

the melancholy event upon their memory.

A decorous sigh or two, a low, beaming ejaculation, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous offering to the manes of poor George Fortescue, as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to potatoes of fine old hock, they had ceased to discover anything so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness; for on that day, their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged. Yes, Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold, for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words a bill of exchange which passed into his hand for £700 passed out of it for £1,700.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed before hand, that they should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having thus interdicted the only things which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most eligible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled, two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig, the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good, old port and warm madeira carried it against hock, claret and red burgandy, and champagne, stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favorites were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation grew less boisterous, and it turned chiefly on politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the fire more in request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. The rubbers, a cup of coffee, and to be home by 11 o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or six glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting there was a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, grasping sturdily walking canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy.

Four little old men of withered appearance and decrepit walk, and restless eyes sat down by the mercy of Heaven, to celebrate for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon their confines. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed; and when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulses through their veins, they talked of the past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them—and of the future as if it were but a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist, and for three successive years they sat down to one. But it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the last dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten years had shrouded their snow, ate his solitary meal. In his cellar too, had remained, for eight and fifty years, the bottle they had uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him; with a feeble and reluctant grasp, he took the frail memorial of a youthful vow, and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. He saw, as in a mirror, how one by one, the laughing companions of the merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity.

He felt all the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage; and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was his own) and as he drained a glass which he filled, 'to the memory of those who were gone,' the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other, by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy chair, and out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not still extinct till the following day. And this was the LAST DINNER.

THE FLOWER GIRL'S SONG.

I BRING the flowers from the garden's bowers,

To deck the festive scene,
And the roses fair shall wreath the hair
Of beauty's starry queen,
And the rich soft light in the halls to-night
Will make their bright leaves glow,
With the same fresh hue as when they grew
Where silvery waters flow.

For the young proud brow of the warrior now

Is signed by early fame,
He is come once more to his own lov'd shore.
And the friends who love his name:
He has left no shield on the battle field;
The foe alone lies there;
So with garlands gay we strew his way,
And the victor's trophy bear.

And many a dewer for grief's lone hour

With slower step I bring,
And on the bier with the burning tear
My gift for the dead I fling
They are not showers of summer flowers,
Won from the wood and glade;
But a crown more I lay down there,
Of laurel only made.

For the young proud brow of the warrior now

Lies cold and hush'd in sleep;
Yet we may not say that he passed away
And left us but to weep;
For we know he died in his hour of pride,
The honour'd and the brave!
And the leaves that stay when the flowers decay;
We cast upon his grave.

NEW WORKS.

The Chinese as they are: their Moral, Social, and Literary Character. By G. T. Loy.

CHINESE BEAUTIES.

The face of a Chinese female is distinguished by its breadth, and the smallness of the mouth, nose, and eyes; so that, as in the male, when the features are at rest, there is an apparent vacancy, or at least a great lack of expression. I have viewed several hundred at a theatre, when they were collected in the front gallery by themselves, and the idea produced by every face before me was that of incompleteness. The admiration of a white skin is so prevalent, that a great many help the defects of nature by the applications of art, which increases the sense of vacancy in the minds of the beholder. But no sooner do evil or good nature sparkle in their eye, and the lower features melt into a smile, than the deficiency is no longer felt. The smile of a Chinese woman is inexpressibly charming; we seldom see any thing like it, save when the feelings of delight and complacency beam from the eyes of a wife or mistress upon the object of her choice. The eyebrow is sometimes thin and finely arched, which is reckoned one of the highest points of beauty, and might remind us of some of those perfections which classic story has dedicated to the Queen of Beauty. When the face is viewed in profile, there is something seen like a receding from the chin to the highest point of the forehead, or to speak in technical language, the facial angle is less in Chinese ladies than in our own. I remember once being struck with a lady who, by her remarks and smiles, made all gay around her. Her complexion needed no paint, her features were well proportioned, and her teeth like a row of pearls. Kindness and good humor gave a beautiful temperament to every part of her face; the eye was satisfied, till a side view all on a sudden brought this recession of the whole visage under notice; and I had then much ado to persuade myself that it was the individual I had just been admiring. In the general outline of the person, the Chinese females differ from those of the Caucasian variety nearly as much as they do in the form of the head and the lineaments of the face. We miss the expansion of the hip and the graceful flexures of the rising breast, characteristics which both nature and art have conspired to stamp as singularly feminine among those nations where the understanding and the heart have reached the

highest pitch of refinement. The dress of the Chinese females, which is perhaps the most becoming in the world, renders these attributes of a good figure unessential. It is considered as a grace that the shoulders should be low, a quality that belongs to the woman in contradistinction to man. A Chinese who explained the ideas of his countrymen on this subject shrugged up his shoulders when he referred to the characteristic of man, and let them fall as demonstrative of what pertained to womanhood. A curiously wrought collar surrounds the neck, while the vesture hangs loosely from the same point as from a centre, and so favours this admired sinking of the shoulders. The arm is well turned, and comes in place of the neck for the display of natural beauty. The sleeve is short and large, with an embroidered border; so that by a slight motion of the arm the greater part of it may be seen, while the gorgeous needle work helps to set off the fair complexion and the rounded form. The fingers are long and taper, with their ends embellished with nails that in their length do not agree with our idea of what is most becoming. The encouragement given to the growth of the nail seems to have two effects; it keeps the tip of the finger from enlarging, and prevents the nail itself from widening after it has parted from it. The groove on each side of the nail is very deep, so that it can fasten an artificial one of brass for playing upon the Tsing, an instrument strung with wires, with no other means of confinement than the inflexion of its sides. This groove appears deep in my own case, but these curious plectrums would not stay a moment upon my finger when applied to the instrument just mentioned. The love of effect induces them to wear tips of silver upon each of the fingers on some occasions, when the presence of the guitar or the harp does not render their use a matter of necessity. In all this we may easily forgive them; human nature loves to display its perfections on one hand, and to brighten them by the inventions of art on the other.

"KILLING THE FEET" OF THE CHINESE FEMALES.

There is a matter in which we must ever be at odds with them, and that is, the practice of destroying the foot. At five, the rich man's daughter has her foot so firmly bound that, in the native phrase, the whole is killed. The foot below the instep is pressed into a line with the leg, to add to the height of the little sufferer, while two of the toes are bent under the sole, that its breadth may be only of the least dimensions. The agony of such a process it would be hard to estimate; but it is said to last about six weeks, when I suppose the wasting of all the parts and the cessation of many of their functions have rendered the whole insensible to pain. This insensibility to pain is perhaps confined to the outer parts, for the chief person belonging to the temple on the Island of Honan stated, that his sister suffered much anguish in the sole of the foot, or rather in its lower and more central parts. To some inquiries as to whether this practice of destroying the foot was not attended with similar evils in after life, he said no; and as he was a man of intelligence, his verdict may be relied upon. Among the multitudes that come for health and cure to the hospitals, no one has yet been met with whose ailments would be imputed to this source. This is a curious fact, and such as might well lead us to desire a more intimate acquaintance with the anatomy of this morbid organ, that we might see how nature, under the pressure of so great a calamity, has contrived to maintain the intercourse of the arterial and nervous system, and keep the limb from being materially injured by it. The development of the muscles which form the calf of the leg being checked, the limb consequently tapers from its socket down to the foot, without any risings or inflexions. This is regarded as the perfection of beauty by the Chinese, who say the knee of a female is not protuberant, like the knee of the male, and is so well covered, that she can remain kneeling a long time without inconvenience. It is perhaps, less throughout its length than when the foot is allowed to retain its natural size; but whether this be from the want of exercise, which ever acts as a stimulus to muscular deformity, or from the lack of nutriment through functional disturbance, I cannot take upon me to say; but I suspect the former is the real cause; otherwise the matter would grow from bad to worse, till the whole was destroyed by atrophy. A foot, two inches in length, is the ideal of a Chinaman, on which he lavishes the most precious epithets which nature and language can supply. But its beauties are altogether ideal; for when stripped of its gay investments, it is a piteous mass of lifeless integument, which resembles the skin of a washerwoman's hand after it has undergone a long maceration in soap and water. The sight of it is well fitted to excite our compassion, not our commendation—a beautiful limb crushed into a heap of deformity! The thought of seeing a Chinawoman's foot might awaken a smile; but I think I might defy the most merry hearted to laugh, when the loosened bandages disclosed the sad reality to his eye. But fancy has played her part so well, that this piece of ruined nature, which is perhaps seldom or ever seen by men, is treated as the prime essential of all feminine beauty.

Travels in the Himalayan Provinces of

Hindustan and the Punjab. By Mr W. Moorcraft and Mr G. Trebeck.

SUBSIDENCE OF A MOUNTAIN.

About two-thirds up the acclivity of a mountain, about half a mile distant, a little dust was from time to time seen to arise; this presently increased, until an immense cloud spread over and concealed the summit, whilst from underneath it huge blocks of stone were seen rolling and tumbling down the steep. Some of these buried themselves in the ground at the foot of the perpendicular face of the cliff; some slid along the rubbish of previous debris, grinding it to powder, and marking their descent by a line of dust; some bounded along with great velocity and plunged into the river, scattering its waters about in spray. A noise like the pealing of artillery accompanied every considerable fall. In the intervals of a slip, and when the dust was dispersed, the face of the descent was seen broken into ravines, or scored with deep channels, and blackened as if with moisture: About half a mile beyond, and considerably higher than the crumbling mountain, was another whose top was tufted with snow. It was surrounded by others of a more friable nature. It appeared to me that the melting of the snows on the principal mountain, and the want of a sufficient vent for the water, was the cause of the rapid decay of the mountains which surrounded it; for the water which in the summer lodges in the fissures and clefts of the latter, becomes frozen again in winter, and in its expansion tears to pieces the surrounding and superincumbent rock. Again, melting in the summer it percolates through the loosened soil, and undermining projecting portions of the rock, precipitates them into the valley. As, however, rubbish accumulates on the face and at the foot of the mountain, a fresh barrier and buttress are formed, and the work of destruction is arrested for a season.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE LADAKHIS.

They have some singular domestic institutions. When an eldest son marries, the property of his father descends to him, and he is charged with the maintenance of his parents. They may continue to live with him if he and his wife please, if not, he provides them with a separate dwelling. A younger son is usually made a Lama. Should there be more brothers, and they agree to the arrangement, the juniors become inferior husbands to the wife of the elder: all the children, however, are considered as belonging to the head of the family. The younger brothers have no authority, they wait upon the elder as his servants, and can be turned out of doors at his pleasure, without its being incumbent upon him to provide for them. On the death of the eldest brother, his property, authority, and widow devolve upon his next brother.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES IN LADAKH.

The religious service of the Lama, which is performed daily at the Gom-pas, or temples attached to monasteries, consists chiefly of prayers and chanting, in which the formula, 'Om madinpadmehum,' is frequently repeated, and the whole is accompanied with the music of wind instruments, chiefly harmonising with the tabrets and drums. Amongst the former is a sliding trumpet of large size, which is upheld by one man whilst blown by another, and has a very deep and majestic intonation; a haut boy, the reed of which is surrounded by a circular plate covering the mouth, and the conch shell with a copper mouth piece; metallic cymbals, much more mellow and sonorous than others, complete the band. These musical accompaniments are not confined to temples, but form part of the state of the higher secular dignitaries, and the Raja is always preceded by minstrels and musicians when he leaves his palace. On religious festivals part of the ceremony consists in rude dramatic representations by the Lamas, of animals, of human persons, supernatural beings; and the masks which are worn on these occasions surpass in ingenuity and grotesqueness those of all ancient or modern times. They are not unfrequently modelled after nature; and I witnessed the representations of a Darby and Joan by two Lamas, the features of which were exaggerated portraits of an old couple in the city. The persons so disguised perform dances, which are said sometimes to have a mystical or symbolic import.

From Mr and Mrs Hall's Ireland. IRISHWOMEN.

Amid the want so often attendant upon the young and thoughtless marriages of the Irish peasantry, it is wonderful to note how closely heart clings to heart. Poverty, the most severe and prolonged, rarely creates animosity; and still more rarely separation. The fidelity of the Irish wife is proverbial; she will endure labour, hunger, and even ill usage, to an almost incredible extent, rather than break the marriage vow: we have known cases in abundance. 'He beat me, ma'am, long ago; but I never thought more of it since; and yet that didn't hurt me half so much as he's saying that may-be little Ned wasn't his; that's breaking the heart in me intirely, though I know he didn't mean it, and that it was the temper that spoke in him—the weary on it for temper!—I've known nothing but hardship—since I married him; but I didn't complain of that; we both expected nothing else; and I didn't make a hasty stroke, for it's hard on him to see us wanting a potato, and he wet and weary—an old man before his time with the slavery—and, thought I put little Needy to bed