

The surgeon kneeled down beside him, placed his hand over the dead man's heart, raised his arm, and held his pulse for a moment, then replaced the hand by his side in silence. I remember seeing the grass that he had plucked, dropping from the stiffening fingers.

'Lift the body into the carriage, and drive to Kildare-street, said the physician, addressing the servants.

Poor Mary Chadleigh was long held in ignorance of this, to her, overwhelming catastrophe. At length, however, it could be no longer concealed; and the revelation was followed by a brain-fever, which first threatened her life, and then her reason. She recovered however, with a mind unimpaired, though with a shattered constitution. With her younger brother and her child, the youthful widow found an asylum for years in England, until the death of Sir Arthur put her in possession of the fortune which his will could not control.

One circumstance connected with the history of Jennings' fate, however, never reached her ear. I had taken care to procure, though not without considerable difficulty at starting, the fullest evidence of the marriage, and afterwards learned, from the younger brother, whose return had, perhaps, precipitated the catastrophe, a circumstance which accounted for what had, for a time, appeared to me the gratuitous villany of Jennings, in himself of denying, and suborning others to deny, a marriage, whose existence was necessary to protect Miss Chadleigh from the agonizing degradation, the appalling ruin, with which she had been so imminently, though unconsciously, threatened. Jennings, it seemed, had actually married a woman of very equivocal rank, and more than equivocal character, in India. There were circumstances, which made the validity of this marriage doubtful, and the woman herself had left him, and formed a vicious connection there; so that he had regarded the marriage as dissolved by mutual consent, and never reckoned upon the remote contingency of her turning up, by any accident. By a fatal coincidence, however, it happened, that of the few individuals who knew of this connexion, his intimate and confidential friend, Captain Chadleigh, had been one. His supposed death had, however, quieted those alarms, which would have precluded the moral possibility of Jennings' hazarding the audacious step which ended so fatally for himself, and the unexpected and impending return of Chadleigh was the first event which recalled the reckless and unprincipled man to a sense of his actual position. How often is crime unavailing for its meditated purpose, and effective only for the ruin of him who plans it. While Jennings was stoutly denying his marriage with Mary Chadleigh, to avoid the fancied danger of a prosecution, the poor young lady's brother was bringing with him tidings of the death (long previous to his marriage with Miss Chadleigh) of the woman, whose claim upon his hand had driven him to the selfish and desperate expedient of denying his union with the too-confiding creature whom his ardent and impetuous pursuit had won to life-long sorrow. Yet I have lived to see the offspring of this inauspicious marriage—Arthur Chadleigh, a member of parliament, and the sole inheritor of the great Chadleigh estates in Ireland.

MISCELLANY.

ORIGIN OF "THE MARSEILLAISE."—M. de Lamartine, in his *Histoire des Girondins*, just published in Paris, gives the following account of the origin of the French national air—'The Marseillaise.'

In the garrison of Strasburg was quartered a young artillery officer, named Rouget de Lisle, a native of Louis de Salnier, in the Jura. He had a great taste for music and poetry, and often entertained his comrades during their long and tedious hours in the garden. Sought after for his musical and poetical talent, he was a frequent and familiar guest at the house of one Dietrich, an Alsatian patriot, mayor of Strasburg. The winter of 1792 was a period of great scarcity at Strasburg. The house of Dietrich was poor, his table was frugal, but a seat was always open to Rouget de Lisle. One day there was nothing but bread and some slices of smoked ham on the table. Dietrich, regarding the young officer, said to him, with sad serenity: 'Abundance fails at our boards; but what matters that if enthusiasm fails not at our civic fetes, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a last bottle of wine in my cellar. Bring it,' said he to one of his daughters, 'and let us drink France and Liberty! Strasburg should have its patriotic solemnity. De Lisle must draw from these last drops one of those hymns which raise the soul of the people.'

The wine was brought and drank; after which the officer departed. The night was cold. De Lisle was thoughtful. His heart was moved, his head heated. He returned staggering to his solitary room, and slowly sought inspiration sometimes in the fervor of his citizen soul, and anon on the keys of his instrument, composing now the air before the words, and then the words before the air. He sung all and wrote nothing, and at last exhausted, fell asleep with his head resting on his instrument, and awoke not till day-break. The music of the night returned to his mind like the impression of a dream. He wrote it, and ran to Dietrich, whom he found in the garden digging winter lettuces. The wife and daughters of the old man were not up. Dietrich awoke them and called in some friends, all as passionate

as himself for music, and able to execute the composition of De Lisle. At the first stanza cheeks grew pale; at the second tears flowed; and at last the delirium of enthusiasm burst forth. The wife of Dietrich, his daughters, himself, and the young officer, threw themselves, crying, into each other's arms. The hymn of the country was found. Executed some days afterwards in Strasburg, the new song flew from city to city, and was played by all the popular orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the commencement of the sittings of the clubs; and the Marseillaises spread it through France; singing it along the public roads. From this came the name of 'Marseillaise.'

HEBREW MUSICIANS.—I speak not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it in the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers—not an orchestra in a single capital—that are not crowded with our children under the feigned name which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate—too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary hands however eminent.—Enough for us that the three creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meperbeer, Mendelssoh—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your 'Muscadians' of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into rapture at the notes of a Pasta or Grisi; little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel!—*Coningsby*.

EFFECT OF MUSIC.—Major Denham, when in Africa, exhibited a musical snuff-box to the Sheik of Bornou, who was greatly astonished, and exclaimed several times, 'Wonderful, wonderful!' His feelings were completely overcome by the sweetness of a popular Swiss air. He covered his face with his hand, and remained silent; and a man near him breaking the charm with a loud exclamation, he struck him a blow, which made all his followers tremble. He asked 'If one twice as large would not be better?' The reply was, 'Yes, but it would be twice as dear.' He exclaimed, 'It would be cheap if it cost a thousand dollars.'

SCOLDING MATCH EXTRAORDINARY.—O'CONNELL AND THE WIDOW.

In Madden's 'Revelations of Ireland' we find a whimsical account of a scolding match between the late Mr. O'Connell, then a young man just called to the bar, and one Biddy Moriarty, an ancient widow, who kept a huxter's stall in one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts, and whose powers of abuse were notorious from one end of Dublin to the other. The *lingual duella* was the result of a wager, Mr. O'Connell backing himself to outscold and silence the virago. The result is thus described:—

The party adjourned to the huxter's stall, and there was the owner herself, superintending the scale of her small wares—a few loungers and ragged idlers were hanging round her stall, for Biddy was a 'character,' and in her way, was one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connell was very confident of success. He had laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it into practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time, O'Connell's own party, and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack:—

'What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your Name?'

'Moriarty, Sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agen it? and one-and sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth, it's chape as dirt, so it is.'

'One and-sixpence for a walking stick; whew! why, you are no better than an impostor, to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence.'

'Two pence your grandmother,' replied Mrs. Biddy; 'do you mane that it's chating the people I am? impostor indeed!'

'Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth,' rejoined O'Connell.

'Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes.' 'Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*,' cried O'Connell calmly.

'Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger; or by this and that,' cried Mrs. Moriarty, 'I'll make you go quicker nor you came.'

'Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty.'

'By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'd tan your dirty hide you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcase.'

'Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest as I am a gentleman—'

'Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha, by gor, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin sneezer, when did a Madagascar mon-

key like you pick enough of common christian dacency to hide your Kerry brogue?'

'Easy, now—easy, now,' cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humour, 'don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*.' 'What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?' roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

'I call you,' answered O'Connell, 'a *parallelogram*; and a Dublin Judge and Jury will say that it's no libel to call you so.'

'Oh, tare-an-ouns! oh, holly Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a *parrybellygrum* to her face! I'm none of your *parrybellygrums*, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, *platelickin' blig-gard!*'

'Oh, not you, indeed?' retorted O'Connell; 'why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypothense* in your house.'

'It's a lie for you, you b--y robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief.'

'Why, sure all the neighbours know very well that you keep not only a *hypothense*, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heplagon*.'

'Oh, hear that, ye saints of glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the devil fly away with you you micher from Munster, and make celery sauce of your rotten limbs, you mealy-mouthed tub of guts.'

'Ah, can't deny the charge, you miserable *submulti-ple of a duplicate ratio*.'

'Go, rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak, it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Bellzebub.'

'Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old *polygon*—to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering *inter-section of a st-ng superficies!*'

'You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't hold your jaw, I'll—but here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volly of O'Connell had knocked the wind out of her.'

'While I have a tongue, I'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her boys! there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There's contamination in her *circumference*, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *collarries*. Ah! so you're found out, you *reclined antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag! 'Tis with you the devil will fly away, you porter swiping *similitude* of the *bisection* of a *vortex*.'

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

'You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet,' cried the gentleman who proposed the contest.

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in the vituperation; and, having to deal with an ignorant scold, determined to overcome her in volubility, by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in Euclid. With these, and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, unpudent demeanour, he had, for once, imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

CHEESE VERSUS CANNON SHOT.

The greatest annihilation that we have heard of lately, was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Montevidean navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Brown of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers.

'What shall we do, sir?' asked the first lieutenant; 'we've not a single shot aboard—round, grape, canister, and double-headed, are all gone.'

'Powder gone, eh?' asked Coe.

'No, sir—got lots of that yet.'

'We had a very hard cheese—a round Dutch one—for desert at dinner to-day, do you remember it,' said Coe.

'I ought to—I broke the carving knife in trying to cut through it, sir.'

'Are there any more aboard?'

'About two dozen—we took 'em from a drover.'

'Will they go into the 18-pounders?'

'By thunder, Commodore, but that's the idea. I'll try 'em,' cried the first Juff.

'And in a few minutes the fire of old Santa Marie, (Coe's ship) which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck the mainmast, and as it did so shattered and flew in every direction.

'What the devil is that which the enemy is firing?' asked Brown,—but nobody could tell.

Directly another came in through a port and killed two men who stood near him; then, striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into flinters.

'By Jove, this is too much; this is some new-fangled paixian or other—I don't like 'em at all!' cried Brown; and then as four or five more of them came slap through his sails, he gave the order to fill away; and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting broadside of Dutch cheeses.

This is an actual fact, our informant was the first lieutenant of Coe's ship.—*Aristocratic Monitor*.