

## Literature, &amp;c.

The British Magazines.  
FOR JANUARY.From the Pocket Magazine.  
LADY LUCY'S PETITION,  
A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

AND is my dear papa shut in this dismal place to which you are taking me, nurse? asked the Lady Lucy Preston, raising her eyes fearfully to the Tower of London, as the coach in which she was seated with Amy Gradwell, her nurse, drove under the gateway. She trembled, and hid her face in Amy's Cloak, when they alighted and she saw the soldiers on guard, and the sentinels with their crossed pikes before the portals of that part of the fortress where the prisoners of state were confined, and where her own father, Lord Preston, of whom she was come to take her last farewell, was then confined under the sentence of death.

'Yes, my dear child,' returned Amy, sorrowfully, 'my lord your father is indeed within these sad walls. You are now going to visit him; shall you be afraid of entering this place, my dear?'

'No,' replied Lady Lucy resolutely; 'I am not afraid of going to any place where my dear papa is.'

Yet she clung closer to the arms of her attendant as they were admitted into the gloomy precincts of the buildings, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her, and she whispered to her nurse, 'Was it not here that the two young princes, Edward V. and his brother Richard Duke of York were murdered by their cruel uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester?'

'Yes, my love it was; but do not be alarmed on that account, for no one will harm you,' said old Amy in an encouraging tone.

'And was not good King Henry VI. murdered here also by that same wicked Richard?' continued the little girl, whose imagination was full of the records of the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally-celebrated place, many of which had been related to her by Bridget Holdworth, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower on a charge of high treason.

'But do you think they will murder papa, nurse?' pursued the child, as they began to ascend the stairs leading to the apartment in which the unfortunate nobleman was confined.

'Hush—hush! dear child, you must not talk of these things here,' said Amy, 'or they will shut us both up in a room with bolts and bars, instead of admitting us to see my lord your father.'

Lady Lucy pressed closer to her nurse's side, and was silent till they were ushered into the room where her father was confined, when forgetting everything else in her joy at seeing him again, she sprang into his arms, and almost stifled him with her kisses.

Lord Preston was greatly affected at the sight of his little daughter; and overcome by her passionate demonstrations of fondness, his own anguish at the thought of his approaching separation from her, and the idea of leaving her an orphan at her tender age (for she had only just completed her ninth year, and had lost her mother), he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears.

'Why do you cry, dear papa?' asked the innocent child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. 'And why will you not leave this gloomy place, and come home to your own hall again?'

'Attend to me, Lucy, and I will tell you the cause of my grief,' said her father seating the little girl on his knee. 'I shall never come home again, for I have been condemned to die for high treason, which means an offence against the king, and I shall not leave this place till they bring me forth on Tower Hill, where they will cut off my head with a sharp axe, and set it up afterwards over Temple-Bar or London Bridge.'

At this terrible intelligence Lady Lucy screamed aloud and hid her face in her father's bosom, which she wetted with her tears.

'Be composed my dear child,' said Lord Preston, 'for I have much to say to you, and we may never meet again on this side of the grave.'

'No, no! dear papa,' cried she; 'they shall not kill you, for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they shall not be able to cut your head off; and I will tell them all how good and kind you are, and then they will not want to kill you.'

'My dearest love this is all simple talking,' said Lord Preston. 'I have offended against the law as it is at present established, by trying to have my old master, King James, restored to the throne, and therefore I must die. Do not you remember, Lucy, I took you once to Whitehall to see King James, and how kindly he spoke to you?'

'Oh yes, papa, and I recollect he laid his hand on my head, and said I was like what his daughter the Princess of Orange was at my age,' replied Lady Lucy with great animation.

'Well, my child, very shortly after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who married his daughter, came over to England, and drove King James out of his palace and kingdom, and the people made him and the Princess of Orange king and queen in his stead.'

'But was it not very wicked of the Princess of Orange to join with her husband to take her father's kingdom from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her,' said Lady Lucy earnestly.

'Hush—hush! my love, you must not talk so of the Princess of Orange, for perhaps she considered she was doing right in depriving her father of his dominions, because he had embraced the Catholic religion, and it is against the law for a king of England to be a Catholic. Yet I confess I did not believe she would have consented to sign the death-warrants of so many of her father's old servants, only on account of their faithful attachment to him,' said Lord Preston with a sigh.

'I have heard that the Princess of Orange is of a merciful disposition,' said old Amy Gradwell, advancing towards her master; 'and perhaps she might be induced to spare your life, my lord, if your pardon were very earnestly intreated of her by some of your own friends.'

'Alas! my good Amy, I have no one who will undertake the perilous office of soliciting the royal grace for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favouring the cause of King James.'

'Dear papa! let me go to the queen and beg for your pardon,' cried lady Lucy with a crimsoned cheek and a sparkling eye. 'I will so beg and pray her to spare your life, dear papa, that she will not have the heart to deny me.'

'Simple child!' exclaimed her father, 'what should you be able to say to the queen that would be of any avail?'

'God would teach me what to say, and He has power also to touch her heart with pity for a child's distress, and to open her ear to my earnest petition.'

Her father clasped her to his bosom, but said, 'Thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the queen, even if thou shouldst be admitted to her presence, my child.'

'Why should I be afraid of speaking to the queen, papa?—for even if she would be angry with me, and answer harshly, I should be thinking too much of you, father, to mind it; or if she were to send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, she could only kill my body, but would have no power at all to hurt my soul, which is under the protection of One who is greater than any king or queen on earth.'

'You are right, my child, to fear God and to have no other fear,' said her father. 'It is He who hath perhaps put it into your heart to plead with the queen for my life; which, if it be His pleasure to grant, I shall feel it indeed a happiness for my child to be made the instrument of my deliverance from the perils of death, which now encompass me; but if it should be otherwise, His will be done! He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and he will not forsake my good and dutiful child when I am low in the dust.'

'But how will lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence, my lord?' asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of the scene between the father and the child.

'I will write a letter to her godmother, the lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter.'

He then wrote a few hasty lines to that lady, which he gave to his daughter, telling her she was to go the next day to Hampton Court, properly attended, and to obtain a sight of lady Clarendon, who was there in waiting upon the queen, and deliver that letter to her with her own hand. He then kissed his child tenderly, and bade her farewell. Though the little girl wept at parting with her father, yet she left the Tower with a far more composed mind than she entered it, for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope. She had silently committed her cause to God, and she trusted that he would dispose the event prosperously for her.

The next morning, before the lark had sung her matins, lady Lucy was up, and dressed in a suit of deep mourning, which Amy had provided as the most suitable garb for a daughter whose only surviving parent was under sentence of death. The servants, who had been informed of their young lady's intention to solicit the queen for her father's pardon, were all assembled in the entrance hall to see her depart; and as she passed through them, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, they shed tears, and bade God bless her, and prosper her in her design.

Lady Lucy arrived at Hampton Court, was introduced into the Countess of Clarendon's apartments before she was out of bed, and having told her artless tale with great earnestness, delivered her father's letter. Lady Clarendon who was wife to the Queen's uncle, was very kind to her young god-daughter, but plainly told her she must reckon with her influence with the queen, because the Earl of Clarendon was in disgrace on account of being suspected of carrying on a correspondence with King James, his brother-in-law, therefore she dare not solicit the queen on behalf of her friend Lord Preston, against whom her majesty was so deeply exasperated, that she declared she would not show him any mercy.

'Oh! said the little girl, 'if I could only see the queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me, for I should plead so earnestly to her for my dear papa's life, that she could not refuse me, I'm sure.'

'Poor child! what could you say to the queen?' asked the countess compassionately.

'Oh let me see her and you shall hear,' rejoined Lady Lucy.

'Well, my love, it were a pity but what thou shouldst have the opportunity,' said lady Clarendon; 'but much I fear thy little heart will fail thee, and when thou seest the queen face to face, thou wilt not be able to utter a syllable.'

'God will direct the words of my lips,' said the little girl with tears in her eyes.

The countess was impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her little god-daughter, and she hastened to rise and dress, that she might conduct the child into the palace-gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking after her return from chapel, which she attended every morning. Her Majesty had not left the chapel when Lady Clarendon and Lady Lucy entered the gallery; and her ladyship endeavoured to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend by pointing out to her the portraits with which it was adorned.

'I know that gentleman well,' said the child, pointing to a noble whole-length portrait of James II.

'That is the portrait of the deposed King James, queen Mary's father,' observed the countess, sighing; 'and a very striking likeness it is of that unfortunate monarch. But hark, here comes the queen with her chamberlain and ladies, from chapel; now, Lucy is the time. I will step into the recess yonder, but you must remain alone, standing where you are; and when her majesty approaches near enough, kneel down on one knee before her, and present your father's petition. She who walks a little in advance of the other ladies is the queen. Be of good courage and address yourself to her.'

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart fluttered violently when she found herself alone, but her resolution did not fail her; and while her lips moved silently in fervent prayer to the Almighty for his assistance in this trying moment, she stood with folded hands, pale, but composed, and motionless as a statue, awaiting the queen's approach; and when her majesty drew near the spot, she advanced a step forward, knelt, and presented the petition.

The extreme beauty of the child, her deep mourning, the touching sadness of her look and manner, and, above all, the streaming tears which bedewed her face, excited the queen's attention and interest: she paused, spoke kindly to her, and took the offered paper; but when she saw the name of Lord Preston, her colour rose. She frowned, cast the petition from her, and would have passed on; but Lucy, who had watched her countenance with a degree of anxiety that amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping the queen's robe, cried in an imploring tone, 'Spare my father—my dear, dear father, royal lady! Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things, but she forgot them all in her sore distress, and could only repeat the words, 'Mercy, mercy for my father, gracious queen! till her vehement emotion choked her voice, and throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned her head against her majesty's person for support, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always peculiarly touching, but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were more than commonly affecting. It was a daughter, not beyond the season of infancy, overmastering the timidity of that tender age, to become a suppliant to an offended sovereign for the life of a father. Queen Mary pitied the distress of her young petitioner; but she considered the death of Lord Preston as a measure of political necessity; she therefore told Lucy mildly, but firmly, that she could not grant her request.

'But he is good and kind to every one,' Lucy, raising her blue eyes, which were swimming in tears, to the face of the queen.

'He may be so to you, child,' returned her majesty; 'but he has broken the laws of his country, and therefore he must die.'

'But you can pardon him if you chose to do so, madam,' replied Lucy; 'and I have read that God is well pleased with those who forgive; for he has said "Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."'

'It does not become a girl like you to attempt to instruct me,' replied the queen gravely. 'I am acquainted with my duty; and as it is my place to administer justice impartially, it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be for me to deny the request of so dutiful a child.'

Lucy did not reply; she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen and then turned then expressively on the portrait of King James, opposite to which her majesty was standing. There was something in that look that bore no common meaning; and the queen, whose curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child, could not refrain from asking wherefore she gazed so earnestly upon that picture?

'I was thinking replied Lady Lucy, 'how strange it was that you should wish to kill my father, only because he loved yours so faithfully.'

This wise but artless reproof, from the lips of infant innocence, went to the heart of the queen; she raised her eyes to the once dear and honoured countenance of a parent, who, whatever were his political errors as a king, or his offences against others had ever been the tenderest of parents to her; and the remembrance that he was an exile in a foreign land, relying on the bounty of strangers for his daily bread while she and her husband were invested with the regal inheritance of which he had been deprived, pressed upon her the thought of the contrast of her conduct as a daughter

when compared with the filial piety of the child before her, whom a sentence of death was about to render an orphan. It smote up on her heart, and she burst into tears.

'Rise, dear child,' said she; 'thou hast prevailed—thy father shall not die. I grant his pardon at thy entreaty—thy filial love has saved him.'

From Friends in Council.  
THE ART OF LIVING WITH  
OTHERS.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of: social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have knowledge of it with regard to the world in general: they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are being vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, 'Why are these stars; why this difference; why not one star.'

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and question their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact, that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is, to avoid having stock subjects of dispute. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said,

'Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of a domestic day.' But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contentions is the best mode for arriving at truth: but certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if he were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons the judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to is that of which may be called criticism over the shoulder. 'Has I been consulted?'—'Had you listened to me?'—'But you always'—and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we most likely think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give, and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being for what we know, infinite); but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates; and it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful looking rooms, with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is heaven and hell in those rooms, the same heaven and hell that we have known in others.

From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.  
HOME.

BY CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY.  
'Life's choicest blessings centre all at home.'  
Home! in that one simple little word what a multiplicity of delightful ideas arise within the mind! what a variety of pleasing associa-