

book in hand, beside the bed which is to receive them for a last time, and seem preparing and prepared for heaven.

"Thus Edward King of England, prayed,—
Thus little York, and then
Adown their guiltless heads they laid
In bloody Gloster's den.

Adown they laid, and blessed sleep
Fell on them—soft and light
As dew that stars on flowers weep
In summer's balmy night.
Thus innocent, thus nobly meek,
Devoted to the death!—
With cheek aye nestling unto cheek,
They mingled breath with breath."

"The Eve of the Bride" is a pleasing subject, not very well executed. The sun is setting on a pastoral landscape, and the intended bride and her lover, are slowly following a flock of goats, forgetful of the world about them, as might be expected on such an interesting occasion. Neither lady nor gentleman, however, are very well designed or drawn. A few lines from the accompanying article gives the scene very pleasingly:

"How many a breast on eve like this,
Is steeped in rapture—filled with bliss!
But, 'mong thy maidens, sunny France,
No eye beams forth a brighter glance,
No bosom owns a deeper spell
Of holy joy than thine Estelle!
The loved one wonders by thy side,
He who the morrow claims thee bride."

The "Ascent of the Spirit" represents a young female rising into the empyrean, attended by two angels.

"She lay down in her poverty,
Till-stricken, though so young;
And the words of human sorrow
Fell from her trembling tongue."

"Awake lift up thy joyful eyes,
See, all heaven's host appears;
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou, who hast done with tears!"

Adeline is a portrait of a fine girl, singing, and seeming full of joyous life. But the story is very different,—Adeline is left in early life, an orphan,—and, as a Governess, meets privations, neglects, and many sorrows, which hasten her to the grave.

"Fare thee well, Adeline, my girlhood's play fellow, my youth's companion! Happily for thee there is another and a better world, one where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are for ever at rest. To that world art thou passing; and mayest thou find there the peace that was denied thee in this!"

The next is an fine picture. It is called the "Captive Princess." On the terrace of an ancient castle, a beautiful female is seated, singing to her guitar. Alone, she would form a beautiful figure, but beside her stands an exquisite form, whose noble bearing, and downcast mournful look, tell her to be "the Captive Princess." It is a gemmically perfect in every particular.

"One friend midst many foes she found,
A hand-maiden whose merry glance,
And foot like zephyr flitting round,
Spoke her a child of laughing France.
When darkest sorrow seem'd to lower,
The lady's grief she would beguile,
And lighten many a heavy hour
With pleasant tales, and song, and smile."

The last two embellishments, are entitled "Alice," and "The Tapestryed chair,"—the first represents a young woman in an arbor, idly busy plaiting her hair,—the second, a lady before a piece of tapestry, listless, her heart intent on some theme which makes her forget the work of her hands.

The volume is beautiful in exterior and interior, artist, printer and binder, has each done his part well,—but we have no space for its literary material,—we only skim over the flowers, noticing the fragrance and hues,—leaving for better opportunities all botanical disquisitions.

To be continued.

LAUGHED OUT OF IRELAND.

FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

Travelling once in the coupe of a diligence, I directed my entire attention towards an Irish acquaintance, as well because of his singularity, as to avoid a little German in the opposite corner.

"You have been long in France, then, sir," said I, as we entered into conversation.

"Three weeks, and it seems like three years to me—but I'll go back soon—I only came abroad for a month."

"You'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time."

"Never a much that will grieve me, I didn't come to see it."

"Indeed!"

"Nothing of the kind. I only came—to be away from home."

"Oh! I perceive."

"You're quiet out there," said my companion, misinterpret-

ing my meaning. "It wasn't any thing of that kind. I don't owe a sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland—that's all, though that same is bad enough."

"Laughed out of it!"

"Just so—and little you know of Ireland if that surprise you."

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I myself had seen in that country, I obtained the following brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel:—

"Well, sir," began he, "it is about four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chesnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tail, square-jointed, and rather low—just what you'd call a smart hack for going to cover with—a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever suspected that she was a clean bred thing—own sister to Jenny, that won the Corinthians, and ran second to Giles for the Riddlesworth—but so she was, and a better bred mare never leaped the pound in Ballinasloe. Well, I brought her to Dublin, and used to ride her out two or three times a week, making little matches sometimes to trot—and, for a thorough-bred, she was a clipper at trotting—to trot a mile or so on the grass, another day to gallop the length of the nine acres opposite the Lodge—and then sometimes to back her for a ten pound note to jump the biggest surze bush that could be found—all of which she could do with ease, nobody thinking, all the while, that the cock-tailed pony was out of Scroggins, by 'a Lamplighter mare.'—As every fellow that was beat to-day was sure to come to-morrow, with something better, either of his own or a friend's, I had matches booked for every day in the week—for I always made my little boy that rode, win by half a neck or nostril, and so we kept on, day after day, pocketing from ten to thirty pounds or thereabouts.

"It was mighty pleasant while it lasted, for besides winning the money, I had my own fun laughing at the spoonies that never could book my bets fast enough—young infantry officers and the junior bar—they were, for the most part, nice to look at, but very raw about racing. How long I might have gone on in this way I cannot say; but one morning I fell in with a fat, elderly gentleman, in shorts and gaiters, mounted on a dun cob pony, that was very fetty and hot tempered, and appeared to give the rider a great deal of uneasiness.

"He's a spicy hack you're on, sir," said I, "and has a go in him, I'll be bound."

"I rather think he has, said the old gentleman, half testily.

"And can trot a bit, too."

"Twelve Irish miles in fifty minutes, with my weight. Here he looked down at a paunch like a sugar hogshead.

"Maybe he's not bad across a country," said I, rather to humor the old fellow, who, I saw, was proud of his pony.

"I'd like to see his match, that's all." Here he gave a rather contemptuous glance at my hack.

"Well, one word led to another, and it ended at last in our booking a match, with which one party was no less pleased than the other. It was this: each was to ride his own horse, starting from the school in the Park, round the Fifteen Acres, outside the Monument, and back to the start—just one heat, about a mile and a half—the ground good, and only soft enough. In consideration, however, of his great weight, I was to give odds in the start; and as we could not well agree upon how much, it was at length decided that he was to get away first, and I to follow as fast as I could, after drinking a pewter quart full of Guinness's double stout—droll odd's you'll say, but it was the old fellow's own thought, and as the match was a soft one, I let him have his way. "The next morning the Phoenix was crowded as if for a review. There were all the Dublin notaries, swarming in barouches, and tilburies, and outside jaunting cars—smart clerks in the post-office, mounted upon sticking devils from Dycer's and Lalouett's stables—attorney's wives and daughter's from York-street, and a stray doctor or so on a hack that looked as if he had been lectured on for the six winter months at the College of surgeons. My antagonist was half an hour late, which time I occupied in booking bets on every side of me—offering odds, of ten, fifteen, or at last to tempt the people, twenty-five to one against the dun. At last the fat gentleman came up on a jaunting-car, followed by a groom leading the cob. I wish you heard the cheer that greeted him on his arrival, for it appeared he was a well-known character in town, and much in favour with the mob. When he got off the car, he bundled into a tent, followed by a few of his friends, where they remained for about five minutes, at the end of which he came out in full racing costume—blue and yellow striped jacket, and blue cap and leathers—looking as funny a figure as ever you set your eyes upon. I thought it time to throw off my white surcoat, and show out in pink and orange, the colors I had been winning in for two months past. While some of the party went on to station themselves at different places round the Fifteen Acres, to mark out the course, my fat friend was assisted into the saddle, and gave a short preliminary gallop of a hundred yards or so, that set us all a laughing. The odds were now fifty to one in my favor and I gave them wherever I could find

them. "With you, sir, if you please, in pounds, and the gentleman in red whiskers, too, if he likes—very well, in half coverings, if you prefer it." So I went on, betting on every side, till the bell rung to mount. As I knew I had plenty of time to spare, I took little notice, and merely giving a look at my girths, I continued leisurely booking my bets. At last the time came, and at the word 'away,' off went the fat gentleman on the dun, at a spluttering gallop, that flung the mud on every side of us, and once more threw us all a-laughing. I waited patiently till he got near the upper end of the Park, taking bets every minute; and now that he was away, every one offered to wager. At last, when I let him get nearly half round, and found no more money could be had, I called out to his friends for the porter, and, throwing myself into the saddle, gathered up the reins in my hand.—The crowd fell back off each side, while from the tent I have already mentioned out came a thin fellow, with one eye, with a pewter quart in his hand, he lifted it up towards me, and I took it; but what was my fright to find that the porter was boiling, and the vessel so hot that I could scarcely hold it. I endeavored to drink however; the first mouthful took all the skin off my lips and tongue—the second half choked, and the third nearly threw me into an apoplectic fit—the mob cheering all the time like mad. Meantime, the old fellow had reached the furze, and was going along like fun. Again I tried the porter, and a fit of coughing came on that lasted five minutes. The porter was so hot that the edge of the quart took away a piece of my mouth at every effort. I ventured once more, and with the desperation of a madman I threw down the hot liquid to its last drop. My head reeled—my eyes glared—and my brain was on fire. I thought I beheld fifty fat gentlemen galloping on every side of me, and all in sky jackets of blue and yellow. Half mechanically I took the reins, and put spurs to my horse; but before I got well away a loud cheer from the crowd assailed me. I turned, and saw the dun coming in at a floundering gallop, covered with foam, and so dead blown that neither himself nor the rider could have got twenty yards farther. The race was, however won. My odds were lost to every man on the field, and, worse than all, I was so laughed at, that I could not venture out in the sheds, without hearing allusions to my misfortune.

FRAUD BY A CHELSEA PENSIONER.

The pension board of Chelsea Hospital have lately been made acquainted with a singular fraud, which was practised under the following circumstances: A man passing under the name of Beresford, but whose real name is John Conway, a pensioner of the hospital, who had served under his Grace the Duke of Wellington at the battles of Victoria and Waterloo, in the latter of which he lost one of his hands, has been the principal actor in this fraud, in co-operation with a person named Middleton, who is understood to be very respectably connected. The dupe is Mr. Langley, a retired tradesman, now staying in London, but formerly a resident in Liverpool, where, by assiduity and perseverance in his business for a number of years, he accumulated a very comfortable independence. About four months ago, Mr. Langley, intending to make a tour through England for the benefit of the impaired health of his wife, was proceeding, accompanied by her, by the Holyhead mail to Chester, when he fell in with Beresford, who was a fellow passenger, but who was, until that time, an entire stranger. Beresford possessed considerable conversational powers, and beguiled the tediousness of the journey by relating his exploits in arms, and hinted that had he but a few hundred pounds he could realize a fortune, as he and a comrade had secreted amongst some ruins in Vittoria, a treasure consisting of gold coin, Spanish dollars and jewelry, to the amount of upwards of £10,000. His comrade, he said, was shot on the battle field of Vittoria, and the secret was confined to himself alone. Mr. Langley readily took the bait, and, after many skilful misrepresentations on the part of Beresford, it was ultimately agreed that the three, accompanied by Middleton, whom Beresford had introduced to his dupes as a person whose services were indispensably necessary, from his knowledge of continental stratagem, to secure the safe transit of the treasure to this country, should forthwith proceed to Vittoria. Mr. Langley undertaking to advance the necessary expenses, and feasting the cheats in the most liberal manner. The projected tour of England was abandoned for that of a visit to the Continent, and they proceeded direct to Falmouth, where they embarked for Lisbon, and arrived after a pleasant voyage. Here Beresford played upon the timidity of Mr. Langley and his wife by representing that the country was in such an unsettled state as to render their proceeding any farther extremely dangerous, and it was finally agreed upon that Mr. and Mrs. Langley should return to Falmouth, while Beresford and his companion prosecuted with vigor the object of their journey, the former having induced Mr. Langley to place in his hands the sum of £150, to defray expenses. Beresford then purchased fire arms, etc. and made every show and preparation for the journey, and Mr. and Mrs. Langley retraced their way back to Falmouth, where Beresford promised to join them at the earliest opportunity.

This he did in about two months, and stated that they had been only partially successful, as they had been obliged to use great