

was thrust from prison, a houseless wanderer, herself dependant, perchance, on the precarious bounty of her ere-while dependants. She drew the mantle over her throbbing brow, and her reason quivered and well-nigh failed beneath the weight of her remorse and bitter anguish.

The sorrowful life of Frances of Suffolk ended about two years after her discharge from the tower. In bitter mockery of her fallen fortunes, Elizabeth, who so often "helped to bury those she helped to starve," decreed a magnificent funeral for her whose last days had passed in neglected poverty: honours, the denial of which had galled that haughty spirit more than want itself, were heaped with unsparing profusion upon the unconscious dust. Surrounded by blazing torches, bright escutcheons, and the broad banners of the noble house of Suffolk and the royal line of Tudor, surely we hope her heart of pride was well laid to rest beneath the ducal coronet, and in the magnificent chapel of Henry, from all the sorrows and changes of her eventful life.

Princely Bradgate sunk with the fallen fortunes of its mistress. The house passed into the possession of a collateral branch of the family; and being, ere the lapse of many years, in great part destroyed by fire, fell into ruins. Grass of the brightest verdure still clothes its slopes; the wide-spreading chestnuts and the old decaying oaks still wear their most gorgeous livery; but Bradgate's proud towers are levelled with the ground. From that velvet terrace, where the crown of England was given in project, and worn in fancy, and from which sweet Lady Jane would look up the west at the sun's bright setting, and commune with the spirit of Plato—naught but crumbling walls and mouldering heaps of red earth, mark the site of its ancient magnificence."

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S COURT.

The following description of the means taken to preserve the King of France from personal outrage and his palace from attack, is from the *Paris Commerce*. It possesses an interest superior to the common Parisian gossip. Louis Philippe is in more senses than one a King of the Barricades.

"The service of the Palace was never more rigorous than at present at any former period, or in any other reign. The soldiers themselves are terrified by it. Our readers remember the fate of the poor man who was killed for having too closely approached the gate of the Rue de Rivoli. Ever since, additional precautions have been taken, the military garrison of the Tuileries, is obliged to take the same measures, and is as much on the *qui vive* as if it were in presence of the enemy,

"There are round the Palace three principal lines of defence, included between the Seine, the Square of Louis XV., the Rue de Rivoli, and the Place du Carrousel. The river closes on one side that extensive polygon, too deep to be forded; its bridges adjoining the Tuileries, form defiles difficult of access.

"The parallel line comprises the different *débouches* of the streets of L'Echelle, St. Roch, and Rivoli, and is much better supported than that of the Carrousel.

"Two military governors are installed at the Louvre and in the Tuileries respectively. They combine their operations, create, modify, and interpret their *consignes*, and are able, by their military knowledge, to organize at a moment's notice a system of defence.

"The arms of the soldiers on duty are every where loaded.

"The guard is formed of companies of picked men, who are reviewed daily, of National Guards and of Cavalry.

"During the day several distinct secret sets of police keep watch on each other, and are in continual movement along the lines. This service is even organized amidst the crowd of the public, follows its undulations, and marches and stops with it. Each mouchard, or spy, carries under his coat a belt, in which are slung a brace of pistols and a dagger. The comrade who relieves him merely makes a sign to him. Agents seated in hackney coaches are continually reconnoitering the approaches to the chateau, and a watch or living telegraph, posted on the top of the roof, gives notice of the approach of any thing calculated to disturb the dynastic order.

"These precautions are doubled towards nightfall. Three hundred and fifty picked men, supplied by all the regiments of the garrison, arrive at that hour, and take their station under the Pavilion of the Clock.

"Rounds and patrols follow each other in rapid succession, and during the night they issue from the Palace, and are constantly met moving round it, along the quays, the Square of Louis XV., the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue St. Honoré.

"Independently of these military dispositions, which are supported by numerous posts, are other reserves stationed at the Place des Pyramides and at the Ministry of Finance; the battalion of infantry quartered in one of the wings of the Palace, and the cavalry barracks on the Quai d'Orsay; those reserves, placed within short distances of each other, constitute an effective force of between 3,000 and 4,000 men, which may be turned out and concentrated at the Palace in the course of four or five minutes.

"The parapets, bridges, railings, and gates are well guarded. The internal defensive measures are still more formidable. A ditch limits the garden: the area of the gate of the *Pavillon de l'Horloge* has been raised in order to render its approach more difficult; the chimnies have been secured by iron bars across them; double doors of solid oak, and turning easily on enormous copper hinges, are *petard* (or bomb) proof; the cellars and subterraneous

passages are guarded in such a manner, that any attempt to undermine the palace would prove abortive; and certain cabinets, which are as strong as casements, are traversed by a small winding staircase, extending from the cellar to the roof; 150 servants, officers, and sergeants of experienced courage, dressed during the day-time in a handsome uniform, throw it off at night. Each buckles round his waist a belt filled with cartridges, is armed to the teeth, and keeps watch in the long galleries of that sombre abode.

"Thus the palace is secure, on the one hand against all attempts from abroad, in the interior against a military movement of the troops on duty. Police agents watch the patrols, and the latter the sentinels. Troops of the line, with loaded arms, are mixed up with the National Guards, who do not possess a grain of gunpowder, and within the precinct of the palace the household of Louis Philippe performs a secret and distinct service quite apart from the rest.

"One of our friends passed on Saturday last at the *débouché* of the Pont Royal, about half past six o'clock in the evening, and remarked with astonishment that all the avenues leading to that point were occupied by several brigades of town sergeants, whilst others of that force were posted behind the palisades erected round the works for repair of the bridge. These men communicated with knots of police agents standing near the gates, or silently seated on the parapets of the quay. Several patrols were seen in the meantime moving along the terrace, and two officers of the chateau, who appeared to superintend the whole, were walking up and down on the flags. Other individuals, remarkable for their sinister countenances, were dispersed through the crowd, who stopped with surprise in that sort of ambuscade. The wheels of a heavily loaded cart having sunk in a hole, the agents immediately congregated around it, and helped to extricate it. All of a sudden the distant noise of carriages, and of the galloping of cavalry was heard, and shortly afterwards Louis Philippe passed by like lightning, on his way back from Versailles.

LEAVES FROM A REEFER'S LOG.

BAY OF SALAMIS, DEC. 31.

Visited Athens for the third time to-day, and reviewed all my former sight seeing. The town has much improved during the few months that have elapsed since we were here in August. Many new houses have been erected, better horses are to be procured, and an omnibus and mail coach driven at regular intervals between the Piræus and Athens—the fare is only sixteen cents, or one drachm, so that beggars even may ride. The work of clearing away the rubbish about the Acropolis is still going on, and most of the Venetian walls of masonry have been thrown down, leaving the ruins standing clear from their pediments in bold relief. The walls between the columns of the Propylæa have also been cleared away, so that you can now see the full beauty of what remains of that edifice. The pillars, which are of the Ionic and Doric orders, are considered faultless in their proportions.

January 1st, 183—.

Got underweigh about one o'clock with a fair and fresh breeze, and passed at a rapid rate a variety of beautiful scenery, bound for Smyrna, via Syra, one of the Greek Islands. On weighing anchor to-day we found the flukes gone—and left them with the buoy—probably they got fastened in one of old Xerxes' sunken galleys. About 4, p. m. we were abreast of Cape Columna, or Sunium, the scene of Falconer's shipwreck, and had a fine view of the columns of the Temple of Minerva, that crowns the promontory. I cannot imagine a more beautiful scene—the white columns in bold relief against a clear Grecian sky—the gay green carpet around it, with the dark brown perpendicular rocks, fretted with foam, at the base—the deep blue sea spreading far away—covered with foam caps and dotted with gems of Islands—our gallant frigate under reefed topsails dashing fearlessly through it, and a distant sail on the verge of the horizon, with several little lattine craft, the regular corsair rig, creeping along under the shore—with a host of sea gulls screaming musically—all combined, forming a *Poet's* landscape such as the eye delights to dwell on.

Gulf of Athens, May, 183—.

The King has at last returned, and I had the pleasure of seeing him to-day, together with his young Queen—they were riding with their suite. They are a handsome couple, both young, well formed, and as far as I could judge from a hasty glance, intelligent looking—you know it will not do even for a Yankee to look royalty too hard in the face. The King was dressed in the light blue coat and uniform of a Greek General—the embroidery and epaulettes of which are silver; he wore in place of helmet, however, the red Fez cap worn by all classes of his subjects.—Her Majesty had one of the same, with a long blue silk tassel and gold embroidery, and her dress was partly a riding habit, partly the Greek female costume, which is very picturesque, the whole showing her figure to great advantage. They were riding black horses, which I was told, were two of the six presented to the King by the Emperor of the Russians.—*Portland Transcript*.

A PLAYER'S DISTRESSES.

I bore away my beloved. A father's curse followed us, and when her parents sank into the grave, we were overtaken by misery.

The reputation I had acquired for an elegant vivacity, seemed a mockery of our wretched condition. Catherine had not the least talents for comedy. On her appearance, she was laughed at. The manager was dissatisfied. I answered him pettishly, and we were dismissed from the company. I was attacked by a pulmonary complaint, and all that remained to us was exhausted. I dragged my steps over the dusty roads, led by Catherine, who bore our first child on her back, and begged my way from one convent or hospital to another, with bands of wretches like ourselves. At last we fell in with a good-natured manager, who offered us a weekly salary. My wife was to wash for the troop, and I was to perform. But my day was gone by for the lovers. I had neither voice nor spirit for the parts. The director cast me for the drolls. Ah! münzner, what were my feelings when for the first time I trod the boards as "the fool!" My youngest child lay at home in the coffin; my Catherine, awaiting her confinement, was stretched on a pallet of straw—alone, in want and hunger; and I was exhibiting the grimaces of a baboon, while the bedaubed mask I wore was moistened by the bitter tears of despair.

Litzah dashed a tear from his cheek, and sighed deeply.

I played the burlesque parts unsuccessfully. The audience thought me dull and whining. They pelted me with rotten apples; and the manager stripped my jacket, and paid me off. When I reached home, my hapless wife presented me with a baby she had brought into the world in my absence; and I had placed in the hands of the mother of my child sixteen groschens—and our dismissal."

"Gracious heavens!" sighed Leopold.

Yes, my dear old friend, he who sits as a spectator before the gaudy curtain of a theatre, little knows how many broken hearts are throbbing beneath the suit of frippery. It is not grief alone that rends the player's bosom; it is poisoned envy and brooding discontent—the disappointment of a heart that imagined a world of merriment behind the varied scene, and found only the rags of poverty and a prospect without hope. Innate frivolity alone can have peace in this raging strife of low passions; this unsteady soil—the alternate reign of boasting and of misery. We are robbed of the fruits of ability by our uncertain condition, and by the public scorn that degrades us. I view the long vista of unhappy years, and cannot recall that I ever arrived at this mood of careless indifference. I became dull and insensible. I could enact comical grimaces and cut capers of drollery when the pangs of death were at my heart. I acquired the reputation of a funny fellow, a laughable farceur. My wages were increased.—*From Spindler's Jesuit*.

PARIS GAMING HOUSE.

Frascati possessed also its crowds; but they were somewhat of an inferior order; yet scarcely a Gaming-house in Paris exists, within whose walls so many eventful tales of gain and loss have been told. Here it was, in the latter part of the year 1837, the well-known Mr. B—— fell dead at the table, the dice-box in his hand. He had never missed a night since the year 1814, except, during the revolution of July, when, for three evenings, Frascati was closed. During this, to him, melancholy interval, he never ceased to bewail the state of affairs, in which alone he could see the interruption to play; in fact, he recognised but one barrier in Paris—that one which blockaded the end of the Rue Richelieu. His story is a singular one. He had profited by the peace of 1814 to visit the continent, when the waters of Vichy had been recommended to him by his physician. Possessing about a million sterling, and a liver complaint, he felt himself considerable ennuie on his arrival at Paris, where he knew no one. It so chanced, that, on this very evening he had ordered his horses to proceed upon his journey, he strolled into Frascati to while away half an hour. To one who had never seen any thing of gambling-houses, except the vile abomination of Leicester-square or Piccadilly, the splendor and magnificence of Frascati were calculated to excite astonishment. He ventured upon a trifling bet—then another. His courier came to announce, that the carriage was ready—he dismissed him, and took his seat leisurely at the table—the hours flew by, and with them his money. As the clock struck two, he had lost 100,000 francs; and, as he entered his hotel, he scarcely noticed the post-horses that stood shivering at the door, and perfectly forgot that such a place as Vichy existed. From that hour he became a daily frequenter of Frascati, and dedicated his entire existence to play. He rose at twelve, breakfasted, adjourned to the saloon, and played till seven; thence he repaired to the Café Anglais and dined, after which he again returned to the saloon, and left the last at night. In this manner he continued to live until his last guinea was spent, and even a small annuity, settled upon him by his friends, he subsequently contrived to mortgage and lose also; and yet, with all this, he seemed happy. He had neither debt nor dependence; for the proprietors, struck with his immense losses, conferred upon him the singular and unique privilege to bet upon parole; and this (to his credit be it recorded) he never abused; for the moment he had gained a single louis d'or he always ceased to play, such being quite sufficient for his moderate and unexpensive habits of life; and thus did he live for twenty three years. He was a man of considerable talent and quickness, possessing a perfect knowledge of French, and gifted with much original humour. He was never once known to allude to his losses.—*Dublin University Magazine*.