter.

The girl slept—ay slept. Sleep does not always leave the wretched, to light on lids unsullied with a tear. Reader, hast thou known intense misery, and canst thou not remember how thou hast felt and wept, and agonized, until the very excitement of thy misery wore out the body's power of endurance, and sleep, like a torpor, a stupor, a lethargy, bound thee in its chains ? Into such a sleep had Emilia fallen ; she was lying on that prison floor, her face pale as if ready for the grave, the tears yet resting on her cheeks, and over her sat the merchant leaning, asking himself whether, treasure that she was, and had ever been to him, he could wish that sleep to be the sleep of death.

The clanking of a key caught the merchant's ear ; a gentle step entered their prison. The father's first thought was for his child. He made a motion to enjoin silence ; it was obeyed ; his visiter advanced with a quiet tread ; the merchant looked upon him with wonder. Surely—no—and yet could it be ? that his judge—Lord Cromwell, the vicar-general, stood before him—and stood, not with threatening in his eye—not with denunciations on his lip, but took his stand on the other side of poor Emilia, gazing on her with an eye in which tenderness and compassion were conspicuous.

Amazement bound up the faculties of the merchant. He seemed to himself as one that dreameth.

"Awake, gentle girl, awake," said Lord Cromwell, as he stooped over Emilia. "Let me hear thy voice once more as it sounded in mine ear in other days."

The gentle accents fell too lightly to break the spell of that heavy slumber ; and the merchant, whose fears, feelings and confusion formed a perfect chaos, stooping over his child, suddenly awoke her with the cry of "Emilia ! Emilia ! awake and behold our judge !"

"Nay, nay, not thus roughly," said Lord Cromwell, but the sound had already recalled Emilia to a sense of wretchedness. She half raised herself from her recumbent posture into a kneeling one, shadowing her dazzled eyes with her hand, her streaming hair falling in wild disorder over her shoulders, and thus resting at the feet of her judge.

"Look on me, Emilia," said Lord Cromwell. And encouraged by the gentle accents, she raised her tear-swollen eyes to his face. As she did so, the vicar-general lifted from his brow his plumed cap, and revealed the perfect outline of his features. And Emilia gazed as if spell-bound, until gradually shades of doubt, of wonder, of recognition, came struggling over her countenance, and finally in a voice of passionate amazement she exclaimed ; "It is the same ! It is our sick soldier guest !"

"Even so," said Lord Cromwell, "even so, my dear and gentle nurse. He who was then the poor dependent on your bounty, receiving from your charity his daily bread as an alms, hath this day presided over the issues of life and death, as your judge ; but fear not, Emilia ; the sight of thee, gentle girl, comes like the memory of youth and kindly thoughts across the sterner mood that hath lately darkened over me. They whose voice may influence the destiny of a nation, gradually lose the memory of gentler thoughts. It may be, Providence hath sent thee to melt me back again into a softer nature. Many a heart shall be gladdened, that, but for my sight of thee, had been sad unto death. I be-think me, gentle girl, of the flowers, laden with dew and rich in fragrance, which thou usedst to lay upon my pillow, while this head throbb'd with agony of pain upon it ; fondly thinking that their sweetness would be a balm : and how thou wert used to steal into my chamber and listen to tales of this, the land of my home ! Thou art here ; and how hast thou been welcomed ?—to a prison, and well nigh to death. But the poor soldier hath a home ; come thou and thy father, and share it."

An hour ! who dare prophesy its events ? At the beginning of that hour, the merchant and his daughter had been the sorrowful captives of a prison : at its close, they were the treasured guests of a palace.—*Friendship's Offering for 1839.*

MANAGING A HUSBAND!

This is a branch of female education too much neglected ; it ought to be taught with "French, Italian, and the use of the globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed, or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the jugged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way ; still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L—— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and blonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilac silk travelling dress, the lady's-maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favourite French valet had put out all the handboxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course, on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles to be replaced. "Ver vell, Sara William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be handboxed now, you'll be handboxed all your life."

The prediction of the masculine Cassandra of the curling-irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William ! One of his guests, a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivals when people cruelly give you joy of having made one step more to your grave—this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many happy returns of the day ! The polite admirer of the handboxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

Now, we do consider it somewhat hard "to drag at each remove" such a very perceptible chain ; it might as well have been wreathed, or gilded, or even pinchbecked. A friend of mine, Mrs. Francis Seymour, does the thing much better. We shall give a domestic dialogue in Curzon-street, by way of example to the rising generation.

"I have been at Doubiggin's this morning, my love," said Mrs. Seymour, while helping the soup ; "he has two such lovely Savre tables, portraits of Louis the Fourteenth's beauties ; you must let me have them for the drawing-room, they are such loves."

"I really do wonder," exclaimed Mr. Seymour, in his most decided tone, "what can you want with anything more in the drawing-room. I am sure that it is as much as any one can do to get across the room as it is. I will have no more money spent on such trash."

"This fish is capital, the sauce is a *chef-d'œuvre*," exclaimed the lady, hastening to change the discourse ; "do let me recommend it."

Dinner proceeds, enlivened by a little series of delicate attentions on the part of the wife. One thing is advised ; another, which she is well aware is her husband's aversion, playfully forbidden, with a "my dear Francis, you are so careless of yourself—consider *les horreurs de la digestion*."

Dinner declines into dessert, and Mr. Seymour eats his walnuts, peeled.

"By no hand, as you may guess, But that of Pinrey Fair,"

alias Mrs. Seymour's very pretty fingers. Towards the middle of his second glass of port, he perceives that there are tears in his wife's soft blue eyes—which become actual sobs as he progresses in the third glass.

"I see how it is, Laura ; well, you shall have the tables."

"The tables !" cried the lady, with an air, as the school-boy said of ancient Gaul, quartered into three halves, of disdain, wounded feelings, and tenderness ; "I have really lost all wish for them. It was of you, Francis that I was thinking. Good heavens ! can you weigh a few paltry pounds against the pleasure of gratifying your wife. I see I have lost my hold on your affections. What have I done ? I, whose whole life has but one happiness, that of pleasing you !"

We will not pursue the subject to its last conjugal close of tears and kisses ; suffice it to say, that the next day the tables were sent home ; not given—but only accepted as a favour !

Now this is a beautiful way of doing business. We seriously recommend its consideration as a study to our lady readers. Scolding does much, for, as the old riddle says, "anything," is what

"Many a man, who has a wife,
Submits to for a quiet life."

But, fair half of the world, out of whose very remains the rose, as the eastern proverb has it, was formed at the creation—flattery, that honey of the heart, is the true art of sway. Instead of divide, our new state secret is, "flatter to reign."

COQUETRY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following account, which is given in Sir James Melvil's *Memoirs of his Embassy from Mary, Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth*, conveys an amusing description of female vanity and court artifice, and illustrates how far a rivalry of personal charms and accomplishments entered into the spirit with which Elizabeth persecuted the Scottish princess :—"The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise I should be wearied, she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women were not forgot, and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another French, and another the Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best ? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress ; which answer I found pleased her well,

for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do Italy. Her hair was more reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I answered the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest queen in England, and mine the fairest queen in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest in their countries ; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature ? I said, my queen. Then, said she, she is too high ; for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what kind of exercise she used ? I answered, that when I received my despatch, the queen was lately come from the high-land hunting ; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories ; that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well ? I said reasonably for a queen. That same day, after dinner, my lord Hunsdean drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might have some music, but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well ; but she left off immediately, as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there ? I answered, as I was walking with my lord of Hunsdean, as we passed by the chamber door I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed : declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sate down now upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her ; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lap under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford, out of the next chamber ; for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or her played best ? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language perfectly, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spoke to me in Dutch, which was not good ; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in—whether theology, history, or love matters ? I said I liked well all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my despatch. She said I was weary sooner of her company than she was of mine."

COMFORTS OF THE SEASON.

Chilblains sore on all your toes,
Icicles hang from your nose ;
Rhuematis' in all your limbs ;
Noddle full of aches and whims ;
Chaps upon your hands and lips,
And lumbago in your hips.
To your bed you shiv'ring creep,
There to freeze, but not to sleep ;
For the sheets, that look so nice,
Are to you two sheets of ice ;
Wearied out, at length you doze,
And snatch, at last, a brief repose ;
Dream all night that you're a dab,
Lying on fishmonger's slab.
While indulging in a snore,
There comes a rap at chamber door ;
Screaming voice of Betty cries :
"If you please, it's time to rise."
Up you start, and, on the sheet,
Find your breath is chang'd to sleet ;
Tow'rs the glass you turn your view,
Find your nose of purple hue,
Looking very like, I trow,
Beet-root in a field of snow.
You would longer lie, but nay,
Time is come—you must away,
Out you turn, with courage brave,
Slip on drawers—and then to shave !
Seize the jug, and in a trice,
Find the water chang'd to ice :
Break the ice, and have to rue
That you've broke the pitcher too.
Water would not run before ;
Now, it streams upon the floor,
Threat'ning with a fearful doom,
Ceiling of the drawing-room.
In the frenzy of despair,
You seize you don't know what, nor care,
Mop up all the wet and dirt,
And find you've done it with your shirt,
Your only shirt all filth and slosh,
For all the rest are in the wash.
Into bed you turn again,
Ring the bell with might and main,
Stammer out to Betty, why
"Twixt the sheets you're forc'd to lie,
"Till, pitying your feelings hurt,
She daps you out another shirt.