

## Literature, &amp;c.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

## THE LAWYER'S TWO VISITS.

HERE I discovered a connecting chain between my two visits which was quite romantic: the son of Elwyn, it appeared, was the detected lover of the poor disinherited Alice Mostyn. I did not, however, inform the father and mother of the distressing object of my late visit in Cavendish Square, deeming that their cup of grief was full enough already without the addition of another drop on my part. I merely contented myself with saying, 'Since Lady Mostyn is your kind friend, do you not think she might assist you in your difficulties?'

'I am sure she would, if it were in her power,' replied Elwyn; 'but Sir William, fearful of her liberal spirit, exacts from her an account of the large sums with which he ostentatiously supplies her. I could not ask her for two hundred pounds, but some slight assistance I am persuaded she will be able and willing to afford us. My poor Joanna's health requires medical advice and our termagant landlady is clamorous for the three months' arrears of her rent. All that I possess to meet these demands,' he continued with a melancholy smile, 'is comprised in a manuscript tragedy which has been rejected by both houses, a half-finished epic poem, and a collection of sonnets, which if not most musical, are certainly most melancholy.'

'Lady Mostyn will probably soon be a free agent,' said I; 'Sir William was not expected to live when I left the house a few hours ago.'

'Is it, indeed, so?' exclaimed Elwyn, clasping his hands. 'I forgive him all the injury he has done to me, I pray that he may be also forgiven and accepted by God.'

'From my heart I join in the prayer,' said Mrs. Elwyn, whose suppressed sobbing showed that the intelligence, if not painful, was least very agitating to her. 'I was wondering in my mind at these manifestations of excitement in my new friends, when I was startled by a loud knock at the street door. You may know some people by their knock, as well as you may know some musicians by their touch; and Zechariah Briggs was quite a Paganini in his way: his succession of little quick staccato raps could not be mistaken. My heart ached for poor Elwyn. I knew Zechariah's merciless disposition, and utter want of feeling, and I anticipated that, impatient at my delay, he had followed me to add his own voluntary insults to my compelled persecution of his unfortunate debtor. Zechariah was ushered in by the sulky cross landlady, who was arrayed in curl papers, a dingy cap, and a still darker frown. She apparently closed the door, but left it a slight ajar, and as I sat near it, I could discern that she had taken up her station in the passage in the honorable character of a listener. I was perfectly electrified at the appearance of Zechariah; he was dressed in his very best attire, such as he wore when he waited on heedless young nobleman to settle the terms of a mortgage with them, a benevolent smile sat on his countenance, and diamond studs sparkled in his shirt; in his left hand he held a new superfine hat, and his right, laden with glittering rings, he extended to the surprised Elwyn.'

'I have hastened to you, my dear sir,' he said, 'fearing that my good young friend, in his zeal for my interests, might possibly induce you to suppose that I was in a hurry for the little sum which I had the pleasure of advancing to you. In fact, I have never ceased to blame myself for directing him to trouble you about it all, and I must insist that you take your own time to repay me. A man of your intellect, my excellent friend, (if you will permit me to call you so,) is sure to die rich.'

'If I either live or die rich, Mr. Briggs,' said Elwyn, just touching the fingers of the Moneylender, 'I am persuaded that I shall not have to thank my intellect for it. I am rather disposed to conjecture, by your unexpected urbanity, that the report which I have heard is true, and that Sir William Mostyn is in imminent danger.'

I do not trust to reports, my dear sir, replied Zechariah; 'in passing through Cavendish Square, about an hour ago, I perceived Sir William Mostyn's house closed up. I inquired the cause of the servants, who informed me that their master's death had just taken place, and I rejoice that I have the pleasure of being the first to congratulate the new waronnet and his lady.'

I looked with amazement on Zechariah, who sat playfully twirling the bottoms of his black velvet waistcoat, and could not help thinking that a strait waistcoat would be a more appropriate garment for him; but Sir Henry Mostyn for such indeed was his name, turned to me and said, 'Strange as these circumstances may appear, they are no less true; my brother cast me off in displeasure at the disappointment which my marriage inflicted on his ambitious views, and when I returned to England in poverty, after a residence of four and twenty years on the continent, I determined that I would not make myself known to any of my still surviving friends, but call myself by the name of Elwyn, which I intended to adopt as a writer. Joanna, however, while abroad, had frequently corresponded with her sister-in-law, who had been her early schoolfellow, and who had endeavored, although without success, to induce her husband to be reconciled to us; we therefore waited on Lady Mostyn, and informed her of all our plans, she eagerly forwarded the scheme of introducing our son into her family as an artist, in hopes that he might win the favor of Sir William, but that expectation, as you know, proved completely fallacious. I have only now to return my thanks to Mr Briggs for his long delayed lenity, and to tell him that I will take advantage of his kind trust in my honor till to-morrow, when I will repay him, with gratitude to Heaven for having enabled me so to do.'

Zechariah, after a few more speeches to Sir Henry of congratulation and compliment, and a hint to his lady, that she could not employ a better agent than himself whenever she wished to purchase diamonds, shuffled out of the room, and we were all relieved by his departure.

It appeared that when Elwyn wished to raise two hundred pounds, he imparted to Zechariah his relationship to Sir William Mostyn. Sir William was just then in one of his fits of fancied illness, when he declared to everybody who called on him the impossibility of his living a week. Zechariah heard of this circumstance, and cheerfully advanced the money, delighted in the idea of obliging the new baronet; but when Sir William recovered, and it became uncertain whether there would be a new baronet at all, the money lender began bitterly to repent of his speculation, and poor Elwyn would shortly have exchanged his snabby lodgings for a prison, had not the death of his brother given him the preferable option of exchanging them both for a mansion in Cavendish Square.

While he was telling me of these circumstances, the landlady, who had accompanied Zechariah to the door, and then visited her own apartment, re-entered. The time had been well employed; she had a profusion of curls sporting beneath a cap trimmed with rose colored ribbons, her countenance was beaming with smiles, and her voice, to quote from an amusing writer, was 'like honey spread upon velvet.' She addressed herself to the new Lady Mostyn.

'I am sure, my dear lady,' she said, 'I have never been happy since I used the few hasty words to you about the trifle owing to me. I had rather give it up entirely than look forward to the grief of losing you. I am sure, when I think of the illnesses I have nursed you through, and the care I have taken of you, I seem to feel ten times more attached to you than if you had always been strong and healthy, and never stood in need of my little attentions.'

Joanna, meek as she was, did not respond very courteously to this address: visions of ill-made arrow-root, thick gruel, and weak beef tea, came across her mind, coupled with recollections of sullen looks, unanswered bells, and audible stage asides, about 'the deal of trouble that invalids give in a house.'

'As we are about to leave you, Mrs. Carter,' she said, 'we will not enter into any discussion of the past. I will trouble you to send my son to us as soon as he returns.'

'He is now speaking to Zechariah Briggs, at the corner of the street,' said Sir Henry, who was standing at the window; 'I think I can account for him that, when he has once heard his communication, he will not waste a moment in coming to us.'

Mrs. Carter left the room, expressing aloud the delight she always felt in opening the door for the 'sweet young gentleman,' whose muddy boots she had anathematized that very morning in no measured or gentle terms. A quick step was heard on the stairs, and the lover of Alice Mostyn entered; he was hand-

some enough to be the hero of one of his own pictures, and I could scarcely blame Alice for her prepossession. His mother threw herself into his arms: her excited feelings found vent in tears, and I took my departure, feeling that I filled a superfluous place in a family group, far transcending in interest all that had ever been traced by the pencil of the young artist who formed a prominent figure in it.

Six months have elapsed since I paid 'my two visits,' and all the characters concerned in them stand in a different position from that which they occupied on that eventful day. The poor disinherited Alice could scarcely believe her happiness when her humble lover was introduced to her by her mother as her wealthy cousin, and Louisa, who had shared with soothing sympathy in the sorrows of her sister, shared with warm enthusiasm in her joys. Lady Mostyn had not verified the kind predictions of her husband by locating herself either in a damp cottage, a watering place first floor, or a continental second floor. Joanna, delicate in frame, and nervous in mind, absolutely shrank from the idea of entering the fashionable world which was now to be her appropriate sphere, without the sanction and protection of her beloved sister-in-law, and, at the earnest intercession of herself and her husband, Lady Mostyn and her daughters occupy a suite of apartments both in Cavendish Square and at Woodlands. Many people pity the widow for no longer having an establishment of her own, but in reality she is far more the mistress of herself, her time, her money, and her daughters, than she was when her every action was submitted to the prying and fault-seeking criticism of Sir William. Miss Crawley was bitterly disappointed by the death of the baronet, he had always assured her that he had bequeathed to her a legacy equal in value to a thousand pounds, and she felt magnanimously indifferent whether it was in houses or lands, consols or South Sea stock. The legacy, however, proved to be a diary which Sir William had been keeping for the last quarter of a century. He had frequently read portions of it to Miss Crawley, and they had always excited her rapturous applause, and regret that such a treasure should be lost to the public! Sir William modestly rated the copy-right at a thousand pounds, and generously gave to Miss Crawley the sole authority over it. The anxious legatee journeyed with her merchandise from Conduit street to New Burlington street, and from Albemarle street to Paternoster Row, but the most indefatigable reader of the most enterprising publisher could not contrive to do more than get through a dozen pages of the baronet's prising, laborious conceited egotisms.

All declined the copyright, and at length Miss Crawley courageously resolved to publish the work on her account. Sir Henry Mostyn here stepped in: he was desirous to prevent the exposure of the meanness and littleness of his brother's character; he gave Miss Crawley an hundred pounds for the manuscript, and then committed it to the flames. Miss Crawley was highly pleased with the bargain, and, as a mark of gratitude to the family, wrote an elegy on the death of Sir William, the last line of which appeared to me to display a remarkable combination of sentiment, truth, and resignation—it was, 'We would not wish these back again!' She then took her leave of Cavendish Square, and accepted the office of companion to a snappish old dowager of quality, who had quarrelled with all her friends, because they would speak such plain truths to her! Sir Henry Mostyn and his son derive one advantage from their change of situation—their talents are now fully appreciated by the world. Sir Henry is overwhelmed with a perfect avalanche of albums, in which he is entreated to write, and no one of his acquaintance ventures even to purchase an annual without consulting him as to the choice of it. Mostyn is considered the paragon of artists, and is constantly favoured with offers of sittings from young ladies with large eyes, Grecian noses, and coral lips, and would be quite delighted if he could make any thing of them. These offers however, have lately rather declined in number, for Mostyn's engagement is now generally known, and the young ladies are aware that, whatever the amateur artist may 'make of them,' he will certainly not make a bride of any one but his fair cousin Alice. I have not yet mentioned myself, but I am beyond description happier at present than I was this day six months. Then, I was compelled unwillingly to prepare a codicil

for the disinheritance of the sweet Alice Mostyn, and now I have received direction from Sir Henry to make ready a munificent marriage settlement, which will lavishly endow her with worldly goods, at the same time that she receives the greater good—an excellent husband.

## THE WIDOW IN WANT OF A HUSBAND.

SHE became every day, more kind and more familiar; she took a thousand little liberties which she had never before ventured to take, as if to show him, that although he was not, as yet really her husband, she was nevertheless his very loving widow, and considered herself within a shade of being his affectionate wife.

Thus, if she had only to lean forward to stir the fire, or lift the kettle off, she could not do so without resting one hand on his knee, or if he had been out, she fancied the dust had settled on his face, and in the corners of his eyes, and she would wet the corner of a towel, and with many endearing terms make him hold up his head, while she wiped his face. When her collar got crumpled, she came to Guff to have it pulled down; if a pin was wrong in the back of her gown, she came to have it pulled out. Then she thanked him in such a way, and looked at him so sweetly, that Gregory was sometimes compelled to go down to Parson Freedom's and prevail upon him to read a few passages of his manuscript 'History and Antiquities of Sutton cum-Bottersford, before he could again thoroughly recover himself. Then she was always leaving something about in Gregory's bed-room, either on the drawers or chairs, or upon the bed itself; sometimes a collar, a bonnet, a front of a slipper, for the widow had a very small and handsome foot; and trifling as such matters were, they sometimes played the very deuce with Gregory. But the great master stroke was the hanging up of her own portrait in Guff's chamber, even opposite the very foot of the bed.

That portrait made sad havoc with him. There it hung—even with the same quiet, killing look—let him turn which ever way he would those tender eyes still followed him; that portrait would have upset even the philosophy of an Epicurus. Then there was something very reproachful in the little landscape which the artist had struck under the arm, for there was a church in it. It seemed to say, 'come and marry me!'—and looked as if it had brought the church with it; and as the other hand bore a prayer book, threatened to read the ceremony itself, and without the help of a parson, to marry the first comer. He never awoke in a morning, but those eyes seemed to reproach him for lying alone; he never went to bed at night without the map appearing to follow him, as if they said, 'Oh, Mr. Guff! how can you sleep by yourself!—That picture did more towards bringing matters to a climax than all the widow's previous kindnesses.—Godfrey Malvern

From Battles of the British Navy, by Joseph Allen, of Greenwich Hospital.

## CAPTURE OF THE HERMIONE.

ON the 21st of May, the British 28 gun frigate Active, Captain Herbert Sawyer, and 18 gun sloop Favourite, Philemon Pownall, cruising off Cadix, in the hope of intercepting a rich ship expected from Lima, discovered and gave chase to the Spanish register ship Hermione. Having arrived up with her Captain Sawyer hailed the frigate, and informing them of the war, requested the Spanish captain to strike. This the captain, being unprovided for a defence, after a short time submitted to, and possession was taken of the most valuable prize which had been taken throughout the war. The net proceeds of the Hermione's cargo amounted to £519,705 1s 9d.

The treasure from the Hermione was landed at Portsmouth, and conveyed to London in twenty waggons, decorated with British colours over Spanish, and under escort of a party of sailors.

They made a grand procession, and entered London on the 12th of August, the day on which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (his late Majesty King George IV.) was born, and materially contributed to increase the joy incident on that occasion.

From the Illustrated London News.

## SIR G. MURRAY, G.C.B., G.C.H.

THE name of Sir George Murray, distinguished as it is, by long and gallant service in the field, and familiar as it has been made by his political connection with the Cabinet, has recently been brought more prominently before the public, as the probable commander in chief of the army, should that honorable and onerous