

that part of the picture where King Henry's head was painted, and putting it into his pocket-book, retired unnoticed. The French agent, finding the picture mutilated, declined purchasing it. After the Restoration, the then Earl of Pembroke delivered the mutilated piece to Charles II, who ordered it to be replaced. On looking at the picture in a side light, the insertion of the head is very visible.

"It may be fairly doubted whether Holbein painted these pictures. They are too coarse; besides, he did not arrive in England till six years after the interview depicted, and therefore could not have taken the many excellent English portraits which are introduced into the pictures, at that time. It is, however, immaterial, as their intrinsic merit, and historical interest, will always demand attention."

Again—

"Queen Elizabeth in a fantastic dress.—*F. Zucchero*. Queen Elizabeth was in the habit of wearing dresses of every country. In the picture before us her romantic turn appears. She is drawn in a forest, a stag behind her, and on a tree are inscribed mottoes, which, as we know not on what occasion the piece was painted, are not easily to be interpreted."

Jesse, among many instructive remarks on the Cartoons takes the opportunity of expressing his strong opinion against their removal from Hampton Court.

"In examining the cartoons, the purpose for which they were destined should always be borne in mind, namely to be wrought in tapestry. This occasions the composition to be simplified, the masses to be large, and the several figures to be distinct from each other. The colours also are expressly chosen, so that the variety, splendour, and dyes might be taken advantage of, which are peculiar to the various shades of dyed wool and silk used in tapestries.

"It is to be regretted that these glorious works have, in part, sustained very serious damage. Considering, however, the dangers to which they have been exposed since they were painted, it is a matter of wonder that they are not in a far worse condition than they really are. When they were sent to Arras, in order that tapestries might be worked from them, the weavers began the destruction of the cartoons by cutting each of them perpendicularly into six or seven slips, in order to work more conveniently after them. While the tapestries were admired at Rome, the cartoons themselves remained for a whole century in total oblivion at Arras, and it is said were deposited in a cellar. Rubens, who knew their value, at length called the attention of Charles I to them, when only seven were to be found in such slips. The others appear to have been torn to pieces in that state, for only some miserable fragments of them have ever come to light. Charles I bought these seven, partly, it is supposed, with the intention of having tapestry woven after them. However that may have been, it is certain that they were roughly treated until William III first took the precaution of having the slips joined together, and put in stretching frames, to rescue them from gradual destruction, and to enable the public to enjoy them in the present gallery, which he built for them.

"The state apartments are open to the public on every day of the week, except Friday, when they are closed for the purpose of being cleaned. The hours are from ten o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening from the 1st of April to the 1st of October, and the remainder of the year from ten until four."—*Ibid*.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

Mr. Gough was a young man belonging to the Society of "Friends," who took an interest in the mountain scenery of the lake district, both as a lover of the picturesque, and as a man of science. It was in his latter character, I believe, that he had ascended Helvellyn at the time when he met his melancholy end. From his local familiarity with the ground—for he had been an annual visitant to the lakes—he slighted the usual precaution of taking a guide; and, probably, under any clear state of the atmosphere, he might have found the attendance of such a person a superfluous restraint upon the freedom of his motions, and of his solitary thoughts. Mist, unfortunately—impenetrable volumes of mist—came floating over (as so often they do) from the gloomy fells that compose a common centre for Fasedale, Langdale, Eskdale, Borrowdale, Wastdale, Garsgarthdale, (pronounced Keskadale,) and Ennesdale. Ten or fifteen minutes afford ample time for this aerial navigation: within that short interval, sunlight, moonlight starlight, alike disappear; all paths are lost; vast precipices are concealed, or filled up by treacherous draperies of vapour; the points of the compass are irrecoverably confounded; and one vast cloud, too often the cloud of death even to the experienced shepherd, sets like a vast pavilion upon the summits and the gloomy coves of Helvellyn. Mr. Gough ought to have allowed for this not unfrequent accident, and for its bewildering effects, under which all local knowledge (even that of shepherds) becomes in an instant unavailing.—What was the course and succession of his dismal adventures, after he became hidden from the world by the vapoury screen, could not be ever deciphered by the most sagacious of mountaineers, although, in most cases, they manifest an Indian truth of eye, together with an Indian felicity of weaving al-

the signs that the eye can gather in a significant tale, by connecting links of judgment and natural inference, especially where the whole case ranges within certain known limits of time and space; but in this case two accidents forbade the application of their customary skill to the circumstances. One was, the want of snow at the time, to receive the impression of his feet; the other, the unusual length of time through which his remains lay undiscovered. He had made the ascent at the latter end of October—a season when the final garment of snow, which clothes Helvellyn from the setting-in of winter to the sunny days of June, has frequently not made its appearance. He was not discovered until the following spring, when a shepherd, traversing the coves of Helvellyn, or of Fairfield, in quest of a stray sheep, was struck by the unusual sound (and its echo from the neighbouring rocks) of a short, quick bark, or cry of distress, as if from a dog or young fox. Mr. Gough had not been missed: for those who saw or knew of his ascent from the Wyburn side of the mountain, took it for granted that he had fulfilled his intention of descending in the opposite direction into the valley of Patterdale, or into the Duke of Norfolk's deer park on Ulleswater, or possibly into Matterdale; and that he had finally quitted the country by way of Penrith. Having no reason, therefore, to expect a domestic animal in a region so far from human habitations, the shepherd was the more surprised at the sound, and its continued iteration. He followed its guiding, and came to a deep hollow, near that awful curtain of rock called *Striding Edge*. There, at the foot of a tremendous precipice, lay the body of the unfortunate tourist: and, watching by his side, a meagre shadow, literally reduced to a skin and to bones that could be counted, (for it is a matter of absolute demonstration that he never could have obtained either food or shelter through his long winter's imprisonment,) sat this most faithful of servants—mounting guard upon his master's honoured body, and protecting it (as he had done effectually) from all violation by the birds of prey which haunt the central solitudes of Helvellyn:—

"How nourished through that length of time
He knows—who gave that love sublime,
And sense of loyal duty—great
Beyond all human estimate."

THE OLD ENGLISH ARCHER.

BY M. JAY.

When the red deer roamed in his native pride
Through the depths of the sylvan shade;
And the wild boar brushed with his bristly hide
The dew from the greenwood glade—
There dwelt in the midst of his native wood
With the stag and the timid doe,
The yeoman bold, whose sire of old
Had fought the Norman foe.

He wished not for wealth, nor a courtly throng
To flatter and bend the limb;
The cry of the fawn as it bounded along
Was far sweeter music to him.
He lived in peace in his forest home,
In the shade of some old oak tree;
And Prince or Priest, at a jovial feast,
Was never more blithe than he.

Clad in a jerkin of Lincoln green,
And armed with a good cross-bow,
Through the woods in the morning shewn
Merrily he would go;
And swift as a ray from the summer sun
His arrow would fly from the string,
When he spied a doe in the vale below,
Or a wild bird on the wing.

When the sun had set in the western sky,
And the moon shone clear above,
He wandered forth in the silent groves
With the maid he had sworn to love.
And the King on his gilded throne of state,
And the Peer in his guarded tower,
Might have envied the light of that tranquil night,
And the bliss of that holy hour.

LEICESTER SQUARE.

Leicester square is a celebrated spot on the map of London. It is the site of old Leicester Place, built by the great Earl, and the dwelling of his and other distinguished families. James' unhappy daughter Betsey, also George the Second's pouting son Frederick, died here. It was tenanted once by Prince Eugene; and the square itself has been honored by the residence of Hogarth, Reynolds, Hunter the Surgeon, and other eminent persons. It was once, too, the very centre of fashion, and all elegant London paraded its magnificence upon this square. Then 'the heaven's breath smelled wooingly,' and so it does now, toward evening; and shops displayed their glitter of gems, and cashmeres, and all

manner of millineries, tempting princely customers. Here 'rich Spencer's tapering leg,' cased in the finest silk, mounted its gorgeous equipage while gay and gartered ears gazed breathless upon the airy step, the fierceful mein, the sparkling eye, the purple lip; and Leicester's chariot swept like a 'harnessed meteor' through the square, and grooms in painted coats, as the Hours, 'doff'd the world aside' to let it pass. Alas! the greasy eating-house or gambling den, now occupies the palace of the Sydney's, and the foot of nobility is no more heard upon its pavement. Smutty coal-heavers now throng, and sweeps as black as Bugg Jargal, where 'round the coaches crowded white-gloved beaux;' the heroes of Blenheim have surrendered to the French, and plots of campaigns and fortresses are succeeded by the *Batterie de Cuisine*. While the Parisian English inhabit the elegant Rivoli, and Place Vendôme, the French have here their separate quarter, like the Jews, the meanest of London. A bronze statue, in the centre of the place, is all that is left of its ancient gentility.—"The American in London."

A CELEBRATED CHARACTER.

The beginning of last week an exceedingly well known character departed this life, namely "Old Jack," the gigantic and venerable swan, with whom the public have been so long acquainted, on the canal, in the inclosure of St. James's park, at the advanced age of seventy years. Old Jack was hatched some time about the year 1770, on a piece of water attached to old Buckingham house, and, for many years, basked, in the sunshine of royal favour, Queen Charlotte being extremely partial to him, and frequently condescending to feed him herself. When the pleasure gardens in St. James's park were laid out, Jack was removed. His immense size, sociable disposition and undaunted courage have often excited the admiration of the public. Jack's strength and courage were, indeed, astonishing; frequently he has seized an unlucky dog, who chanced to approach the edge of his watery domain, by the neck and drowned him; and, on one occasion, he seized a boy, about twelve years of age, who had been teasing him, by the leg of his trousers, and dragged him into the water up to his knees. Jack, however, never acted on the offensive, but always on the defensive, and, if not annoyed, was exceedingly tractable. But the march of modern improvement affected poor Jack as much as it had affected thousands more pretending bipeds. The Ornithological Society was formed, and a host of feathered foreigners found their way on the canal, with whom Jack had many a fierce and furious encounter, and invariably came off successful; but a legion of Polish geese at length arrived, who commenced hostilities with Jack immediately. Despising every thing like even warfare, they attacked him in a body, and picked him so severely that he drooped for a few days, and died. The body of poor old Jack is to be stuffed for one of the scientific museums.—*London paper*.

HOME.—I have travelled some little in my day, and I never yet saw the place over-seas where I could say, here will I live and die. My steps have been arrested by beautiful spots—by savage spots—by great and luxurious cities; a week, a month, I could spend in many,—a year in some, and spend it happily; but not life—not all my days. This may be prejudice; but it is the only prejudice I have no wish to part with. I know of no pleasure that will compare with going abroad, except one—returning home. I pity English colonists, wherever I find them, whether at Tours, at Pau, or Lausanne, or Brussels, or Nice, or Florence. They all talk of delightful climates and delicious wines, and cheap living, and excellent society; and yet, I believe, there may be but two or one among them all, who, if they dared to appear poor, would not turn their backs upon the climate, and wines, and society of foreign lands, and seek the shores of England. Travelling is a charming recreation, but after all, England, to an Englishman, is the only country to live in.—*Derwent Conway*.

Let your reputation be framed, your credit raised, and your affairs put in order while you are young. In a future season of life it must be more troublesome or too late. Charles V. used to say, that 'fortune favoured young people.' In the outset of life, almost every one is ready to lend a helping hand; in this respect young people have many advantages; but when age approaches such assistances are not found. The fascinating charms and influence of youth are fled; reason and truth may remain, but they do not govern the world.

The Colonel of a regiment of militia down east, was informed lately that one of his sons had run his sword through his body. On inquiry, he found that he had sold the sword for liquor, which he had drunk.

The following from the Kalamazoo (Michigan) Gazette, is a specimen of the original mode of 'dunning' in the 'Far West.' 'DO YOU TAKE? I would respectfully let all persons know, who are indebted to me, that I am in a clinch, and have no knife to cut the rigging. Unless those indebted to me pay up immediately, I shall make them as intimate with the Sheriff as I am myself.'