MARGATE, ISLE OF THANET.

The entry of the Sardinian and French troops was an ovation. From every balcony flowers and wreaths were showered by fair and delicate hands upon the sun-burnt soldiers. The doors, for so many years closed against the Austrian officers, were opened wide to welcome those of Victor Emmanuel and his ally. Quarters were offered—nay, pressed upon them—by the owners of stately palaces. Many even converted the lower portions of them into hospitals, in which the noblest ladies of Italy waited upon the wounded like humble Sisters of Charity. Scarcely a citizen but contrived to find room for one or more soldiers. It was not quarters but a home they found in Milan.

It would be curious to speculate upon the feelings of the two monarchs the first night of their sojourn in the capital of Lombardy. The King of Sardinia must have recollected the night when his father, broken in all but courage, found shelter within its walls—the dastardly, not to say ungrateful, attempt made by an agent of Austria, or some fanatical disciple of Mazzini, upon his life—and his chivalrous heart must have swelled with joy at the thought that Novara was avenged.

Louis Napoleon doubtless had his dreams and recollections too! Before him rose the matchless Duomo, the pride of Milan; matchless, not as a work of art, but as a thing of beauty. Beneath its roof his uncle had assumed the iron crown of Italy, with the vainglorious boast, that "God had given it him; let those beware who touched it." Thus, people are apt to attribute to divine interposition the success of their own worldly schemes. He would not so soon have repented of His work.

It is not a little singular that the first Napoleon twice refused to receive a crown from the hands of the minister of religion; neither Pius VII., in Paris, nor Cardinal Caprara, in Milan, placed the diadem upon the brow of the victorious soldier, who, with arrogant self-confidence, deemed his own hands alone were worthy of the act.

For a successful adventurer, who believed himself the elect of the Most High, it was a singular method of returning thanks.

The crown of Italy! The prize, no doubt, is a splendid one; and the present ruler of France must have experienced something like a pang when he felt it gliding from his grasp, and suspended over the head of Victor Emmanuel. Thoughts that, if he had acted a more open part, Europe might have been less suspicious of his intentions—less opposed to his retaining it—probably presented themselves. At the *present moment*, he felt that to attempt it would be the signal for a general coalition against him. England had given manifest signs that she doubted him. Germany began to rouse and arm herself. He had but one ally, and even there his dependence was doubtful—Russia.

No; the splendid dream had to be relinquished.

(*To be continued.*)

ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

MARGATE.

Joined to London by boat and rail, Margate has become one of the most popular watering-places on the south coast of England. During the season, the influx of visitors is immense; and the whole business of the residents appears to be that of ministering to the pleasures and necessities of these ever-shifting multitudes.

Margate is finely situated, stretching along the shore, and covering the declivities of two hills; and, with the exception of some of the old streets, is well built, well paved, well lighted, and supplied with good water. The humble fishing village, which in course of time has changed to a favourite watering-place, was originally called St. John's, and consisted of a small cluster of huts built round the old church, and having a wooden pier which, in the time of Henry VIII., was described by Leland as "sore decayed." The church, still remaining, is a Norman structure, and contains some interesting brasses, but is chiefly famous for its five bells. The fifth is said to have been cast by a Fleming; and this gave rise to the traditional rhyme:—

> John de Daundelyon with his great dog *
> Brought over this bell on a mill cog.

* Dog is supposed to be the name of the vessel in which this bell was conveyed.

Long before Margate attracted visitors for pleasure, it was frequently selected as a place of embarkation on important occasions; and when we fought the French, it supplied its share both of ships and seamen. Dutch William, and the Duke of Marlborough, and the first two Georges, and Queen Caroline honoured the place with their presence, and gradually it began to assert its importance, and to have its attractions acknowledged. On the hills, and beyond the boundaries of the old town, new houses were erected, and squares, and streets, and terraces—rivalling those of the metropolis itself—appeared. Sailing boats made pleasure trips to Margate, and were known as hoys. Citizens and their wives, professional people, west of Temple Bar, and even aristocracy from the extreme west, went down to Margate in the season—some by coach, but mostly by the hoy, for the sake of the passage. The Margate hoy became a subject for wits to laugh at; it was humorously described in a song which attained considerable popularity; and Charles Lamb wrote an essay on the same subject, full of pithy and quaint expression; Peter Pindar ridiculed, not the hoy, but the hoy's destination, Margate; Gray called it Bartholomew Fair by the sea-side; and Horace Walpole described it as one of those "Abigails in cast gowns that mimic the capital."

But Margate could very well afford to bear the jest and sneers of those who stayed away. So many people came—and those who came were so well pleased, and so ready to come again and again—that the new watering-place asserted its pre-eminence. Its fine sands, pure and salubrious atmosphere, and excellent accommodation, made its rise rapid. The erection of the Sea Bathing Infirmary, the foundation stone laid by Dr. Lettsom, was guarantee of the good sanitary condition of the place; and, as visitors increased, the squares and terraces extended still further, places of amusement, bazaars, and boulevards appeared; bathing machines ranged themselves in order, and Beale, the Quaker, invented the umbrella bathing screen.

In 1817 steam lent its valuable aid to the rising popularity of Margate, and in the height of the

summer of that year a steamer made the voyage in nine hours; whereas the hoys were commonly twenty-four, and sometimes sixty or seventy, hours in the passage. The number of visitors immediately increased and multiplied, and the town was extended and improved as it continued to prosper. The Marine Terrace was faced with a strong sea wall; the Tivoli Gardens, with their shady groves and arcadian attractions, put forth their claims. A pier had already shot out into the sea, and a Doric lighthouse was erected at a cost of £8,000. A town hall and market were erected in 1821. A jetty, more than 1,100 feet long, was completed in 1824; and the new church was finished in 1828. And thus Margate has continued to improve as visitors have become more numerous; and visitors have increased in number in proportion to the facilities afforded for reaching this healthful and agreeable resort: it is not too much to say that 100,000 people visit Margate in the season.

The harbour of Margate lies in a small bay, between two extensive flats of chalk rocks, the Nayland on the west, and the Fulsam on the east, both of which are covered before high water. The artificial harbour is formed by a stone pier, which commences on the eastern side of the bay, around which the town is situated, and extends 800 feet to the westward in an irregular curve, leaving the entrance open to the north-west. The wooden jetty, for the convenience of steamboat passengers, has been extended from the pier. The stone pier is divided into two stages, one raised some feet above the other; the lower forms the quay, and the upper is chiefly used as a promenade by visitors. The lighthouse at the end of the pier is open to inspection, and the view from the summit amply repays the trouble of mounting. The town presents all the usual attractions of a watering-place—assembly rooms, library, theatre, public gardens, bazaars, &c. Besides the various hotels and inns for the reception of visitors, there are many private boarding houses of great respectability; but the crowded condition of all of these places during the season is attended with serious annoyance and discomfort; and the arrangements for the accommodation of visitors in lodging-houses require improvement, if Margate is to sustain its old popularity.

Margate is within the jurisdiction of Dover, and, as a port, is subordinate to Ramsgate. Its name is derived from the *gate*, or sea passage, being close to a *mere*, or streamlet, called the brooks—hence *mere-gate*, or Margate.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN HEIRESS;

OR,

The Old Feud.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRENCH HAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.
Oppression and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

AT last, however, the time I had fixed upon to leave the house came, the coach which had been sent for arrived, and less joyously than, ten days previously, I could have believed it possible I should quit the place where I had suffered so much, I bade it farewell for ever. Crossing the threshold for the last time, I could not but feel sorrow for his grief who had so lately preceded me, as well as deep gratitude and thankfulness to Heaven for the remorseful pity which had been suffered to prevail in my favour.

Poor, tender-hearted little Lucy cried, even amid her smiles at parting, eagerly offering to accompany me, but that was of course impossible. Contenting herself, therefore, with my promise never to forget her, she was soon reconciled to separation.

The noon-day clocks were striking, when I entered the remote suburban street where the Waltons lived; and anxious to reach them quietly, I stopped the coach and got out.

"The servant paid me," said the man, "but what am I to do with this box?" pointing to a large travelling trunk on the roof.

"Take it back to where you received it, I suppose; it's not mine."

"Maybe not, but the woman said as there was a letter inside as would tell you what to do with it, when you got it home."

"But I am not at home at present, and have no means of conveying it there, and as I wish to walk the rest of the way, you must take it back."

"Nay, that I can't, unless you choose to pay me my fare for the job. But why can't I drive it and you home? or if you don't like that, get that baker there to let you leave it in his shop, until you can send for it presently."

Extremely annoyed at this persistency, which forced upon me articles I was most unwilling to receive, I was yet obliged to follow the man's suggestion, as I was entirely without money, and therefore unable to pay him his demand; everything I had in the world being hidden in the old box in the room I had left in —— street. The request for house-room for the unwelcome trunk was, therefore, asked and granted; and once more I started on my way, eagerly and hopefully, for well I knew how glad they to whom I was thus hastening would be to see me.

Older and wiser now, than I was then, and more experienced in the short memories to which the poor so frequently find their friends subject, I have often wondered how it was I had so few misgivings as to my reception, or relied so entirely upon the truth and welcome of those to whom I was almost a stranger. Now, were the same circumstances to occur, I am sure I should not dare to act as I did then, or throw myself so fearlessly upon others; but I was young, and poorly skilled in the world's hard lore; and happily for me, forlorn and friendless as I was, this was not the time, nor the Waltons the people appointed by Providence to increase my wisdom.

Joyfully, then, I sped onwards, and, passing up the little fore-court of the house, remembered in time the warning I had formerly received against ringing; and pushing open the front-door, which stood ajar, went up the dark stairs, past M. de Coutance's room—oh! how I longed to tap, and meet his stare and exclamation of amazement—and stood at last at Mary's door.

It was closed, and I rapped gently, picturing to myself the inmate's start of joy when, in answer to her cheerful "Come in," I should stand before her!

The words did not come, however, and I knocked again.

Still no reply; and at length I ventured to try the handle. It did not move. The door was locked. Mary was certainly out.

Nothing was more natural, or might more rationally have been expected; and yet, somehow, the circumstance threw a strange chill over me. The blank, unyielding door seemed like a sudden barrier between me and happiness, and I shuddered all over.

Why, I cannot tell; for an unexpected visit to one who performed all her little household duties herself, might have resulted thus a dozen times a-week, without being at all extraordinary; and one would usually have sat down on the box outside and waited her return, or left a message with the landlady below; but now a strong foreboding of evil possessed me, and my heart sank.

Presently, however, the necessity of doing something by way of relieving or confirming my fears occurred to me; and retracing my steps, I went back to the Frenchman's door and knocked.

"Entrez—come in!" said the cheery voice.

I obeyed.

The sunlight, shut out from the dark stairs, fell full upon my face as I entered; and recognising me at once, the "poor musician" sprang up, exclaiming, as he clasped his hands—

"Ah! le bon Dieu! est it possible?"

"You did not expect me—you thought I was lost?" I said advancing, and trying to speak easily; "but you see I am come back to torment my friends."

"Heaven be praise! De good hope had vanish. We nevare expect for dis long day past!"

"Yes! I knew you would all be very uneasy, and if I could, I would have relieved your fears; but from the day I left Mary, until now, I have been a prisoner, and my first use of liberty has been to come here, where I knew I should find a welcome. I have been up-stairs to Mary's room, but I found the door locked; is she out? and how are you, and she, and John?"

"Ah, le bon Jon; do you not know?"

"No! what? is anything the matter? Is he ill? Oh, tell me!"

"Oui, yes! mais take a repose first; you trembel, you suffare seeckness, since your depart; pardon me not to see it; permit me to seat you down. Ah, ciel! dis great, what you call ugly, big chaire, not fit for de honeur, mais you pardon. My soul would make it one grand trone, but my poware is noting to my desire."

And bringing it forward eagerly with a deferential bow, and inclination of the hand, he besought me to rest in a large, awkward chair, which was not, however, half so uncomfortable as it looked, but which, if it had been a marvel of ease and grace, instead of ugliness and stiffness, would have been equally unvalued, so great was my anxiety to learn what sorrow had fallen upon my friends.

"Thank you, thank you; it is very nice, very comfortable; but now, please, tell me about John. What has happened? Where is he?"

"In de great hospital of Guy; he suffare a fall, undere de carriage; it go on his leg, and—oh, de poor, good fellow!"

"He has not lost it? Oh, M. de Coutance, do not say that!"

"Non! de holy Saints protect him from dat sorrow, so far, yet he is very seeck and dangerous."

"And where is Mary? poor, poor Mary! Oh, I must go to her this instant; is she here?"

"Ah, non! she depart dat moment, in chambare beside de hospital; sheepare, closare for de viseete to him."

"Has she left the house entirely, then?"

"Oui, yes, for evare."

"Then I must go to her; can you direct me?"

"Helas, non! I forget to remembare de appellations of streets. But I go by de eyes, day by day, for de good madame est so desolée, she laugh to see even my visage."

"Then might I go with you? Oh, do not refuse me."

"Wid me? dans cette miserable habit," and his wan features crimsoned as he glanced upon a costume that was worn more threadbare than ever; "I cannot be escort propare for de honeur of one companion for you in dese robes."

"Indeed, M. de Coutance, you will offend and pain me very much if you say so. Surely you do not think it is a suit of clothes I wish to accompany and take counsel with. If so, you may well hesitate to bestow so much time upon me. I hoped you knew me better."

"Pardon! I was weak, imbecile. But de pride, de ancien memory, will get up sometimes; mais pardon! de Chevalier's heart has not gone fade like his coat. Allons! we will go."

It was a long, hot, tiring walk; but for the sake of the noble spirit that walked beside me, and looked wistfully at every coach-stand, as if longing to call one off, and so spare me the fatigue my tell-tale countenance betrayed so plainly, I kept up bravely, although the noise and bustle of the streets confused and distressed me.

But at last, like all other things, the journey came to an end; and turning abruptly from a densely crowded thoroughfare, we entered a close little street running to the river, and at one of the houses, a shade better than the rest, stopped and went in.

"We are arrive. Ah, madame," said my companion, raising his hat as a pale, emaciated, but gentle-voiced woman came up from the lower regions of the house, "I have de honneur to salute you. I come soon to-day, but I have de happiness to carry wid me une amie, one what you call beloved, of de poor Madame Walton."

"Indeed! I am very glad to hear it. She wants comfort sadly, and the sight of a friend will be truly welcome, I am sure. Will you please go up, sir? Mrs. Walton's at home, I believe. Take care of the stairs, ma'am; they're very old, and you'll find them awkward, I fear."

With a common-place sentence of acknowledgment, I thanked the speaker for her attention, and following my guide up the most dilapidated stairs I had ever trodden, thought how willingly I would climb a ten times worse ascent, for the pleasure of hearing so sweet and kind a voice as that which had addressed me.

Ah! surely, if people but knew the charm which lies in a gentle, courteous manner—the strange fascination it exercises over others—there would be more of that costless politeness which gilds even the lowest poverty; and less of that hard, repulsive tone and demeanour, which the very beasts of the field, if they could speak, would shame to use!

Well, up at the very top of the staircase, which must have been especially gloomy to one who, like Mary, loved trees, and fields, and flowers, with her whole heart, we found her room; and M. de Coutance, tapping gently, and saying, as he turned the door-handle, "It is myself," entered, beckoning me to follow, which I did rather nervously, as I feared the sudden appearance of one whom I knew she lamented deeply, would alarm Mary.

I need not have hesitated, for the poor girl's great sorrow had almost obliterated all lesser ones; and although she started feebly when I advanced into her sight, and rose kindly to meet and greet me, tears rushed to her eyes ere words came to her lips; and exclaiming, "Oh, Miss Bell, my poor John!" she turned away, as if to conceal the emotion she could not conquer.