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THE
LADY'S BOOK.
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THE LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1831.

Philadelphia Fashions for January, 1831.

WALKING DRESS.—Cloak of blue merino cloth, stamped with a black figure; collar of black velvet. Lining of the cloak, white satin. Black velvet hat, very much elevated in front, with a small low crown, and white egret feather. The hat trimmed with broad satin riband. Ruffle for the neck of quilled bobbinet. Blue cloth gaiters.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of lilac aerophane; over, and under-frock, of white satin, with a pointed lapel cape, trimmed with narrow blond edging, laid on plain. The corsage of lilac satin, trimmed also with narrow blond. Sleeves to correspond, having a double row of small points edged with blond, extending from the wrist nearly to the elbow. Scarf, of white blond gauze. Head-dress, a bandeau of pink gauze riband slightly twisted, having scalloped bows at intervals, and a drooping ostrich feather, shaded with pink, is attached and falls over the head.

English Fashions for January, 1831.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of plain velvet; the colour a dark shade of violet; the *corsage* cut very low, and arranged round the upper part of the bust before and behind in drapery folds, the lower part sits close to the shape. Short full sleeves, partially covered by a *manche orientale* of English blond lace, looped on the shoulder by a butterfly bow of satin to correspond with the dress. The skirt is trimmed with a row of English blond lace, arranged in the style of a drapery down the front, and round the upper part of the hem behind; the lace, which is set on rather full, is attached to the dress by a satin *rouleau*. The head-dress is a black velvet hat, with a low crown; the brim, cut *en cœur*, is ornamented on the inside with rose-coloured gauze ribbon, disposed *en tulipe*, and a band of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, which goes from the *cœur* part of the brim across the crown, and terminates behind, *en tulipe*. A similar ornament is attached nearly at the top of the crown. Two rose coloured ostrich feathers are placed upright in front of the crown, and a third behind it falls over the brim on the left side. Ear-rings, and Grecian brooch of burnished gold.

MORNING DRESS.—A Pelisse-gown of white *gros d'hiver*, *corsage a schall*, made quite up to the throat behind, but open at the upper part of the bust, and wrapping across at the *ceinture*. It is trimmed round with four satin *rouleaux*, put very close together, and forming a small point behind, and a single row of lace. The sleeves are *a la Medicis*. The skirt is ornamented with a plain band of satin down the centre, and the two satin *rouleaux* placed on each side of the band at the upper edge of the hem. Hat of *vapeur* satin, trimmed with an intermixture of very small white flowers, and white gauze ribbons. White lace *chemisette*, finished round the throat with a triple *roche* of tulle. The ear-rings, *chemisette* buttons, and *ceinture* buckle, are of plain gold, the latter forming a cypher.

French Fashions for January, 1831.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—A Gown of emerald green *gros de Naples*; the *corsage*, made nearly but not quite up to the throat, is plain behind, and arranged in drapery across the upper part of the front. A narrow lace tucker stands up round the top of the bust. The sleeve is *en gigot*; the hem not quite so deep as usual, and finished at top with two satin *rouleaux* to correspond with the dress. The mantle is of Cachemire: it is striped lavender and white; the latter stripes are printed in a tea-green pattern; it is lined with ruby *peluche*, is made with a high standing collar, and a pelerine that reaches nearly to the knee; the collar, pelerine, and front of the mantle are bordered with *peluche*. Black velvet *capote*, trimmed both inside of the brim and round the crown with *coques* of rose-coloured gauze ribbon. *Bottines* to correspond with the dress.

WALKING DRESS.—A high dress, composed of lavender-coloured *gros des Indes*; the *corsage* disposed both in front and behind in longitudinal folds, which, coming low on the shoulder, and sloping gradually down at each side, from the shape in a most graceful manner. A very high collar, which completely envelopes the throat, and is cut round the top in *dents* resembling foliage. The sleeve is very wide to the turn of the elbow; from thence the fullness is arranged by satin *rouleaux* so as to sit close to the arm. Bonnet of the *demoiselle* shape, and of the same material as the dress, trimmed under the brim with *coques* of *vapeur* gauze ribbon. The crown is low, and of the helmet shape. It is ornamented with high bows of ribbon in front, and knots composed of cut ribbon behind. Lavender-coloured kid boots. A Cashmere shawl, a boa tippet, or a fur pelerine, may be worn with this dress for the promenade.

EVENING DRESS.—A low dress composed of velvet. The colour is violet *d'evêque*. The lower part of the *corsage* is tight to the shape; the upper part arranged in horizontal folds before and behind. *Beret* sleeves, very short, and moderately full. A superb *Marine Faliere* sleeve of white blond lace partially covers the velvet one: it is drawn up in the drapery style, on the shoulder, by a satin bow to correspond with the dress. A fall of blond lace is arranged in the tunic style down the fronts and round the bottom of the hem. It is attached to the dress by a satin *rouleau*. The head-dress is a black velvet *chapeau de Reine*; the crown very low; the brim, divided in the centre, has one side larger than the other. Knots of rose-coloured gauze ribbons adorn the inside of the brim; a *bandeau* of the same, with knots on one side and behind, goes round the crown; and a *bouquet* of rose-coloured ostrich feathers falling in different directions, is placed on one side.

MORNING DRESS.—A *Redingote a la Louise*, of canary-coloured *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* sits close to the shape; and it turns back in the shawl style, so as to form a point on each shoulder, and one in the centre of the back. It comes up to the throat behind, but displays the upper part of the *chemisette* in front. The sleeve is *a la Medicis*. Four *rouleaux* of blue satin, placed near each other, adorn the border of the *corsage*; and a fall of blond lace, set on rather full, is attached to the edge. Two satin *rouleaux* are placed close to each other above the hem; and one marks each side of the front, leaving a small plain space in the centre. The hat is of *gros de Naples* to correspond, trimmed with very pale pink gauze ribbon, and small fancy flowers of the same colour. *Chemisette* of English tulle, finished round the top with a triple frill of the same.

For the Lady's Book.

THE HEART.

VERNEUIL, though born and brought up in France, at a distance, it is true, from the capital, towards the close of the seventeenth century, reached the age of manhood without learning that the golden age was a fable. Every thing, it must be acknowledged, contributed to deceive him. He had not arrived at that time of life when, in individuals of sensitive feelings and ardent temperament, the judgment controls the imagination; nor had he yet learned to prefer the lessons of experience to the brilliant visions which he thought as true as they were pleasing. He loved, or thought he loved, the young and lovely Helen. Educated in the country, unsuspecting and unsophisticated as if the world were yet in its infancy, Helen was not displeased to find herself the idol of his adoration, nor thought that maiden modesty required her to frown upon his vows. He told his passion; and the maid, blushing, but not ashamed, confessed that her heart was not ungrateful.

Verneuil had not yet breathed the dangerously delicious air of Paris; but Parisian belles were a favourite theme of his conversation. He thought himself familiar with their arts, and steeled against their charms, having studied them diligently in comedies and novels. He rejoiced that Helen had never visited the metropolis; and, still more heartily, that the earliest bloom of her beauty had been freshened by the breezes of the Valais. This alone, he thought, was the genial clime of faithful affection. The fascinations of interest or ambition should never allure him from its recesses.

"How sweet to talk of love beneath the shade of these lofty mountains; while nature, even in her most majestic garb, looks on and listens with the smile of an approving parent. Elsewhere the native graces of my Helen might possibly seem too rustic. Other eyes might not admire, like mine, the rose whose tints 'Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,' the lilies fragrant as the breath of spring, and pure as the unfallen snow."

Bound to each other by a young and ardent attachment—dwelling together in the chateau of an amiable Baroness, somewhat advanced in years, sister to the father of Verneuil, and from youth the bosom friend of Helen's deceased mother—day after day the youthful pair talked, uninterrupted, of their present enjoyments and their future happiness. The good lady approved their growing affection; not because they seemed born for each other, but because she designed them to be her heirs, and was pleased to think that her estate would not be divided at her death. This was the motive that induced her to encourage the mutual inclination of her young friends. Content with the result, they looked no further.

An incident at length occurred to disturb the repose of this happy family. A lawsuit of mate-

rial consequence required the presence of the Baroness at the Capital. My children, said she, we must away to Paris.—To Paris! exclaimed Verneuil.—Aye, to Paris. Surely you are not averse to the visit.—Not for myself, but for Helen; perhaps, Helen will find the air of Paris the most delicious in the world. When I was young, nothing charmed me half so much; and I undertake to answer for her. Her silence speaks her wishes; so, not a word from you. I shall proceed at once, so prepare.

The Baroness left her nephew alone with Helen, who showed no uneasiness at the prospect of this sudden change.—I see, said Verneuil, that your silence was indeed intended to signify consent.—I was not even consulted, was her reply.—The Baroness might well take your inclination for granted. If you felt repugnance to the expedition, why not show it, at least by some slight objection?—But why, dear Verneuil, should I have shown what I had no reason to feel?

Such was frequently the tone of their conversation on their way to the capital. The Baroness heeded them not; her thoughts being absorbed by her lawsuit.—Ah! she exclaimed, if my old friend the Duke is still living, I may count on his effectual aid.—Alas, sighed Verneuil, in Paris no one can dispense with a protector; and Helen will be assailed by offers from thousands.—So much the better, said the aunt.—So much the worse, said the nephew.—Helen, in entire simplicity of heart, enquired the meaning of all this.—Nothing, nothing; replied Verneuil, in a paroxysm of impatience. You will find every man of fashion—every hanger on about the court—from pure generosity, anxious to signalize himself as the patron of a beautiful young woman.—And what, asked Helen again, can be more natural or more generous?—Charming simplicity, thought Verneuil, but sadly out of place, except among the hills of the Valais.

It was yet broad day when they arrived; and the Baroness found that forty years had wrought sad changes in her darling Paris. The classic style of building, above all, shocked her taste; and she sighed for the outlawed Gothic.—What enormous windows! she exclaimed: the least of them large enough to light my whole chateau.

Helen, though too dutiful to say so, thought the modern fashion precisely what it ought to be. Her eyes wandered with admiration over the thousand objects that claimed her attention; and every moment presented new sources of delight. Verneuil wondered at nothing but the pleased astonishment of Helen.

The travellers alighted at the door of their relative, the Countess Derigney, where they found a large company awaiting their arrival. This was another cause of disquietude to Verneuil; and his disconcerted air produced some whispered pleasantries. The women, however, decided

among themselves that he was worth forming; and more than one could gladly have taken him in hand. The gentlemen, without exception, felt the same good will for Helen; and doubted not that she would do honour to her tutor. In her most simple remarks they owned a charm which mere simplicity could never have communicated.

Several days elapsed before Verneuil seemed at ease amid the splendid scene in which he moved; but he saw, with indescribable gratification, that his Helen was unchanged. Her eyes glanced rapidly from that which was new to that which was still newer, but her heart never wandered.

Said the Countess Derigny to the Marquis de Sericour, her favoured admirer—Those two children are admirably formed for a country couple. They will be all in all to each other—the best thing in the world for those who can do no better.

The lady spoke to one by no means disposed to contradict her. The Marquis looked on the world as a garden where every visitor should seize the fairest flowers within his reach, and on love as a game in which the winner and the loser should wear the same smile. In this temper he had for some time paid his devotions—if such they could be called, to the Countess. He would have blushed to own himself a woman's slave; nor did he aspire to the conquest of a heart, for this was a triumph the possibility of which he doubted. The wish that he felt, to change his own condition, sufficed to excuse a similar desire in the woman he professed to love.

His passion suited the Countess; a widow of two and twenty, with wit at will; naturally gay, systematically trifling, and a coquette by habit. *La belle passion*, like every thing else, she treated with levity; and had no taste for any sentiment more decided than a mere preference. Love, with her, was but a matter of fashion; and an old lover, like a worn scarf, was thrown aside unceremoniously when a new one caught her fancy. She had no absolute principle of frequent change; but she changed frequently, notwithstanding.

The attachment of our young friends of the Valais was the most ridiculous thing in the world in the eyes of this brilliant couple.

Said the Countess to her admirer—A thought strikes me that I am sure you will approve. Here are two victims whom we ought to rescue. They love each other most lamentably. You and I—let us teach them to love less, but better.—A delightful scheme, cried the Marquis. The invention is yours; but in its execution you shall find me no contemptible rival. Take Verneuil into your care, and leave Helen to me. We undertake no easy task, but it cannot fail to amuse: and what else is worth living for?—But Marquis, said the lady, remember that an artless Valaisanne is less upon her guard than a Parisian belle.—Trust me, madame, was his reply, her safety is in my honour.—He stopped for a moment, and added, with a smile—Verneuil, Countess, is from the Valais too; and Rousseau tells

us—You forget, said she, that we have no Chalet here.

They lost no time. The Marquis seized every opportunity of engaging Helen in conversation, and skilfully adapted his tone to her disposition. She spoke always with her natural frankness; and her ingenuousness amused him, while she laughed without reserve at his sallies.—You love Verneuil, said he, and you let him know it.—True, she answered, from our infancy.—So much the worse; for he will care the less for you.

Helen declared that she had never detected the slightest symptom of neglect; to which Sericour replied—so much the better. You would else have betrayed your anxiety to please him; thus losing the advantage to which your sex is entitled.—All this seemed strange to his unconscious pupil, and she did not hesitate to say so. He promised to explain; and she was ready to receive, with gratitude, any instructions that might teach her to secure the affections of Verneuil.

Verneuil, in the mean time, was in constant attendance on the Countess, who was pleased with his society, because it was next to impossible not to find him agreeable. Imperceptibly, his conversations with Helen became less and less frequent; and Helen, her thoughts drawn astray by the attentions of the gay and fascinating Marquis, failed to notice the comparative estrangement.

The Countess had a Chateau, about twelve miles from Paris, where the presence of the elderly Baroness authorised her to receive both Verneuil and Sericour. The Baroness, with her young friends, made it a point of duty to visit the court. At their return, they set out for the *maison de campagne*, which they reached in the usual time of a two league journey.

With less to restrain them here than at Paris, the Countess and her coadjutor pursued their scheme as if it had been the main object of their lives; while Verneuil unconsciously lent himself to their designs. Scarcely understanding his own thoughts or feelings, he found them frequently in opposition to those of Helen; and often regretted to find his conscience assuring him that the fault was his own.

Why, Verneuil—said the Countess one morning—why so serious and contemplative? You return from the court with the air of a suitor whose petition has not even been retained for future consideration. And yet, madam, I had nothing to ask; and have been favoured with audiences more frequent even than I wished. What then can annoy you? The Baroness appears enchanted with her old friend the Duke; and your Helen seems to have absolutely won his heart. But why change colour? Surely you are not jealous of a man of seventy! A lover, replied Verneuil, finds cause of disquietude in every thing; and the Duke's honours outnumber his years; and has he not a son of two and twenty, accomplished and distinguished, and scarcely less devoted than his father? Yet you expect me to be at ease!—I wish your attach-

ment to be a source of delight and not of vexation. The Marquis and I, for instance, we love each other, but—you look astonished—why affect to conceal what is notorious?—I had imagined, I confess, that mystery was one of the charms of a mutual affection.—Nonsense, interrupted the Countess; the only sentiment that we need conceal is hate.—Another point, replied her pupil, of which I was profoundly ignorant. I have always been disposed to veil my love, and to proclaim my dislikes.—A natural consequence of your country education; but, with a reasonable share of docility, you may be taught better. Remember, however, she added with a smile, that my cares are perfectly disinterested. When I have made you what you ought to be, I resign you to your darling Helen.

The Countess's repeater, accidentally touched at this moment, reminded her that the hour of the toilette had arrived; and she summoned Verneuil to take his first lesson as a spectator, perhaps an assistant, at that magic ceremony. Sincerity supplying the place of gallantry, he protested that art could but impair the charms that nature had made so perfect. The Countess smiled at his compliment, but laughed at his inexperienced simplicity; and pledging herself to convince him he was mistaken, led him, half resisting, to the chamber where her maids were already waiting her arrival.

She unbound her long rich tresses, which floated over her shoulders in rich waves, and swept the floor. Verneuil admired their beautiful atburn, and their boundless profusion. He grasped them with a timid hand; the other followed unconsciously, and both scarcely enclosed them; while he wondered at his own boldness, and at the sensations he felt at the touch of those incomparable locks.

The Countess requested his advice in the choice of a *coiffure* for the day; and chided him for his ignorance when he avowed his want of acquaintance with each in the variety that she named. You should learn to value, she said, the illusion that occasional change produces. By the aid of a little well-applied invention, an admirer may be taught to feel as if he has sunned himself in the smiles, alternately, of each of the Graces and the Muses, while his Melpomene and his Aglae have differed from each other only in their head dresses.

She chose that to which caprice directed her; and Verneuil thought it incomparably becoming. Her diamonds were next produced. To these he objected strenuously, and urged the substitution of flowers, as more natural and simply beautiful.—No, no, she answered; flowers fade in an hour, but the diamond sparkles for ever; and the gem of the mine is not less than the leaf of the garden the gift of nature. My poor Verneuil, your notions are too romantic.—He yielded again, and remained silent till the work was done.

The Countess then proposed a visit to the Baroness and Helen; offering her hand, which he seized eagerly. To the lady's remark that the

Marquis was probably engaged at Helen's toilette, he replied that the session could not be a long one; as the maid of the Valais had not yet forgotten the simplicity of her early habits.

But, he added, it seems to me that I have been usurping the place that he ought to have occupied.—Another of your rustic notions, said the Countess; you can imagine no pleasure more delightful than that of embellishing yourself the charms of your shepherdess. Not a flower should be entwined in her tresses but according to your taste; while I consult my own, and thus the Marquis seldom meets me without the pleasure of an agreeable surprise. You must learn, my young friend, to know the value of variety and novelty.—Then the taste of the Marquis has no influence on yours; returned Verneuil, in a half enquiring tone.—You mistake again, said the Countess; I know how to please him without receiving his directions; and it is for him that you have spent half your morning in my service.

This last assurance piqued Verneuil sensibly; though he was surprised at the vexation it caused him. He had entertained a very different idea; and it is never agreeable to find one's self mistaken.

The Marquis joined them at that moment; admired the lady's appearance, and complimented Verneuil, whom he presumed to be the artist. The Countess was enchanted with his approbation; and Verneuil felt discontented without knowing why. Before the fashionable lovers had finished their salutations, Helen appeared, with the Baroness. Verneuil remarked that she was dressed less simply than when she was her only counsellor. At any other time he would have remonstrated freely; but now he was restrained by the consciousness of what was going on in his own heart. The Countess remarked his embarrassment, and exulted in the success of her arts. He contradicted Helen as often as she spoke to him; and, when she reminded him of the time when all their sentiments were in unison, he reasoned on the influence of circumstances. For instance, said he, the dress you now wear would have seemed extravagantly rich in our native vallies; while here, perhaps, you think it even plainer than it should be.—Helen asked him, with a smile of perfect and sincere simplicity, how such trifles could possibly influence the heart; and how the difference between flowers and pearls could change the feelings of those who loved each other truly. Still his air was cold and abstracted; and the Countess, who perceived this and knew the cause, felt a gratification far beyond that which she had promised herself. Few women can be indifferent to a triumph of this sort, no matter how resolute may have been their determination to remain so.

Our young friends were introduced to the opera and to the ball-room, where Verneuil saw many beautiful women, but none, in his eyes, so beautiful as the Countess. The Marquis, in describing to Helen the character of the society in which she now mingled, was thrown off his guard by her frankness; and found that he had been

satirizing the models upon which his pupil was to be formed. He discovered, with surprise, that his heart, for once, had taken the lead of his inclination.

They returned to the country, where every hour caused new embarrassments to our four friends. The Countess found it more and more difficult to sustain with Verneuil the part that she had assumed. She spoke to him less frequently of the Marquis, and oftener of himself; she observed, with pleasure, that Helen was seldom the subject of his conversation; and felt, in the progress of her plan, a gratification far more intense than the mere amusement that she had anticipated.

Verneuil, without suspecting himself of inconstancy, became more and more inconstant from day to day; Helen, still persuaded that she loved Verneuil, found the Marquis incomparably amiable; while he thought her simple charms well worth the brilliancy of the Countess. All four had believed themselves to have adventured in a merely sportive engagement; but the heart was not thus to be thrown out of the question.

The Parisian pair accused each other of want of address in effecting the scheme which they had concerted together. The Countess taunted her admirer with the resistance which a simple country girl had opposed to his arts, and he retaliated in the same tone, and with equal reason. In the midst of their debate they saw the young lovers in close conversation, and stationed themselves in an arbour to listen.—Our situation, said Sericour, is none of the newest; but not so with the motive that has induced us to take it.

Confess, said Verneuil, that you prefer the capital to the solitudes of the Valais.—I have no wish to deny it, replied Helen; especially when I see you so completely reconciled with Paris.—By the way, returned Verneuil, the conversation of the Marquis is exceedingly brilliant; and he never shines so much as when he talks with you.—And the Countess, said Helen—how beautiful! how fascinating!

Sericour and the Countess congratulated each other on the certainty of their success. I should have been astonished beyond measure, said the first, if your charms had failed—And I still more, replied his companion, if your skill had been foiled.

As they reached the door of the Chateau, the Baroness appeared with a face of despair, with a letter in her hand, announcing the loss of the suit on which her fortune depended.—What, she cried, will become of these poor children? I hoped to leave them in possession of a splendid fortune; but now they may perhaps be even forced to leave the home in which they have been brought up.—Both her young friends were sensibly afflicted with this misfortune; and Verneuil joined the Marquis and the Countess in attempting to re-assure the desponding Baroness.

The party at length separated; and each retired to rest and to reflection.—Poor Verneuil, thought the Countess, was never born for a state so humble as that to which he seems condemned. Young, elegant, noble, intellectual, he is worthy

of the most enviable lot; but, banished to his native mountains, how can he hope to rise? Let me, then, make amends for the injustice of Fortune. I have yet formed no indissoluble engagement with the Marquis; and, if appearances have not deceived me beyond imagination, he will delight to do for Helen what I propose to do for her lover.

The lady was right; for the Marquis was engaged in thoughts precisely similar to her own. After all, said he, they who would accuse me of inconstancy must acknowledge the motive to be generous. I offer the Countess the example of a noble act; and, more than that, I spare her the embarrassment of being beforehand with me. But in this point he was mistaken; for she was already taking measures for the execution of her new scheme. She drew Verneuil into conversation, the next morning; and, with the art of which few women are destitute, told him all that she felt, while seeming anxious to conceal it. He was astonished at his own penetration; so quickly, so thoroughly, reading the secrets of her heart. Flattered beyond measure at the sentiment he had awakened, his emotion was extreme; but pride, and not for the first time, came to the aid of virtue, and saved him where fidelity and affection alone would have failed. To renounce his first love at the moment when Fortune had deserted her! The thought restored him to himself. It is true, said he to the Countess, my Helen and myself must prepare for circumstances less enviable than those to which we have been accustomed to look forward from our childhood. But, to renounce each other for such a cause! how should we deserve the scorn of all faithful hearts!—The worst that could be said, replied the Countess, would be that you had yielded to your destiny; and how do you know that Helen herself—Ah! interrupted Verneuil, for her I would answer with my soul; and even if mistaken, I shall secure myself against self-reproach. Let me say, too, he added, in a tone of mingled respect and tenderness, that I feel this to be the last of my trials. Too sensible to your charms, and grateful beyond expression for your kindness, need I tell you of the conflicting emotions that have been striving for the mastery in my bosom?

This avowal satisfied the Countess more completely than the most unanswerable reasons that could have been alleged to justify the rejection of her proposal. Her pride was saved, and this was enough; for she was not susceptible of a passion of which the disappointment could cloud her spirit.

Verneuil was yet at her feet, when the Marquis and Helen appeared. The latter retired with an air of embarrassment; while her companion was so intent upon a letter which he held open in his hand, that the Countess, unobserved, was near enough to hear his soliloquy.—Cruel girl! he exclaimed, thus to reject the homage of a sincere and ardent heart!—She is wrong, certainly, said the Countess. Had she consulted me, your vows should not have been vain.

The Marquis, taken off his guard, was thrown into confusion for the first time in his life. Verneuil, who had been too distant to hear his words, applied to Helen for an explanation; and she, after some moments of hesitation, took her letter from the hands of Sericour, and placed it in those of her lover, who read it in a tone that reached the ears of the Countess. It was in these words:—"Unable to collect myself sufficiently to reply in another mode, I have resolved, perhaps indiscreetly, to write to you. Believe me sincere in assuring you that I am not ungrateful for the offer you have made me, of your heart and hand. But the misfortune, that hangs over Verneuil and myself, should only unite us more closely to each other; and I feel it impossible to desert him, especially when his prospects are less bright than in other days."

Well, madam, said Sericour to the Countess, you possess my secret. I could not endure the thought of seeing our lovely young friend reduced to a condition beneath her merits; if that be a crime I submit to your reproaches.—You need fear none from me, she replied; and, to make you perfectly easy, I confess that I was ready to second your generous designs.

Verneuil and Helen could not treat the affair quite so lightly. Confused and agitated, he

assured her that he was profoundly sensible of the value of the sacrifice she had made to her early affection. He ventured to hint, however, that he found some cause for uneasiness in the tone of her reply to the Marquis; and she defended herself by asking whether he was willing to tell what he had said when kneeling to the Countess. The latter came to their relief, declaring that his words had been in the same strain with her letter; and the conversation was ended by the appearance of the Baroness, displaying, with exultation, a letter from her old friend the Duke, who had written to announce the favourable issue of the affair that had brought her to the capital. The officious friend from whom the previous intelligence was received, had been more eager to transmit ill news than careful to assure himself of its truth.

Sericour and the Countess congratulated their old friend, and sought no longer to interfere with her projects; feeling that two lovers, willing to encounter with each other the pains of adversity, were not to be separated when Fortune smiled.

Helen and Verneuil were shortly after united; and the Parisian pair soon followed their example. Each of the four, though perfectly happy and contented, acknowledges that the heart is a dangerous play-thing.

From Mrs. Alaric Watts' New Year's Gift.

LADY LUCY'S PETITION.

AN HISTORICAL FACT.

"AND is my dear Papa shut up in this dismal place, to which you are taking me?" asked the little 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 partisans 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 a last farewell, was imprisoned, under 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 arm of her attendant, as they were admitted within the gloomy precincts of the building, and her little heart fluttered fearfully as she glanced around her: and she whispered to her nurse—"was it not here that the young princes, Edward the Fifth, 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 Amy, in an encouraging tone. "And was not good Henry Sixth murdered also, by the same wicked Richard?" continued the little girl, whose imagination was filled with the deeds of blood that had been perpetrated in this fatally celebrated place; many of which had been related to her by Bridget, the housekeeper, since her father had been imprisoned in the Tower, on the 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; when forgetting every thing else in the joy of 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, and his own anguish at the thought of his leaving her an orphan at the tender age of nine years, he clasped her to his bosom, and bedewed her innocent face with his tears. "Why do you cry, dear papa?" asked the little child, who was herself weeping at the sight of his distress. "And why will you not leave this dismal place and come to your own hall again?" "Attend to me, Lucy, while I tell you the cause of my grief," said her father, seating the little girl upon his knee. "I shall never come home again—for I have been condemned to die for high treason; and I shall not leave this place, till they take 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 again meet in this world." "No, no, dear papa! they shall not kill you; for I will cling so fast about your neck, that they cannot 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, all this would be of no use," 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. Lucy, do you remember that I once took you 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, soon after you saw King James at Whitehall, the Prince of Orange, who had 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 to take her father's kingdom away from him? I am very sorry King James thought me like her," said Lucy earnestly.

"Hush! hush my love—you must not speak thus of the queen. Perhaps she thought she was doing right to deprive her father of his kingdom, 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 think she would consent 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 friends."

"Alas, my good Amy, no one will undertake the perilous office of pleading for an attainted traitor, lest they should be suspected of favouring 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 father, that she will not have the heart to deny me."

"Dear, simple child! What could you say to the queen, that would be of any avail?"

"God would teach me what to say," replied Lady Lucy.

Her father clasped her to his bosom—"But," said he, "thou wouldst be afraid of speaking to the queen, even should you be admitted to her presence, my child."

"Why should I be afraid of speaking to her, papa! Should she be angry with me, and answer me harshly, I shall be thinking too much of you to care about it; and if she send me to the Tower, and cut off my head, God will take care of my immortal soul." "You are right, my child, to fear God, and have no other fear," said her father. "He perhaps has put it into thy little heart to plead for thy father's life; which if it be his pleasure to grant I shall indeed feel it a happiness that my child should be the instrument of my deliverance; if it should be otherwise, God's will be done. He will not forsake my good and dutiful little one, when I am laid low in the dust."

"But how will my Lady Lucy gain admittance to the queen's presence?" asked old Amy, who had been a weeping spectator of this interesting scene.

"I will write a letter to her godmother, the Lady Clarendon, requesting her to accomplish the matter."

He then wrote a few hasty lines, which he gave to his daughter, telling her that 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 as she parted from him, yet she left the Tower with a far more quiet mind than she had entered it; for she had formed her resolution, and her young heart was full of hope.

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 child whose only parent was under sentence of death. As she passed through the hall, leaning on her nurse's arm, and attended by her father's confidential secretary and the old butler, all the servants shed tears, and begged of God that he would bless and prosper her. Lady Lucy was introduced to the Countess Clarendon's apartment, before her ladyship had left her bed; and having told her artless story with great earnestness, presented her father's letter.

Lady Clarendon was very kind to her little god-daughter; but she told her plainly that she did not dare to ask her father's life, because her husband was already suspected of holding secret correspondence with his brother-in-law, King James. "Oh," said Lucy, "if I could only see the queen myself, I would not wish any one to speak for me. I would plead so earnestly that she could not refuse me, I am sure?"

"Poor child! What could you say to the queen," asked the Countess, compassionately. "God will direct me what to say," replied Lady Lucy. "Well, my love, thou shalt have the opportunity," replied Lady Clarendon, "but much I fear thy little heart will fail when thou meet the queen face to face."

Impressed with the piety and filial tenderness of her god-daughter, she hastened to rise and dress that she might conduct her into the palace gallery, where the queen usually passed an hour in walking, when she returned from Chapel. The Countess, while waiting for the arrival of her majesty, endeavoured to divert the anxious impatience of her little friend, by pointing out the portraits to her notice, "I know that gentleman well," said Lucy, pointing to a noble full-length portrait of James the Second.

"That is the portrait of Queen Mary's father; and a striking likeness it is," observed the Countess, sighing—"But hark! Here comes the queen and her ladies from the chapel. Now, Lucy, is the time. I will step into the recess yonder; but you must remain alone, standing where you are. When her majesty approaches, kneel, and present your father's petition. She who walks before the ladies is the queen. Be of good courage."

Lady Clarendon then made a hasty retreat. Lucy's heart beat violently, when she found herself alone; but her resolution did not fail her. 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 an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, losing all awe for royalty in her fears for her father, put forth her hand, and grasping her robe, cried in an imploring tone, "Spare my father! my dear, dear father, royal lady!"

Lucy had meant to say many persuasive things: but in her sore distress she forgot them all, and could only repeat, "Save my father, gracious queen!" till her vehement emotions choked her voice—and throwing her arms round the queen's knees, she leaned against her majesty's person, and sobbed aloud.

The intense sorrow of a child is always pecu-

liarily touching; but the circumstances under which Lucy appeared were unusually interesting. 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 very firmly, that she could not grant her request.

"But he is good and kind to every one," said 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," replied Lucy, "and I have learned that God has said 'Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' "It does not become a little girl like you to attempt to instruct me," replied the queen, gravely, "I am acquainted with my duty. It is my place to administer justice impartially; and it is not possible for me to pardon your father, however painful it may be to deny so dutiful a child."

Lucy did not reply—she only raised her eyes with an appealing look to the queen, and then turned them expressively on the portrait of King James. The queen's curiosity was excited by the peculiarly emphatic manner of the child; and she could not refrain from asking why she gazed so earnestly upon that picture. "I was thinking," replied Lady Lucy, "how very strange it was, that you should wish to kill *my* father, only because he loved *yours* so faithfully."

This wise and artless reproof, from the lips of childish innocence, went to the very heart of the queen. She raised her eyes to that once dear and honoured parent, who, whatever had been his political errors, had ever been the tenderest of fathers to her, and when she thought of him, an exile in a foreign land, relying upon the bounty of strangers for his daily bread, while she was invested with the royal inheritance, of which he had been deprived, the contrast between her conduct as a daughter and that of the pious child before her, smote on her heart, and she burst into tears.

"Rise, dear child," said she—"I cannot make thee an orphan. Thou hast prevailed; thy father shall not die! thy filial love has saved him!"

HOME.

Home can never be transferred—never repeated in the experience of an individual. The place consecrated by paternal love; by the innocence and sports of childhood; by the first acquaintance with nature; by linking the heart to the visible creation, is the only home. There is a living and a breathing spirit infused into nature. Every familiar object has a history; the trees have tongues, and the air is very vocal. There the vesture of decay doth not close in and control the noble function of the soul. It sees, and bears, and enjoys, without the ministry of gross and material substance.—*Hope Leslie.*



THE CABINET COUNCIL,

OR HOW TO MAKE A LADY'S BOOK.

SEATED in front of a splendid specimen of the ingenuity of the Chinese—a gilt and richly inlaid table, covered with a variety of beautiful minerals, shells, and articles of vertu—the author, after having been duly announced by Prudence, her bower-woman, found her cousin Penelope, on his entrance into Miss Mary's brilliant boudoir. Miss Mary was standing, attired for a ride, near her fair kinswoman; and aunt Elinor, the very pearl of the ancient sisterhood of spinners, entered the apartment before the usual greetings were concluded.

"Your cousin, young ladies," said aunt Elinor, "wishes to look round Miss Mary's boudoir again, to see if anything has escaped his notice."

This was a very mysterious announcement. Miss Mary, after looking earnestly, first at her aunt, and then at Penelope, as if she were desirous of reading an explanation in their eyes, exclaimed: "Escaped his notice, aunt! I cannot conceive what you mean."

"Why, it would seem, child," was the old lady's reply, "that the arrangement and decorations of your boudoir, have, in some degree, attracted his admiration; although, for my own part, to speak candidly—and you know I love you equally—Penelope's seems to me by far the more preferable of the two; indeed, with one or two alterations, it might be pronounced perfect."

"The fault of Penelope's boudoir," said Miss Mary, "is superlative neatness: it looks as prim as herself; casting a glance round it, your first feeling of admiration at its order, is subdued in an instant, by a disagreeable conviction of the pains it must have cost her to drill her little squadron of embellishments so as to produce such an effect. My dear Pen! you may smile, but you are positively as precise as a mathematician; old Euclid seems to have been school-master to the Graces who preside at your toilet. But, would you believe it?" added the lively Miss Mary, turning to the author, "notwith-

standing she dresses in drab, and looks demure, cousin Penelope, sir, I can assure you, is as brilliant as possible on a birth-day; for when she does condescend to be splendid, I must confess, that few, if any of us, eclipse her."

"Yet allow me to remark," said Penelope, "that the rich and profuse negligence which reigns in your boudoir is the result of thrice the toil that I have employed in decorating mine."

"That is true enough, Penelope," said Miss Mary, while a slight blush tinged her cheek; "but the toil you speak of is not apparent. I look upon my boudoir (pardon the comparison) as upon a fine picture, in which those splendid dashes of light, which charm us; those fine touches of brilliant beauty that seem to fall from a mass of foliage to gild the bold edge of a ruin, and finally descend to illumine and ennoble a daisy, appear to have been the work of a moment;"—

"Or, to help you with a more high-flown simile, Miss Mary," said her cousin, who was now turning over a portfolio of engravings, "they seem to have been produced by the Muse of Painting, at a single dash of her brush newly dipped in the fountain of light!"

"And yet," continued Miss Mary, smiling at Penelope's simile, "they are, in fact, produced only by labour, both of the mind and the hand. This apparent carelessness of arrangement has, I admit, cost me considerable pains; but every body admires the effect, because the art which produced it is concealed. Here, for instance, in this recess, is a beautiful cabinet picture—a charming landscape, partly veiled, but not hidden, by a common, but, in my opinion, remarkably elegant creeping-plant, which extends far enough round the corner to twine about the carved ebony frame, and festoon the polished surface of an old-fashioned glass, which I prize because it was my grand-mamma's: here, again, you may perceive it wandering downward, and

encircling a fossil; on the other side of the window it has attached its tendrils to a tall and stately exotic, and droops from its topmost flower to garland a Greek vase. Now, although this appears to be all the result of pure accident, Penelope, who is smiling at my comparison, will tell you, 'twas I that did it. And do not imagine, I pray, that every thing here is in such a chaotic jumble as to be inconvenient; there is, in fact, order in its seeming confusion; I have a clue to the labyrinth, and can find a book or a butterfly in my boudoir quite as soon as Miss Penelope can in hers. Candidly speaking, which do you prefer?"

"To me," replied the author, to whom this question was addressed, "they appear to be exquisite specimens of the different styles to which they belong. Like every other boudoir that I have seen, (although all bear a faint sort of family resemblance to each other,) each is apparently embellished according to the judgment of its fair owner, of whose taste and habits it might be taken as a symbol."

"That is precisely as I think," remarked Penelope.

"Then, my dear," replied Miss Mary, "notwithstanding your reputed wisdom, I must respectfully submit—as I am told the lawyers say, when they contradict the court—that you are partially in error. Of a lady's taste, her boudoir may sometimes, but not always, be a visible criterion. She may possess the taste of one of those select few, on whom Apollo had shaken a dew-drop from his laurel, and yet have as little means of gratifying it as poor Cinderella, before she had a little fairy glass-blower for a shoemaker: she may also be gifted with pure taste in an equal degree, and have a kind Cæsus for a relative to allow her an unlimited account at Coutts's, and yet be possessed with a sister sprite to that which nestled in the heart of an Elwes or a Dancer. That a boudoir is not always a proof of the habits of its owner, I positively confess mine to be an instance. Those specimens of minerals are very rare and valuable—at least so says Penelope—but they never struck me as being beautiful, and she knows I am little more acquainted with Mineralogy, than with the grammar of the Moslems. But to waive the question as to the superiority of Penelope's boudoir to mine, or mine to hers, allow me to ask, why my grave cousin, who sits smiling at our debate, is so anxious that nothing in my pet apartment should escape his notice?"

"I will endeavour to satisfy you on that point," said the author. "About two years ago, while seated in this identical chair, I conceived the idea of producing and publishing a work that should be deemed worthy of the acceptance of every lady in the country."

"I hope you do not intend to inflict another Annual upon us," said Penelope.

"By no means," replied the author; "so far from following the beautiful, but much-beaten track of my predecessors, it is my intention to offer the public a PERENNIAL—an evergreen,

that will not be merely looked at and laid aside for ever, but will attract notice and merit attention at all times and at all seasons; not such a mere bouquet of flowers as, however rare or beautiful, seldom tempt their warmest admirers to a second inspection, and which are always dethroned, even if they hold their ephemeral sway for a year, by other blossoms, presented by the same hands, at the return of the book-binding season;"—

"But," interrupted aunt Elinor, with more enthusiasm than usually beamed on her placid countenance—"to drop my nephew's flowery metaphors—a volume which, although rich in beautiful embellishments, shall be so useful and instructive, as well as amusing, that it will, in all probability, be as often in the hands of every lady of sense who possesses it, three or four years hence, as within a month after its publication."

"That is exactly my meaning," said the author, looking gratefully towards aunt Elinor; "and I sincerely trust I have been fortunate enough to accomplish so desirable an object."

"And pray, cousin," inquired Penelope, "what is the book to contain?"

"If you require a view of the contents," replied the author, "I have only to say, look around you! Miss Mary's boudoir would form a very good index to the volume, and present a capital epitome of a young lady's best pursuits, exercises, and recreations. Flora has here a number of living representatives; Gnomes, in bronze, seem to bend beneath the weight of the minerals which are placed upon their shoulders; a sea-maid, with her couch, illumines the apartment when 'Night hath drawn her veil o'er the earth and sea;' the insect world is represented by groups of Oriental beetles, and splendid butterflies; the humming-bird is here, with many other of his fellow-tenants of the air, making all around them look dim by the metallic lustre of their plumage. All these remind me of sciences which are applicable to the study of young ladies; I have made a 'brief of it in my notebook;' and introductory papers on Botany, Mineralogy, Conchology, Ornithology, and Entomology have been the consequence."

"Well, cousin, I positively begin to feel much interested in your book," said Miss Mary; "and if you will deign to accept a compliment from one so much younger than yourself, I admire your discrimination."

"Dancing will decidedly, have a place in the volume," said the author; "the work would be very incomplete without it."

"And Riding," added Miss Mary, "certainly must not be omitted. My whip, I am satisfied, has not escaped your glance; and my aunt, I will venture to say, highly approves of riding on horseback."

"It is, unquestionably, beneficial in many respects," said aunt Elinor; "but still it must be considered, as a graceful exercise, very inferior to Dancing. The minuet is matchless."

"It seems then to be decidedly your opinion,

ladies, that Riding and Dancing, are very proper exercises."

"Unquestionably so," said aunt Elinor, who on all occasions consulted the welfare and happiness of her nieces.

"The young ladies, I am happy to say," observed the author, "appear by their looks most cordially to agree with you. I have, aunt Elinor, as you know, taken counsel on the subjects with which the volume should be occupied, of the most intelligent and respectable ladies, in every intermediate degree of age, from grave matrons to girls of fifteen; and I flatter myself, that I have obtained much benefit from their hints, and shall succeed in pleasing them all. That I have not consulted my fair young cousins before, is not because I did not entertain that respect for their opinions which they deserve: it rather arose from my desire of submitting my plan to them in a perfectly mature state, so that I might obtain the benefit of their suggestions for its ultimate polish. It is gratifying to find, that those whose judgment I respect, and who belong to that class whom I am anxious to please, approve of my production; for in such a case as this, to make use of the words of an old author, 'it is useless to please the matron, unless our work delighteth the maid.' Innumerable difficulties presented themselves to the perfect execution of my ideas on the subject; you will, of course,

imagine that it was an impossible task for an individual."

"That I can readily conceive," said Miss Mary; "but in these days, when the press teems with new publications, there surely can be no dearth of authors."

"Before you conclude your visit, cousin," said Miss Mary, as the author rose from his seat, "allow me to say, that both Penelope and myself are conscious of the compliment you have paid us, and we must make a suitable return. I remember being present, some years ago, at the ceremony of launching a frigate; and my sister had the honour of naming her, which she did in very delicate terms, while a bottle of wine was thrown at the vessel's head! From this circumstance I take my hint; and if you will allow it, Penelope shall name your work, while I sprinkle its title-page with eau-de mille-fleurs."

"But what name shall I confer upon it?" inquired Penelope.

"As it is to be a book exclusively devoted to the ladies," said Miss Mary; "let us resist all euphonious temptations, of which I confess the very nature of the work presents an abundance, and give it the plain but comprehensive title of 'THE LADY'S BOOK.'"

"Your suggestion shall be adopted," said the author; "and be assured, that I will endeavour to render it worthy of its name."

From the New York Mirror.

JANE OF FRANCE.

JANE of France, the daughter of Louis the eleventh and Charlotte of Savoy, was born in the year 1464. Her illustrious birth proved no safeguard against injustice and wrong; and it is a melancholy reflection that her misfortunes may be ascribed chiefly to her want of beauty. Her person was materially deformed, and her features irregular; but the moral beauty of her character fully compensated for her unattractive exterior. Her gentleness, her sweetness of disposition, her inexhaustible goodness, her frankness, even in a court where dissimulation was accounted a virtue, rendered her an object of universal affection. She was married at the early age of twelve years to the duke of Orleans, her cousin, who was unfortunately incapable of appreciating her virtues. Upon the death of her father, his son and successor, Charles the eighth, was but thirteen years old. The duke of Orleans claimed the regency, as first prince of the blood. He found the duke of Bourbon a formidable competitor. The matter was referred to the states general, who were assembled at Tours. They declared a regency unnecessary, and thus confirmed the last will of Louis, which directed the person of the young king to be placed under the care of his sister, Anne of France, the lady

of Beaujeau—a woman inheriting the energy and talents, the jealous caution and deep dissimulation of her father. The duke of Orleans, disappointed in his expectation of the regency, withdrew to Brittany, and persuaded the duke of that province to excite an insurrection; but the war was of short duration. The rebel forces were every where defeated. The duke of Orleans was taken prisoner at Saint Aubin, and confined in the tower of Bourges. According to Brantome, his confinement was prolonged and rendered more rigorous, through the influence and resentment of the lady of Beaujeau, whose projects he had opposed, whose passion he had slighted, and whose feelings he had once publicly insulted. He was accused of treason. His situation was perilous. His amiable wife, who had long been treated by him with injury and neglect, forgot her own wrongs, and listened only to her affections. She besought Charles, with prayers and tears, to release her husband. He yielded reluctantly to her earnest entreaties, and the captive duke was liberated. Although he owed his liberty, perhaps his life, to the devoted Jane, yet his conduct to her was not softened. The claims of gratitude and his nuptial vows were equally disregarded. She murmured not; yet her patience, her resignation, her fer-

vent affections, her tender solicitude for his safety, touched not the heart of the duke of Orleans. Upon the decease of Charles, he ascended the throne under the title of Louis the twelfth, and soon after solicited from the pope, Alexander the sixth, the dissolution of his marriage. His pretext was, that in uniting himself with Jane, he had not been allowed to consult his inclination; that he had been constrained to the match by her father Louis the eleventh, whose tyrannical will he had not dared to oppose. What weight this argument had with the infallible representative of Saint Peter, is not told even by the garrulous chronicles of that period. These irreverent writers had sometimes the hardihood to record their own wicked conjectures for truths; and in the present case, they have dared to publish that bribes and promises elicited from the holy tribunal the sentence which annulled the inauspicious marriage, and deprived the unhappy Jane of a husband and a throne. Three weeks afterwards she saw the man whom she had loved so long, so tenderly, and so devotedly, united to another. He married Anne of Brittany, the widow of Charles the eighth. He had loved her before her union with Charles, and his love had not been unrequited. Jane yielded to her adverse fortunes with her wonted resignation, and with a firmness becoming her rank; yet as the divorce rent asunder all the dearest ties of the female heart, and the marriage that followed it violated all the nicest sensibilities of her nature, her mental agony must have been extreme. The feelings of her desolated bosom have been described by one of our own country-women, in the following touching lines:

Pale, cold, and statue-like she sat, and her impeded breath
Came gaspingly, as if her heart was in the grasp of death,
While listening to the harsh decree that robbed her of a
throne,
And left the gentle child of kings in the wide world alone.

And fearful was her look, in vain her trembling maidens
moved
With all affection's tender care, round her whom well they
loved;
Stress she sat, as if enchained by some resistless spell,
Till with one wild, heart-piercing shriek, in their embrace
she fell.

How bitter was the hour she woke from that long dreamless
trance,
The veriest wretch might pity then the envied Jane of
France;
But soon her o'erfraught heart gave way, tears came to her
relief,
And thus in low and plaintive tones she breathed her hope-
less grief:

"Oh! ever have I dreaded this since at the holy shrine
My trembling hand first felt the cold reluctant clasp of thine;
And yet I hoped.—My own beloved, how may I teach my
heart
To gaze upon thy gentle face, and know that we must part?"

"Too well I know thou lovest me not, but ah! I fondly
thought,
That years of such deep love as mine some change ere this
had wrought;
I dreamed the hour might yet arrive, when sick of passion's
strife,
Thy heart would turn with quiet joy to thy neglected wife.

"Vain, foolish hope! how could I look upon thy glorious
form,

And think that e'er the time might come when thou wouldst
cease to charm?

For ne'er till then wilt thou be freed from beauty's magic art,
Or cease to prize a sunny smile beyond a faithful heart.

"In vain from memory's darken'd scroll would other
thoughts erase

The loathing that was in thine eye, whene'er it met my face;
Oh! I would give the fairest realm beneath the all-seeing sun,
To win but such a form as thou might'st love to look upon.

"Woe, woe for woman's weary lot, if beauty be not hers;
Vainly within her gentle breast affection wildly stirs;
And bitterly will she deplore amid her sick heart's dearth,
The hour that fixed her fearful doom—a helot from her birth.

"I would thou hadst been cold and stern, the pride of my
high race

Had taught me then from my young heart thine image to
efface.

But surely even love's sweet tones could ne'er have power
to bless

My bosom with such joy as did thy pitying tenderness.

"Alas! it is a heavy task to curb the haughty soul,
And bid the unbending spirit bow that never knew control;
But harder still when thus the heart against itself must rise,
And struggle on while every hope that nerved the warfare
dies.

"Yet all this have I borne for thee—ay, for thy sake I
learn'd

The gentleness of thought and word which once thy proud
breast spurned;

The treasures of an untouched heart, the wealth of love's
rich mine,

These are the offerings that I laid upon my idol's shrine.

"In vain I breathed my vows to heaven, 'twas mockery of
prayer;

In vain I knelt before the cross, I saw but Louis there;
To him I gave the worship I should have paid my God,
But oh! should his have been the hand to wield the aveng-
ing rod?"

Jane did not allow her domestic afflictions to disturb the repose of her country. She neither, protested against the sentence of divorce, nor did she appeal to her countrymen for redress. Had she done so, there is reason to believe that the daughter of Louis would not have appealed in vain; but she retired quietly to Bourges, which had been assigned to her for her dower. She there dedicated herself to the service of religion, and spent the remainder of her days in acts of charity and devotion. She renounced all the vanities of the world; she clothed herself in the coarsest garments; she practised the most rigid economy in the expenses of her establishment, and distributed her revenues to the poor. She instituted at Bourges, in 1500, the order of the Annunciado; she assumed the dress of that order in 1504, and died on the fourth of February, 1505. Her remains were burnt in 1562, when Bourges was taken by the Calvinists.

The church of Rome has enrolled her among its saints, and pious men have ascribed to her the power of working miracles. We cheerfully assent to their faith, with this restriction, that the miracles she wrought were miracles of genuine piety, moderation, and purity, in an age of bigotry, violence, and universal depravity. Her exalted virtues more than her illustrious birth entitle her to a place among distinguished women.

THE CAMELLIA.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

As Venus wander'd 'midst the Idalian bower,
 And mark'd the loves and graces round her play;
 She pluck'd a musk-rose from its dew-bent spray,
 "And this," she cried, "shall be my favourite flower;
 For o'er its crimson leaflets I will shower
 Dissolving sweets to steal the soul away;
 That Dian's self shall own their sovereign sway,
 And feel the influence of my mightier power."
 Then spoke fair Cynthia, as severe she smiled,—
 "Be others by thy amorous arts beguiled,
 Ne'er shall thy dangerous gifts these brows adorn:
 To me more dear than all their rich perfume
 The chaste Camellia's pure and spotless bloom,
 That boasts no fragrance, and conceals no thorn."

POETS.

How shall my debts be paid? or can my scores
 Be clear'd with verses to my creditors?
 Hexameter's no sterling; and I fear
 What the brain coins goes scarce for current there.
 Can metre cancel bonds? is there a time
 Ever to hope to wipe out chalk with rhyme?
 Or if I now were hurrying to a jail,
 Are the nine Muses held sufficient bail?
 Would they to any composition come,
 If we should mortgage our Elysium,
 Tempe, Parnassus, and the golden streams
 Of Tagus and Pactolus, those rich dreams
 Of active fancy?

RANDOLPH.

From the Atlantic Souvenir.

A STORY OF SHAY'S WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HOPE LESLIE.

Young knight * * * * *
 Beware of fraud, beware of a fickleness,
 In choice and change of thy dear loved dame;
 Lest thou of her believe, too lightly blame.
 SPENSER.

In one of the picturesque valleys of the Housatonic, in the western extremity of Massachusetts, there is a spot particularly graced by nature. The silvery stream, after loitering and disporting through the meadows it embellishes and fertilizes, boldly approaches a narrow pass between the mountains, leaps and frolics over its rocky channel, sends back a smiling image of the flowers that fringe its brim, and of the lofty pines and oaks that hang out their banners from the mountain side, and is lost to every eye till it issues victoriously from its dark and rocky defile to thread its mazes through the valley of Barrington. As we have described it, it was, but is no longer. A mill dam is built across the pretty irregular fall; a turnpike company, chartered spoilers of romantic grace, have laid out a broad road on the margin of the stream which time has worn from the mountain; and the green slopes and still meadows, then known by the name of Lee's farm, are now covered with factories and mills, and dotted with little white cages in which platoons of factory girls are fed three times per day. Alas! "these are not romantic times!"

It was sometime during the summer of 1780 that a little group, composed of the principal personages of our story, was assembled before the door of the neat unambitious dwelling on Lee's farm. A middle aged woman, with a kindly countenance, was mounting a remarkably discreet looking old horse, assisted by a stripling, whose round smooth cheek, bright lips, and

masses of shining curls, indicated about the age of fourteen, while his sunburnt face, his hard embrowned hands and well developed muscles, announced the hardy life of the yeoman-boy. On the door step stood a little girl about nine years old. Hers was the complexion which the vulgar call fair, and the connoisseur brunette, having the faintest hue of brown diffused over a perfectly clear and pure surface—her cheek was bright enough for the land of the sun—her eye of the gypsy dye, hue it is not—and her hair jet black, waving in light curls over a brow of perpetual sunshine. Her figure was rather of the Hebe and chubby order, but relieved by exquisitely rounded and dimpled hands and arms, and feet whose symmetry was not marred nor quite hidden by the "journeywork" of her broad calf-skin shoes. Beside this girl stood Francis Graham, a youth from the neighbouring village. He was rather taller, more slender, and older than the farmer boy. They were friends, and the beauty, intelligence and good humour of both marked the equal bounty of nature; while Graham's erect, graceful, well-dressed person, and his soft white hands manifested that the accidents of life had set the seal of aristocracy on him. He was explaining to the little girl the construction of a double barrelled fowling piece which he held in his hand; while she, in passing her hand over it, fearlessly snapped the lock.

"Lora, Lora, for mercy's sake let that lock alone!" screamed the prudent matron, who had just taken her position on her Rosinante.

"It is not loaded, aunt," replied the child, quite unconcerned.

"That makes no difference, Lora; guns are always dangerous."

"Oh aunt, that is just like you! Only think, Francis: the other day when I was playing with the barrel of Harry's old gun, which, you know, has neither stock nor lock, aunt would have me put it down, because, she said, nobody knew what guns might do!"

The boys shouted at this truly feminine axiom, and the good woman smiled, in spite of herself, as she replied, "You are all fool-hardy about guns; but come, Harry, have done with your nonsense, and set Lora up behind me."

"Oh, I do not want to go to meeting!" whispered Lora to Graham: Graham whispered to Harry; and the conspiracy of the trio was expressed in an urgent request, that Lora might be excused from the meeting, and permitted to join the boys in a ramble through the woods. Mrs. Lee returned a decided negative. She was afraid the boys would shoot the child. They averred that they should sooner shoot themselves. Then she objected that Lora was dressed clean, and "she knew she would come home a sight." Of this there was imminent danger; for she was in a snow white *Holland* frock, the sleeves turned up above the elbow with ruffled cuffs, delicately plaited. Francis obviated this objection by promising, if the frock was soiled, that Lora should have the prettiest new one the country afforded. Mrs. Lee's principles were all in favour of the meeting; but the sympathies of her kind heart were with the young people. They prevailed, and the consent was given. The rovers strolled along the margin of the stream, discoursing of woodcraft, while Lora swung around the willows that hung over the water, and dashed "through bush and through briar," fearless of rents and scratches, and full of the reckless joy of a child of nature. They crossed a rude bridge, and entered a wood where they expected to find game; but every winged creature seemed to have abandoned it, and they were turning homeward, when Lora, who was a little in advance of them, beckoned, and pointed to a lark perched on a branch of the tree under which she stood. Harry elevated his gun, Lora held forwards the apron of her frock to catch the victim. The gun was discharged, and the lark fell quivering on Lora's extended frock, dotting its pure surface with drops of blood. The current of Lora's feelings turned, her sympathy with the eager pursuit of the sportsmen was gone, she pressed the bird to her bosom, and when its head dropped, as she saw it was dead, she burst into tears: "Oh, it is cruel, cruel sport!" she said.

"Why, what ails you now, Lora?" asked Harry, "you have seen us kill hundreds of birds, and cared for them no more than we."

"Yes, but I never before felt one, while it was warm and breathing; and it was singing the moment you shot it: and did you not see how it turned its poor little bright eye on me, as if to ask me how I could wish you to murder it."

"Pshaw, Lora!" said Harry; "say shoot, and not murder, and you will get over your grief."

Both Harry and Graham laughed at a sensibility with which a boy's belligerent nature has no sympathy, and Graham said, "Lora, you could not be more grieved if one of us were shot."

"If one of you were shot!" she exclaimed indignantly, and brushing away the tears that were held in such contempt, "if one of you were shot, I should die with grief."

"Not you, Lora," rejoined Harry, "you would live a merry life with the survivor." These words were spoken lightly enough; but with what feeling were they many years after recalled! How mysteriously does an apparently trifling event, or a random sentence, sometimes shadow forth the future!

The stream was unusually shallow, and the young men, on their return, determined to ford it, instead of going round by the bridge. "Come, Lora, dear," said Francis Graham, kneeling, "mount my shoulder, and I will bear you over dry-shod."

Lora for the first time in her life betrayed a girlish feeling. She blushed, looked shy, and said she had rather go on Harry's shoulder. "That is right, Lora," exclaimed Harry, "you are the girl for my money."

"No, it is not right," said Francis earnestly; for Lora's preference was thus early the subject of contest between the young friends.

"Very well, if Francis thinks it is not right; it is not," said Lora decidedly; "and I will go over on my own feet and nobody's shoulder;" and running fleetly before them, she began crossing the river on the rocks over which it fell. They afforded a dry passage, excepting where the stream had worn channels through which it now glided. Lora ran on, fearless and reckless. Her companions entreated her to stop, and said they would assist her over the difficult passes.

"Thank you for nothing," she replied, springing like a young fawn over one of the water-courses.

"Bravo," cried Graham. She turned, smiled, responded a joyous shout, and bounded on towards the second pass. This was broader, and the foot-hold on the farther side shelving and insecure. Harry and Graham threw aside their guns and rushed into the river. Lora made the leap without touching the intervening water, but her foot struck a sharp point in the rock, she stumbled and fell over the side; but as she fell, she caught by a projecting point. "Hold fast, Lora, hold fast," screamed both the boys in the same breath, and at the next instant they stood in the stream below her, and extended their arms to receive her. The fall was not more than ten feet in height. Francis had attained a firmer position than Harry. Whether Lora perceived this, and was governed by an instinct of prudence, or whether it was the instinct of preference, she perhaps could not herself have told; but, as in obedience to their directions, she let go her hold on the rock, and dropped down, she gave herself an impulse towards Graham, and was received

in his arms. They all soon regained the shore. There had been just enough of danger in the accident to give excitement without seriousness, to the feelings of all parties. Lora was used to rural accidents; and the scratches, rents and wetting were trifles in her eyes. Her young knights errant applauded her spirit. Harry let fall something of her liking Graham's arms better than his shoulders; and Francis confessed himself pledged to Mrs. Lee, to make good the torn and soiled frock with a pretty new one.

This was to them the period of gay visions and romantic dreams. Life was all joy. The spirit of youth gave a charm to the trifling incidents we have related; and subsequent events preserved them from oblivion. Lora Cameron was an orphan niece of Mrs. Lee. "Orphan woes draws nature's ready tear;" but Lora had only the name of an orphan, for her aunt supplied to her every thing of parental vigilance, and more than parental indulgence. It must be confessed that she was bred somewhat daintily; in spite of many a suggestion from Mrs. Lee's thoughtful neighbours, that instead of fitting Lora to be a farmer's wife, she was bringing her up for an idol, and nothing else. And an idol she was, if unmeasured love could make her so. But as Mrs. Lee very justly said, it was nobody's fault, for nobody could help loving her. Lora was one of those who seem to be gifted with a marvellous touch, that opens the fountains of affection in every nature, that elicits harmony from the coarsest and most discordant instruments. That Lora, with her tender affections, her grace and beauty, should be loved by her cousin Harry Lee, and his friend Graham, was a matter of course; but that the old and severe should light up as she passed them, as if they had been touched by an angel's wing; that Madam Graham, the perpendicular Madam Graham, fit relict, or ghost of the murdered aristocracy of the land, should caress and pet her, we must refer to some mysterious gift, similar to that of the kind fairy to the good little girl, whose lips dropped pearls whenever she spoke.

Lee's farm lost none of its attractions for Graham, when the intellectual pursuits of collegiate life, the occupations of a liberal profession, and a familiarity with the first and gayest circles in the land, would seem to have created barriers between him and his rustic friends. The world had no pleasure for him, equivalent to his welcome at Lee's farm, to the cordial grasp of Harry's hand, to Lora's unrepressed joy, and the good mother's protracted smiles.

It was not long before Graham felt that there was one circumstance in his friend's condition, that far more than counterbalanced the apparent superiority of his; but it would be, as it seemed to his noble mind, crime or misery to betray this feeling; and through all the perilous scenes of youth, he maintained so gay and seemingly frank and careless an intercourse with Lora, that no one ever suspected that the affianced bride of his friend was the object of the tenderest sentiment, he ever felt, or ever was destined to feel.

Love is in its nature engrossing and selfish, and he who "ruleth his spirit" in this particular, is certainly "greater than he that taketh a city." Harry was naturally easy and confiding in his temper. He loved Lora, and he believed Lora loved him; and she believed so too: nor till instructed by events, that like the prism nicely separates shades, did she learn to distinguish the simple and tranquil sentiment she felt for Harry, from that in which all modes and capacities of feeling unite and blend.

Once she involuntarily and most innocently betrayed to Graham the real state of her affections. It was the discovery of a world to him; but not a word, not a glance informed Lora the discovery was made. One treacherous look would have given them both occasion for everlasting sorrow; but loyalty to Harry seemed to be the instinct of their natures. Lora never dreamed her feeling was responded. She suffered none of the misery that is supposed to be inseparable from repressed love. There was no affinity for misery in her sweet and happy disposition. When she thought and talked of her marriage, which had been long appointed for her seventeenth birthday, the perspective of life beyond, if not lit up with the bright hues of romantic love, was illumined with the light of conscious truth and fidelity—a light that shineth for ever and ever.

Nearly eight years had passed since the period at which our story began, and our young friends had entered upon the strifes and duties of manhood. Their characters had retained their original cast. The texture of the wood does not change, though the surface may be polished or marred by effort or accident; an obvious truth which Crabbe has somewhere poetically expressed. Fortune had shown her two faces to the friends. Graham had entered on the rich harvest that had been accumulating for the lawyer; and Harry into possession of a farm, heavily encumbered with debts; debts contracted by his father in the service of his country. This father, just at the close of the war, and when his honours were thick upon him, had met the death of the patriot soldier, and had left no inheritance to his son, but the glorious memory of his devotion to his country.

During the war of the revolution, debts were heedlessly contracted, and payment suspended, with political independence: a sort of Millennium seemed to have been expected, when the debtor and the creditor should lie down together. But peace came, and the sordid passions of men revived. At the moment that reward and enjoyment were expected, a grievous portion of the cost of the struggle was to be paid. The shrill life and spirit stirring drum no longer gave the impulse to deeds of high enterprise; and difficult efforts and protracted self denial were necessary.

From various causes the pressure was most severely felt in Massachusetts; and complaints of excessive taxes, of the vexatious forms of law, and of various grievances, real and fancied, per-

vaded the state. The discontents finally broke out in 1786—7, in the insurrection commonly called Shay's war. Many of the virtuous yeomanry were found in the ranks of rebellion. The ruinous state of Lee's affairs cast him naturally among the disaffected. Graham as naturally became a zealous and effective leader of the government party. Harry's love of peace, his integrity, and, more than all, his love for Graham, prevented him at first from taking part with the rebels; but unfortunately, Graham's activity and importance suspended their intercourse, and in the mean time Lee was exposed to the constant influence of the insurgent leaders, and to the goadings of pecuniary embarrassments. While it was possible he had forborne to communicate his perplexities even to his mother; but this manly reserve was no longer practicable. An execution was about to be levied on his farm, and he was menaced with imprisonment, unless an accommodation could be effected with one Seth Warner, his principal creditor. It was early in the month of February that he returned home, after having been absent all day. His mother was alone. She looked towards him with an expression of anxious inquiry. He sat down by the fire without speaking. His mother first broke the ominous silence. "My poor boy, you have not succeeded?"

"No mother."

"Did you apply to Francis Graham?"

"No, mother."

"Oh Harry, he is a friend for a wet day!"

"He was, mother. But now he thinks of nothing but hunting down the poor fellows who are struggling for their rights. He led the party that took Wily's son; and they say the poor lad will be hung for his father's sake. No, mother, there is neither mercy nor justice, and certainly not forbearance to be hoped from any of the court party*."

"Well, my son, the will of the Lord be done."

"But is it the will of the Lord, mother? Is it his will that one man should have his table spread with all the dainties of the land, while another man starves? That the children of those who sacrificed their property and their lives for the independence of their country, should be reduced to slavish dependence on hard hearted creditors. Did not my father fight for his home; was it not his watchword through seven years of hardship, in battle and in death; and are we now to be driven from it without resistance?"

Never before had Harry Lee made so formal and so complicated a speech; and it was with difficulty that his mother threaded her way to the result, which she expressed in a low and apprehensive voice. "Harry, you have been listening to Shay's men: you surely don't think of joining them?" Harry made no reply. "Let alone the right and wrong of the matter, it would be madness now, when general Lincoln is carrying all before him; the lower counties are quiet; the

insurgents are routed at Petersham; and they will scatter like scared geese in Berkshire, the moment the general sets foot in the country."

"Mother," replied Harry, with that decision with which men usually put down feminine opinions, touching subjects beyond their province, "mother, you know nothing about the matter. Forces are expected from Vermont. All the lower part of the county is rising, and Hamlin is coming in from the West; and there is every reason to hope the court party will be put down."

"Oh, Harry, I can't bear to hear you talk so—as if you were one of them; are they not all proclaimed rebels?"

"So was my father, and he changed the name to patriot; but take comfort, mother, we can't be worse off. Where is Lora?"

"At Madam Graham's. Poor Lora, she is made so much of there, that I often wonder she is so contented at home; but bless her, she is just like the sun, shining as pleasantly into the deepest valley, as on the highest hill."

The sound of sleigh bells interrupted the mother and the son, and an instant after Lora entered. Graham from the sleigh called to Lee, "What in the world, Hal, have you been about? I sent for you this morning to join us in our sortie on Hubbard." Lee's countenance fell at the mention of Hubbard's name; but his back was to the light, and Graham, without suspecting the train of his emotions, proceeded. "We had a detachment of thirty-seven infantry and seven gentlemen. It would have done your soul good, to have seen the panic of the scoundrels when we approached them—two hundred of them drawn up in battle array; but our very horses had more soldiership in them than the blackguards. Their sentries fired on us once, but we pressed on in front of their line. The poor devils staggered with fear. We commanded them to lay down their arms, and they laid them down. The ass knoweth his owner."

"And the ox his master's crib," replied Lee; "but when the crib is empty, and the poor beast overworked, he may well refuse any longer to tread out the corn."

"Why, Hal, my dear fellow, what do you mean? not to take the part of these beggarly rascals?"

"If they are beggars, Graham, it would be well to remember what has made them so, and well to ask yourself, which deserves the name of rascal, the oppressed or the oppressor."

"My good friend, you are possessed; but I have dropped an angel at your door, that will drive the foul fiend away; so good night to you. Good night, Lora, God bless you."

Lora perceived that a deep gloom had settled on Harry. In vain she related the little occurrences of the day: she called forth no questions, awakened no sympathy.

"Harry," she said, "do you know Madam Graham has promised us a ball on the twenty-seventh, if General Lincoln and his staff are here?" Harry gave no intimation that he heard

* This was the name by which the insurgents designated the government party, the supporters of the courts of law.

ber. "Now, cousin," she continued, "if you are deaf, I will make you hear; do you know the twenty-seventh is my birth-day?"

"Yes," he replied mournfully. He raised his eyes and Lora saw they were suffused with tears. "Yes, Lora, I was thinking of that; then you will be seventeen. Oh how bright that period has been in prospect; but, Lora, when our parents named it for our marriage, little did they think how dark it would be in reality."

"My dear cousin," replied Lora (it was singular, but Lora always called Harry cousin when their marriage was alluded to), "my dear cousin, you are very deep in the blues to-night. Aunt Lee, what has crossed Harry's path?"

"My child, Harry has his own trouble; but any burden is the lighter for being shared: and my advice to you, children, is, that you be married on the twenty-seventh, in spite of the hard times. It is bad luck to put off a marriage."

Harry looked earnestly at Lora. Had she freely assented, it might have changed the face of their whole lives; but she shook her head and said, "No, aunt, not on the twenty-seventh; you know I am engaged to Madam Graham; and beside Mr. Harry does not open his lips to ask me."

"I dare not, Lora—I did for an instant hope—but heaven only knows where I shall be on the twenty-seventh."

For several days subsequent, Harry's melancholy and restlessness increased. He was frequently absent without assigning any reason. His mother had her secret anxieties, but she did not communicate them to Lora.

Late in the evening of the twenty-fifth, Harry returned home, after having been absent all day. He stole into his mother's little bed-room, where she was sitting alone. "Ah, my son, I am glad to see you," she said; "Francis Graham has been waiting here all the evening for you."

"It is very easy waiting with Lora."

"So it is, Harry—and Lora has been so gay. She is full of some good news Francis has brought; she would not tell it till you came home; I suppose it is about the ball at Madam Graham's—but, Harry, you are not going to bed without letting them know that you have come home?"

At that moment, Graham and Lora's voices rose to a high pitch, broken with laughter. There is nothing more grating, more discordant, nothing that sounds more heartless than laughter to one who is deep in despondency. Harry's brow contracted. "I am in no humour to hear of balls to-night, mother," he said; "I will not interrupt them; say nothing of my having returned." He retired to his pillow, to him the nurse of bitter cares. The sound of that merry peal of laughter was still tingling in his ear when his mother came into his apartment. "If you are asleep, Harry," she said, I must wake you; for Mr. Graham has left this letter for you; and I am sure from his being in such spirits, and wanting to see you so much, there is something in it to make you sleep the quieter."

"No, mother, that can't be, but leave me the candle, and I will read it."

The note was as follows:

"Dear Hal:—As Tom Grovet, Eli Parsons, and Daniel Shay, (a worthy triumvirate!) have as yet failed in their efforts to abolish the courts—the purgatories of such poor devils; to disband the armies of lawyers that infest the land; and dispense with those awkward visitors, deputy sheriffs, we must find some method of appeasing that monster the law; therefore I, Francis Graham, barrister (thy friend, nevertheless, Hal,) summon thee to my office in the name of Seth Warner, who has there deposited certain evidences of debt due from the proprietor of Lee's farm to said Seth. Given under my hand, and Lora's seal, this twenty-fifth of February."

"And has it come to this!" exclaimed Harry. "Does he make sport of my misery! Hamlin is right; the court party treat us as if we were of a different clay from themselves. Is not Hamlin right in the rest?" This *rest* included intimations which Hamlin had thrown out (for the purpose of multiplying Lee's motives to join the rebels), that Graham had artfully won Lora's affections. He had at first indignantly repelled the insinuation; but now dark clouds gathered over his honest mind, and shadows took substantial forms.

Long before the day dawned he had risen from his bed, and prepared to leave his home to embark in the rebel cause. As he was passing the door of Lora's room, he was arrested by a feeling that he was separating himself from her for ever. Impelled by an intense desire to see her face once more, he opened her door. The light shot athwart her, but she was in too deep a sleep to be awakened. He approached the bed. A glow, as of freshly excited feeling was on her cheek; a smile played over her lips. He stooped once—for the last time—to press his lips to her cheek. She murmured "Francis." He started, dashed the tears from his eyes, and retreated from the room.

When Mrs. Lee rose in the morning she found the following note from her son:

"My dear mother:—Graham's letter was the last drop in my bitter cup. I could not endure insult from one who was my friend; and though he is so no longer, he should have been the last person to put the law in course against me. Mother, I believe the step I am taking is right in the sight of Heaven and of honest men. I believe so: but if I am wrong, you will not withhold your blessing.

"Whatever betides me, you have a home on the farm; and he who has been false to me, may be true to Lora."

"Oh cruel, cruel mistake!" exclaimed Lora, as soon as her eye, dimmed with tears, had glanced over the note; "Francis's letter was all banter. He has settled the whole concern with Seth Warner, assumed the debt himself, and last night he brought Harry's notes and mortgages and every thing here, and after waiting for him till midnight, he threw them into the fire. False to him! there never, never was a truer friend than Francis Graham!"

Mrs. Lee and Lora were both sure that if they could rectify Harry's impressions, before he was discovered with the insurgents, all would yet be well. But whither he had gone, or how to communicate with him, they knew not. It naturally occurred to both, that Graham would be the best counsellor and aid; and Lora went immediately, through a deep and newly fallen snow, to the village. When she arrived at Madam Graham's, she found that Francis was absent: to await him, with what patience she might, was the only resource. She dispatched an explanatory note to her aunt. The day was fraught with small, as well as great misfortunes to Lora.

Madam Graham's household were preparing for the reception of Governor Lincoln, and Lora was called on to give certain little embellishing touches too delicate for servile hands. But every thing went wrong with Lora. She threw salt, instead of sugar, into the cranberries; curdled the liquid custards; scorched, and spoiled irretrievably, a Mechlin lace of Madam Graham's; and finally dropped a dish containing a rich trifle, compounded by the old lady herself, on the centre of the best carpet: and bursting into tears, she left the ruin to tell its own story, and retreated to an apartment at the extremity of the house.

There she seated herself at the window, and waited and watched, hour after hour, till, just at the close of day, she heard the well known ring of Graham's sleigh bells. His fleet steeds rapidly approached. Lora's heart throbbed with joy. His presence, she thought, insured safety, and restored happiness to Harry. She threw up the window and waved her handkerchief. He gallantly doffed his cap in return. At that instant a loud shout from many voices was heard; and Lora perceived a troop of horse sweeping into the village in a direction opposite to that from which Graham had approached. Each horse was decked with a branch of evergreen, the well known insignia of the Shayites. They made a dash towards Graham's sleigh. He attempted to force his spirited horses through their ranks, but it was impossible; they closed around him; and, after a moment of breathless suspense, Lora saw his sleigh turned and driven away, well guarded. The cry of "Hurra for Hamlin!" now rung through the street. The troop was broken into small parties, and dispersed to every house in the village. All the men at home belonging to the government party, or, as they were termed in the descriptive phrase of their opponents, the "ruffled shirts," were made prisoners.

The depredations committed on that day, the brave resistance of a few Amazonian dames, and the ludicrous panic of others, are still the burden of many an old wife's tale. But we dare not now ask grace for these particulars.

Our heroine was thrown, by Graham's capture, upon her own unassisted energy. Her first object was to ascertain where the insurgents were to rendezvous, and what was to be their next movement. In spite of Madam Graham's entreaties, she lingered in the apartments where the depredators were most busy and communi-

cative, and she soon learned enough to shape her own projects. Hamlin had made his incursion with a small detachment. The main body of the insurgents had marched to Sheffield on the west side of the mountain. There they expected to meet reinforcements that would enable them to resist Colonel Ashly, who was at the head of a considerable body of Militia.

Lora's resolution was at once taken. She decided to go, herself, to Sheffield. A ride of fourteen miles, alone, in mid-winter, and over a road thronged with armed rebels, was a bold enterprise; but nothing seemed to Lora impossible, except to suffer her deluded cousin to be involved in ruin which she might avert. Without consulting Madam Graham, who, she well knew, would put her veto on the proceeding, she ordered a servant boy to saddle Jenny Gray, a high mettled riding horse of Graham's. The boy replied, that Peter Parker, one of Shay's men, had just stolen Jenny Gray from the stable, and was trying to mount her. Peter Parker, the pedlar!" exclaimed Lora; "he dare not—he shall not." She knew Peter, an itinerant vendor of brooms, wooden bowls, primers, and notions; and that he should presume to mount the patrician palfrey was incredible to Lora. She threw on her cloak, hood, muff, and tippet, and, arming herself with a riding whip, proceeded with characteristic impetuosity to the yard. Jenny was saddled, she had quietly permitted Peter to perform the office of groom, which fitted him, as she seemed instinctively to know; but when he attempted to mount her, she became restive, and Peter patted and coaxed in vain. Lora assumed a commanding attitude; and in a manner that would have become queen Bess, and was quite striking in a little person scarce five feet high, she ordered Peter to give her the reins. But Peter, whose bold aspirations at this moment rose to at least a twitch at the reins of government, was not in the humour to resign the reins of Jenny; and ashamed of the dastardly figure he was making in female eyes, he summoned all the spirit within him, and jerked himself astride the saddle. The spirited little animal, all unused to so ungainly and ill fitting a burden, reared and plunged. Lora snapped her whip. "Throw him, Jenny, throw him!" she cried. Peter dropped the reins and clung to the mane. Jenny

"Chafed and foamed with courage fierce and stern,
And to be eased of that base burden still did yearn."

And eased she soon was. The poor pedlar made a somerset over her head, and was laid sprawling on the ground.

The next moment, obedient to the well known voice of her whom she had often proudly borne beside her master, she stood gently while Lora sprang into the saddle; and before the pedlar was on his feet again, Lora and Jenny, for Jenny seemed well to comprehend her part in the strife, had fairly distanced him.

The insurgents, excepting a few who had discreetly loitered in the hope of avoiding the expected combat, were far in the advance of Lora;

and she rode on, unmolested, till she was descending the last declivity of the Monument mountain. She then heard the trampling of horsemen whose persons were concealed from her by a turn in the road. She slackened Jenny's pace, and listened. The men's spirits were excited by their success and refection at the village, and their talk was loud and vaunting. Lora's heart sunk within her; but she was soon reassured, by recognising among them a familiar voice; and, taking a bold and wise resolution, she spurred on Jenny Gray, and rode into the midst of the troop. "A recruit! a recruit!" shouted the men. "Mr. Adams," said Lora in a voice that sounded like the sweet note of a bird rising in the tempest, "I pray your kindness for the child of an old neighbour—your protection as far as Sheffield."

"Lora Cameron!" exclaimed the man whom she had addressed; "you here, and going to Sheffield to-night! What, under the canopy, does this mean?"

"Mean!" cried one of his companions, "why that she is tugging after her sweetheart. I've seen her on that beast of Graham's before, prancing proudly by his side."

"Yes, yes, my dainty Miss," said another, "I heard Captain Hamlin tell Harry Lee, that every body had seen how the rich squire was luring you away from him, though he was blind to it."

"They are false hearted men that say so," retorted Lora, her voice trembling, but not with fear: "my hand and heart are plighted to my cousin Harry Lee; and it is for his sake alone, that I have ventured forth to-night—and will go on too, in spite of men who have no breeding on their tongues, nor kindness in their hearts."

"Oh hush, hush, Miss Lora, we are not so bad as that; and if you do indeed love Harry Lee, and hate the 'ruffled shirts,' we'll be your body guard."

"I am true to my cousin, so help me heaven and all good men."

Lora's earnestness and courage, aided it may be by her surpassing beauty, softened her rude companions. Adams assured her of his protection; the rest took a conciliatory tone; and during the remainder of the ride to the farm house, the place of general rendezvous, they treated her with as much consideration as if they had been her appointed guard.

The house, at which they alighted, was already thronged; and, when they entered it, Lora looked eagerly around, in the hope of seeing Harry; but he was not there. A female figure muffled in furs, had attracted every eye. In the eagerness of her search, she had thrown back her hood. A suppressed murmur of wonder and admiration ran through the room; Lora did not hear it: but a voice, exclaiming "Good heaven! Lora Cameron!" thrilled through her heart. It was Graham—Lora's eye met his. She burst into tears, pulled her hood over her face, and followed Adams, who was conducting her to the women's apartment. She heard Graham's voice in loud altercation with the men; but could only guess at the purport of what passed between them.

She had entreated to be permitted to speak with Hamlin. He soon came; and, in reply to her inquiries, assured her that Lee had not yet arrived, and probably would not till morning, when he was expected at the head of the Egremont men.

All night poor Lora was possessed with gloomy thoughts and forebodings. The next day would be the twenty-seventh, her seventeenth birthday—the period on which Harry's brightest hopes had been fixed. She recollected his despondent look and tone when he said, "I know not where I shall be on the twenty-seventh." The words seemed now an evil prophecy.

Morning came; but not to dispel her fears. Information had been received by the insurgents, that Colonel Ashly, a popular leader through the revolutionary war, and well known to be a determined soldier, was rapidly approaching, at the head of a considerable force. Ashly's name was revered by many of the insurgents, and a terror to others. These counselled a retreat; while Hamlin, who had been one of the excepted in the general amnesty offered the insurgents, earnestly contended that this was the favourable moment for an engagement. His influence unhappily prevailed, and he marshalled his men for action. The position he had chosen was within sight of the farm house, and about a hundred yards distant from it. Lora's heart was throbbing with conflicting fears and hopes. She knew Ashly was near, and she hoped the conflict would be over, before Harry Lee arrived. "I care but for that," she thought, as she advanced to the window to give one glance at the array for the battle, but that glance banished her cousin from her mind. The prisoners were placed in front of the insurgents, and formed a sort of breastwork for them. Lora saw only Francis Graham; every other object vanished from her sight. He stood erect and firm, a brave shield for his cowardly foes.

This arrangement, so long remembered with sorrow and remorse, had been counselled by Hamlin. At first, it was received by the insurgents with almost unanimous dissent: but Hamlin urged that this position of their prisoners would at once disarm the enemy, or at least abate their ardour; and that an easy and bloodless, and at that crisis all important victory might be gained. But, if life must be sacrificed, why should it not be their enemies, he asked, instead of theirs.

Poor Lora's head reeled; but she stood still, gazing as if she were transfixed on the spot. She saw the militia approaching. The insurgents had already opened a scattering fire; when a loud shout was heard and responded: and from the road in rear of the farm house, advanced the Egremont men, led by Harry Lee. In another instant they were before the house; and Lora stood beside Lee, her hands clasped and wringing in agony. "Oh, Harry," she cried, "they have placed their prisoners in front! Francis is there!—hasten—save him—Oh God help us!"

We can only guess at the emotions that swelled in Harry's generous bosom. Those that were

near him afterwards said, that he became instantly pale as marble—that for a moment he seemed bewildered—that he averted his head, and dashed the tears from his eyes. Certain it is, that without replying a word to Lora, he directed one of his companions to take the command of the men, and spurred his horse onward to the head of the insurgents—that seeing it was then too late to interpose in order to change the position of the prisoners, he leaped from his horse, and rushed forward directly in front of Graham.

Colonel Ashly advanced rapidly, with exact military order; and it was not till the instant that he was about to give the command to fire, that he perceived the barbarous arrangement which the insurgents had made. "Often," the kind hearted old man afterwards said, "often had he been on the field of battle and death, but never before had he trembled. Many among the insurgents were his neighbours, his own folks; and 't was an ugly job to fight against them: but when he saw the prisoners set up for a mark for their own friends to fire upon, and above all, when he saw young Graham, the gallant boy, the life blood of their cause, his heart died away within him." But the stern duty of the veteran soldier prevailed over the feelings of the man; and he gave that order, still remembered by some, in whose ears it then tingled, "Pour in your fire, boys, and, God have mercy on their souls!" It was at this instant, that Lee had thrown himself before Graham. The fatal order was obeyed. Graham's life was preserved—his friend was the victim.

This was the last and severest contest that occurred during the insurrection; but, after a short space, the rebels gave way, and dispersed in every direction; and while the Militia pursued the fugitives, and removed the dead and wounded, one little group remained stationary. Harry Lee was stretched on the ground, and supported in Graham's arms; his head resting on Lora's bosom.

The mistakes that had led to this fatal issue were all explained. He placed Lora's hand in Graham's, pressed them both to his bosom, faintly articulated, "Remember my mother," and expired.

HOURS OF STUDY.

"On morning wings how active springs the mind,
That leaves the load of yesterday behind."

It has been usual with many persons of a literary turn of mind, to devote the evening, and oftentimes a large portion of the night, to study. The reason is obvious; they are not so liable to meet with interruption as in the day. It is, however, very injurious to the health, which requires the regular refreshment of sleep; neither, unless they lead abstemious lives, are their ideas likely to be so clear as in the morning.

Dr. Jennings, the author of the *Jewish Antiquities*, of a *Treatise on Medals*, (which was printed by the famous Baskerville,) and other writings, was, as I have been well informed, accustomed to rise at *five* every morning in *summer*, and at *four* in *winter*, thereby devoting several quiet hours to his studies, at a time when no one could be expected to intrude on his privacy.

His family being used to his plan, he gave no additional trouble to the servant; who, every night, prepared the fire-place for the winter-morning. As he kept a lamp burning, he lighted his fire himself as soon as he rose.

By this regular system, he saw his friends with ease; put no one to inconvenience; and preserved health to a good old age, in peace and tranquillity.

As his circumstances permitted the expense, he generally made a rural tour once in the summer; this had beneficial effects also, and tended to recruit the exhausted spirits; all studious persons would do well to adopt such measures, with occasional relaxation, to prevent the wearied frame from sinking under the pressure of continual exertion, which must, otherwise, inevitably happen. Neither is it a good method to attempt to sustain nature under such exertions, by having recourse to fermented, or spiritous liquors; as I remember was the case of Dr. Gilbert Stuart, the historian, who wore out his frame, by that bad habit at the age of forty-four.

The morning is the proper time for mental efforts, when the faculties are clear and undisturbed by the bustle of the day. After the allotted hours are passed over, we are then ready to enter on the necessary affairs of life; and not being fatigued from want of our natural rest, cannot be mistaken, when we appear, for walking images, as the poet humourously describes such a person to be:—

"So stiff, so mute, some statue you would swear,
Stepped from its pedestal to take the air."

It has been said, that "life is not merely to live, but to be well," I would therefore advise all persons, writers or readers, to refrain from neglecting their health in this particular; it is not always easily restored, and, in all events, let it be remembered, that prevention is far better than remedy. Lastly, I would recommend to all literary persons to mix frequently in society; it will soften the manners, meliorate the ideas, discourage the growth of peculiarities, and that propensity to affectation and pedantry, which too much seclusion is apt to produce.

An attention to these friendly hints may prevent many from regretting the loss of time, when gone by, and past recall.

Oh! would indulgent heaven restore,
The years which I shall see no more.

This vain wish will never be uttered by those who take care of their health, and make a prudent use of their allotted term, by devoting it, wisely, to beneficial purposes; making it thereby a blessing to themselves and to others.

For the Lady's Book.
A BALLAD.

Oh bear me lady o'er the stream !
My anxious love will chide ;
For I have many a weary mile
Before the night to ride.

Rough rolls the wave, my boat is frail,
The rushing winds are high,
And swiftly scud the thick dark clouds
Across the troubled sky.

A bolder hand than mine must guide
My bark o'er such a tide ;
Then warrior rest—to-morrow I
Will bear thee to thy bride.

Let the bleak blast roar as it may—
The raging torrent rave—
If frail thy bark, my gallant steed
Must dare the angry wave.

The priest beside the altar stands,
The wedding guests are met,
My Ada's pale and trembling cheeks
With anxious tears are wet.

Then come—thy task the boat to row—
Be mine the helm to guide—
Thy charger's free and lightsome foot
Perchance may stem the tide.

Loud roar'd the winds, the lightning flash'd,
The pattering rain fell fast,
But safely o'er the rapid stream
The little bark has past.

Thanks lady, thanks, the warrior said,
Wilt come my bride to see ?
Quick, mount, my steed is strong and fleet—
Dost fear to ride with me ?

Thou wilt not—then farewell, kind maid,
I may not—must not wait ;
Love calls—night's shadows gather round
Already I'm too late.

The lady smil'd a ghastly smile—
" So soon then must we part ?"
She pluck'd a dagger from her zone,
And plung'd it in his heart.

And know'st thou not this hand, she cried,
This hand, oft clasp'd in thine,
Didst think revenge could cease to burn
Within a breast like mine.

No hated rival o'er shall press
Those lips I oft have prest ;
No scornful dame shall find repose
Upon that faithless breast.

Too late the dying Edmund knew
The face he once thought fair ;
He breathed one sigh to Ada lost,
To heaven one ardent prayer.

And thou forgive, too cruel maid,
Thy many wrongs, he cried ;
Then on the damp and pebbly shore
He laid him down, and died.

And now the rash, revengeful maid,
Is wild and frantic grown ;
The steel she dyed in Edmund's blood,
Streams purple with her own.

From yonder tower, who gazes forth
With anxious, tearful eye ?
Needless of every bitter blast
That rudely rushes by.

'Tis Ada, who has waited long,
In sadness and in fear ;
Who watches on the turret's top
Her Edmund's horn to hear.

Why tarries he, the much loved one—
Why linger thus his feet ?
Long past the promised hour when we
The wedding guests should meet.

But hark, along the howling storm
The sound of hoofs is borne :
Quick, warder—let the drawbridge fall
And blow your joyful horn.

He comes—I see his gallant grey—
How swiftly love can ride ;
My tongue can nought but welcome speak,
My tongue that fain would chide.

Soon shall I see those eyes again,
Where love and valour shine ;
Soon shall these fond and longing arms
That noble form entwine.

Swift flies the steed, the long lank grass
Scarce bends beneath his tread ;
But he, whose hand once held the rein,
Now slumbers with the dead.

Right onward speeds the foaming barb,
As lightning's flashes fleet,
Till struggling in the pangs of death,
He falls at Ada's feet.

She saw—she knew—in one wild shriek
Exhales her dying breath—
Then, like a stricken dove, she fell,
Pierced by the dart of Death.

MORAL.

Now warning take, ye faithful swains,
Who wish to cross a stream,
And never trust a *ferry-boat*,
When you can go by *steam*.

And ye, ye love-sick maidens, who
On turrets play the acout ;
Take heed, lest ye should giddy grow,
And tumble headlong out.

L.

 TIME.

DARK-DEALING power around thy way
The wrecks of human grandeur lay ;
Oblivion's waters cold and black,
Roll onward in thy gloomy track,
And darkly hide from mortal ken
The traces where thy curse hath been.

The proudest things that earth has known,
The gorgeous splendour of a throne,
The creast and kingly diadem—
The peerless arm hath scatter'd them ;
And power that shook the world with dread,
Lies crush'd beneath thy mighty tread.

Successive years around thee flow,
Yet leave no traces on thy brow,
Revealing and destroying all,
As firmly now, thy footsteps fall,
As when at first thy course was given,
And thy dread limits mark'd by heaven.

Mysterious power ! still deep and strong
Thy tide of years shall roll along ;
The sun shall leave his home on high ;
The moon and stars of heaven shall die ;
But thou shalt be the last to fall,
The conqueror and the end of all.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

—I would call thee somewhat higher still,
 But when our hearts search heaven for appellation,
 They echo back the sovereign name of woman!
 Thou woman, therefore! O thou loveliest woman!

THE advantages of female society are numerous, and extend themselves over almost every custom and every action of social life. It is the social intercourse with women, that men are indebted for every effort they make to please and be agreeable; and it is to the ambition of pleasing they owe all their elegance of manners, as well as the neatness and ornaments of dress. It is to the same cause, also, that they frequently owe their sobriety and temperance, and, consequently, their health; for to drunkenness and irregularity, nothing is so effectual a check as the company of modest woman; inasmuch that it is seldom we find a man so lost to shame as to get drunk when he is in or to go into their company. To them we are not less frequently indebted for the calming of violent disputes, and preventing of quarrels, which, with every other species of rudeness, are happily reckoned so indecent in their presence, that we often postpone them till another opportunity; and in the interim, reason resumes the rein which passion had usurped. But this is not all; many disputes and quarrels, already begun, have been amicably settled by the interposition of their good offices, or, at least, the fatal effects of them prevented by their tears and mediation. Fond of the softer scenes of peace, they have often had the address to prevent, by their arguments and intercession, the dire effects of war; and, afraid of losing their husbands and relations, they have sometimes rushed between two hostile armies ready to engage, and turned the horrid scenes of destruction into those of friendship and festivity.

In our sex, there is a kind of constitutional or masculine pride, which hinders us from yielding, in points of knowledge or of honour, to each other. Though this may be designated by nature for several useful purposes, yet it is often the source also of a variety of evils, the most dangerous to the peace of society; but we lay it entirely aside in our connexion with women, and with pleasure submit to such dictates and behaviour from their sex, as from our own would call up every irascible particle of our blood, and inflame every ungovernable passion. This accustomed submission gives a new and less imperious turn to our ideas, teaches us to obey where we were used to command, and to reason where we used to be in a passion; to consider as only good breeding and complaisance, that which before we looked upon as the most abject and unbecoming meanness; and thus the stern severity of the male is softened and rendered mild by the gentleness peculiar to the female nature. Hence we may rest assured, that it is the conversation of *virtuous* and *sensible* woman only, that can properly fit us for society; and that, by abating the ferocity of our more irascible passions, can lead

us on in that gentleness of deportment, distinguished by the name of humanity. The tenderness we have for them, softens the ruggedness of our nature; and the virtues we assume in order to make a better figure in their eyes, sometimes become so habitual to us that we never afterwards lay them aside.

FASHION.

It is fashionable to complain of fashion. There are some people who make a point of getting quarrelsome upon every change and circumstance in the fashions of modern days. They are perpetually pointing back to the times of old, as if the unstable elements of fashion in the days of their grandmothers were never agitated and changed and dissolved. They ask us to imitate our ancestors—and in what? in the powdered wig, the deer-skin breeches, and the tail-like queue, which according to the sage opinions of Lord Monboddo, completely assimilated the human figure to the Monkey and Ourang-Outang? Would they have our fair ones—the ‘bright particular stars’ of the horizon of beauty, lay aside the light drapery which now floats around their exquisite forms, like the foldings of a sun-set cloud around a beautiful spirit of evening, and don the uncouth garb of their grandmothers? Only think of the hoop—the hoop-ed petticoat! The good saints preserve us from anything of the like. We would as soon see a lady in the indescribable garb of a Block Island fisherman. Seriously, there is a great deal said to no purpose in regard to the dressing-gear of the ladies. It is moreover ungentlemanly as well as entirely useless. What if the ladies through the medium of their magazines and albums, should undertake to criticise and condemn the habiliments of the “lords of creation?” There would be a universal outcry against such unparalleled presumption. It would not be tolerated. But our gentlemanly writers consider themselves perfectly competent to judge of the fitness or unfitness of any new fashion which finds its way among the ladies. Do they wear a huge bonnet—the sail-like Navarino for instance, hanging over their features like a cloud over the White Mountains, or sport a pair of sleeves at their sides larger than those of the old friars of Melrose, who carried off in their provisions and ale for a month’s consumption, there is no bounds to the cavillings of the gentleman critics. Then too, there is the corset, the everlasting corset, and nothing but the corset—a perpetual theme for the ill-natured, a standing subject for the first essay of a young physician. We protest against these unpardonable liberties. Let the ladies dress as they please. If a gentleman strangle himself with his cravat, or if his ears suffer from the edge of his starched dickey, no body seems to take cognizance of the matter. So, if the corset of a lady prove as fatal to her as did the poisoned girdle to Moore’s Alethe, let us not interfere in such a delicate affair. For ourselves, should the corset be bound tighter and tighter, even to the employing of steam-power in the screwing process, we shall look on in silence.

THE BIBLE.

THERE is no book which may be more easily comprehended than the Bible. It may be asked why do so many read it without deriving any benefit? The fault is not with the Bible, it is wholly with the reader.

The written word is a pointed arrow, aimed by God himself at the heart of man; but the reason it is not felt and understood, and remembered, is because the natural man is not willing to attain this knowledge; he seldom opens the Bible; he reflects not on what he reads; none of its contents have power to fix his wandering thoughts, except perhaps a moral precept, or a poetical expression: he does not seek to be made wise unto salvation: sufficient light is given him, but he wilfully shuts his eyes.—There is no veil cast over the Bible, but satan and himself have a veil over his understanding—and his heart is so filled with the vanities of the world as to leave no room for the reception of heavenly things. Now it may be firmly asserted, that any person regarding the Bible will reverence the word of God, and reading it with a humble and teachable disposition, holding its contents as sacred truths, and sincerely desirous to impress them on his mind, may without difficulty comprehend what he reads.

I do not say that the light of natural man is in equal degree with that of spiritual man; (neither has one spiritual man the same proportion of light that another may possess;) but can we doubt of God's assistance in this holy study? Will not this knowledge, like all other, be progressive? It may at first be compared to the feeble glimmering of dawn, which, though but one faint streak, is nevertheless a certain presage of the meridian sun.

Let any man shut this book altogether; never enter a church door, where its truths and precepts are explained—nor even into the company and conversation of those who frame their lives by this book, and I will tell him he is hastening to the land of unalleviated sorrows. On the other hand, let him read this book for edification, to learn the way to Heaven—let him carefully attend upon the preaching of the gospel; converse and hold sweet counsel with the excellent ones of the earth, and imitate their example, and I will tell him he is not far from the kingdom of Heaven. God never did, and never will, withhold his blessing and the influences of his spirit from those who diligently seek him.—*Irving.*

A SISTER'S LOVE.

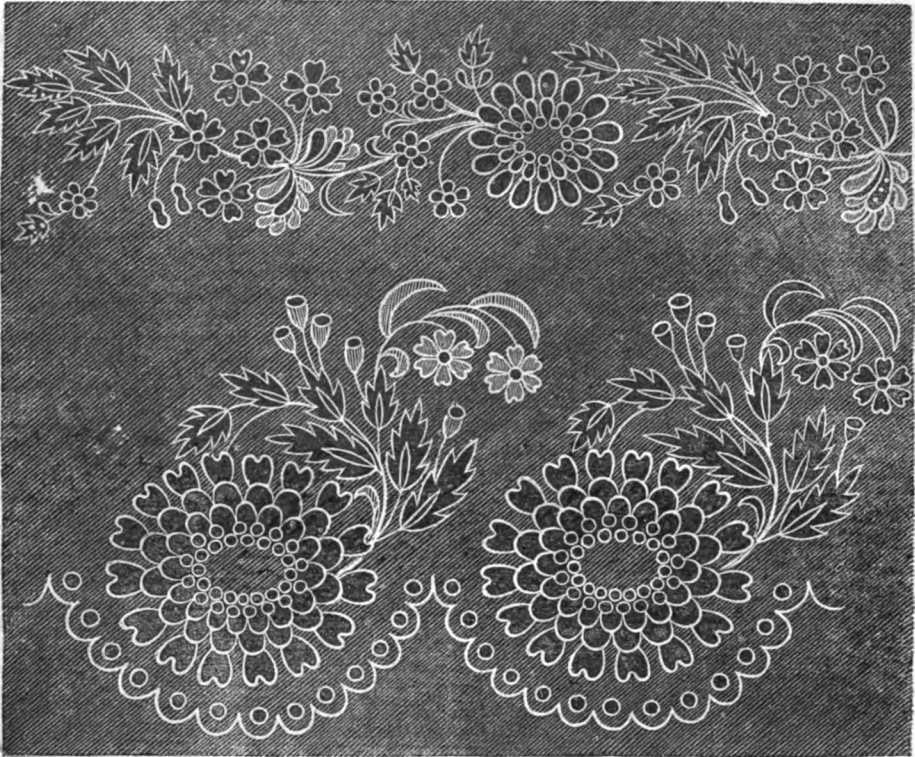
THERE is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections;—so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it.

The world may revolve, and its evolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependant upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse; and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

OF the origin of the name "Forget-me-not," (*Myosotis*.) Dr. Johnston, in his "Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed," gives the following account, extracted from Mills's *History of Chivalry*, and communicated to that work by Dr. A. F. Thomson:—

"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake on a fine summer's evening, when the maiden espied some of the flowers of *Myosotis* growing on the water close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when the knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water, and swimming to the spot, cropped the wished for plant; but his strength was unable to fulfil the object of his achievement, and feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and casting a last affectionate look upon his lady-love, he cried 'Forget-me-not!' and was buried in the waters." As the world insists upon a reason, this story is as good as another; but the worthy knight must have been sadly out of his element not to have been able to return from a bank on which his mistress could discern so minute a blossom, unless, indeed, we suppose him to have been clad in armour, which was an habiliment ill-adapted for a lover by land or water."



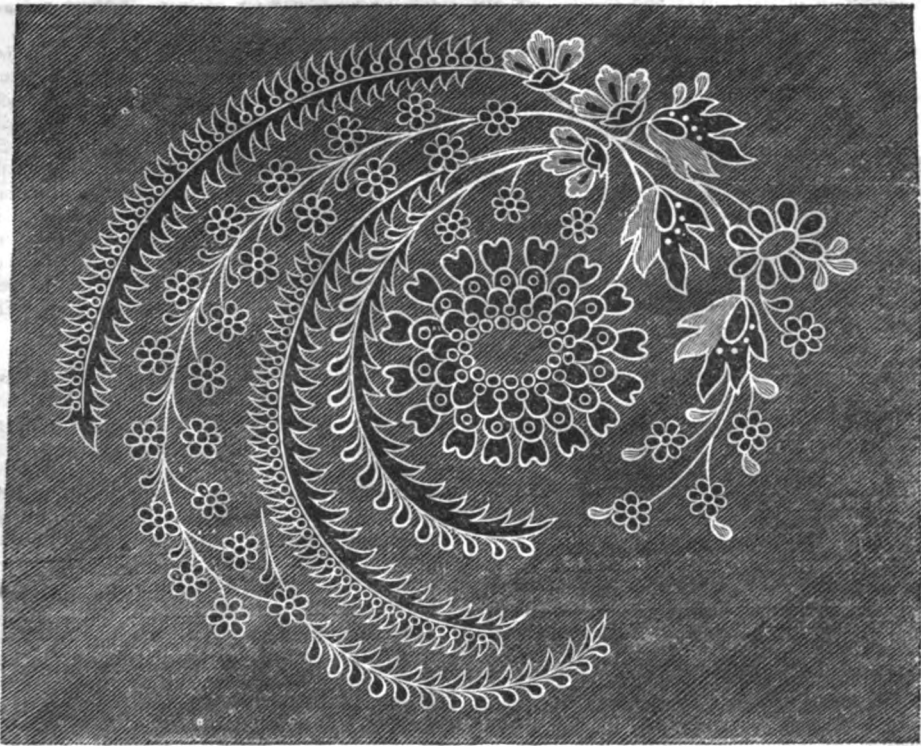
EMBROIDERY.

A BEAUTIFUL kind of Embroidery is executed at the tambour, which is a frame resembling a hoop, over which the material is placed; another hoop, made to fit, is passed over it: both hoops being covered with woollen cloth, the work is strained tight between them. The hoop is then placed in a horizontal position, between two upright supports, fixed in a stand, and, when in use, placed on a table. For large subjects, a square frame is used, the four sides of which separate, and which, having a number of holes near their ends, are united by moveable pegs, according to the size required. This frame rests on a stand, at a convenient height from the ground. The tambour needle is a small steel instrument fixed in an ivory handle, and has a small notch near its point, which answers the purpose of a hook; and, in working, the right hand, which directs the tambour needle, will always be on the upper side of the work; and the left hand, which supplies the worsted, or cotton, on the lower side. The principal materials on which Tambour work is employed, are muslin and net, and the Embroidery is generally done in coloured crewels, white twisted cotton, or gold thread. The design is previously drawn on the material or ground with indigo, which will afterwards wash out. If it be intended to work in crewels, a coloured pattern will also be of service, as a guide to the selection of the worsteds, which are

usually worked into very beautiful groups or wreaths of flowers, in their natural colours, principally for the bottoms of dresses.

In working, the needle is passed through the muslin, from the upper side; the worsted, or cotton, being held underneath, is placed on the hook, and drawn through, so as to form a loop on the surface. The needle is then passed through that loop, and also through the muslin, at a few threads' distance; a second loop is then drawn up through the first; a third loop through the second; and thus the work is continued. In a narrow or pointed leaf, it is usual to work its complete outline first, passing up one side and down the other, and filling up the middle with succeeding rows. In a round or oval leaf, the stitches should begin at the outside, and form one row within another, terminating in the centre. Stalks are worked in single or double rows, as the thickness in the pattern may require. Small sprigs are sometimes thus embroidered in gold thread on India muslin, for ladies' head dresses.

Print-work, so called from its resemblance to dotted and line engraving, is principally applicable to small subjects, on account of the minuteness of the stitches employed. The design is sketched, in pencil, on white silk, or satin, previously stitched on a frame. It is worked with a very fine needle, in black silk, or in silk of dif-



ferent shades, from a jet black through all the gradations of a lead hue, to the palest slate-colours.

Imitations of dotted engravings are worked in small stitches, (similar to the first stitch in marking,) set exceedingly thick; beginning with the darkest parts in black silk, and gradually working towards the lighter parts with silks of appropriate hues; blending them into each other, by setting the dark stitches wider apart, where it is requisite to change the shade; and working those of the next tint into the intervals thus left. It is necessary to place the engraving constantly in view, as a guide for the lights and shades.

Subjects in imitation of line-engraving are worked for rather more distant effect than those we have just described. The same fine silks are used, but the stitches must be longer, and set rather apart from each other, according to the lines in the original.

Worsted-work, on canvas, is a subordinate description of Embroidery. It is applied to the production of rugs for urns, covers of ottomans, bell-pulls, and many other elegant articles. The outline of the pattern is sketched, with a pen, on canvas, strained in the middle of a frame.

In working a rug, it is usual to commence with the centre, which is done in tent-stitch, or as the first stitch in marking. The worsted is brought from underneath, and passed down again, in an angular direction, over the next cross-thread of the canvas. It is particularly observed, that all the stitches must go in one direction; the colours

of the worsted should be selected to imitate the various tints, as in a painting of the same subject. The whole of the ground is to be filled up in the same sort of stitch as that adopted for the centre, with white glazed cotton, worsted, or silk. When the work is removed from the frame, it is advisable to tack a piece of paper over the centre, in order to keep it clean, during the working of the border, which is formed by long loops, in a cross-stitch, on the canvas, taken over a flat ivory mesh-stick. The border is usually done in a scroll pattern, shaded tufts, or shades of colours in lines. When finished, each loop is cut with a pair of scissors; the rug is then laid flat on a table, and the surface cropped smooth. It should be beaten with a little cane to clear out all the small loose fibres of worsted; and may be lined, at the back, with glazed cambric, or baize.

Ottomans, or foot-stools, are worked all over exactly in the same manner as the centre of a rug.

Bell-pulls are also worked with the same worsteds, and in the same stitch as rugs; usually in a running pattern of flowers, on a strip of canvas, of a proper length, which may be bought, with a selvage on each side, adapted to this peculiar purpose. The ground is generally filled up with a colour that harmonizes with the curtains, or other decorations, of the room for which the bell-pulls are intended. The edge is either finished by a binding of velvet, or worked in a sloping direction, so as to cover about three threads of

the margin of the canvas, and forming a satin-stitch. The top of the bell-ribbon is finished with a tuft, worked on a round piece of canvas, in the same manner as the border of a rug: it is afterwards tacked on a circular piece of paste-board.

Paper patterns, covered with black cross lines, to represent the threads of canvass, and painted on the squares, is the proper colours, may be bought at the worsted-shops; but in working from these patterns, it is necessary to use the cross-stitch, which is taken in an angular direction over two threads of the canvas, and then crossed in the same way. The pattern is not to be tacked to the canvas, but merely placed in view, as a copy. The centre of the middle flower, or ornament, is to be first ascertained, and the coloured squares in the pattern counted from it, as a guide for the number of stitches to be taken in each colour on the canvas.

SPORTING WITH FEMALE AFFECTION.

—
 Man cannot act a more perfidious part,
 Than use his utmost effort to obtain
 A confidence in order to deceive.

—
HONOUR and integrity ought to be the leading principles of every transaction in life. These are virtues highly requisite, notwithstanding they are too frequently disregarded. Whatever pursuits individuals are in quest of, sincerity in profession, steadfastness in pursuit, and punctuality in discharging engagements, are indispensably incumbent. A man of honest integrity, and uprightness in his dealings with his fellow-creatures, is sure to gain the confidence and applause of all good men; whilst he who acts from dishonest or designing principles, obtains deserved contempt. Dishonest proceedings in word or deed, are very offensive to, and unjustifiable in the sight of God and man, even in trivial, but much more so in consequential affairs. The most perfect uprightness is highly requisite between man and man, though it is too often disregarded, and is much more so between the sexes. Every profession of regard should be without dissembling, every promise preserved inviolate, and every engagement faithfully discharged. No one ought to make any offers or pretensions to a lady before he is, in a great measure, certain her person, her temper, and qualifications suit his circumstances, and agree perfectly with his own temper and way of thinking. For a similarity of mind and manners is very necessary to render the bonds of love permanent, and those of marriage happy.

“ Marriage the happiest state of life would be,
 If hands were only joined where hearts agree.”

The man of uprightness and integrity of heart, will not only observe the beauties of the mind, the goodness of the heart, the dignity of sentiment and the delicacy of wit, but will strive to

fix his affections on such permanent endowments, before he pledges his faith to any lady.

He looks upon marriage as a business of the greatest importance in life, and a change of condition that cannot be undertaken with too much reverence and deliberation. Therefore he will not undertake it at random, lest he should precipitately involve himself in the greatest difficulties. He wishes to act a conscientious part, and consequently cannot think (notwithstanding it is too much countenanced by custom) of sporting with the affections of the fair sex, nor even of paying his addresses to any one, till he is perfectly convinced his own are fixed on just principles.

All imaginable caution is certainly necessary beforehand; but after a man's profession of regard, and kind services and solicitations have made an impression on a female heart, it is no longer a matter of indifference whether he perseveres in, or breaks off his engagement. For he is then particularly dear to her, and reason, honour, justice, all unite to oblige him to make good his engagement. When the matter is brought to such a crisis, there is no retreating, without manifestly disturbing her quiet and tranquillity of mind; nor can any thing but her loss of virtue justify his desertion. Whether marriage has been expressly promised or not, it is of little signification. For if he has solicited and obtained her affections, on supposition that he intended to marry her, the contract is, in the sight of heaven, sufficiently binding. In short, the man who basely imposes upon the honest heart of an unsuspecting girl, and, after winning her affections by the prevailing rhetoric of courtship ungenerously leaves her to bitter sorrow and complaining, acts a very dishonourable part, and is more to be detested than a common robber. For private treachery is much more heinous than open force; and money must not be put in competition with happiness.

NEWTON'S METHOD OF COURTSHIP.

It is said that Sir Isaac Newton did once in his life go a wooing, and as was expected, had the greatest indulgence paid to the little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were gravely seated to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac made a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again, and at last drew his chair near to the lady: a pause of some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac seemed still more uneasy—Oh! the timidity of some! thought the lady—when lo! Sir Isaac got hold of her hand—now the palpitation began: he will kiss it, no doubt, thought she, and then the matter is settled. Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand near his head, already the expected salutation vibrated from the hand to the heart, when, pity the damsel, gentle reader! Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand, to make the fore-finger what he much wanted—a tobacco stopper!

ADELAIDE—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE morning mists had disappeared, and the sun had burst forth with unusual brilliancy; its bright rays reflected in the beautiful stream that meanders through Elmwood's Park, as I paused at an open window to bid a long adieu to the scenery around, and to the home which I loved. It was, in truth, a beautiful prospect; and I remained, gazing intently upon it, until, aroused by hearing the gentle accents of a female voice in an adjacent room, I recollected that I was about to offer my congratulations to my cousin, Adelaide Manvers, on her bridal morning, and to bid her a long, and, perhaps, an eternal farewell. My heart beat tumultuously as I entered her apartment; but a strong effort enabled me to subdue my agitation. I approached Adelaide, and placing a diadem of pearls beside her, I expressed, in a few words, my sincere wishes for her happiness.

"But why will you leave us, Horace?" said the sweet girl; "surely you can remain with us one day longer?" and she looked earnestly at me, while a deep blush spread over her ingenuous countenance.

Alas! she little knew the agony I suffered in being obliged to leave her, nor the deep, the very deep interest I took in her welfare. I endeavoured to convince her that longer delay was impossible, and that I had already exceeded the time allowed me.

"Well, then," said Adelaide, "if you are indeed going, I have a little gift for you"—and she placed in my hands a small miniature of herself cased in gold—"which will sometimes serve to remind you of a cousin who will ever remember with affection the friend of her youth."

I strove to speak, but the words died away on my tongue; and, hastily clasping her to my heart with the freedom which our long intimacy and relationship warranted, I pressed my lips on her beautiful brow, and rushed from the room. Years have passed away since then, but that interview still lives in my memory! Adelaide Manvers was the orphan child of my father's favourite sister. Both of her parents had died when she was very young. My mother received her under her protection, and she was educated with my sister Catharine. I was ten years the senior of Adelaide; and when she first became an inmate of our family, I was preparing for the university, and had but little intercourse with my pretty cousin. Years rolled onwards, and the joyous laughing child ripened into a beautiful and artless girl, whose smiles and presence formed to me the chief attraction of my home; and whose grace and engaging simplicity were never-failing objects of interest and delight. Adelaide was, however, unconscious that I entertained for her a sentiment warmer than that of friendship; nor had I the courage to make her acquainted

with my feelings, as I feared to interrupt the harmony then existing between us. About this time, an opportunity presented itself for my accompanying a gentleman in the continental tour, and as I was much pressed to avail myself of the offer by my father, and could offer no plausible reason for refusing, I reluctantly consented. I was absent two years, and during that time the sweet image of Adelaide still haunted me, and I thought of her with unabated affection. At length I returned, and hastened to embrace my family, who were then staying at Southampton. Adelaide was with them—and, how beautiful she looked! Every where she was the object of universal attraction; but I thought less of her personal loveliness than of the endearing and estimable qualities of her heart and mind. We renewed our former friendly intercourse, and hope whispered to my heart that I might be happy. Soon, however, I learned with dismay, that Sir James Mantravers was an ardent admirer of my cousin Adelaide, and that it was suspected she regarded him with partiality. Here was a death-blow to the airy fabric of happiness which I had been raising. The baronet was younger than myself; handsome, and of most polished manners. He evidently sought to gain Adelaide's affection, and I watched her closely when in company with him. I saw the deepened blush on the cheek of my cousin when the young baronet addressed her, and the sparkle of her eye as she listened to the welcome conversation; from that moment, the long treasured and secret hopes of my heart died within me. I saw that her young heart's affections were fixed, and that she was lost to me forever. I resolved that my wretchedness and disappointment should be buried in the recesses of my heart. Sir James soon after made proposals for the hand of Adelaide, which were accepted. I know not why, but though he was a general favourite in society, I never liked him. I suspected that much of dissimulation lurked beneath his smooth exterior and insinuating address. Though I knew Adelaide would soon be the bride of another, I still lingered near her, willing to listen to her sweet voice, and gaze on her enchanting smile; but when the day of her union was fixed, I awoke from my trance to a full sense of my misery. I felt that I could not witness her the wife of another, and retain my senses. I resolved to leave England for India, where I had an uncle, who had for many years filled an important post under the government. "I will quit England," I exclaimed in bitter sorrow, "for years—perhaps for ever, and lose, if possible, the remembrance of my misery amid new climes and scenery." My wish was at first strenuously objected to by my family; but when they saw my settled determination, they refrained from offering further

opposition, and a day was named for my departure. Circumstances, immaterial now, connected with the baronet's family, obliged him to name an earlier day for his marriage than had been anticipated, and it happened to be the very one which was also to witness my departure from Elmwood Park, my paternal home. I was indeed importuned to remain and witness Adelaide's espousals; but I offered so plausible an excuse, that it was quite sufficient to satisfy the unsuspecting mind of Adelaide. At length the morning of my departure came. My parting scene with Adelaide I have already described; but how shall I tell of the bitter dejection with which I sank back in the carriage, as it swept round the lawn, when I saw the waive of Adelaide's hand at the window, and felt that on earth I must behold her beloved form no more, or look on her as the wife of another!

While in India, I heard frequently from my sister Catharine. She, however, said but little respecting Adelaide, as I half suspect that she had some idea of my unhappy attachment; but I learned that Adelaide was a mother, and that Sir James was extremely gay, and the first to join in every fashionable extravagance. I sighed when I read this, for my heart whispered to me that Adelaide was unhappy, as I knew her habits and disposition were averse to scenes of reckless gaiety and dissipation. Time soothed my bitter feelings of disappointment, and the novel scenes of activity in which I engaged, tended to dissipate my unhappiness, until at length I was enabled to think of Adelaide with calmness, yet still as a dear and cherishing being, for whose welfare I felt the most tender solicitude.

I had been twelve years in India, when my uncle died, and left me the bulk of his property; the remainder to be equally divided between Adelaide and my sister Catharine. When I lost my uncle, I had no remaining tie in India, and I felt a longing desire to revisit my native shores, and to embrace my mother and sister—my father had been dead some years. How my heart even then throbbed when I thought I should see Adelaide.

I found my mother but little touched by time; scarcely a furrow on her brow, and she wore the same placid smile as ever; and Catharine, dear Catharine, still as lively and good humoured as when I left her. A tear trembled in my sister's eye, however, when she spoke of Adelaide. Sir James, she told me, was then on the continent; but neither my mother nor herself had seen Adelaide for the last two years, though they yet corresponded. Sir James had looked on them as unwelcome visitors; and they, in their turn, could not conceal the disgust they felt at his neglect of Adelaide, nor bear to witness her dejection, the cause for which she sedulously abstained from speaking of, and they were too delicate to mention, as she seemed to wish to avoid it. Their circumstances were no longer flourishing, for Sir James' debts of honour had dissipated the greater part of his fortune. Adelaide was said to be in ill health; and there were

rumours abroad that the baronet's conduct was exceedingly harsh and unfeeling. Three children had died in their infancy, and one only was living—a girl.

I will not endeavour to paint my feelings when I listened to this melancholy recital. Adelaide was unhappy! and I could offer no consolation; but I could see her, and my friendship might yet be of service to her. This resolution I resolved immediately to execute; and a few trifling matters, relative to the fortune which my uncle had left her, formed a sufficient excuse for my soliciting an interview.

It was the season of spring when I arrived at Lee priory, a small estate of the baronet's in the county of Dorset, and the only one, I believe, which his propensity for gaming had left him. Adelaide had resided there for the last year. The situation of the priory was, in truth, beautiful in the extreme; it stood on a gentle eminence, whence the eye looked out on fertile meads, rich in wood and water; and the extreme verge of the prospect was lost in the blue waves of the distant ocean. Yet there was something about the priory itself which seemed to speak desolation, as I passed through its beautiful but neglected garden, and I sighed to think how much it was in unison with the heart of its mistress. I was informed by the servant that lady Mantravers was at home, and I was shown into the library, where I had time to collect my scattered thoughts, and to preserve my fortitude, which seemed on the point of deserting me, for the approaching interview.

A beautiful whole-length portrait of Adelaide hung over the fire-place, so like, so very like her when I last saw her, that as I gazed upon it, I almost believed the years that had passed an illusion. I was awakened from my reverie by a beautiful little girl running into the room, apparently about five years old, with a little basket of flowers in her hand. I had scarcely time, however, to look at her ere I heard Adelaide's voice; and she advanced to meet and welcome me as an old friend. I looked at her, but gracious heaven! what a change was there! Had it not been for her voice, I could scarcely have believed that it was Adelaide who stood before me. She was very thin—alarmingly so. I looked for the sunny smile which I remembered, but it was gone; the rose had fled from her cheeks—they were very pale, but her hair was still soft and beautiful, and her voice as sweet and gentle as ever. Adelaide saw, in a moment, the cause of my emotion.

"Ah! Mr. Morton!" she said with a melancholy smile, "I see you have forgotten the years that have passed since we met, and you find me sadly changed." My heart was too full to speak.

"I am far from well at present," she continued; "my spirits, too, have left me sadly of late; but I have a little antidote here, which seldom fails to restore me in my melancholy moods," and she drew forth the little girl and presented her to me.

She was a lovely child, the very image of Adelaide herself, when she first came under my pro-

tection, save that there was a shade of thoughtfulness over her sweet face, which her mother, at her age, had not. I placed her on my knee, and encouraged by my caresses, she began prattling to me with all that bewitching artlessness which renders childhood so attractive.

"And how is dear Catharine?" said Adelaide. I told her she was well, and I regretted that they did not meet more frequently.

"Alas!" she continued, "Catharine cannot regret our separation more than I do. Circumstances, however, forbid our meeting, but I trust that your sister still thinks of me with affection." I endeavoured to assure her that Catharine's regard for her was as lively as ever.

"You will, perhaps, smile," replied Adelaide, "but I have a fancy that my time in this world will be short; and the wish nearest my heart is, that your inestimable mother and dear Catharine would consent to take charge of my little treasure"—and she pointed to her infant daughter. I expressed my hopes that she would yet live many years, and regain her former strength and spirits.

"My physicians tell me that I shall," said she, "but I know better—the seeds of decay are too deeply sown to be eradicated; nor do I wish to live, save for Adelaide. Life has no charms for me. But enough of this. Will you take charge of a packet for your sister, wherein I have fully expressed my earnest wishes respecting my child?" I readily promised to do so, and assured her that I felt certain of their being complied with. I, however, hinted that Sir James might not accede.

"Sir James," she said, "has seriously promised never to interfere with any arrangement of mine respecting Adelaide; and I think he would respect the dying request of his wife."

"Then all shall be as you wish," I exclaimed; "and for myself, I will cherish your little Adelaide with a father's kindness. She shall be the object of my solicitude, and the heiress of my fortune!"

"God bless you, Horace!" said Adelaide; and her whole countenance lighted up for a moment, with unusual brilliancy. "I believe and accept your kind offer. Oh, you know not the weight of anguish from which you have relieved me."

She bent her head, and her eyes were filled with tears, which little Adelaide observing, she stole gently on the sofa behind the mother, and throwing her arms around her neck, sought to soothe her by her infantile caresses. I was visibly affected, and I spoke of a change of climate, which might, I thought, have a beneficial effect upon Adelaide's health. She shook her head.

"No, no!" said she, "no change of climate will benefit me; it is too late—my illness is here—here;" and she laid her hand on her heart—"this is broken—withered—miserable." She stopped for a moment, and I dared not trust myself to reply.

"This may be our last interview, Horace," she continued, "why, then, O why, should I seek to hide from you, the friend of my

youth, that my marriage with Sir James has been productive of misery! An unhappy propensity for play lured him from his home; he seemed to exist only in a crowd. I was neglected and forgotten, and he threw from him then the love which I bore to him. Then, did I say?" cried Adelaide, as she hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. "Alas! alas! my affection knows no decay—it will not fade until death. Hear me," continued Adelaide; "watch over my child, I charge you, and save her from her mother's fate. Let her not give her heart and affections to one who will break her gentle spirit by his unkindness, and then leave her to sorrow and scorn."

"I will shield her from every evil, Adelaide, that human foresight can guard against; but tell me," I said, "wherein can I serve you? Any thing that the most sincere friendship can—"

"No, no!" said she hastily; "for myself I have nothing to ask. Think of me as one whose sand of life is nearly run out, and whose cares and sorrows will soon be hushed in the tranquillity of the tomb. Farewell, Horace," she said, as she extended her hand to me—"my blessings and my prayers shall follow you, who have promised to be the faithful guardian of my child."

"God forever shield you, Adelaide," I cried, as I tenderly kissed her hand; and disengaging myself from the grasp of her little girl, I quitted the apartment.

It was my last interview with Adelaide. I saw the being whom I had so fondly loved no more! When the cold winds of autumn swept the leaves from the trees, Adelaide was at rest in the grave; her gentle spirit had passed away from this scene of sin and suffering. I have faithfully fulfilled my promise respecting her child. Ten years have now passed away since she came under my roof; and her affectionate attentions, and engaging cheerfulness, enliven my declining years, and soothe the many melancholy thoughts which, even now, often press on my spirits, when I think of her mother—of Adelaide, my first and only love.

PRIDE.

THE proud heart is the first to sink before contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than any other can. Oh, there is nothing in language that can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness when kindness is expected—of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation from such as we have cause to feel beneath us, not alone in vigour of mind and spirit, but even in virtue and truth. The weak, the base, the hypocrite, are the first to turn with indignation from their fellow mortals in disgrace; and, whilst the really chaste and pure suspect with caution, and censure with mildness, these traffickers in petty sins, who plume themselves upon their immaculate conduct, sound the alarm bell at the approach of guilt, and clamour their anathemas upon their unwary and cowering prey.

THE YOUNG SAVOYARD AND MADAME ELIZABETH.

"Oh! had you but seen the pretty little beggar I have just relieved," said one day the Duchess of — to Madame Elizabeth. "Such supplications: 'A farthing; only one farthing; God will give it back to you.' And I threw a gold piece in the red cap he offered so pitifully. His beautiful black curls fell over his eyes; and quite astonished, I inquired his name. 'Marianne,' replied a soft little voice. Marianne? That is not a boy's name. And the little beggar hung his head, turned scarlet, and at last lifted his eyes to mine: the poor child was trembling all over. Don't be frightened Marianne, said I. How long have you been obliged to beg? 'For three years. In the day time I sweep chimneys, and at night I kneel at the corner of a street, and beg of all who pass by.' Marianne, will you come to the palace? 'Palace! what do you mean by the palace?' That beautiful white house that you see from here. You will ask for Madame Elizabeth. 'Oh I know her,' replied the little beggar girl; 'she is the beautiful Princess who is so fond of the poor; and whom we Savoyards call our mother. Every Sunday I eat her bread, a pretty little white roll that the Abbe de Fenelon gives us; and he never misses saying, 'My children, pray God for those who feed you.' Then you will not be afraid? 'I shall perhaps be a little agitated at first; but I shall get over it.' Well, here are some lines written in pencil; to-morrow at twelve you will come. Give this paper to the guard, and you will see Madame Elizabeth."

The next day at twelve o'clock Marianne was at the palace gate. The gentleman usher, who had been informed, introduced her. The young girl hung her head, held her breath, trembled from head to foot, hardly touched the ground with her thick nailed shoes, and watched every step she took as if she had been walking on glass. Madame Elizabeth came towards the little beggar, and with that voice, every sound of which was sweet as music, said "Come here, my child; you remember this lady?" "Oh yes," answered Marianne; I sewed in my waistcoat the beautiful gold piece she gave me." "Will you stay with me?" continued the Princess. "With you!" replied Marianne, looking around; "what shall I do here? This chimney is so clean, so bright —" "You shall not sweep any more." "Then I am to do nothing but beg?" "No; you shall not beg neither. I will give you a pretty frock, pretty shoes, a pretty hat; they will dress you up. Will you?" "Well, yes," replied the young girl; "but upon condition that when I get tired, I may do as the little birds which in winter time make their nests in houses, but in summer fly away to the fields." "So be it," said Madame Elizabeth; and the young girl jumped for joy.

The women of the Princess took possession of Marianne, undressed and washed her, and perfumed her hair. During this toilet Marianne was several times near fainting: these essences,

these shows, were unusual to her, and her pretty head would droop, like those wintry flowers that flourish beneath the snow, but whose frail stems perish when the sun is too warm.

The little Savoyard, with her plaited hair, her neat collar, her purple frock, and her arms bare to the elbow, was lovely to behold. There was nothing ideal in her appearance, and *Guido Renni* might probably have passed without observing her; but Marianne was so fresh, so rosy; her teeth were so white, so pearly; her eyes so sweetly modest; every thing about her was so pure, so innocent, that at court she must excite attention; and accordingly every lady caressed her. Nothing was talked of for a month but the pretty Savoyard; *Devarne* took her picture, and copies of it were multiplied, some of which are still found about the docks and on the boulevards. Marianne caressed, attended to, carried off in a round of pleasures which she had never partaken of, forgot her old father and her mountains; but she soon got tired of worldly amusements. Two months had scarcely passed, and the rose on her cheek had faded, her eyes had sunken, and her heart became heavy. In vain Madame Elizabeth sought to question her—the young girl kept silence; but in order not to grieve her benefactress, mourned in secret.

One day forgetting her sorrow, she related to the Princess her mountain life, and she spoke joyfully of the Dent de Nivolet; of her cows with their silvery bells, her fresh grottos, and of the fairies that appear on St. Martin's night; all at once a sunbeam penetrated the room, and coloured and lighted the whole apartment. Marianne interrupted her story and disappeared in an instant. She was sought, and found endeavouring to climb the chimney; but her knees, so long unused to work, tottered and gave way, and she fell, hiding her face with both hands, and weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter with you," said Madame Elizabeth, helping her up, and holding her hands; "I insist upon your telling me the cause of your tears. Do you not wish to remain longer with me?"

"Oh, I should like to," answered Marianne, sobbing; "but do you see that beautiful sun? he calls me—I want to see the Dent de Nivolet, and my father, and Peter too."

"Peter," said the Princess, looking stedfastly at her; "you never told me about Peter. He is your lover—is it not so?"

"Oh no! no! I do not love him—our curate forbids young girls to love young men."

"But he loves you?"

"I do not know if our curate forbid him; but then he is very rich—he wants to marry me, but his father will not allow it! 'When she has a thousand francs,' he said, 'then I will give my consent.'"

"And you have not got a thousand francs?"

"I am not very far from it. I have already

more than seven hundred. 'Twas Peter who said to me, 'Go to Paris, sweep chimneys, and when you have a thousand francs, we will be married;' and every year I set off, I sweep, I beg, and when I have got two hundred francs, and the sun is bright, as it is now, I return home. Peter goes every day on a hill, and when he sees me in the valley, he makes signs to me. As soon as I see him, I cry out, 'two hundred francs more!'—He jumps for joy, and so do I. When I saw the sun shine, my heart swelled! I fancied I heard the voice of Peter. Oh, I want to go, I want to go; but next year I will come back with a beautiful bunch of flowers, that Peter will have picked on the mountains."

"Well," said Madame Elizabeth, "in fifteen days you shall go."

M. Mesmer was at that time in full vogue. Madame Elizabeth sent for him, and inquired of him if he could at any time put a young girl to sleep. "Without any trouble," replied the doctor, smiling, "but I should be much more certain of success, if the night before the magnetic operation, the young girl had been at a ball."

"I understand," said the Princess; "I will send for you at the proper time."

She sent immediately to Savoy one of her confidential lacqueys, who had orders to bring post haste the two Savoyard families; and a distinguished painter was ordered to take the exact representation of the native place of Marianne. The painter was the first back.

In one of the Princess' apartments, a theatre was constructed, in which, by the help of well painted scenes, the huts, the Dent de Nivolet, and the hillocks from which Peter watched for Marianne, were represented.

Every order of M. de Mesmer was obeyed. The young girl spent two sleepless nights, and when her eyes were closing from fatigue, she was waked by order of the Princess: her beggar clothes, which had been procured, were put on her; the doctor, who acted the part of guide, conducted her to an apartment, every window of which was shut, seated her on an ottoman where she was soon overtaken by a natural sleep. She had hardly drawn a few breaths before she was profoundly asleep. Then, at a given signal, the apartment shone with light; a curtain was raised, behind which was seen in the back ground the peak of the Dent de Nivolet, almost touching the clouds. On the green sides of the mountain were the two little cabins; the father of Marianne was seated under an old oak; and Peter, who could hardly keep himself firm, on the slender peak of the rock; Madame Elizabeth, and a number of ladies, placed themselves behind. Madame de Mesmer taking Marianne's arm, shook her violently. The young girl woke suddenly, opened her eyes, and thought herself in Savoy. "Peter, Peter," exclaimed she, "here is your poor Marianne." And Peter, agitated to tears, jumped through the folds of pasteboard representing the Dent de Nivolet, and, without respect for the august spectators, threw himself into the arms of Marianne, and impressed on her

cheeks kisses which were heard throughout the whole room.

In a few days after, the Princess' chaplain blessed the union of the young Savoyards, who returned to their mountains overwhelmed with the Princess' gifts.

The political tempests that thundered in France, reached and overthrew Marianne's cabin. Peter took arms in its defence; and was killed fighting near Chambéry. Then Marianne took her father and stepfather with her in Oberland, where, by the death of an uncle, she had inherited a pretty little cottage, and there for thirty years she has entertained travellers. While Oberland was possessed by the French, the portrait of Madame Elizabeth continually adorned the dining room. It was near that portrait now blackened by smoke, like those of Voto suspended to the walls of the Abbey of Encsilden, and in front of the bright peaks of the Schrukorn, visible from the painted windows of the cottage, Marianne related to us, in 1828, this anecdote of her youthful years.

PICTURE OF A FEMALE.

MONINA DE FARO was, even in childhood, a being to worship and to love. There was a dreamy sweetness in her countenance—a mystery in the profound sensibility of her nature, that fascinated beyond measure. Her characteristic was not so much the facility of being impressed, as the excess of the emotion produced by every new idea or feeling. Was she gay, her large eyes, in their own brightness, her lovely countenance became radiant with smiles, her thrilling voice was tuned to highest mirth, while the gladness that filled her heart overflowed from her as light does from the sun, imparting to all around a share of its own essence. Did sorrow oppress her, dark night fell upon her mind, clouding her face, oppressing her whole person, which staggered and bent beneath the weight. Had she been susceptible of the stormier passions, her subtle and yielding soul would have been their unresisted victim; but though impetuous and wild, the slave of her own sensation, her soft bosom could harbour no emotion unallied to goodness; and the devouring appetite of her soul was the desire of benefitting all around her.—Her countenance was the mirror of her mind. Its outline resembled those we see in Spanish pictures, not being quite oval enough for a northern beauty. It seemed widened at the forehead, to give space for her large long eyes, and the canopy of the darkly fringed and veined lid; her hair was not black, but of a rich sunny chesnut, finer than carded silk and more glossy; her skin was delicate, somewhat pale, except when emotion diffused it with a deep pink. In person she was not tall but softly rounded; and her taper, rosy tipped fingers, and little feet, bespoke the delicate proportion that moulded her form to a beauty, whose every motion awakened admiration and love.—*Mrs. Shelley.*

THE HARP OF LOVE.

BY F. G. HALLECK.

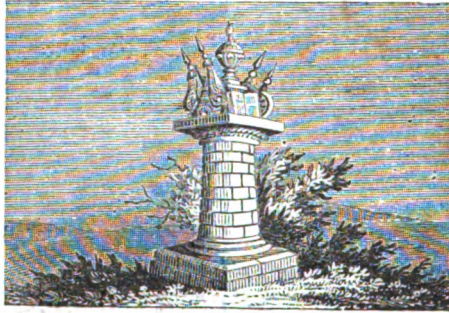
THE harp of love, when first I heard
 Its song beneath the moonlight tree,
 Was echoed by his plighted word,
 And oh! how dear its song to me!
 But wailed the hour will ever be
 When to the air the bugle gave,
 To hush love's gentle minstrelsy,
 The wild war music of the brave.

For he hath heard its sounds, and now
 Its voice is sweeter than mine own,
 And he hath broke the plighted vow
 He breathed to me and love alone.
 That harp hath lost its wonted tone,
 No more its strings his fingers move,
 O! would that he had only known
 The music of the Harp of Love.

THE BRIDE.

LET the trim tapers burn exceeding brightly,
 And the white bed be decked as for a goddess,
 That must be pillow'd, like high Vesper, nightly
 On couch ethereal! be the curtains fleecy,
 Like Vesper's fairest, when calm night's are breezy—
 Transparent, parting—showing what they hide,
 Or strive to veil—by mystery deified!
 The floor gold-carpet, that her zone and bodice
 May lie in honour where they gently fall,
 Slow-loosened from her form symmetrical—
 Like mist from sunlight!—burn, sweet odours, burn!
 For incense at the altar of her pleasure!
 Let music breathe with a voluptuous measure—
 And witchcrafts trance her wheresoe'er she turn!

T. W.



CADETS' MONUMENT AT WEST POINT.

FEW places in the United States present such strong claims upon the attention of a traveller as the Military Academy at West Point. The location is eminently beautiful and appropriate, and the objects of present interest are blended with recollections and associations of a most thrilling character. The ruins of Fort Putnam, recalling the deeds and men of other times—the favourite haunt of the gallant Kosciusko—the monument erected to the memory of that distinguished patriot—the buildings

the Academy—the bold and romantic scenery of the Hudson, no where more striking than from this point of observation—the splendid philosophical apparatus belonging to the Institution—the manly bearing of the Cadets, and the dignified politeness of their Superintendent and Instructors, all form subjects of powerful attraction, and are calculated to yield high pleasure to the visitor.

To the pensive mind, too, there is afforded matter of deeper feeling, than any of the subjects which have been mentioned, in the little grave yard which contains *the departed* of the Institution, and the "rude forefathers" of the adjoining hamlet. This is a small enclosure about half a mile distant from the Academy, situated on the lofty bank of the river, and almost entirely obscured from the view beneath by the trees and shrubbery. It contains a number of graves, and among others those of several students of the Academy, who have been taken away in the dawning of their usefulness, to answer the wise purposes of an overruling Providence. These graves are surmounted by appropriate monuments, erected by the Cadets, with inscriptions telling the age, the station, and the merits of the dead, and recording the respect and regret of the survivors.

The most striking object in this grave yard is the *Cadets' Monument*, as it is termed, an Engraving of which accompanies this notice. It is situated at one extremity of the burial ground, and may be seen from the river beneath, or the hotel opposite. It was erected a few years since, by voluntary subscription of the Cadets, and is highly creditable to their munificence and taste. The print will convey a better idea of its appearance than any written description. Its object is to perpetuate the recollection of such students as die at the Point, whose names and the date of their decease, are engraved upon the separate slabs of marble of which the monument is composed.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. ELEANOR DICKINSON.

HAST thou gazed on the sky, when it shone,
All radiant with splendour and light,
And paused, till its glories were gone,
To contemplate the beautiful sight ?

Then did not a mournful emotion
Steal silently into thy breast,
As the blue mist glides over the ocean,
When evening has shadowed its rest ?

Though it darkened thy spirit the while,
Yet did it not whisper of heaven,
And seem from false joys to beguile,
With the chartered delight it had given ?

Like that sky in its beauty arrayed,
Are the sweet, glowing visions of youth ;
But as soon do the fugitives fade,
When beheld through the mirror of truth ?

Like that sky in its glories so fading,
Are the hopes which we build upon earth ;
Their light disappointment is shading,
Ere possession has smiled on their birth.

Oh then ! like that feeling divine,
Which breathes of devotion and love,
May religion descending refine
Our souls for the mansions above.

SYMPATHY.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

" O never was knight such a sorrow that bore !"
" O never was maid so deserted before !"
" From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company !"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed—
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed ;
" How tiresome it is !" said the fair, with a sigh ;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed on each other, the maid and the knight ;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height ;
" One mournful embrace !" sobbed the youth, " ere we die !"
So kissing and crying kept company.

" O had I but loved such an angel as you !"
" O had but my swain been a quarter as true !"
" To miss such perfection how blinded was I !"
Sure now they were excellent company !

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear—
" The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company."



CALICO PRINT WORKS AT COMLYVILLE.

In the November Number of the *Lady's Book*, we furnished a Lithographic view of Comlyville, near Frankford, with a brief description of the works and scenery in that neighbourhood. In the sketch prefixed is presented a view of a part of these works taken from a different point, intended to exhibit the Calico Manufactory in bolder relief than it was shown in the former picture.

The situation of these works combines advantages which are rarely found to belong to manufacturing establishments. They are at a convenient distance from the city, being in the vicinity of Frankford, a pleasant and flourishing village. The scenery immediately adjoining is picturesque and beautiful, presenting an agreeable variety of hill and dale, forming a striking and interesting prospect. The Frankford creek flows through the settlement, and is crossed by a covered bridge from which the accompanying view is taken.

Beside the Print Works exhibited in this view there are several factories, in the village, one, particularly, belonging to Mr. J. Steel, which employs one hundred and fifty hands, with two hundred and sixty-four power looms, in weaving bed-ticking, cords, &c. being the most extensive in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia. There are likewise a number of mills, driven by water, for sawing mahogany, grinding logwood, expressing oil, &c. In addition to the larger buildings there are about thirty neat stone and wood tenements for the accommodation of the workmen and their families. The neighbourhood is remarkably healthy.

HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Hospitality—no formality—
There you'll ever see." *Old Song.*

"HOSPITALITY—no formality, there you'll ever see." Quite true—true to the very letter; and there was not a more hospitable house in the province of Leinster than Barrytown.—"Kindly welcome," was visibly expressed by every countenance, and every thing bore the stamp of—"Hospitality;" the master was large; the house was large; the trees were large; the entrance gates were large; the servants were large; all the domestic animals were large; and the worthy owner's heart was large, and so was his purse. His estates were the most unencumbered for twenty miles round; I say the most unencumbered, for I do not mean to assert that they were perfectly free; that would, indeed, have been a marvel, not to be accounted for in Ireland; but as he had lived and was likely to end his life in a state of single blessedness, he allowed a mortgage of two thousand pounds to remain upon the property; the interest, to be sure, accumulated rapidly, and it was suffered to accumulate—"for," said the good natured old gentleman, "the interest, if paid, will do Hugh Collins little good; and as he has a large family, and is a worthy fellow, let it run on, it will be a sure income for his children, poor things, some day or other." This feeling, and the besetting sin of Ireland—"procrastination," prevented the respected owner of Barrytown from suffering any thing like uneasiness. He lived on, as usual, cheerful and happy; his house, particularly in the shooting or summer season, was kept full of company, more numerous than select; but all determined to enjoy themselves, and Mr. Barry, their worthy host, determined to promote their enjoyment. I have said his house was large—it was almost magnificent; it stood on a gentle declivity, and commanded a pleasing, though not very extensive prospect; the entrance hall was, as it ought to be, lofty and wide; the walls well garnished with fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and at the farthest end, the antediluvian horns of a monstrous elk, spread even to the ceiling's height. Of this extraordinary production of nature, Mr. Barry was very proud, and boldly challenged the Dublin Museum to produce its equal. The pavement of the hall was formed of beautiful Kilkenny marble; its polish certainly had departed, yet the rich and varied veins were distinctly visible. Dogs of various sizes, from the stately Dane, the graceful stag hound, the shaggy Newfoundland, to the fawning spaniel, the little rat-catching, black muzzled terrier, and the sleepy silky Blenheim, considered the hall as their own exclusive property, but lived on terms of perfect good-fellowship with a Killarney eagle, a Scotch raven, and

a beautiful Angola cat, who shared the same territory; the latter, indeed, looked upon a deer-skin covered couch as devoted to her sole use.

The great dining-room was worthy of such an entrance; it was wainscotted with black oak, and at the top of the apartment the extreme darkness of the wood threw the massive side-board, with its highly-wrought glittering, but antique plate, into strong relief. The dining-table rested on heavy pillars, and bore evident marks of having seen good service in convivial times; the chairs were high backed and richly carved, cushioned, with crimson damask; and the large wine coolers and plate buckets were rimmed and hooped with silver. "The family canvas," in heavy frame-work, smiled or frowned along the walls, as they ought to smile or frown; and were, to say the truth, a grim, clumsy looking set of personages; even the pastoral young lady, who was playing on a pipe, the sheep (I suppose they were sheep) looking tearfully in her face, her well-powdered hair graced by a celestial blue riband; even she, the beauty of the party, squinted most frightfully. But the good Mr. Barry had a profound veneration for them all, so we will leave them without further comment. The curtains and carpets had seen their best days, and Mr. Barry had been talking about purchasing new for the last ten years; nevertheless, the old remained, and, to say the best of it, looked very venerable. The withdrawing-room, or, as "the master" called it, the ladies proper apartment, held a motley assemblage of new and old furniture; a splendid rose-wood piano was placed next to a towering old triangular flower-stand, with monkey heads, and scollop shells at the corners, but which, nevertheless, served as a "canterbury." Silken Ottomans reclined in eastern luxury, near less elegant, but more sedate, hard stuffed sofas, and a lumbering old arm-chair, covered with cream-coloured embroidered satin, the cushion fringed and tasseled with gold, stood to the right of the fire-place; a small stool, garnished after the same antique fashion, and a little table, inlaid with silver, which appeared hardly able to support an old family bible, with studded clasps, were placed beside it.

The interesting occupier of the arm-chair was no less a person than lady Florence Barry, the mother of the hospitable master. I never saw so beautiful a relic of female nobility; when I remember her she was verging on her ninetieth birthday; her figure delicate and much bent; her eye black as jet, small, and sparkling, fringed by brows and lashes which time had ren-

dered perfectly white. Her features had been handsome, but at such an age were much wrinkled, and her own hair straightly combed from under the high lappet cap, added to her venerable appearance; the dress she wore was always of the most valuable black Genoa velvet or satin, made after the olden mode, with deep ruffles of Mecklin or Brussels lace, and a small cloak of rich black silk fastened at the breast with a diamond brooch. The old lady was very deaf, but her sight was perfect; and when she received her son's guests, she did it with so much grace, so much dignity, that it could never be forgotten. Perhaps the affectionate respect and attention manifested by Mr. Barry to his mother was the most delightful trait in his character. "She brought noble blood and a princely dower to my father," he would say, "and made him a true and loving wife to the end of his days; and when in the full bloom of womanhood she became husbandless, for my sake she remained so. Can I honour her too much?"

Mr. Barry had nothing in particular to distinguish him from "the raale true-born ginty." He had a fair and open brow, that unerring index to a noble soul, and a manly expression of countenance; but he had more of his father's heedlessness than of his mother's penetration; and at sixty-two knew less of "the world" than most of our fashionables after they have been "a winter in London."

The domestics of Barrytown had grown grey in their services—in verity, all in the house were of a piece except the visitors; they ruined the *harmony* of the picture, while they gave spirit and variety to the *colouring*.

It was the month of June, which is more like May in England, for our skies weep much; and, as usual, the coach-houses and stables were crowded; the former with gigs, sociables, and jaunting-cars, outside and in; and the latter with all manner of ponies and horses. The servants' hall too, was full, and a "shakedown" had been ordered even in Mr. Barry's own study, a gloomy, dusty place, almost untidy enough to be the *studio* of a literary man—that odious receptacle for books and spiders—when old Mary said to old Mabby—long Mabby, as she was generally called—

"Mabby, honey, my drame's out, for, upon my conscience, if yon, on the broken-down looking jingle of a jaunting-car isn't Miss Spinner, and her ould trunk and her ould maid that's as bothering a'most as her devil of a mistress. Och, it wasn't for nothing I dramed of a blue bottle fly from my master's nose, buz buz about like a mill wheel, the jazey; there she is as yellow as a yarrow blossom."

"Why thin it's herself sure enough," responded Mabby, "and if she had staid in Dublin, 'mong the larned people she's always talking about, none of us would have asked what kept her. Och, it's true as I'm standin' here, she's got a new wig."

"New, nonsense," said Molly, "it's only fresh grassed; I'll not go look after her things; a month won't excuse her out of this, and no

mortal ever saw cross or coin afther her yet. Where 'll she sleep? Sure there's two in a bed all over the house, barrin' master's. Mabby, count how many there is now; I'll tell thin over; the best first; Mr. Altern, his two hunters, and the groom, to say nothin' of the dogs, but he's a generous gintleman, and the groom's a hearty boy."

"That's four," said Mabby.

"Och you born sinner," replied Molly, "sure it's not going to count the Christians with the bastes, ye are?"

"Tell over the Christians thin."

"Well, thin, that's two."

"Miss Raymond; in raale goodness she ought to go for two, the jewil!"

"Three."

Mrs. Croyden, Miss Lilly, Miss Livy, the footman (bad cess to that fellow,) the conceited walk of him is perfectly sick'ning, and coming over us wid his Dublin airs—and my lady's maid, to be sure."

"You've forgotten Mr. Wortley."

"Why, thin, I oughtn't to do that, for he never forgets nobody; he's both rich and kind, although he's an Englishman; I'd go from this to Bargy on my bare hands and feet to do a good turn for that gintleman, there isn't one in the house (of the visitors I mane) I'd do a civility for so soon, only Miss Raymond. What a pity it is that the young lady hasn't some yellow guineas of her own! Mr. Wortley is mighty sweet upon her, I think. Och, then, 'tis herself, the darlint, 'ud make the nice wife for him; but the English, the poor narrow-minded cratures! are all for the money, you know."

Well, Mabby, any way, that's nine. Miss Spinner and her follower, sure!"

"Eleven."

"That foolish-looking clip of a boy, that looks mighty like a gauger, and his comrade that hunts among the old places for curiosities, and their outlandish man, Friday, as I hard Miss Raymond call him."

"Foufteen; no bad increase to a family that always, when by itself, sits down twenty to dinner, counting the parlour, servants' hall, and second table, not to reckon the weeders and the gossoons; to be sure the bit they ate is never missed; how could it, from a gintleman like our master? the blessing be about him! My honoured mistress smiled as I passed her in the corrody to day: well, she is so very ould, and yet so cheerful, and forbye she's little, there's a stateliness about her, that always made me the smallest taste in life afeard; but she was wonderful good in her time, and master doates down upon her."

After this dialogue the two old housemaids departed, mutually determining to avoid Miss Spinner, who seemed to be the terror of the establishment.

In the drawing-room the greater part of the visitors were assembled, awaiting the ringing of the dressing-bell. Lady Florence, as usual, in her cream-coloured cushioned chair, reading her bible; Miss Raymond, sketching flowers from

Nature, white and blue pease, and a china rose; Mr. Wortley neither absolutely sitting nor lounging, on one of the old fashioned sofas, was apparently engaged in looking over a large rolled map; Mrs. Croydon, netting; Miss Livy, and Miss Letty—the one attitudinizing and winding a skein of silk, which the other held so as to display her little white hands to advantage, (the fair sex always know how to show off their perfections;) when at length Miss Letty broke silence, by asking—

“La, Ma! who do you think is come?”

“How should I know, child,” replied her mother, looking up from her netting, “our party is so very pleasant,” and she smiled a gracious smile on all around, “that I can hardly wish it increased.”

Mr. Wortley smiled also, but it was a different sort of smile.

“Guess, Livy!”

“I never guess right. Mr.—Mr.—”

“It is not a Mr. at all.”

“I wonder you guess at Misters,” said Ma, with an aside drawing down of the brow, “I am sure, my love, you care so little about gentlemen; at least, so I used to hear at the Castle, where my little Olivia thought fit to be so frigid; I wonder, child, you mention *Misters*.”

The young lady, who was not as accomplished a manoeuvrer as her Mamma, saw she had done wrong, although she did not exactly know how to amend her error, so she wisely held her tongue.

“Guess, Gertrude!” recommenced Miss Letitia, “Gertrude Raymond, can’t you guess? well, then, I will tell you—Miss—Spinner—”

“Oh, mercy!” screamed Miss Olivia and her Mamma, “that Blue! oh, Miss Raymond! oh, Mr. Wortley! oh, what will poor Mr. Altern say! Mr. Barry asked her once, and she makes it a general invitation! oh, I shall be afraid to open my lips—shan’t you, Gertrude?”

“No,” replied Gertrude, laughing.

“Oh, you are so wise, Miss Raymond,” said Letitia, “that you are not afraid of anybody; I dare say you would not mind a bit being in company with Sir Walter Scott, or Lady Morgan, or Doctor Johnson.”

“Hush, my dear!” interrupted Mrs. Croydon, who, it must be confessed, had enough to do to keep the levity of one daughter, and the ignorance of the other within bounds; Hush! you know Miss Raymond has had many advantages, and she is *older* than you, so she has less reason to fear clever people, but you are such a nervous little darling!” and Mamma, in patting the “little darling’s” cheek, managed to give it (unperceived by the rich Mr. Wortley) a little pinch, which said as plain as pinch could say, “hold your tongue.”

“Nobody has any reason to fear *really* clever people,” said Mr. Wortley, rising from the sofa, and joining, for the first time, in the conversation, if so it might be called, “and certainly not Miss Raymond,” he continued, bowing to Gertrude; who immediately bent more closely over her

drawing than was at all necessary, for be it known she had very good sight.

“There’s a compliment from the sober Mr. Wortley,” laughed Olivia, “who ever heard of such a thing before.”

“It would be impossible to compliment Miss Olivia Croydon,” replied the gentleman, “her beauty is so universally acknowledged, that it needs not my poor commendation.” The silly girl looked pleased even at extorted flattery.

Mrs. Croydon was the widow of a general officer, and in twenty years campaigning had seen a good deal of “the world;” she was a pretty and a vain woman; as her husband fell in love with her at a garrison ball, and she calculated on a similar fate for her daughters, she resolved on adding to their beauty, every accomplishment under the sun, as they were nearly portionless. What hosts of masters! painting on velvet, Japanning oriental tinting, music, dancing, singing, fencing, riding, French, every thing in the world, except the solid usefulness of *education!* accomplished they certainly were, but not educated.

Alas! how many lovely women shed tears of bitterness, when the flush of youth and fashion have passed, never to return, over hours spent in the acquirement of frivolous accomplishments; which, if occupied in the improvement of those qualities that shed a halo and diffuse a perfume over *home*, woman’s best and brightest earthly dominion! would have made them useful and beloved, even to the end of their days.

Mrs. Croydon “carried on the war,” as Mr. Altern used to say, “most famously.” She had good connexions; and, as her daughters’ education, to use her own words, “was completed under the first-rate masters,” she resolved to devote herself to her friends, and let her house in Dublin, except for three months in the year, when it was absolutely indispensable that she should attend the Castle festivities, “for her daughters’ sake! Heigh ho! she had no taste, now, for the world’s pleasures!” nevertheless, many suspected that she would not have objected to become lady of Barrytown—a thing by no means likely, as Mr. Barry looked upon her in no other light than as the widow of his old friend.

Mr. Wortley, also, was an object of much interest to the lady; he admired beauty, so Miss Olivia was instructed to play off her best looks and best airs. He admired music, and Miss Letitia sung, until he was tired, all the cavatinas that Mozart and Rossini had ever composed. Fine girls and fine singers often go too far and “overshoot the mark;” they are perpetually assaulting your eyes, or your ears, until both ache even to weariness. Nothing, unconnected with intellect, can please long; we soon grow weary of scentless flowers, and scentless beauties. At all events the three ladies deserved some praise for their perseverance in the siege; although their efforts were somewhat like those of three *Nautilus*’ storming Gibraltar.

Gertrude Raymond was a being of a very different order; her figure was large, more dignified than elegant; her features, when tranquil, had

an expression of hauteur—her brow was lofty and expanded; her eyes, deep and well set; her skin, nearly olive; her hair might rival the raven's wing; her cheek was, in general, colourless, except when her feelings were excited; and then the rich blood flowed through the dark surface with the deep colouring of the damask rose; the eyes brightened, and the generally placid Gertrude Raymond, burst upon you in all the magnificence of beauty! Born of a noble but decayed family, and left an orphan at three years old, this high-minded young woman was adopted by an elderly maiden relative, the only one who retained wealth and influence. Gertrude, of course, had numerous enemies; for no other reason than that she came between certain persons, who entertained certain views, on certain property; wherever there is a "long-tailed family," there is much grappling and intrigue to know who holds the best cards. Miss Raymond had, of course, observed the various schemes pursued by her cousins, but with no other emotion than of pity. She pursued a course of undeviating rectitude, in opposition to their petty manoeuvrings. Her aged friend was a woman whose temper had been soured by much early misfortune; and Miss Raymond bore her caprices from grateful, not from interested feelings.

When Gertrude had attained her seventeenth year, Miss, or as she was usually called Mrs. Dorrington, resolved to leave her country-house, near Barrytown, and reside for a time in Bath; the principal object in this change she declared was her anxiety that Miss Raymond should receive all the advantages of finishing masters and polished English society, as she would inherit the principal part of her fortune. It is impossible to conceive any thing like the sensation this avowal excited! An earthquake was nothing to it! All the cousins to the fourteenth remove were in dreadful consternation; public and private committees assembled; and all minor jealousies were for a time forgotten, in order that the common enemy, poor Gertrude, might be dispossessed of the strong hold she held in her rich relative's good opinion.

"It is quite bad enough," said one, "to have her put over all our heads, and she very little nearer the old lady than ourselves; but to leave the country, and go off like a duchess to Bath, and be pampered up, is too much entirely." "It's enough to break a heart of stone," said another, "to see her riding here, and riding there, in the carriage, and looking so mealy-mouthed all the time; and her kindness to the poor, all put on to gain popularity." They plotted and plotted, and planned and planned, but to no purpose; go she would, and go she did. In vain did the enemy declare their deep sorrow at parting for a time, with their beloved Mrs. Dorrington, and their dear "Miss Gurry;" in vain did they offer, either singly, or in a body, (forty-five of them at the very least,) to accompany their sweet friends to Bath; or all over the world,—at any personal sacrifice, rather than suffer them to go alone among

strangers. Mrs. Dorrington thanked them for their attention; and abruptly replied, that two thousand per annum made a home of every hotel in England, and friends of all strangers; and that she was able to take care of Gertrude, and Gertrude was able to take care of her. The poor of the neighbourhood sorrowed sincerely after their young benefactress. Mr. Barry knew more of Miss Raymond's charities than any other person, for she never failed to send him from Bath, little sums of money and presents for her poor pensioners. Mrs. Dorrington was quite right in her estimation of society; she had soon plenty of friends at Bath, and Miss Raymond's attraction drew many admirers to their house; I beg to be understood, as remembering, that *lovers* and *admirers* are two distinct species. It is a difficult thing to find an Irish agent, who performs his duty like an English one; a circumstance more to be attributed to want of business-knowledge than want of inclination. Mrs. Dorrington's remittances were delayed beyond all bearing. And after "absenteeing" some time, she surprised Gertrude one morning, by informing her, that she had made up her mind to go over to Ireland for a fortnight or three weeks, and look into her own affairs, which, wanted arranging. "It will astonish them all," she continued, "to see the old woman looking so well, and as you have so often promised Mrs. Ackland to spend a little time with her at Clifton, we will separate there; and I will not be absent more than three weeks. I shall certainly never suffer you to revisit Ireland, until you are married in that sphere of life which your birth, and the money I have left you, entitles you to."

Gertrude had not permitted any opportunity to pass, that enabled her to say a few words in favour of her relatives: for *self* was never uppermost in her mind. But Mrs. Dorrington's reserved and even austere manners to her dearest earthly tie, were seldom even so bland as to permit such observations. Gertrude accompanied her friend to Clifton, and saw her departure with sincere sorrow—she yearned to behold the green hills of her country, and the dear companions of her childhood. But Mrs. Dorrington's fiat was not to be disputed. The first letter she received, contained a long description of the bad management that had occurred during her absence, and her resolve to set all to rights before she returned to England. The next was filled with details of sundry arrangements, and then came a long silence. No letters; post succeeded post; no intelligence. At length a letter from Mr. Barry.—Mrs. Dorrington, he informed her, was seriously ill, and begged she would come over immediately. No packet sailed that day, the next brought another account: her friend was dead; the shock was more than she could bear, and, when she arose from a couch of suffering and sorrow, several letters were presented her by the lady of the house. The two principal were, one from her old and steady friend, Mr. Barry, entreating, if she knew of the existence of a will, to see to it at once; as the heir at law had already

taken possession of the property, on the presumption that no document existed leaving any provision at all for her; the other from the heir himself, desiring that all letters, papers, and personal property of "the late Miss Dorrington," (how that cold sentence wounded,) should be forthwith delivered to Mr. Scraphorne, Attorney-at-law, Back Lane, Bristol; who was empowered to take possession of the same.—From Madam,

"Yours,

"THOS. DORRINGTON."

The very abject who, but six months before, had requested "the always kind interference of his friend (whom he was proud to call relative), Miss Raymond, with that most respected lady, Mrs. Dorrington, to beg he might have forty acres of the upper farm, now out of lease, on fair terms, and a loan of thirty pounds to help to stock it,

"From her humble Servant to command,

"And most faithful Cousin,

"THOS. DORRINGTON."

Poor Gertrude! the ingratitude manifested by the last epistle, for she had procured the man sixty pounds, and obtained his other request, aroused all her energies, and diligent search was made for a will, but no document even alluding to one could be discovered; every body felt for "poor Miss Raymond." "Such a melancholy change." "Pity she was not married before." "Hard fate." "Very distressing." Some asked her to spend a few days until she fixed upon her future plans, others extended their invitation to an entire month, but Lady Florence Barry, albeit, unused to letter-writing, added the following postscript to her son's letter, which was despatched when all hopes of finding a will were abandoned:—"I am old, Gertrude; my hand trembles, and my eyes are dim, but my heart is warm—warmer towards you now than in your summer days; come to us, be to us a child, and your society will bestow a blessing which we will endeavour to repay."

Gertrude's reply to this generous offer was at once simple and dignified.

"It is not," she said, "that I do not value your kindness, dear and beloved friends, above every earthly blessing, but I cannot live *dependant* even on you. I have accepted a situation as governess in Lady Brilliant's family, and I will endeavour to do my duty in that sphere of life unto which it hath pleased God to call me. Believe me the change must serve; I almost think I was too uplifted. I have now put my trust in God, who will do what seemeth best to him. Tomorrow I leave this place, its false and glittering friends, to enter on my new duties in London. I am promised a month's holyday, and then, if I can summon fortitude to visit Ireland, I will see you. I hear the new possessor has sold all off, even the ornaments of the old mansion; that is heart-rending. But, worst of all, my poor pensioners: however, I shall be able to spare them something out of my earnings—my earnings; let me not be unthankful, I remember, with grati-

tude, that my education has saved me from the bitterness of *dependence*."

In a decent, solitary cabin, on the Dorrington estate, resided Nurse Keefe, so called from having "fostered" Miss Raymond. She was considered by her neighbours "a remarkable well-bred dacent woman," and when Gertrude left Ireland the faithful creature would have accompanied "her foster child," had it not been that her husband was in ill health, and demanded all her attention; he died about six weeks before Mrs. Dorrington, and Nurse made up her mind to return with that lady to England; her sudden death, of course, prevented it, and Nurse Keefe awaited "her own dear child's coming home to take possession of her own;" mourned for the dead, and rejoiced in her young lady's prospects almost at the same moment. When she heard that the property was going into other hands, nothing could exceed her grief; she was almost frantic, and abused the heir-at-law in no measured terms, declaring that he had made away with the will, and all were thieves and rogues. Mr. Barry assured her that he was using his exertions to induce Miss Raymond to reside with his mother, and that information afforded her some little comfort; but when she found that her nursing was going as governess to a family, the poor creature's misery was truly distressing. She returned to her cottage with a breaking heart, and did not even go to Barrytown to inquire after "Miss Gurry" for three weeks; when she again made her appearance there, she astounded Mr. Barry, with the information that she had "canted all her bits o' things," had drawn what money she had saved up in the bank out of it, and given up her farm, and was absolutely setting off to London to see her "child," as she generally called her. "I'm not going to be a burthen, Sir," said she to Mr. Barry, when he pointed out to the affectionate creature the folly of her journey. "I have as good as a hundred-and-twenty pounds, solid gould and silver, that's not mine, but her's, now she happens to want it, more's the pity! Sure it was by sarving her I got it, which makes it hers, whin she's distressed (that I should live to see it!) if not in law, any how in justice, which is the best law without any manner of doubt. So I'll jist take it her myself, to save postage; and I'm stout and strong, and able to get up fine linen, and clear-starch, with any she in the kingdom of England, and sure, she'll be able to get me plenty of work; and that trifle can lay in the London Bank for her, whin she wants any little thing, as sure she must, and I'll be near her to keep her from being put upon, by them English. And God be praised, I'm able to stand up for her still, and make them sensible of the honour she's doing them by staying there at all. And now my blessing, and the blessing of the poor be about ye'r honour. You'll not see me until I can't be of any use to Miss Raymond, the angel!"

So Nurse Keefe journeyed to London; and, at last, found herself at Hyde-Park Corner, quite bewildered by the crowd and noise, and endea-

vouring to make her way to Grosvenor Place. Her quaint appearance attracted much attention as she passed. Short black silk cloak—white dimity petticoat—shoes and silver buckles—small black silk bonnet—hardly shading her round good-natured face, were singular gear, even in London; and her rich brogue whenever she inquired, “if any one could tell her where Lady Brilliant’s, and her young lady’s house was in Grosvenor Place,” caused a universal laugh, which she did not at all relish. She stood at the corner opposite Hyde-Park, gazing wildly about, resolved not to ask any more questions, when a gentleman good-naturedly inquired, “if she was looking for any particular house.”

“Is it looking! troth and I am, Sir, till I’m blind and stupid, and can see nothing, God help me! with the noise and the people, skrimitching and fighting; they may bould their tongues about the wild Irish; the English, here, I’m sure, are all mad; but as ye’r so kind, and, no doubt, knowledgable, may-be you could tell me the way to one Lady Brilliant’s, and my young lady’s, who live somewhere hereabouts in Grosvenor Place.”

“Lady Brilliant’s!” repeated the stranger, “I am going there, and you may follow me, if you please.” The gentleman walked on, and the delighted nurse breathlessly addressed him—

“Ah, then, Sir, every joy in heaven to ye, and sure ye know my young lady?”

“I have not that pleasure.”

“I ax ye’r pardon, but ye said ye knew Lady Brilliant.”

“I do.”

“Well, ye’r honour, sure my young lady lives with her.”

“No young lady, that I know of, lives there, except—Oh I have heard of a young Irish lady, a governess, I believe, but, of course, she is not seen.”—

“Not seen,” repeated Nurse, who had no idea that Miss Raymond could be excluded from any society.

“Is she sick, Sir?”

“Not that I know of; but I suppose that she is in the nursery, or study, or somewhere with the children.”

This information could not silently be borne, and she told the gentleman with so much earnestness, the history of her “young lady,” that although he was much interested, he heartily wished himself housed, for Nurse Keefe’s eloquence attracted a good deal of attention. As they ascended the steps of Lady Brilliant’s residence, Gertrude and her pupils were descending. The poor creature sprang forward, fell on her knees, and grasped Miss Raymond’s dress, unable, fortunately, from her violent agitation, to utter a sentence. The face of an old friend is more delightful than sunshine in winter. Gertrude raised the aged woman to her bosom, and heedless of the presence of strangers, burst into tears. When, after the lapse of an hour, Nurse Keefe and Miss Raymond, were seated in the study appropriated to Gertrude’s use, the faithful

creature opened her simple plan to her foster-child, and endeavoured to impress on her mind that the money, which she had brought carefully wrapped in an old stocking, was Gertrude’s. Much did the good nurse regret that she could not make “her darlint” understand this, and Miss Raymond in her turn, laboured as fruitlessly to convince her that she was perfectly happy, and treated quite as she ought to be.

“I can’t believe it, I can’t believe it, Miss, maohree; how could I? whin that fine spoken young gentleman told me, he never set eyes upon you, although he come often to the house? d’ye think I’ve no sinse? or that I’m out an’ out a fool?—Sure it’s well I remimber after ye’r angel of a mother died, whin ye came to be Mrs. Dorrington’s child (who had no *born* child on account she was an ould maid), that I used to have to bring ye into the grand parlour as good as tin times a-day, in order that they might all admire ye’r beauty; and lords and ladies, and mimbers of Parliamint, fighting like cat an’ dog for the first kiss, and I fighting to keep them from dragging the head off ye. And now to be in a bit of an English lady’s family, as a sort of a—Oh! Ullagone! ullagone! My poor ould heart ‘ill split?”

Gertrude had some difficulty in pacifying her, convincing was out of the question.

“Well, may-be so, my dear.—Happy!—can’t understand it; may-be so—”

The next thing was to provide a lodging for Nurse Keefe, and as she soon placed what she called Miss Raymond’s “trifle o’ money” in a banker’s hands, she became anxious for employment. Lady Brilliant, who was really kind and amiable, was highly pleased with the poor woman’s generous feelings, and in less than a month the good nurse had more clear-starching and fine plaiting than she could manage. Thus, to use her own words, “the money powered upon her.” She visited Gertrude once or twice a week, and never came empty-handed; nuts, oranges, and cakes, were her general presents, but sometimes she added pieces of gay riband, and two or three yards of lace. The person who gave her most employment, and paid her best, was her kind conductor when she first visited Grosvenor-place. The gentleman knew something of the neighbourhood where Miss Raymond had resided, for Mr. Barry and his father had been college friends, and he often chatted with Nurse Keefe when she brought home shirts and cravats (“that would bate the snow for whiteness”) to his lodgings in St. James’s-street, and highly gratified her by the information, that as he occasionally joined Lady Brilliant’s family circle of an evening, he had sometimes the pleasure of seeing Miss Raymond. She was also a little mortified that he did not praise her young lady, as she thought every body ought to do, but consoled herself by muttering as she went home—“Well, it’s mighty quare, but those Englishmen are afeard of wearing out their tongues; who knows, for all that, but may-be he’s like the countryman’s goose, that thought all the more for not spaking.”

Mr. Wortley, for it was the self-same gentleman, did think much on every subject, but latterly more of Gertrude than any other; he had not seen her often, but he had heard of her a great deal. Lady Brilliant spoke of Miss Raymond in the highest terms, and the children manifested the strongest attachment towards their "dear kind governess." "She is always so dignified and correct," said her Ladyship; "and is never out of temper," said Lady Jessica; "and although she is sometimes melancholy," added Miss Clarinda, the eldest of the children, "which is not to be wondered at, because once she had almost—almost as much money as Mamma, yet she smiles away her sorrows so sweetly, and sings for us of an evening, as well, indeed quite as well, as Miss Stephens, and very like her too, the ballads that make one weep."

"Dear Mamma," said Charles, a rosy boy of seven years old, "do coax Miss Raymond to drink tea in the drawing-room with us to-night; she will never come when there's company, but Mr. Wortley, you know, is an old friend, and comes often, and is nobody, and then she will sing for us; do Mamma." Charles's request was readily granted, and he ran off with a message from Mamma, begging Miss Raymond would that evening take tea in the drawing-room; he stopped at the door, and said playfully to Mr. Wortley, who had been some time in the room, "mind, I heard you say to Papa the other day that you wanted a wife; now you shaa't have my Miss Raymond, for she shall be my wife when I'm a man."

"Dignified and correct—never out of temper—with much reason to be sorrowful—and yet chasing it away, even to gratify childhood; and singing—I never heard any woman sing with half so much feeling! What an admirable wife she would make!" So soliloquized Mr. Wortley, when he left the family party in Grosvenor Place, and, of course, came to the resolution of knowing more of this "very interesting and superior woman." That, however, was not easily accomplished, the education of Lady Brilliant's children occupied all Gertrude's time, and even if the duties of her situation had not prevented it, she had so recently smarted from fashionable fickleness, that she was not at all inclined to stake even an hour's happiness upon it again. When Mr. Wortley met her, his very anxiety to render himself agreeable made him awkward; and here I really cannot avoid saying, that English gentlemen, in general, do not know how to make love. I am sorry for it, and have sincerely pitied their *gaucherie*—I suppose they find it unavoidable; it cannot be the fault of their heads, for their sagacity is proverbial; it cannot be the fault of their hearts, for the heart of an Englishman is the throne of every affectionate and noble feeling. I have often thought it was the fault of the climate; but of this I'm certain it is quite impossible to avoid laughing at their devotions, they pay them so strangely—never seem to know what to say—perhaps it goes off after a time—of that I cannot judge. However, my digression has

nothing to do with the consternation poor Mr. Wortley experienced when he found that Gertrude Raymond was going to spend two entire months at Barrytown during Lady Brilliant's intended tour on the Continent. He thought he would speak at once to her as well as he could, but a little reflection convinced him that this would be the most effectual way to obtain a decided refusal, as he could yet have made no progress in her affections, and he knew her mind was too noble to calculate merely upon worldly advantages in a matrimonial connexion. After much pro and con, he resolved to speak to Lady Brilliant on the subject, and without waiting for his curricula, walked quickly towards Grosvenor Place; when he arrived he was informed that Miss Raymond, attended by Nurse Keefe and Lady Brilliant's own footman, had just departed for Ireland, and that Lady Brilliant was completing her arrangements previous to her Continental tour. He felt at once a strong inclination to visit Ireland. Every man of liberal feeling should make a tour of the sister Isles—he wondered he had never thought of it before—the Lakes of Killarney were celebrated all over the world—the Giant's Causeway, too, one of the most wonderful works of nature—the County of Wicklow—the vale of Avoca—he repeated Moore's lines to the beautiful valley with absolute enthusiasm. Besides, there was his father's old college friend, Mr. Barry: he had seen him in England during his parents' life-time, and knew he would be so glad to see him, dear old gentleman! how delightful to talk with him of his father—it was, really, very ungrateful not to have visited him before; and, now that London was quite empty (the carriages were jostling at every corner), he must go to the country, and he would go to Ireland."—Accordingly he wrote immediately to Mr. Barry, informed him of his anxiety to pay his respects to his father's old friend, and explore the beauties of a country he had heard so much of; hoped he should not inconvenience Mr. B., would await his answer at Milford, and concluded by saying, that he earnestly requested he would not mention his intended visit to any one, except Lady Florence, as he had a particular, very particular reason, indeed, for not wishing it mentioned, which he would hereafter explain. Oh the vanity of the male sex! "he did not wish it mentioned," because he wanted to see the effect his sudden appearance would produce on Gertrude.

There is a sort of free-masonry in goodness that none but the good can understand; Mr. Barry, very soon after Mr. Wortley's arrival, both knew and approved of his manly and disinterested attachment to his young friend; sincerely rejoiced at the prospect of wealth and happiness that was brightening before her, and only dreaded lest Gertrude's high feelings would prevent her being dependant (as she would call it) even on a husband. The manœuvres of Mrs. C. and Co. entertained him much; and, after dinner, on the evening of the day that the "Blue Lady" arrived, as the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Mr.

Barry and Mr. Wortley paused, and whispered to each other the same words, "how superior is she to all around her." Certainly the contrast between Gertrude and Miss Spinner was very ludicrous; the real information of the one and assumed learning of the other reminded one of Florien's beautiful fable, *Le Rossignol et le Prince*—

"Les sots savent tous se produire;
Le mérite se cache, il faut l'aller trouver."

One was as presuming as the sparrows, the other as retiring as the nightingale.

"Now, re-e-ly," commenced the learned lady, "now re-e-ly," (she was ambitious of the English accent) "I am so glad you are come; gentlemen, I contest for woman's talent, but I lowly bend to the magnificent intellect of the creation's lords, although it must be confessed you are not 'melting as a lover's prayer,' as Hughes beautifully expresses it; and though, sometimes, 'ye are more changeable than Proteus,' yet are ye 'glorious as Mars,' and 'luminous as stars!' There," said the lady, making a low courtesy, "is rhyme and reason, which, I consider the perfection of oratory!"

Miss Livy and Miss Letty laughed; Gertrude smiled, and the gentlemen could scarcely keep their countenances in proper form. Mr. Altern, the rattling fox-hunter, complimented the lady on her eloquence, which was, he said, "as good as a play," and seated himself by her side, to draw her out; there was little occasion for it, for when once a woman gets a taste for display, it is like the overflowing of the Nile, which no earthly barrier can withstand—I fear me, however, it does not fertilize like that river. When the tea equipage was removed, Miss Spinner proposed "that they should busy themselves in some intellectual exercise. I am sure," she continued, "Miss Raymond, who has so long enjoyed the enlightening beams of London society, will second this motion; and, indeed, I wished particularly to ask her, if she had seen any of the celebrated characters, the lions of the day?"

"Yes, I have, I believe, seen many of them."

"Oh, how I envy you! perhaps you attended the celebrated Dr. Townsend's lectures, on the use and abuse of the steam-engine; of course you recollect Darwin's beautiful lines—

"Fresh, through a thousand pipes, the wave distills,
And thirsty cities drink th' exuberant rills."

Gertrude confessed she had not attended the lectures.

"What a pity! I think I saw your daughters, Mrs. Croydon, in that sweet fellow's botanical studio, at the Rotunda, I forget his name—Rose—Rosacynth!—do you recollect his delightful, and beautifully poetical description of the papilionaceous tribe? and his *hortus siccus*—so talented and classical! to arrange the loves of the flowers like Moore's loves of the angels."

"Oh, yes," replied both young ladies, "we all remember Mr. Rosacynth, we attended his lectures, and all such things, before our education was finished. I suppose, Gertrude, you will make

Lady Brilliant's daughters, *your pupils*, do so, when they are old enough?"

"Young Ladies," replied Mr. Barry, quietly, "I believe Miss Raymond will soon devote her exclusive attention to one pupil; at least, I know one who would give—"

"Dear Sir," said poor Gertrude, springing up, "do, do hold—peace—for pity's sake."

"Bless me, what's the matter?" inquired old Lady Florence; the Croydons exchanged glances; Mr. Wortley stooped to look for his handkerchief, which was in his hand, and Mr. Altern gave a long whew. The silence showed symptoms of continuance which, nevertheless, the fox-hunter at length broke. "I hope you don't patronize the three B's that preside over conversations?"

"What are they?" laughed Mr. Barry.

"Blue stockings, blue milk, and blue ruin."

"Sir—Mr. Altern," said Miss Spinner, indignantly, "I am sorry for you! you have no more taste for the beauties of literature—to think or speak so, becomes a Goth, a Vandal, or—a fox-hunter."

"Whew, dear Madam, don't plunge so; a joke's a joke—though, faith, there's some truth in it. I was inveigled once, to one of their conversations; what a pucker they were in, worse than a pack of hounds in full cry, but not half the spirit of harmony, for they were all after different game; some shooting, some coursing, some angling, some (old one's too) ogleing; they seemed to me to neglect no sort of business, except eating, and that was not their fault, for they had nothing to eat, save trumpery biscuits and half starved sandwiches; my Sly would swallow plates and all in a moment—coffee, and *eau sucrée* and all! oh, what is it to a baron of beef and a foaming tankard, or a smoking jug of whiskey punch?"

"But, Sir," said Gertrude, kindly, for she saw Miss Spinner was annoyed, "surely people do not assemble merely to eat and drink; as intellectual beings, we have higher objects in society, and—"

"I'll tell you what," said the honest, but unpolished Squire, "you are much too pretty for one of the sisterhood."

"Sir, I thank you," and Miss Spinner arose and curtiaed low, very low, to Mr. Altern.

"Miss Olivia," said Mr. Wortley, eager to avert the coming storm, "do, pray, favour us with that beautiful cavatina of Rosini's—we all like music."

Miss Livy did not need a second request, and for some time she was listened to with much attention; at last Miss Spinner became tired of silence, and gliding up to Mr. Barry, said, "that as Mr. ———, she forgot the name, had gone off that morning, in search of Roman pavements, and broken vessels—pipes—and interesting relics of the olden time, and had not yet returned to illuminate their orbit by his brilliant discoveries; she had a few little curiosities in her bureau up stairs, that might afford amusement—she would bring them down while they were singing." The lady soon imported the various packages, boxes

and bags, placed them on the sofa, piled up on her right hand and on her left, and looked not unlike a venerable mummy, encompassed by Egyptian relics. She exhibited her specimens of conchology; mineralogy; her little electrifying machine; her figure from the Inquisition at Goa; a snuff-box that Buonaparte had—looked at; a lock of hair, cut from the tail of Marie Antoinette's favourite lap-dog; a bit of Pope's willow; a leaf of Shakspeare's mulberry tree; a petrified toe of St. Peter's, which was classically labelled—"*Digit de Sancto Pietro!*" and many other equally valuable relics. The young people grouped around her, and she was unusually elaborate and eloquent in her descriptions; nay, she even repeated an extemporaneous poem she had made upon herself on a misty morning.

Gertrude and Mr. Wortley were standing near each other, when Miss Spinner pulled various old-fashioned boxes from a yellow-silk bag:—"I purchased these very interesting relics of antiquity at a receptacle for old furniture, vulgo—a broker's shop; it is very obscure; I fancy there is part of this strange-looking box unopened—it appears so thick and clumsy—perhaps the fastening is concealed by some spring; it has hitherto baffled my utmost ingenuity, and I hardly thought the man would sell it without examination."

"I ought to know it," said Gertrude, "it belonged, I am certain, to my dear old friend's cabinet." She took it, and touched a spring that was concealed by a small stud; the bottom opened, and discovered tightly pressed in, a roll of parchment."

Mr. Barry seized it, hastily unfastened the ribbon which tied it, and exclaimed—"Gracious providence! the will! the will! the will! She was neither forgetful nor unjust. My dear Gertrude—Mr. Wortley—I give ye joy; she'll have ye now, because she'll be almost as rich as yourself—joy, joy. Oh, I'm so happy, quite right; 'all my personal and estated property to;'—my dear Miss Spinner, you are the sweetest being on earth;—'to Gertrude Raymond!'—just as it should be."

"Dear, dearest Gertrude," exclaimed Mr. Wortley; but Gertrude had fainted on his shoulder, and salts, eau-de-luce, de cologne, de-Mille-fleurs were abundantly supplied by the young ladies, who hardly understood the matter, but knew that all was in delightful bustle, or, as Miss Spinner said, "soft confusion—rosy terror."

When Gertrude had recovered, and time was afforded for deliberate investigation, Mr. Barry read the will aloud. Mrs. Dorrington had left her entire property to Miss Raymond; subject to some life annuities, either to old and faithful servants, or poor relatives. Among other paragraphs contained in it was the following:—"And whereas, I have good and substantial reasons for believing that Thomas Dorrington (who is, unfortunately, by the will of God, my nearest relative) is a double-dealing craven, and a heartless man; seeing that, like the fabled Janus, he carries two faces; I leave him to be provided for by

Gertrude Raymond, convinced that she, of her own generosity, will do more for him, in consideration of his family, than my love of justice would permit, knowing his duplicity as I do;—I leave him to her mercy."

"It is singular," observed Mr. Barry, "that my old friend should so studiously have concealed all information on the subject of her will from us; to execute it with her own hand, and never mention its existence. She was a good lawyer, however, for it is duly witnessed; but where shall we find those people? this document has been nearly eight years in existence. 'Patrick Muller,' the old butler, he is dead; 'Frank Hayward,' and 'Jane Miller,' have you any idea where they are, Gertrude?"

"Frank Hayward married Jane immediately on our going to Bath, and my dear relative, you know, Sir, never retained married servants; but she procured them confidential situations in Sir Thomas Harrowby's family. They have been ever since on the continent; I believe they are now at Rome."

"How very fortunate," said Miss Spinner, "that I happened to purchase the box! My dear Miss Raymond, I give you much joy."

"Oh, so do we all," said Mrs. Croydon; somewhat awkwardly, however, for Mr. Wortley's exclamation had convinced her, that her daughter's beauty and accomplishments had been displayed in vain; and that, even when portionless, Gertrude Raymond, notwithstanding her want of tact, advanced age (twenty-two), and what Mrs. C— always termed "very plain appearance," had conquered, what she considered "a man worth looking after," because he had five thousand a-year!

"Gertrude," said Lady Florence, who, by the assistance of her ear-trumpet, heard and understood all that had occurred—"My dear Gertrude, your old friend rejoices for you. Nearly a century has passed over this gray head, and those who number only half my days, must know much of joy and sorrow, yet this is one of the happiest hours I have ever known. I sorrowed, bitterly sorrowed, when you, of ancient family, and mind capable of adding lustre to the highest rank, became a hireling for gold. Yet, Gertrude, I loved you more and more; for even the pittance you laboured for, you divided with the poor and the afflicted. Nay, child, I will speak; I do not often praise: but you deserve more than I can give. Never did you utter unkindness towards those who had dashed your cup of happiness to the earth, even as it had touched your lips. Never did you suffer the breath of slander to dim her memory, from whom you had a right to expect so much; for you were unto her as a dear and tender child. I know the heart has ties stronger than those of kindred, but you had claims from both those sources."

"My dear Lady Florence," interrupted Gertrude, much affected, "you overrate—I knew my friend too well to imagine even that she would forget me: I should have been base, if I could for a moment have believed it!"

"Your trials are now passed," resumed the old lady; "the wind of adversity separates the chaff from the wheat. You have learned to value *the world's* friendship. And when I remember the virtues that characterized your amiable and excellent parents, the words of this holy book press upon my memory—'I have been young, and now am old, yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.'"

"Hang me," said Mr. Altern, after a pause, "but it's worth riding a steeple-chase, to come in for all this."

"It would make a delightful tale, if well wrought up," interrupted Miss Spinner, "quite good enough for —, perhaps not for Blackwood; but for something else, particularly if it ends, as I presume, with a—a—spare my blushes!"

A sunny Sabbath morning succeeded this happy *denouement*, and the finding of the Will was noised all over the parish; the most busy agent on this occasion was Nurse Keefe, who went to first mass, expressly for the purpose of telling "how my young lady will have her right, and the bad breed 'll be forced to fly the country, and more will be happy than me—the fine English gentleman, that many was afther, the silly crathurs, as if it would be any good for them to put themselves equal to my young lady, with the rale gentleman who had such beautiful estates, and sich a power of money, and a rale castle, built on a gould mine (as I hard tell), and whin he wants, he has nothin' to do, but to say to one of his men, 'James, go down and bring me up a bucket of gould,' and to another, 'Charles, my man, go down and bring me up a bucket of silver.'"

The peasantry, who most cordially hated "the new man," rejoiced very sincerely at the intelligence. "Thomas Dorrington, Esq.," was neither fitted by nature nor education to occupy the station in society to which his wealth had raised him. He was what the poor termed "a hard man;" let the land go to the highest bidder, without any regard to the oldest tenant, and distrained for rent whenever it was not paid to the hour. Such a person was not likely to obtain popularity; and his low habits effectually prevented his associating with the gentry, on equal terms.

"Well, bad as he is, Mistress Keefe," said Paddy Magin, "he didn't spirit away the will, which for sartin I thought he did; for he always had the look of a dirty turn."

"Well, I set it down to that too, Paddy, and it's well for him he didn't; I'll stop myself after grate mass jist to see my young lady go to church, and pass the mock people on the road."

"Success to you for ever, Mistress, honey! and I'll gather the boys, and we'll have a shout for the young lady, and a groan for the by-gones, that 'll shiver the mountains in no time; it's a pity it's Sunday, or we'd have a bonfire."

"Aye, Paddy, we'll have that same whin she's set up safe and sound in her own house; I don't think they'll have the face to dispute the will?"

Paddy did "gather the boys," and a glorious shout and a deafening groan they gave.

"Thomas Dorrington, Esq.," affected at first

to disbelieve the will; but he secretly procured what money he could from the tenants, and, deserting his unfortunate wife, whom he had long treated with brutal indifference, fled to America, and left them to the mercy of one who loved mercy, and who proved it by acts of kindness, even to her enemies.

Barrytown never was so full of company as about three months after Miss Spinner's box had been found to contain so valuable a parchment; shake-downs in every room; open house—sheep and oxen roasted whole—barrels of ale and whiskey—fiddlers and pipers—Lady Brilliant and suite—Nurse Keefe, deputy mistress of kitchen ceremonies—Miss Spinner in a white satin hat, looped up with roses a-la-pastoralle, and a *real* new wig—Mrs. Croyden and her daughters (poor spite), "so particularly engaged that they could not do themselves the honour from which they had expected so much happiness, but wished the lovers, bride and bridegroom, more than a thousand blessings." Barrytown was always noted for its hospitality; for the poor, as well as the rich, sheltered under its roof, and the generous master afforded relief to all who really wanted it. But when Gertrude Raymond was married to Alfred Wortley, every body wondered where, even in Barrytown, such crowds could have been packed. Lady Florence Barry, who had not been outside of her own avenue gate for twenty years, accompanied the bride; and Mr. Barry gave her away. More people could not have been at a Priest's funeral than assembled on this memorable occasion—

"When wrong was made right,
Add the dark, light."

as Miss Spinner quoted it, and the "might and right" was exemplified for many years by the inhabitants of Barrytown and Mount Gertrude, (as Lady Florence called Mrs. Dorrington's old residence)—

"Hospitality,
No formality,"

became the motto of both houses, which were conducted on the same plan, except, indeed, that Mr. Wortley never mortgaged his property, and the great hall at Mount Gertrude was garnished with merry, laughing children, instead of dogs, eagles, cats, and ravens.

COSTUME.

The costume of an English beau of the 14th Century, consisted of long pointed shoes, the curling toes of which were fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; a stocking of one colour on one leg, and one of another colour on the other; breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs; a coat one half white and the other half blue or black; a long beard; and a silk hood buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones.

For the Lady's Book.

THE COLUMBIAN HARP.

WAKE! sweet harp of the wild-wood shade!
Shake the green moss from thy golden string;
The Dryads are dancing in every glade,
And fairies drinking at every spring!

Long, 'neath the arches of living green,
Mute and unhonour'd thy chord has slept;
While the winds of summer have breath'd in vain,
Nor wak'd a tone as across they swept!

A world is round thee as yet unsung,
And Echo waits in her thousand caves,
To send the glad anthem her hills among,
O'er laughing vallies and dancing waves.

Wake! though no Baron shall list to thee,
'Mid the sculptur'd pride of his ancient hall;
Wake thy song for the bold and free,
O'er the battle's tide like a trumpet call.

Tell to the list'ning world, that here
Spreads the broad realm of the brave and good;
Lasting as heaven's effulgent sphere—
Gen'rous and free as the rolling flood.

Then plaintively murmur a gentler strain,
Pour on the Zephyr thy note of woe,
Till Beauty shall echo the sigh again,
And the tear of Pity brim o'er to flow.

When, on their own pure battle ground,
Thy sons shall muster with gleaming steel;
Raise to the heavens thy lofty sound—
Shake the firm earth with thy martial peal.

Wake the loud echoes of ev'ry vale—
Call the free from their mountain-home—
From rock, from glen, and from lowly dale—
From their forest-lair by the torrent's foam!

But where the last freeman sinks in death,
And dying drops on the bloody plain;
Bend thy last wall with his parting breath,
And wake not a note, my harp, again!

E.

WONDERS AND MURMURS.

BY S. C. HALL.

I.

STRANGE, that the wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To rage or ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still:
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or to mingle the earth and the sky in strife;
Gentle to whisper, with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fettered fiend, ere night;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to-day,
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away!

II.

Strange, that the Sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul, and gladden the eye:
At morn, its child is the pride of spring—
At night, a shrivelled and loathsome thing!
To-day, there is hope and life in its breath,
To-morrow, it shrinks to a useless death;
Strange does it seem that the sun should joy
To give life alone that it may destroy!

III.

Strange, that the Ocean should come and go,
With its dally and nightly ebb and flow,—
To bear on its placid breast at morn,
The bark that, ere night, will be tempest torn;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck within sight of home;
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow, behold him land!

IV.

But, stranger than all, that Man should die
When his plans are formed, and his hopes are high!
He walks forth a lord of the earth, to-day,
And the morrow behold him a part of its clay!
He is born in sorrow, and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labour in vain;
And all that seventy years can show,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

From the Journal of Health.

HOW TO PRESERVE THE COMPLEXION.

To the question which has been proposed to us by some of our female readers—"What is the best fluid as an ordinary wash for the face; calculated, while it removes impurities from the skin, to preserve unimpaired the freshness of the complexion?"—We reply, without hesitation, simple soap and water—both articles being as pure as can be obtained. We have pointed out, in a former number, most of those causes by which the softness, transparency, and brilliant colour of the skin, are impaired. These being carefully avoided, daily ablutions with soap and water, will effectually answer all the purposes for which a long list of cosmetic lotions are in vain resorted to. Our female readers may rest assured that the only beautifiers of the skin are personal cleanliness, regular exercise, temperance, pure air, and cheerful temper. If any one of these be neglected, the skin and complexion will invariably suffer. It is only by preserving the skin free from all impurities, and thus ena-

bling it to perform with freedom, its important functions, that any external application is at all useful. To this end there is nothing so well adapted as pure water, with the occasional addition of soap. They who, from a ridiculous idea that washing frequently with water injures the skin, substitute distilled liquor, Cologne water, or any other fluid, simple or compound, pursue a practice most effectually calculated to destroy its suppleness, transparency, and smoothness, and to cover it with unseemly blotches. But it is not merely as a local wash we would enforce upon all the use of pure water. When applied in the form of a bath to the whole surface, at those seasons of the year in which its use, in this manner, can with propriety be resorted to, it is productive of the most beneficial effects, promoting the general well-being of the system, as well as that healthy condition of the skin, independent of which it can lay no pretensions whatever to beauty. It is a well known fact, that those nations by whom bathing is the most frequently resorted to, are those distinguished most generally for elegance of form and freshness of complexion.

A MEDALLIC EMBLEM OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION,
AND NOTICES OF THE PRESENT KING OF FRANCE.



The annexed cut represents the medal which was struck off, and distributed among the French people, in commemoration of the great triumph of principle achieved during the late glorious revolution. Connected with this subject we present the subjoined notices of the present King of France, taken from the "Athenæum:" they will be found interesting.

The present Duke of Orleans is the eldest son of the too famous Louis Phillippe, (better known under the name of "Egalité,") and of Louise Marie Adelaide of Bourbon Penthièvre. He was born in the year 1763, and, together with his brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais, was educated by the celebrated Madame de Genlis, upon the system recommended by Rousseau in his "Emilius."

At the period of the Revolution, and when only nineteen years of age, we find him, in accordance with the popular policy of his house, a Lieutenant Colonel in the fourteenth Dragoons, and distinguishing himself against the invaders of his native country, under Gen. Kellerman and Dumouriez at the battles of Nerwind and Jemappe.

He was, at this time, in consequence of Dumouriez's defection, included with the other members of his family, in the sweeping denunciations of the sanguinary monsters then at the head of the French government. His father and two brothers were unluckily arrested at Nice, and subsequently removed to the prison of Marseilles. The fate of the father is well known—that of the brothers was more fortunate; and that it was so, was mainly owing to their generous brother, the present Duke of Orleans.

It had been his good fortune to effect his escape from the consequences of the revolutionary decrees; and for a long time he wandered about under assumed names in the mountains of Switzerland, and in Germany, Norway, and Denmark. It was during his concealment in the Duchy of Holstein, after his father had fallen a victim, and whilst his brothers were languishing in the fourth year of their imprisonment, that the Duke received from his mother a letter, wherein she expresses an earnest hope "that the prospect of relieving the misfortunes of his afflicted mother, and his unhappy family, may induce his generous spirit to contribute to the peace and security of his country.

The object here pointed at was for the Duke to give a pledge that he would leave the continent of Europe for America: and this was exacted by the then Government as the price of liberating the two princes from their imprisonment.

To this letter of his mother, the Duke replied in the following manner:—

"When my dearest mother shall have received this letter, her orders will have been executed; I shall already have departed for America. I seem to be in a dream when I think how soon I shall again embrace my brothers and be reunited to them—I, who formerly imagined that our separation was impossible. Think not, however, that in any thing I complain of my destiny. Oh no! I feel too sensibly how much more frightful it might really be; I shall not even deem it unfortunate, if, after being restored to my brothers, I learn that my dear mother is also well and comfortable; and especially if I may indulge the thought of contributing in any manner to the tranquillity and happiness of France. For my country I cannot feel any thing personal as a sacrifice; and whilst I live, there is none that I am not prepared to make for her."

He did, in fact, immediately embark from Hamburg for America, where he soon had the satisfaction of being joined by his brothers, who, thus having met, vowed to part no more. They visited together all the noted places of the New World, and were introduced and entertained by the President Washington, at Mount Vernon. They finally went over to England, and took up their abode at Twickenham. There they cultivated the arts and sciences, in which they delighted and excelled. In May, 1807, the Duke de Montpensier died of a consumption in the flower of his age; he was interred in Westminster Abbey, where a monument with a classic and elegant inscription is erected to his memory.

The Count de Beaujolais, already feeling the symptoms of the same disorder, was advised to seek a milder climate, but was only induced to do so by the assurances that his brother of Orleans would never quit him. The brothers repaired to Malta—but too late: the Count also died, in the year 1808, leaving his brother to the chances and changes of a world in which he seems yet destined to act an important part.

From the Literary Souvenir.

MORNING CALLS.

"Ah! it is a sad thing, to be sure," said the fashionable Mrs. Lowton to her friend Lady James, as, after a few common-place inquiries on my entrance, she returned to the conversation I had interrupted: "I really wonder, after Emma's delightful match, that she could have been so imprudent."

"Heavens! my dear Mrs. Lowton! you do surprise me."

"Yes, indeed, I think it has surprised every one; but you know, Lady James, she was always vastly opinionated."

"So I have heard; but really, I am very sorry, she seemed such a nice young woman. Only four hundred a year, did you say?"

Scarcely that, I am told; it is a very poor living, indeed. I really don't see how they are to exist; for, you know, she had no fortune of her own, and he has nothing beyond his preferment."

"Dear, dear! it is a sad business."

"I can assure you it is a grievous disappointment to her friends, for she might have done so much better: you must have seen Lord S—'s attentions—five thousand a year there! But, Mr. —," she turned abruptly to me, "you must remember the Vernons—you have often met them here?"

Now, it so happened, that I not only remembered them, but that the real purpose of my early call on the fashionable Mrs. Lowton, did not arise from any personal interest, as regarded the lady's self: the mere compliment of a card, even after my six years' absence from England, would have amply satisfied *that*; but, to ascertain, through her means, where the said Vernons were to be found; for they were two old and dear friends of mine. And though my long separation from my country had dissipated many of the associations of my earlier life, and destroyed most of its attachments, still, it had not in the slightest degree impaired my regard for this amiable family.

I had left them rich in beauty, blooming in youth, smiling in loveliness. Six years had now passed away, and my uncertain pursuits had kept me but ill-advised of the events—to them, at least—of those six years; nor was I at all pleased, that my first intelligence should have been thus ungracious, as concerned the dearest of those dear sisters.

Promptly acknowledging my acquaintance, (although not *all* my acquaintance with them,) I asked, with earnest anxiety, the particulars of poor Alicia's sad fault.

"Fault, Mr. —!" exclaimed the lady with evident surprise—and then turning to her friend, finished to her the interjection—"Why, Lady James, we cannot exactly call it a *faull*, you know."

"No, my dear Mrs. Lowton," rejoined her ladyship, "not exactly; she has certainly thought

proper to marry a *poor* man, when she had plenty of *rich* ones to choose from; but that—"

"Is a fault," continued her friend, "only as people choose to consider it."

"But, surely, Mrs. Lowton," I inquired, "you do not regard wealth as the *only* good? There may, I hope, be happiness without its abundance; in some cases, perhaps, more, than with its greatest gifts?"

"Very likely, sir." Mrs. Lowton did not look half pleased with the interrogatory; I fear her admitted assent was only about equally sincere.

"Pray, Madam," I waited a moment for the evaporation of her surprise; "is there any objection to the gentleman, beyond his limited income?"

"N—o." She drawled out the word very slowly; it was certainly any thing but a monosyllable. "I believe he is a most amiable man, and very kind to her; but then, Mr. —, only think of the contrast between her and her sister, Mrs. Jermyn, who has as handsome an establishment as any in the beau-monde; *hers*, indeed, was *something* like a match. She pronounced the concluding words with considerable emphasis, as she turned to Lady James for her ready approval.

I had already perceived that the two ladies formed no exception to the so universally admitted opinion of the omnipotence of money; had I not, however, made the discovery, Mrs. Lowton's over-hasty reply to my inquiry after poor Alicia's residence, would speedily have satisfied me on that point.

"Park street, Mrs. Jer—? Alicia, did you say? Oh! truly—really, Mr. —, I don't exactly know; somewhere, I believe, in the environs; but I cannot be certain—perhaps I can ascertain."

I begged that she would not, on any account, give herself the trouble. I was about to proceed to pay my respects to Mrs. Jermyn, who, no doubt, would be able to direct me; and, with as much speed as was consistent with good breeding, I took my leave.

It may readily be imagined that my ruminations, as I walked along, were somewhat varied in their character. The false estimate of happiness, so universally existing, the court paid to wealth—the neglect attendant, even on the approach to poverty. I determined, however, to suspend any decision on the comparative happiness of my two friends; the grandeur of the wealthy Mrs. Jermyn, or the privations of the poor Alicia, until I had judged of them from my own observation.

It was after two o'clock when I arrived at Mrs. Jermyn's residence. It was a large, noble-looking mansion; and I was shown into a most superb drawing-room, whose whole arrangement seemed rather designed with a view to suggest

uses, than as the actual provision for wants already existing—so, at least, it appeared to my untutored fancy; and I had ample opportunity for its exercise, as Mrs. Jermy did not make her *entre* for above half an hour. When she did appear, how shocked, how sadly grieved was I, to look upon her. She was but the spectre of her I had known; the blooming girl I had left, was now—, but it is needless to particularize—she had become the slave of fashion; she had sacrificed herself at its ruthless altar. There was nothing—nothing that even my memory, vivid as it was in its remembrance of her, could rest upon of Emma Vernon; for, changed as was her appearance, her manners were even more altered. She received me with all the elegance, indeed, of the most finished politeness—the most fastidious etiquette could not have pointed out a single fault; but there was no *heart* in it—it was as dead and cold as was herself, to every feeling, save the one engrossing one, of fashion—nay, the very allusion to former remembrances was annoying to her. She seemed, or at least wished to seem, to have forgotten them all.

I could not bear to witness such a wreck of feeling; I dared not farther trust myself to allude to our former intimacy; and I attempted a few less exciting questions, although the attempt was answered with no better satisfaction. I inquired after her sister; but she knew little of her proceedings; of her children—but they were such plagues, she never permitted them to come down, they were best in their nursery. I asked after her husband; but she knew not whether he had gone, or when he would return; she seemed to have little interest in aught concerning him; to care, indeed, for nothing—to feel for nobody.

I was oppressed with bitter regret; I looked earnestly at her in sorrowing silence. She started at the sudden pause; her eyes for a moment met mine; but they shrunk from my gaze, and one deep, unconscious sigh, told me too surely, the desolation that rioted within.

I hurried from her; my heart was too full, and my feelings were still but too imperfectly under my control to risk their further excitement.

“And is this the envied lot, which the world boasts of as its chiefest good? Is this cold insensibility to every better feeling—is it, can it be called happiness? 'Tis a base prostitution of language to term it such, to call it aught but misery and despair; it is, indeed!” But I checked the current of my painful reflections as I approached the residence of the poor, neglected Alicia.

Her house was, indeed, a contrast to that of her sister: it was but a mere cottage; and, instead of the splendid footman who had there announced me, a woman-servant opened the door. But there was an air of comfort, which more than pleased me; there seemed a peacefulness around it—an elegance and refinement about its arrangement, that delighted me; and my first feelings were those almost of envy, that it was not mine. And then, too, her reception—there

was a greater contrast *there*; it was my own dear sister—the same warm-hearted Alicia, that welcomed me—the same wild, gentle spirit I had known in earlier times. She asked anxiously after my past welfare—listened with interest to the account of my proceedings—heard with pleasure of my present comfort; and when I alluded to her marriage, the glistening eye, and smiling acknowledgment of her looks, convinced me of her happiness, more than her words. She had, as she assured me, every blessing her heart desired. It was true, indeed, that their income was only small—but then, their *wishes* were also small; and they were too happy in each other's affection, and too well satisfied with that happiness, to desire more.

“I like, my dear —,” she added, with smiling cheerfulness, “to be happy in my own way. Poor Emma, indeed,”—a sigh accompanied the name—“fancies that happiness is alone to be met with in wealth and fashion, and truly do I hope she finds it there: you know she was always ambitious; but for myself, I am *sure* that my aspirations are after quietness and retirement. I might have been as rich and as gay as Emma, had I wished it; but I did not wish it. I preferred comparative insignificance, with the man I loved, and in whose everlasting affection I could confide without a fear, to all the false gifts of fortune; nor am I disappointed in the result.”

I had already spent a delightful hour in her society, when an engagement called me away; and with a promise of soon repeating my visit, to be introduced to her husband, and again talk over the remembrances of the past, I took my leave, full of gratified and happy feelings.

“Oh, world, world!”—such was my exclamations, as I turned for a parting peep at the little paradise I was quitting—“thou false idol—thou deceiving desolation! alas! how do thy votaries, for a meretricious bauble, cast away a real treasure, and then seek to gild over the base cheat, with the tinsel of feigned enjoyment! Rightly dost thou punish them; thou robbest them, one by one, of every native feeling, and givest them—what dost thou give them in return?—A heart of insensibility—a mere mockery of happiness!”

Perhaps I was somewhat over caustic in my philippic—excited too far by deep and present emotions; and had I waited the soothing effects of the good dinner to which I was hastening, I might perhaps have viewed that same world with a more indulgent feeling. But I like pure unadulterated emotions—they come warm and free from the heart; and though they may, occasionally, be a little too fervid, they seldom deceive us—not unfrequently prove our best and truest monitors.

Happiness, most certainly, is in opinion; and not unlikely, in spite of all that has been said, or that may be said to the contrary, each individual will decide according to his own experience; but heaven preserve me from the happiness of Fashion!

FAREWELL! THOU DEAR COUNTRY:

A BALLAD,

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY)

SUNG WITH DISTINGUISHED APPLAUSE BY MR. H. PHILLIPS.—COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO
J. LODER, ESQ. OF BATH, ENGLAND, BY G. F. STANSBURY.

Andante con Espressione.

Farewell! thou dear country, for - sa - ken I wander, To
seek in some far distant clime a new home; But the dear na - tive hills
that now fade from me yonder, Shall still be remember'd wher - ever
I roam, When a - far I have travell'd be - yond the wide ocean,
And some new scenes of pleasure and beau - ty I find,
Midst the joy of my bosom, some ten - der emotion Will
bring to my view the dear scenes left - - - - - behind.

SECOND VERSE.

Now dark grows the night, and no more my strain'd eyes view
The land I adore, the land of my birth;
Oh! land of my fathers, how dearly I prize you,
Thou fairest, thou happiest spot upon earth:
Tho' lost to thy joys, still remembrance shall bring me
The days of enjoyment I've known on thy shore;
And tho' rude be my fortune where'er it may throw me,
I'll turn to the shrine I shall ever adore.

I have flown from the Cup of the Blue Hare-Bell.

THE FAIRY'S SONG,

(NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY)

WRITTEN BY MRS. TURNBULL.—THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND DEDICATED TO MISS C. E. COLMER,
BY WALTER TURNBULL.

Scherzando.

The musical score is written on a single treble clef staff in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Scherzando'. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The lyrics are printed below the staff, with some words like 'mountain' and 'fell' written in a stylized, jagged font. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

I have flown from the cup of the blue hare bell,
To re-vel all night o-ver mountain and fell;
And I've gathered the dew from the droop-ing flow'r,
To drink at our feast of the midnight hour. But be --
fore that time, there's a task to be done, And the prize
for our queen, by me must be won.

SECOND VERSE.

Thus chaunted the fairy as away she hied,
O'er bower and brake to the calm river's side;
And there, amongst flow'rs and odours, she found
An infant asleep on the dewy ground:
She caught him up by a lock of the hair,
And bore him away through the misty air.

THIRD VERSE.

They have reach'd the spot where the Elfin queen
Is holding her court, on the moon-lit green;
And the child has awaken'd, and weeps in vain
For the home, which he never must see again:
Alas! for his mother, she mourns him as dead,
And fancies his grave in the blue river's bed.

THE RESCUE.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

“ King Stephen was a worthy Peer.”

THE hall was lofty, sculptured round with armorial devices, and hung with gaily-embroidered banners, which waved in the wind, streaming from crannies in windows, which had suffered some dilapidation from the hand of Time. Minstrel harps rang through the wide apartment, and at a board well covered with smoking viands, haunches of the red deer, quarters of mutton, pastries, the grinning heads of wild boars, and flanked with flaggons of wine, and tankards of foaming ale, sat King Stephen, surrounded by the flower of the Norman nobles, whose voices had placed him on the English throne. In the midst of the feast, the jovial glee of the vassailers was interrupted by the entrance of a page, who, forcing his way through the yeomen and lacqueys crowding at the door, flew with breathless haste to the feet of the king, and, falling down on his knees, in faltering accents delivered the message with which he had been entrusted. “ Up, gallants !” exclaimed the martial monarch, “ don your harness, and ride as lightly as you may to the Countess of Clare: she lies in peril of her life and honour, beleaguered by a rabble of unnurtured Welch savages, who lacking respect for beauty, have directed their arms against a woman. Swollen with vain pride at their late victory, (the fiend hang the coward loons who fled before them!) they have sworn to make this noble lady serve them barefoot in their camp. By St. Dennis, and my good sword! were I not hampered by this pestilent invasion of the Scots, I would desire no better pastime than to drive the ill-conditioned serfs howling from the walls. Say, who amongst you will undertake the enterprize? What! all silent? are ye knights?—are ye men? Do I reign over Christian warriors—valiant captains, who have been sworn to protect beauty in distress? or are ye like graceless dogs of Mahomed, insensible to female honour?” “ My ranks are wondrous scant,” returned Milo Fitzwalter, “ I may not reckon twenty men at arms in the whole train, and varlets have I none, but it boots not to number spears when danger presses; so to horse, and away! Beshrew me! were it the termagant Queen Maude herself, I’d do my best to rescue her from this extremity.” “ Thou art a true knight, Fitzwalter,” replied the king, “ and wilt prosper. The saint’s beneson be with thee, for thou must speed on this errand with such tall men as thou canst muster of thine own proper followers: the Scots, whom the devil confound, leave me to work much, to spare a single lance from mine own array. We will drink to thy success, and to the health of the fair countess, in a flask of the right Bordeaux; and tell the lady that thy monarch grudges thee this glorious deed; for, by the halidom, an thou winnest her

unscathed from the hands of these Welch churls, thou wilt merit a niche beside the most renowned of Charlemagne’s plaudits.” Fitzwalter made no answer; but he armed in haste, and, leaping into his saddle, gave the spur to his gallant steed, and followed by his esquires and men at arms, rested not, either night or day, until he reached the marches of Wales. The lions of England still proudly flying over the castle walls, assured him that the countess had been enabled to hold out against the savage horde, who surrounded it on all sides. The besiegers set up a furious yell as the knight and his party approached their encampment. Half naked, their eyes glaring wildly from beneath a mass of yellow hair, and scantily armed with the rudest species of offensive and defensive weapons, their numbers alone made them terrible; and had the castle been manned and victualled, it might have long defied their utmost strength. Drawing their falchions, the knight and his party keeping closely together, and thus forming an impenetrable wedge, cut their desperate path through the fierce swarm of opposing foes, who, like incarnate demons, rushed to the onslaught, and fell in heaps before the biting steel of these experienced soldiers. Pressing forward with unyielding bravery, Fitzwalter won the castle walls; whence, with the assistance of such frail aid as the living spectres on the battlements could give, he beat back the Welsh host, and in another quarter of an hour, having dispersed the enemy with frightful loss, gained free entrance to the castle. Feeble was the shout of triumph which welcomed Fitzwalter and his brave companions; the corpses of the unburied dead lay strewed upon the pavement; the heroic countess, and her attendant damsels, clad in the armour of the slain, weakened by famine, and hopeless of succour, yet still striving to deceive the besiegers by the display of living warriors, by this stratagem retarded the assault which they could not repel. Fitzwalter took advantage of the darkness of the night, and the panic of the Welshmen, to withdraw from a fortress which was destitute of the implements of war; and, with the rescued ladies mounted behind them, the brave band returned to the court of King Stephen; and the charms of the fair one, and the valour of her chivalric defender, formed the theme of the minstrel in every knightly hall and ladies’ bower throughout Christendom.

A rich officer of revenue, asked a man of wit, what kind of a thing opulence was. “ It is a thing,” replied the philosopher, “ which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man.”

SONG.

BY MISS JEWELRY.

SHE'S on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn, and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round,
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound!

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by,
When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine!

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY HOLLINGS.

DEEP close the shades around us; and the wind,
Which sweeps the rustling thicket, bends to sight,
With fairy leaf and branches wet with dew,
The slender Celandine: thus Jealousy
Dwells in unutter'd bitterness apart,
And feeds its griefs with silence. *Fale below,*
The meek Anemone, with virgin grace,
The nurture and the victim of a day,
Tells of a love which blossoms but to fade,
Nipt in its playful infancy. *Above,*
Circling with blushing wreaths the blighted oak,
The Woodbine drops its odours on the breeze:
So doth Affection gather strength from time,
Constant where once its plighted vows are fix'd,
And smiles from age and sorrow:—while that light
And yellow Broom may fitly emblem Youth,
Rejoicing in its comeliness, and fraught
With hopes which after-storms shall strew in air.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

BARETTI, in his amusing letters from Spain and Portugal, tells us that he fell in with a Spanish soldier, who in the course of conversation, told him that he had been sometime a prisoner in England, and that he hated the English; and on being asked why, he hesitated awhile, and at last answered, because they used vinegar with their veal.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate or enslave. At home a friend—abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace—and in society an ornament.

Cato, the Censor, being scurrilously treated by a fellow who led a licentious and dissolute life, a "contest," said he, "between thee and me is very unequal, for thou canst bear ill language with ease, and return it with pleasure; but as for my part, 'tis unusual for me to hear it, and disagreeable to speak it."

Spectacles were first invented by Spina, a monk of Pisa, in the year 1200.

Men show particular folly on five different occasions: When they establish their fortune on the ruin of others; when they expect to excite love by coldness, and by showing more marks of dislike than affection; when they wish to become learned in the midst of repose and pleasure; when they seek friends without making any advances of friendship; and when they are unwilling to succour their friends in distress.

Spinning wheels were first invented at Brunswick, in Germany, in 1630.

To delicate minds, the unfortunate are always objects of respect; as the ancients held sacred

those places which had been blasted by lightning, so the feeling heart considers the afflicted as touched by the hand of God himself.

It is falsehood only that loves and retires into darkness. Truth delights in the day, and demands no more than a just light to appear in perfect beauty.—*Sir T. Brown.*

The son of Enoch, according to the text of the Septuagint, died fourteen years after the flood, having lived 969 years. Were the years then 360 or 365 days each—if the latter, Methusaleh must have lived 353,685 days, a period of existence so great as to induce many persons to believe the years *then* were *much shorter* than they are *now*.

Like dogs in a wheel, birds in a cage, or squirrels in chain, ambitious men still climb and climb, with great labour and incessant anxiety, but never reach the top.

The brain of a hasty man is like a sooty chimney; it is continually in danger of taking fire from the flames beneath. The brain of a well ordered and quiet citizen is like a chimney newly swept; the sparks of passion pass through it, and escape without danger into the cooler regions of thought and reflection.

Of all the marvellous works of the Deity, perhaps there is nothing that angels behold with such supreme astonishment as a proud man.

I know no friends more faithful, more inseparable than hard-heartedness and pride, humility and love, lies and impudence.—*Lavater.*

There is no rule in the world to be made for writing letters, but that of being as near what

you speak face to face as you can; which is so great a truth, that I am of opinion, writing has lost more mistresses than any one mistake in the legend of love.—*Steele*.

The critic of art ought to keep in view not only the capabilities, but the proper objects of art. Not all that art can accomplish, ought she to attempt. It is from this cause alone, and because we have lost sight of these principles, that art, among us, is become more extensive and difficult, less effective and perfect.—*Lessing*.

Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love, and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things are too delicate to be thought—and there are many more that are equally improper to be spoken.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn—pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

The Bishop of Boulogne suddenly died; the Abbe, who was beloved by the clergy, and by all the inhabitants, learnt that they had designated him to be their pastor, and were warmly soliciting his nomination; he secretly quitted the city during the night, in order to avoid the honours of the episcopacy, of which he did not deem himself worthy. "How do they expect that I can govern a flock which should be entrusted to me?" said he, "I cannot even conduct myself." He afterwards came to the capital, and was appointed to the royal abbey of Jars, without being constrained to residence."

A fool can neither eat nor drink, nor stand nor walk; nor, in short, laugh, nor take snuff, like a man of sense. How obvious the distinction.—*Shenstone*.

He is treated like a fiddler whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures.—*Goldsmith*.

It was said by Sir Thomas Overbury, that the man who has nothing to boast of but illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe—the only good thing belonging to him is under ground.

The season of jubilee to those by whom a child is truly loved, is when he begins to talk. Words of love and endearment are among the first he utters. How delightful is it to them that his tongue should assure them of what they before learned only from dumb signs and uncertain gestures! It is like the first declaration between a lover and his mistress. No, there was nothing doubtful before; but articulate sounds are as the seal to the bond, and make assurance doubly sure.

Sir John Tabor went to Versailles to try the effect of the bark upon Louis the Fourteenth's

only son, the dauphin, who had been long ill of an intermittent fever. The physicians who were about the prince, did not choose to permit him to prescribe to their royal patient till they had asked him some medical questions. Amongst others, they desired him to define what an intermitting fever was: he replied, "Gentlemen, it is a disease which I can cure, and which you cannot."

Pleasant is the joy of grief! it is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head.—*Ossian*.

Natural history is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but Nature must be observed in the open air.—*Johnson*.

COURAGE.

Not to the ensanguin'd field of death alone
Is valour limited: she sits serene
In the deliberate council, sagely scans
The source of action, weighs, prevents, provides,
And scorns to count her glories, from the feats
Of brutal force alone.—*SMOLLET*.

The prize of eloquence is sought even at the altar, and before the holy mysteries. Every hearer thinks himself a judge of the preacher, to censure or applaud him: and is no more converted by the man he favours, than by him he condemns. The orator pleases some and displeases others, but agrees with all in this: that as he does not endeavour to render them better, so they never trouble their heads about becoming so.

It is wonderful that old men should remember more accurately what happened fifty years ago, than the affairs of last week. The brains of old men are like hard wax, tenacious of old impressions, and not very susceptible of new.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time. Locke is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy make an hour a minute.—*Tattler*.

Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so it is likewise reformed by their moderation.—*Cicero*.

PREJUDICE.

The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice, is ascribed by Hugh Worthington, a late English divine, to the celebrated Dr. Price: "Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October; a man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighbouring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF DANCING.



A SLIGHT sketch of the history of this agreeable art, will, we doubt not, prove acceptable to our readers: some of whom may be surprised at its antiquity, and feel considerable pleasure at being informed, that this recreation, which, in modern times, is the delight of the youthful, was deemed worthy of notice, as an amusing and beneficial exercise, by many of the sages of old times, several of whom were at once fine philosophers and good dancers, and a few of them, even when far advanced in life, became pupils in the art. Timocrates first beheld an entertainment of dancing in his old age, and was so pleased with what he saw, that he is said to have exclaimed against himself for having so long sacrificed such an exquisite enjoyment to the vain pride of philosophy.

Among the Jews, dancing was practised at their religious ceremonies:—

Soon as the men their holy dance had done,
The Hebrew matrons the same rites begun:
Miriam, presiding o'er the female throng,
Begins and suits the movement to the song.

The Jews probably derived this custom from their ancient oppressors, the Egyptians; for we find that they indulged in it during their passage through the wilderness, shortly after their departure from the land of Pharaoh. David danced before the ark; Jephtha's daughter is described as meeting her father with a dance; and one of the joys enumerated by the Prophet, when foretelling the return of the Jews from captivity, is that of the virgins rejoicing in the dance.

For the advancement of the art towards some degree of perfection, we must look to Greece, where we find that music and dancing were cultivated in the earliest ages; and where the latter still seems to flourish, notwithstanding the thralldom in which the land has for ages been held; for according to De Guys, among the modern Greeks the passion for dancing is common to both sexes, who suffer nothing to deter them, when an opportunity offers of indulging in its delights. The origin of this art is thus accounted for:—The Curetes, a people of Sicily, who were entrusted with the care of the infant Jupiter, in

order to prevent his being discovered by his father, Saturn, invented a kind of dance, and drowned his cries by accompanying their movements with the sounds of their shields and cymbals. The Athenians had a slow movement, which they danced at funeral processions, accompanied with solemn music. The old Spartans had a dance in honour of Saturn: they had another kind of dancing, termed the Prygian, which was the step, or movement, they adopted when advancing to attack their enemies; and, according to Athenæus, they had a law, by which their children were compelled to exercise themselves at the Pyrrhic dance, from the time they attained the age of five. Lycurgus instituted festivals of dancing in honour of Apollo; and it is even stated of the philosopher, Socrates, whom the Delphic oracle had proclaimed the wisest of mankind, and who, as it is related, was a pupil of Damon, in the art of music—that in his old age he actually received instructions in dancing from the accomplished Aspasia. Charmidas, who caught him dancing one morning at his own house, upon the circumstance being mentioned by Socrates himself to his disciples, observed, that he was so astonished at first, that he thought the philosopher's brain was turned; but that afterwards, when he heard the reasons given by Socrates for indulging in the exercise, he was so satisfied, that the first thing he did on his return home, was to follow his example.

The ancient Romans undoubtedly performed dances at their religious ceremonies, in the earliest ages. Numa Pompilius, in honour of Mars, ordained twelve dancing priests, called Salii, which number was doubled by Tullus Hostilius, in the war against Fidenæ, a town of the Sabines, so that the whole college contained twenty-four priests; who, habited in parti-coloured coats, with swords by their sides and javelins in their hands, occasionally danced about the city.

Perhaps in the earliest ages, but certainly in after-times, individuals availed themselves of the benefits which the practice of dancing confers on the person and spirits. We find, that the guests of Scipio Africanus were entertained by

the hero with dancing; and the younger Cato, the friend of Pompey, a man remarkable for gravity and austerity of manners, when above sixty years of age, practised this art, which he had learned in his younger days, as a graceful accomplishment. The name of Marc Antony is also enrolled among the votaries of this art at Rome; for it is recorded, that he was censured for taking an improper part in the dances performed at some religious ceremony. That dancing was practised at marriages, we know, from the fact, that in the days of Tiberius, a decree was not only made by the senate against it, but the dancers by profession were actually banished from Rome.

In the time of Nero, a dancer represented the labours of Hercules with such admirable truth and expression, that a king of Pontus, to whom such an exhibition was perfectly novel, followed the action of the artist so closely, as to comprehend, with facility, every circumstance intended to be represented; and, impressed with admiration at such a display of talent, he entreated of the emperor to be allowed to take the dancer home with him, as he had barbarous neighbours, whose language none of his subjects understood, and who had never been able to learn his own; and he thought, by gesticulation and dancing, such as he had seen exhibited by the performer in question, that his wishes and ideas might be conveyed to them with certainty.

As, among the ancients, dancing constituted one of the principal ceremonies in their religious festivals, it could not be suddenly abolished, on similar occasions, in those nations which were converted, at an early period, to Christianity. According to Menestrier and Scaliger, the solemn dances of the Romans and Hebrews were performed by the dignitaries of the church, in the time of Constantine.

In France, at so early a period as the year 1581, during the reign of Henry the Third, a splendid ballet was produced, under the auspices of the court; and the king having united his favourite, Le Duc de Joyeuse, to the queen's sister, almost ruined the nation, it is said, in similar entertainments of the most costly description. The queen, also, gave a superb fete, at the Louvre, in honour of her sister's nuptials, in which a ballet was exhibited, called Ceres and her nymphs; the music of which was afterwards published by the celebrated Piedmontese performer on the violin, Balthazar de Beaujoyeau, then valet-de-chambre to the king. From that time, which may be considered the age of its revival in Europe, dancing made a gradual progress towards its present state of refinement in France and the neighbouring nations.

A very ancient holiday amusement of the people of England, was a species of ballet, called Mummung; which name was derived from the old vulgar phrase, "Mum!" signifying "be silent." The performers in this pastime, represented by gestures, accompanied with dancing, comic incidents, and droll adventures; and, in

these rustic exhibitions, Mr. Dodsley is of opinion, that comedy, in England, had its rise.

Among the recreations of the English court, during the reign of Henry the Eighth, dancing is frequently mentioned. The king himself was, doubtless, an admirer of this art. Lloyd says that "Sir W. Molyneux got in with King Henry the Eighth, by a discourse out of Aquinas in the morning, and a dance at night." In the age of Elizabeth, dancing seems to have been held in considerable esteem: the queen took great pleasure in it; and many of her favourites were indebted as much to their elegant accomplishments, as to their valour or wisdom, for the sunshine of her favour. In that reign, to use the words of Gray,

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave Lord Keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danc'd before him.

From the death of Elizabeth, until after the restoration of Charles the Second, the turbulence of the times, and the peculiar character of the age, prevented this art, which flourishes only in "the bowers of peace and joy," from making much progress; but in the days of the merry monarch it began to revive, and advanced, more or less, in all the succeeding reigns. The celebrated Beau Nash, who was, for a long time, M. C. at Bath, may be considered the founder of modern ball-room dancing; which, however, has been divested of much of its cold formality, and improved, in various other respects, since the time of that singular person. It is, nevertheless, a matter of regret, that the graceful and stately Minuet has been entirely abandoned in favour of the more recently invented dances.

The French Country Dances, or Contre-Dances (from the parties being placed opposite to each other), since called Quadrilles (from their having four sides), which approximate nearly to the Cotillon, were first introduced in France about the middle of Lewis the Fifteenth's reign. Previously to this period, the dances most in vogue were La Perigourdine, La Matelotte, La Pavane, Les Forlances, Minuets, &c. Quadrilles, when first introduced, were danced by four persons only: four more were soon added, and thus the complete square was formed; but the figures were materially different from those of the present period. The gentlemen advanced with the opposite ladies, menaced each other with the fore-finger, and retired clapping their hands three times; they then turned hands of four, turned their own partners, and a grand round of all concluded the figure. The Vauxhall d'Hiver was, at that time, the most fashionable place of resort: the pupils of the Royal Academy were engaged to execute new dances; a full and effective band performed the most fashionable airs, and new figures were at length introduced and announced as a source of attraction; but this place was soon pulled down, and re-built on the ground now occupied by the Theatre du Vaudeville. The establishment failed, and the proprietor became a bankrupt. A short time after

it was re-opened by another speculator; but on such a scale, as merely to attract the working classes of the community. The band was now composed of a set of miserable scrapers, who played in unison, and continually in the key of G sharp; amid the sounds which emanated from their instruments, the jangling of a tambourin and the shrill notes of a fife were occasionally heard. Thus did things continue until the French Revolution; when, about the time the Executive Directory was formed, the splendid apartments of the Hotel de Richelieu were opened for the reception of the higher classes, who had then but few opportunities of meeting to "trip it on the light fantastic toe." Monsieur Hullin, then of the Opera, was selected to form a band of twenty-four musicians, from among those of the highest talent in the various theatres: he found no difficulty in this, as they were paid in paper money, then of little or no value; whereas, the administrators of the Richelieu establishment paid in specie. The tunes were composed in different keys, with full orchestral accompaniments, by Monsieur Hullin; and the contrast thus produced to the abominable style which had so long existed, commenced a new era in dancing: the old figures were abolished, and stage-steps were adopted;—Pas de Zephyrs, Pas de Bourres, Ballottes, Jetes Battus, &c., were among the most popular. Minuets and Forlanes were still continued; but Monsieur Vestris displaced the latter by the Gavotte, which he taught to Monsieur Trenis and Madame de Choiseul, who first danced it at a fete given by a lady of celebrity, at the Hotel de Valentinois, Rue St. Lazar, on the 16th of August, 1797: at this fete, Monsieur Hullin introduced an entirely new set of figures of his own composition. These elicited general approbation: they were danced at all parties, and still retain pre-eminence. The names of Pantalou, L'Ete, La Poule, La Trenis, &c. which were given to the tunes, have been applied to the figures. The figure of La Trenis, was introduced by Monsieur Trenis's desire, it being part of the figure from a Gavotte, danced in the then favourite ballet of Nina.

To the French we are indebted for rather an ingenious, but in the opinion of many professional dancers, an useless invention, by which it was proposed, that as the steps in dancing are not very numerous, although they may be infinitely combined, that characters might be made use of to express the various steps and figures of a dance, in the same manner as words and sentences are expressed by letters; or what is more closely analogous, as the musical characters are employed, to represent to the eye the sounds of an air. The well known Monsieur Beauchamp, and a French dancing master, each laid claim to be the original inventor of this art; and the consequence was a law-suit, in which, however, judgment was pronounced in favour of the former. The art has been introduced in Great Britain, but without success. An English dancing-master has also, we believe, with considerable labour and ingenuity, devised a plan somewhat

similar to that of the French author: diagrams being proposed to represent the figures, or steps, instead of characters.

There are a variety of dances to which the term National may, with some propriety, be applied. Among the most celebrated of these are—the Italian Tarantula, the German Waltz, and the Spanish Bolero. To dwell on their peculiarities would, however, as it appears to us, be useless: the first is rarely exhibited, even on the stage: the second, although it still retains much of its original character, has, in England, been modified into the Waltz Country Dance, and all the objections which it encountered, on its first introduction, seem to have been gradually overcome, since it assumed its present popular form; and the graceful Bolero is restricted to the theatre only, being never introduced to the English ball-room.

RECIPES.

TO PREPARE MOLASSES FOR PRESERVING FRUITS, &c.

Take eight lbs. molasses, bright New Orleans or sugar-house, eight lbs. pure water, one pound coarsely powdered charcoal. Boil them together for twenty minutes, then strain the mixture through fine flannel, double, put it again in the kettle with the white of an egg, boil it gently, till it forms a syrup of proper consistence, then strain it again.

A BAKED APPLE PUDDING.

Take eight large apples, pare and core them, put them into a sauce-pan with just water sufficient to cover them till soft, then pour it away and beat them very fine; stir in while hot a quarter of a pound of butter, loaf-sugar to your taste, a quarter of a pound of biscuits finely grated, half a nutmeg, three large spoonfuls of brandy, two of rose-water, the peel of a lemon grated; when cold, put in a quarter of a pint of cream, the yolk of six eggs well beat; put paste at the bottom of the dish.

MOLASSES FROM SWEET APPLES.

The Rev. Jared Elliot, in his "Essays on Field Husbandry," observes, that "A barrel of cider of sweet apples, when made into molasses, will be worth three pounds, abating five shillings for the making, when cider made of common apples, will be worth but twenty shillings, exclusive of the barrel."

APPLE JELLY.

The apples are to be pared, quartered, the core completely removed, and put in a pot without water, closely covered, and placed in an oven over a fire. When pretty well stewed, the juice is to be squeezed out through a cloth, to which a little of the white of an egg is to be added, and then the sugar. Skim it previously to boiling, then reduce it to a proper consistency, and an excellent jelly will be the product.

WHAT IS THIS!

My age is measured by the existence of man, being coeval with his creation, yet I was born yesterday. I was once as beautiful as I am now deformed; and though I have lost my character, my influence is mighty to guide the destinies of the world. I am never seen, but every where felt, from the polar snows of the North to the burning sands of the South. I can be gay or gloomy, foolish or wise, honest or wicked, a friend or a foe, benevolent or malignant, all at the same time. I know every being that lives, but not a living being knows me. There is not a secret of the human heart that I do not know, however carefully concealed. I am found in the cottages of the poor, and in the palaces of kings, in the legislative assemblies of nations, and in all ecclesiastical bodies; in the miser's dwelling, at the gaming table, the grog-shop, and the penitentiary. I have devised more mischief than I can ever repair, and have been the author of more good than the mind can conceive. None feels a favour like me—none resents an injury with such determined malice. I can love with a fervour beyond description, and hate as heartily. I have much to do with the matches made between lovers; indeed, I make them all. Without me, there would be little of happiness in the matrimonial union. I am exceedingly fond of music, and poetry has always found in me an ardent friend. Every person claims me as his own, nor could any live without me, though all are often ashamed of me. I have been given away thousands of times, and yet am retained as often. I am of so much importance in the world, that without me no social affection, no friendship, no sympathy, no hope or fear, no care or grief, and even no true religion, would exist. I spread myself throughout the earth, am partly found in heaven, and partly in hell. If you will look at your ear, (so condescending am I,) you will find that I surround it. I am hidden in every breath you draw, am scorched in the heat of the fire, and seen at full length on your hearth. I am always at the house of mourning, always at the house of feasting, though I never eat or drink. I rejoice with those that rejoice, and weep with those that weep. There is only ONE whom I always fear, because only that ONE knows me well. Part of me is here, part there, and part every where. I sometimes lead and sometimes follow. I have no bodily form, no comeliness, no proportion, but yet possess the elements of unrivalled beauty and brilliancy. I shall never perish, for I am destined to indestructible life. My name has ever gone down to posterity on the roll of fame, as a singular and inexplicable being; and who I am, what I am, whence I came, or whither I am going, you will please tell me if you can.

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice.—*Adventurer.*

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

BY THE LATE DOCTOR DRAKE.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfur'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She call'd her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning-lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And roll the thunder-drum of heaven!
Child of the Sun! to thee 'tis given,
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbinger of victory!

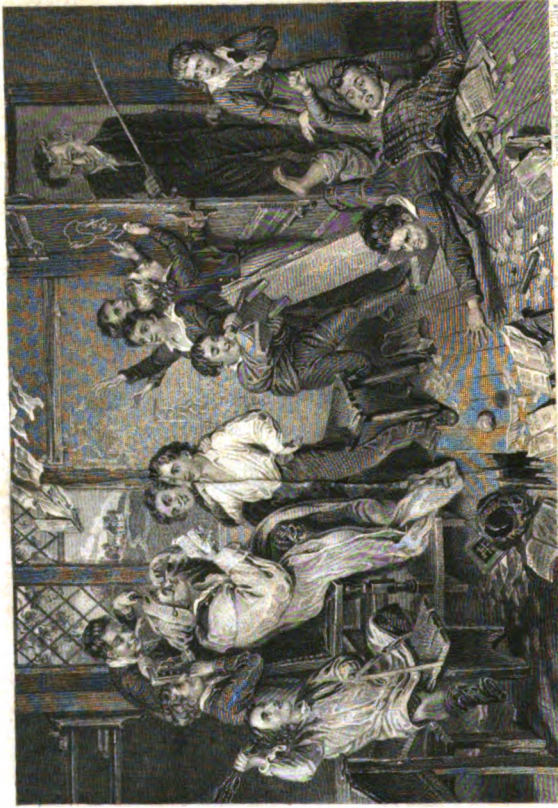
Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high:
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
(Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimm'd the glist'ning bayonet)
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor-glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance!
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle's shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy victor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly, round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broad-side's reeling rack,
The dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,
And smile, to see thy splendours fly
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valour given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us!
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

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THE VILLAGE SCHOOL IN AN UPROAR.



Engraved on Steel by G. H. Wallis

Publ^d for the Lady's Book by L. A. Godey & Co. 112 Ches^t St. Philad^a. Feb^r 1831

THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

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to the chief station in the republic. Perhaps he

THE LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1831.

For the Lady's Book.

THE SCHOOL.

No class of breathing beings, either brute or rational, presents a greater variety of individual character than that to which we assign the generic name of *Schoolmaster*. Could a congress be assembled of those who, in any large city, have devoted themselves to what, according to the disposition and qualifications of him that undertakes it, may be regarded as one of the noblest or the meanest of human pursuits; could each be induced to give a full and candid relation of the motives and circumstances that first threw him into that line of life, and subsequently confined him to it; what rich materials for a most instructive and entertaining volume would a selection from these afford, to a writer acquainted with the human heart and skilled in the ways of the world! The herd of those, too numerous by far, who would be found to regard their profession as a trade to which they had been drawn by the expectation of earning a decent livelihood without much active exertion of either mind or body, might be dismissed and forgotten. But there would be left the scholar who had started in life, rich in mental acquirements, but poor in every thing else; possessing every talent but that for battling stoutly with fortune; and, early disgusted with the strife of the busy world, leaving the field to rivals inferior to himself in all but hardihood. His services are accepted in a public or a private school; where he sits down to his labours, resolved to be contented with a condition inferior to that which he was once confident of reaching, and to exert himself strenuously for reputation and promotion. He is to be regarded as one of the best and happiest of the assemblage; but will his patience hold out? will his health and his intellectual vigour stand the trial? will his merits, when an opportunity offers to reward them, succeed against the patronage that may be enlisted in favour of an incompetent seeker of the post to which he feels himself entitled to aspire? He hopes so now; and let us leave him, trusting that he is not doomed to disappointment.

Less interesting perhaps, because commanding admiration and profound respect, instead of exciting that solicitude in which pity mingles as a chief ingredient, is he who has voluntarily devoted, to the formation of the youthful intellect, talents and acquisitions which, had his ambition been more grasping and less pure, might have made him the leader of a professional or political party, or have raised him, for four or eight years, to the chief station in the republic. Perhaps he

is one whose patrimony was just enough to support him respectably; who lives only for learning, desiring equally to acquire and to impart it; receiving his *honorarium* more to avoid the suspicion of affected singularity than from the desire of gain; and employing his leisure hours in the composition of some work by which he hopes to embalm his name and to benefit the successors of those whom he now guides. Perhaps he is a clergyman whose flock is not rich enough to reward him according to their estimate of his worth; and who, for the sake of his family, has joined to his sacred profession the only worldly calling not deemed inconsistent with it. How edifying would be the narrative that such a one could communicate!

But our immediate business is not with men like these. The principal subject, in the admirable picture before us, is your hard-featured, hard-headed, and hard-hearted pedagogue; he who, in youth, by dint of hard work on his own part and that of his master, has scraped together a sufficient quantum of book-learning to allow him to set up for a teacher, though destitute of that faithful affection for liberal studies which softens the feelings, *nec sinit esse feros*: he who hates the quietest and most studious lad in his school, because his conduct affords no pretext for the rod, though he flogs him without one; he who wishes that all the boys on earth could be crowded into one skin to be flagellated without stint by his right hand, while their *ingens vagitus* should ascend like sweet music to his ears.

Turn, reader, to the print, and behold his all but living effigy; for there has the artist delineated, with inimitable fidelity, the iron features of the tyrant whose untiring scourge was chiefly employed, during three long yet not unhappy years, in almost daily efforts to quell the vivacity of the unruly spirit that dictates the lines thou art now reading. The group, whose frolic he rejoices in the thought of interrupting by his own hateful presence, contains not a face but what we yet remember; though many a year has rolled away since we made one in the noisy scene. Of the two boys that lie sprawling on the floor, the elder is the master's son; not less like his parent in mind than in person; always bullying the little boys, and often beaten by the big ones. Though a dull fellow, he acquired in time a considerable share of such learning as the school afforded; for his head, being thick, retained ob-

stinately whatever it had once taken in. He worked hard, for he hated the rod; and his offences of omission or commission were always sure to be visited with a double share of punishment, that his tender parent might escape the imputation of partiality. In process of time he was elevated to the post of assistant teacher; and before now has probably succeeded fully to the purple sceptre of his flagellating progenitor. He who has drawn old Thwackum's portrait on the door never took to his studies. On one side of his greasy slate he would let the same sum stand for weeks together; but on the other he wore out as many pencils as supplied all his classmates in their arithmetical operations. His school-fellows thought him a prodigy; and his parents took him from school to place him for instruction with an artist in the city; not doubting that he was destined, at no distant period, to eclipse the fame of Stuart and of Sully. In less than half a year his instructor, a man of taste and conscience, found that his pupil has gained all that he was capable of acquiring, and was as fit as he was likely to become, to win fame and fortune by the brush. So the youth returned to his home in one of our largest and most thriving country towns. He soon gained an enviable reputation by taking, gratis, the portraits of the parson, the chief tavern-keeper, and an associate judge of the county court. The second of these distinguished persons was so pleased with the manner in which his own features had been preserved for posterity, that he employed the artist, at once, to daub over the half effaced head of Baron Steuben that dangled from his sign post, and to replace it by the likeness of General Jackson. His fortune was now secure; and from that time to this, no tavern in the county, or in those adjacent, can pretend to dispense with the aid of his genius. Should ambition ever tempt him to the metropolis, Woodside may tremble for his supremacy.

The big boy that has occupied the old fellow's chair, with his gown, cap, and spectacles, was the most thorough despiser of learning among us all; but he held a high rank by virtue of his skill at marbles, ball, and mimicry. Soon after he left us, he ran away from his parents, to join a troop of wandering players who happened to pass through the town where he resided. In the course of a summer campaign he gained the reputation of being a promising young actor, but his pocket was soon exhausted, and seemed likely to remain empty; so he returned somewhat ashamed, to his family. Through the influence of a relation in the city, he was placed with one of our principal booksellers. He has lately been advanced to the post of salesman; talks learnedly to his employer's customers, and is supposed to be now busily engaged in preparing, for one of our quarterly reviews, an article on American dramatic poetry.

He that is emptying the inkstand on this one's head, was a good honest fellow, and wrote an excellent hand. He now gains a comfortable living by the practice of conveyancing in one of the most thriving of our country towns. The

lad who stands below him, with his hand upon his chin, was the most mischievous dog that our school could boast; yet his own shoulders never failed to escape the rod, so careful was he to preserve the gravity of his looks and demeanour, while inciting his comrades to uproarious or roguish deeds. Still he was universally a favourite; for, when once fairly caught, he came up to the bull-ring like a hero. He never attempted to shift, to the shoulders of another, the scourge that threatened his own; and never told a lie even to the master. Besides, he was an admirable scholar: so good-natured too, and so free from any selfish wish to outshine his fellows, that he every morning brought a duplicate of his exercise, which half his class used to copy. I lost sight of him when we started for different colleges; but hope yet to find him in some station worthy his brilliant talents and manly heart. Of the two in front of the counterfeit pedagogue, he in his shirt sleeves was a lively little fellow, who never learned a lesson in his life, and is now a promising young midshipman. The square built youngster, who has just upset the bench and sent two of his comrades heels over head, was the son of a poor but decent woman, the laundress of our Busby, who paid for his washing in flogging. The lad now drives one of our western stages, is famous as the boldest whip on the road, and has not yet been unlucky enough to break his own neck or that of a passenger. He who has converted a board into a horse, and a garter into a bridle, would probably before now have been the rival of Chifney and George Woodruff, but that a rich old lady took a fancy to him, and made him her adopted son; so that, instead of riding matches, he now drives tandem. The youngest of the set, he that endeavours to give warning of the tyrant's sly approach, was called the young parson; he was so grave in his manners and so devoted to his books. When he left school he chose the sacred profession, to the great delight of his widowed mother, who now expects shortly to see him ordained, and has good reason to be proud of her son.

Of the rest there is little or nothing to be said; for of the character of him who points, as if criticising, to the portrait on the door, it would not become me to speak.

Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna—Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri—was the motto that one of our predecessors had carved upon the back of the old boy's chair; with perfect propriety, for he used to chastise first and hear afterward, and forced many a chicken-hearted culprit to confess ten times the amount of his actual misdeeds. Yet would I gladly exchange the best of my years to come for two such months as the last we spent beneath his merciless sceptre. Z.

When man measures the works of the divine mind by his own feeble combinations, he must wander in gross error; the infinite can never be understood by the finite.

WILLIAM PENN ON MARRIAGE.

NEVER marry but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chief motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of a marriage state, and stray from thy promise, to search out pleasure in forbidden places.

Let not enjoyments lessen, but augment affection; it being the basest of passions to like, when we have not what we slight when we possess.

It is the difference between love and passion, that this is fixed, that is volatile.

They that marry for money, cannot have the true satisfaction of marriage, the requisite means being wanting.

O how sordid is man grown! Man, the noblest creature in the world! As a god on earth, and the image of Him that made us; thus to mistake earth for heaven, and worship gold for God.

FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS.

WE were walking in the garden among the flowers: my companion stopped by a border, principally of large carnation poppies. "O," says he, "what beautiful, what splendid flowers; but why do you not destroy those miserable weeds that so thickly and offensively occupy the interstices of the border?" "Wait till evening and I will tell you," I replied. We walked to the same place again in the evening. "O, what delicious fragrance; how delicate, how sweet! and yet so fine, as, like the whispered music of the Æolian harp, it is scarcely perceptible—whence this delightful sweetness?" inquired my friend. "That, sir," I replied, "is the fragrance of that miserable weed, which you would have had me destroy this morning, and in it you have the answer to your question. That is the lovely *mignonette*, and now where are your beautiful, splendid flowers, the poppies? In the morning they were here in all the ostentation of splendid robes, but where are they now? Scattered over the walks. The sun shone upon them, and the gentle breeze came and they were gone—leaving neither beauty nor fragrance behind. But this little plant, the appearance of which was so offensive to you this morning, now fills the very air with rich fragrance—the one is the glare and ostentation of external show, the other the richness of mind and the sweetness of modesty."

PROPRIETY.

PROPRIETY is to a woman what the great Roman critic says action is to the orator; it is the first, the second, and the third requisite. A woman may be knowing, active, and amusing; but without propriety she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableness meet. It is to character, what proportion is to figure, and grace to attitude. It does not depend on any one perfection, but it is

the result of general excellence. It shows itself by a regular, orderly, undeviating course; and never starts from its sober orbit into any splendid eccentricities; for it would be ashamed of such praise as it might extort by any deviations from its proper path. It renounces all commendation but what is characteristic; and I would make it the criterion of true taste, right principle, and genuine feeling in a woman, whether she would be less touched with all the flattery of exaggerated and romantic panegyric, than with that beautiful picture of correct and elegant propriety which Milton draws of our first Mother, whom he delineates—

"Those thousand decencies which daily flow,
From all her words and actions."

HAIL STORMS.

PROFESSOR OLMSTEAD, of Yale College, accounts for hail storms in the following manner:—

Violent hail storms are always attended by black clouds, high winds, and thunder and lightnings: they are confined chiefly to the temperate zones: they occur most frequently in the hottest months. Hail storms are much smaller on the tops of mountains than in the neighbouring plains; they are often followed by cooler weather. The immediate cause of hail storms is a sudden and extraordinary cold in the region of the clouds where the hail-stones begin to form; but the great question is, what is the origin of this cold? An exceeding cold wind from the north, or from the high and cold regions of the atmosphere; this meets with a moist, warm current of air, and a hail storm follows. In descriptions of hail storms, it is commonly mentioned that opposite and violent winds meet. When a cold current from the regions of perpetual frost meets with a warm current, the watery vapour of the latter is frozen, and hail-stones are formed. In the torrid zone there are no hail storms, except near lofty mountains, because there are no freezing currents of air to mix with the cold currents. The south of France is more remarkable for frequent hail storms than any country in the world. This is owing to its situation between the Alps and Pyrennees; the cold blasts from these regions of snow and ice, mingling with the hot, damp air over the intervening country, produce violent hail storms; the opposite currents of hot and cold air are set in motion when the heat of the sun is great. It is surprising that hail-stones, descending as they do, through many thousand feet, fall with so little force. They are heavy enough to fall with a hundred times the force they actually exhibit. The reason of this is the following: they are very small when first formed, and receive continual accessions in descending; these accessions are made from watery vapours at rest, and the taking one of these new loads continually retards their speed. Hail-stones are smaller on the tops of mountains than in the neighbouring plains, because they do not fall so far.

From the Literary Souvenir.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

MR. Richard Fogrum, or, as his old acquaintances would more familiarly than respectfully designate him, Dick Fogrum, or, as he was sometimes styled on the superscription of a letter from a tradesman or poor relation, Richard Fogrum, Esq., had for some years retired from business, although he had not yet passed what is called the middle age; and, turning his back on his shop, where he had made, if not a considerable fortune, at least handsome competency, rented a small house at Hackney, or, as he was pleased to term it, in the country. His establishment united a due attention to comfort, with economy and prudence. Besides a kitchen-maid and an occasional charwoman or errand boy, Mr. Fogrum possessed, in the person of the trusty Sally Sadlins, an excellent superintendent of his little *menage*. Sally was not exactly *gouvernante*, or housekeeper, at least she assumed none of the dignity attached to such a post; she seemed indeed hardly to have a will or opinion of her own, but had so insensibly accommodated herself to her employer's ways and humours, that by degrees the apparent distance between master and servant diminished, and as Sally, though far from talkative herself, was a good listener, Mr. Fogrum began to find a pleasure in relating to her all the little news and anecdotes he usually picked up in his daily walk.

Let it not, however, be supposed that there was anything equivocal in the kind of unconscious courtesy which existed between these two personages; a single glance at Sally would have convinced the most ingenious fabricator of scandal, and dealer in inuendoes, that here there was no foundation on which to build even the slightest surmise of the kind, for both Sally's person and face were to her a shield that would have rebutted any notion of the sort. Alas! that Nature, so extolled by every poet for her impartiality, should be at times so capricious in her favours, and bestow her gifts so grudgingly, even on those whose very sex entitles them to be considered fair! "Kind goddess," as Will of Avon styles thee, surely thou didst, in this instance, behave most unfairly, bestowing on Sally Sadlins an elevation of figure that, had she been of the other sex, might have raised her to the rank of a corporal of grenadiers. Yet, if thou gavest her an aspiring stature, thou gavest her no aspiring thoughts; and if thou didst deny to her softness of person, fortunately for her peace, thou didst not gift her with the least susceptibility of heart. If Sally was not *loveable*, there was no woman on earth who could possibly have regretted it less. Indeed, I may safely aver, the idea of love never for an instant entered her head, much less had a single twinge of it ever touched her heart. She had heard people talk of love; and she supposed—if indeed she ever bestowed a thought on the subject—that there must be some-

thing in the world so called, otherwise people would not have invented a name for it; but she could no more pretend to say what it was, than to describe the ingredients of the air she breathed. In short, Sally was the most guileless, simple, and disinterested of mortals that ever entered beneath the roof of a single gentleman, to be the first servant where there was no mistress.

Well, therefore, might Mrs. Thoms, who was aware that elderly gentlemen in her "dear" uncle's situation, are not always gifted with that discretion that befits their years, but sometimes commit themselves to wedlock, in an unwary moment, to the no small prejudice of their affectionate relatives: well, I say, might the prudent Mrs. Thoms congratulate herself on having found such a treasure, so invaluable a jewel, as Sally Sadlins. She was certain that from this quarter, at least, there was nothing to be apprehended—nothing to intercept her "dear" uncle's three per cents. from what she considered the legitimate object of their destination. Some alarm, indeed, had been excited in her mind, by hearing that Mr. Fogrum had been seen rather frequently of late knocking at the door of Mrs. Simpson; but then again she thought that he could not possibly be led thither by any other motive than that of chatting away an hour with the widow of an old friend; beside, this lady was not likely either to lead, or to be led, into matrimony. In her younger days, Mrs. Simpson might have been pretty, but none of her acquaintance could recollect *when*. She still patched; yet the patch was applied not where coquetry would have placed it, but where necessity dictated, namely, over the left eye. Mrs. Thoms, therefore, consoled herself with the reflection, that it was better her uncle should knock at Mrs. Simpson's door than at that of a more attractive fair one.—No! her uncle, she was perfectly satisfied, would never marry.

"What have you got there, Sally?" said Mr. Fogrum to his housekeeper, one day, as she drew something from her pocket, while standing before the sideboard opposite to him. "An't please you, sir," replied Sally, in a meek, but no very gentle voice, "it's a bit o' summat I was going to show you. You know, sir, my uncle Tim took leave of me yesterday, before he goes to sea again, and so he gave me this paper, which he says may chance to turn up trumps, and make me comfortable for life."

"Well, let me see what it is, Sally—is it the old fellow's will?—Hum!—why, Sally, this is a lottery ticket!—a whole lottery ticket; yet I will venture to say not worth more than the rag of paper 'tis printed on. I have myself tried the lottery, times and often, ere now, and never got anything but—disappointment. 'A blank, sir, a blank'—that was the only answer I ever obtained from them. What could possibly induce your

uncle to lay out his cash in so foolish a manner? 'Tis never worth either keeping or thinking about. No. 123, confound it! I know it well, I once purchased a share of it myself—the very first I ever bought, when I was quite a lad; and well do I recollect that I chose it out of a whole heap, and thought myself very fortunate in obtaining one with such a sequence of figures—one, two, three."

Most composedly did Sally take the ticket again, not at all disconcerted at this denunciation of ill luck, but on the contrary, with a calmness worthy of a stoic. 'Tis true, she did not, like Patience on a monument, absolutely smile at grief; but then, Sally never smiled, nor would a smile, perhaps, if the rigidity of her face would have permitted such a relaxation of its muscles, have tended greatly to heighten the attractions of her countenance.

Her master in the meanwhile continued eating and wondering, and wondering and eating, until he could neither eat nor wonder more; but dismissing Sally with the dinner things, turned himself quietly to the fire, and took his pipe.

Mrs. Thoms was sitting one morning cogitating on some mischief that she again began to apprehend from the widow Simpson, in consequence of certain intelligence she had the day before received, respecting that lady's designs upon the person of her uncle, when she was suddenly startled from her reverie by a loud rapping at the door, and instantly afterwards who should enter the parlour but the very subject of her meditations—Mrs. Simpson herself.

The appearance of so unusual a visitor would alone have sufficed to surprise her; but there was something in the good lady's manner and countenance, that denoted she came upon a very important errand.

"Why, Mrs. Thoms," exclaimed she, almost breathless, as soon as she entered, "have you heard?—your uncle?"

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Thoms, "what do you mean?—what has happened?—my poor dear uncle—ill—dying!"

"Compose yourself, Mrs. Thoms—not dying—but I thought you might have heard!"

"Heard what?—some accident, I suppose?—poor dear man!"

"No; no accident," returned the widow, who by this time had somewhat recovered her breath; "but something very strange—most unaccountable. What you may think of it, I know not, but for my part I think that Mr. Fogrum has acted—I shall not say how."

"And pray, ma'am," said Mrs. Thoms, who now began to think that it was some quarrel between them, of which the widow came to inform her, "what has Mr. Fogrum done, that you should come in this strange manner, and make so great a fuss about it? It is some nonsense, after all, I dare say."

"Nonsense, forsooth!—well, I declare!—how-

ever, it certainly is no business of mine, ma'am," returned Mrs. Simpson, quite nettled at her reception; "and as I suppose you know what has taken place, and approve of it, I have nothing further to say."

Mrs. Thoms now became unaffectedly alarmed, and apprehending she knew not what, requested to be informed what had happened, without further delay.

"Why ma'am, then, Mr. Fogrum is—married, that's all."

To describe the effects these words had upon Mrs. Thoms, would be impossible, and to paint the expression of her countenance, equally unavailing.

"Married!" screamed she out, at length, as soon as she could draw her breath, "Married!—impossible—to whom?"

"To whom?—to Sally Sadlins, ma'am."

"To Sally Sadlins!—impossible—you must be joking."

"Not I, I assure you. I'm not a person, Mrs. Thoms, to make such jokes. I myself saw them, less than an hour ago, pass by my window in a post-chaise together, and then learnt the whole story from those who saw them step into it, at the church door."

"Oh! Mrs. Simpson, how have I been deceived in that insinuating hussy, Sally Sadlins! She who seemed so staid, so discreet—so very unlikely a person. What an old fool *he* must be, to marry so vulgar a frump!"

"Nay, do not agitate yourself, my dear ma'am," said Mrs. Simpson, who, now having disburthened herself of her secret, and her own mortification being perhaps carried off by that of Mrs. Thoms's, which acted as a conductor to it, had quite regained her composure—"for my part, I hope he may not repent of his match."

"Oh, Thoms!" exclaimed the other lady, as her husband entered the room, "Here is news for us!—my silly old uncle has actually, this very morning, married his maid-servant!"

"That is most confoundedly unlucky," cried Thoms, "though I much doubted whether all your management and manœuvring, for which you gave yourself so much credit, would be to any purpose."

"But who could dream of such a thing! I have no patience with him for having married as he has done."

"Well, my dear, there's no helping it; and, perhaps, after all, since he is married, it is quite as well for us that he has chosen as he has."

While Mrs. Thoms was ejaculating and bewailing—now abusing poor Sally as an artful seducing woman, who, under the mask of the greatest simplicity, had contrived to work upon her uncle's weakness—and anon venting her reproaches against the latter, for suffering himself to be thus duped—a post chaise was seen rolling along on the road to —, with the identical pair seated in it, who were the subject of this invective.

tive and clamour. The intelligence of which, Mrs. Simpson had been the unwelcome messenger, was, in fact, correct in every particular; for Richard Fogrum, single man, and Sally Sadlins, spinster, had that very morning been lawfully united in wedlock, although, but a few days before, had any one prognosticated such an event, they would no more have believed it possible than Mrs. Thoms herself.

"Now, my dear Sally," said the somewhat stale Benedict, laying his hand rather gently than amorously on that of the bride, for which, by the bye, it was really no match in size, "I doubt not but my niece will be in a towering passion when she hears of this: however, no matter, let her, and the rest of the world, say what they please. I do not see why a man may not just as well follow his own fancies as those of other persons." Besides, Sally, though folks may think that I might have made a more advantageous match, in point of fortune, at least, they may perhaps be in error. I have a piece of intelligence to communicate, of which, perhaps, you little dream. You recollect that lottery ticket?—well! passing the 'Lucky Corner,' by the Mansion-House, two days ago, I beheld, pasted up at the window, 'No. 123, £20,000!!' Ha! ha! Sally; well did I recollect those figures again—one, two, three! they follow each other as naturally as A, B, C. So home I came, but determined to say nothing of the matter till now."

The reader has already been informed that Sally was the most phlegmatic of her sex; still it may be supposed that such an interesting disclosure would have elicited some ejaculation of exultation, even from the lips of a stoic. Yet Sally, with wonderful composure, merely replied, "La! now that is curious."

"Curious! yes, but I assure you, it is quite true: I am not joking."

"Well; what an odd turn things do sometimes take!"

"Odd, indeed! for who would have thought

that my identical unlucky number, 123, should bring you—I may say us, Sally—twenty thousand pounds!"

"But, sir, Mr. Fogrum, you are mistaken, I mean to say"—

"No mistake at all, my dear—quite certain of it—took down the numbers in my pocket-book—see here—123, £20,000! Is not that the number of your ticket?"

"Yes; but"—

"But, what?"

"Why, you won't hear me, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, mildly. "I was only going to say that two months ago—I sold the ticket."

"How!—what!—sold!" groaned out poor Fogrum, and sunk gasping against the side of the chaise.

"Now pray don't distress yourself, Mr. Fogrum," said Sally, without the least visible emotion, or any change in her tone; "did you not, yourself, tell me it was not worth keeping; so I thought—'well, Master must know better about these matters than I, therefore I may as well make something of it while I can;' so I changed it away for this nice white shawl, which the man said was quite a bargain—only do feel how fine it is."

"Sally!—woman!—a bargain!—twenty thousand pounds!"

Here let me drop the curtain, for none but a master-hand could do justice to the bridegroom's feelings, and I will not impair the effect by attempting to heighten it. I have only to add, that Mr. Fogrum eventually regained his usual composure, and was once known even to relate the story himself over a glass of his best whiskey, as a droll anecdote in his life.

Matrimony made no visible alteration in his *menage*, nor in his bride, for the only difference it caused with respect to the latter, was, that she sat at table instead of standing by the sideboard; that she was now called Mrs. Fogrum instead of Sally Sadlins.

L.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY W. L. ALEXANDER, ESQ.

'Tis sweet to muse, as o'er the gladden'd sea
The orient sun his youthful radiance flings,
On those fair scenes which Hope to Fancy brings,
And dream of joys and pleasures yet to be.
But oh! 'tis sweeter far when Memory,
At dewy eve, with ling'ring eye looks back
O'er the bright spots of that familiar track,
Which erst we trod with careless steps and free.
There the fond heart o'er ancient visions plays;
And friends, once deeply loved but long since gone,
Meet us again; and scenes of other days
Float o'er the mind like Music's dying tone,
Leaving a peace that's less of earth than heaven,
A holy calm like that to sainted spirits given.

PALMYRA.

BY NICHOLAS MITCHELL, ESQ.

DESOLATE city! who e'er gazed on thee,
Nor call'd to mind thy glory in old time?
When thy grass-mantled towers were in their prime,
Sunk halls th' abodes of joy and revelry;
When marble walks tripp'd Beauty lightly o'er,
Where, smear'd with blood, prowls now the hyena grim;
When to the moon soft rose the virgin's hymn,
Where now resounds the lion's dreadful roar:
Faltering o'er statues, columns scatter'd wide,
Mourning 'neath arches, through whose rents the rays
Of stars fall drearily, the traveller strays.
Be there a scene on earth to humble pride,
Call forth the sigh, and prompt the pitying tear
For fall of human grandeur—it is here!

DOOR PLATES.

TRANSPARENT door plates are now sometimes substituted for opaque ones. They are formed of painted glass, and lighted by the hall lamp. They appear exceedingly well adapted for the use of medical men who are likely to be wanted in the night, when inquiry would be unavailing, and certainly form a good substitute for the external lantern usually employed. It would contribute greatly to the safety of those buildings if a small ground bull's eye was fixed into every door with the name and number of the occupier of the office painted on it, which, during candle lighting time in the evening, would be very useful, as the name and number would be legible without by the lights within. Such bull's eyes, if fixed in the doors of persons liable to be called up in the night, would be most useful, as a common lobby lamp would enable any person to ascertain the name or number.

DISTINGUISHED FEMALES.

CALPURNIA, the wife of Julius Cæsar, was at once the object of his love and admiration. Her wit amused, her understanding charmed, and her sweetness captivated the conqueror of the world. Her mind had been cultivated with the nicest care, and her manners were formed upon the most perfect model. Anxious to promote the happiness of her people, she in fact became their idol; and it is difficult to say whether she was most venerated, loved, or esteemed!

PLAUTINA, wife to the emperor Trajan, was as much celebrated for the sweetness of her manners, as she was for the solidity of her judgment, and the refinement of her understanding; and so thoroughly was the emperor acquainted with the capability of her intellectual powers, that he always consulted her upon *affairs of importance*; yet this flattering compliment to her abilities neither filled her with pride, or puffed her up with presumption; for her humility was equal to her penetration, and her affability to her judgment; and so great was the ascendancy she obtained over the emperor, that historians ascribe many of his noble acts to the influence of her virtues.

AGRIPPINA, wife of Germanicus, was a woman in whom were united great talents, exalted virtues, and refined delicacy. Her perfections were founded on an innate principle of virtue, which withstood the pernicious effects of bad example; for her mother's character was as much disgraced by censure, as her own was adorned with praise.

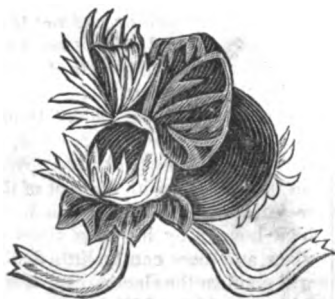
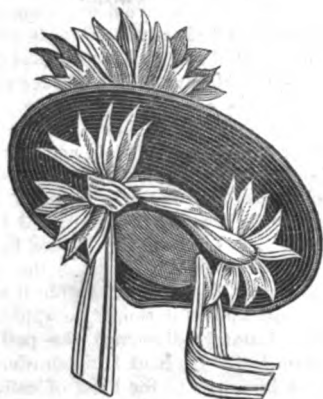
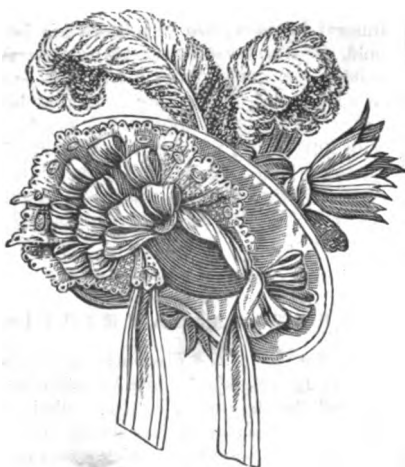
The eldest daughter of the illustrious chancellor, Thomas More, was a wise and amiable lady. Her learning was almost eclipsed by her virtues. She corresponded in *Latin* with the great Erasmus, who styled her the ornament of Britain. After she had consoled her father in prison, had rushed through the guards to snatch a last embrace, had obtained the liberty of paying him

funeral honours, had purchased his head with gold, she was herself loaded with fetters for *two crimes*—for having kept the head of her father as a relic, and for having preserved his books and writings. She appeared before her judges with intrepidity, justified herself with that eloquence which virtue bestows on injured merit, commanded admiration and respect, and passed the rest of her life in retirement, in melancholy, and in study.

SERVIAN PATRIOTISM.

ON the day of the dissolution of the National Assembly of Servia, Prince Milosh took occasion to read the deputies a lesson on their civic duties, during which he introduced the following remarkable instance of self-devotion of parental feelings to the public good:—"Though few of you," said he, "have not frequently afforded unequivocal proofs of your patriotism, yet there is one example of eminent virtue, which Mility Jevanowitsch has displayed for our mutual emulation, that deserves to be publicly known." (At these words, he presented to them a common peasant from the district of Semendria, whose age might be about fifty.) "This man had only one son, who, in conjunction with two youths, murdered a stranger five years ago, and threw the body into the Morava. Out of the money found on the stranger's person Mility's son received for his share eighteen piastres, (between five and six shillings) and a brace of pistols. He buried both in order to avoid any inquiry on his father's part; and shortly afterwards one of his companions fell ill and died, whilst the other was drowned in the Morava. The murder remained a secret to every one but Mility's son. After a lapse of years, during which there was no inquiry after the murdered man, nor any finding of his body; and by the death of the accessories, every chance of discovery was removed, Mility's son dug up the arms and money, and bringing them home, was so closely questioned by his parent, that he at length revealed the dreadful secret to him. However impossible it was that the bare suspicion of it should be apprehended, the father instantly discerned the path which duty prescribed. He bound the murderer, and, delivering him over to the hand of justice, said, with a quivering lip, "This is my son, my only child! We have all sworn to be true to our rulers and our prince, and not to endure the presence of a wicked being amongst us. My son is a murderer! let the ends of justice be consummated!" Upon this virtuous parent have I bestowed the life of his child." Before the National Assembly of Servia separated, Prince Milosh was enthusiastically elected Sovereign Prince of his native land, with descent of the dignity to his male heirs. He appears to have deserved this high honour by his long years of faithful services, and there can be little doubt that Mahmud will confirm the election; for it is quite in unison with the wishes of Nicholas.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS—CAPS AND BONNETS.



A BALLAD.

BY HOWITT.

I have look'd down on the ocean depths,
Many thousand fathoms low,
And seen, like woods of mighty oak,
The trees of coral grow:

The red, the green, and the beautiful
Pale-branch'd like the chrysolite,
Which amid the sun-lit waters, spread
Their flowers intensely bright.

Some, they were like the lily of June,
Or the rose of Fairy land,
Or as if some poet's glorious thought
Had inspired a sculptor's hand!

CONTEMPLATION.

Ocean, the night is on thee, and the moon
Sleeps, calmly sleeps, upon thy placid breast:
'Tis pleasant at so sweet an hour to sit
Alone by some gray ruin, whose sole crest
Is the green ivy: garland not unfit
To grace its brow of beauty; for, although
'Tis scared by time and tempest, still it seems
Not all devoid of beauty, as the beams
Of the pale moon its rifted arches show:
E'en such a ruin is my desolate heart,
And the fond thoughts of many a by-gone day,
Still fresh its ivy garland, loth to part,
Yet scarcely finding nurture, thus decay,
Yielding to grief the hopes of Life's bright noon.

A TOAD IN A HOLE.

THE Friars of Fair oak were assembled in a chamber adjoining the great hall of their house: the Abbot was seated in his chair of eminence, and all eyes were turned on Father Nicodemus. Not a word was uttered, until he who seemed to be the object of so much interest, at length ventured to speak. "It behoveth not one of my years, perchance," said he, "to disturb the silence of my elders and superiors; but, truly, I know not what meaneth this meeting; and surely my desire to be edified is lawful. Hath it been decided that we should follow the example of our next-door neighbours, the Arroasian Friars, and henceforth be tongue-tied? If not, do we come here to eat, or pray, or hold council? Ye seem somewhat too grave for those bidden to a feast, and there lurk too many smiles about the faces of many of ye, for this your silence to be a prelude to prayers. I cannot think we are about to consult on ought; because, with reverence be it spoken, those who pass for the wisest among us, look more silly than is their wont. But if we be here to eat, let us eat; if to pray, let us pray; and if to hold council, what is to be the knotty subject of our debate?"

"Thyself," replied the Abbot.

"On what score?" inquired Nicodemus.

"On divers scores," quoth the Abbot; "thy misdeeds have grown rank: we must even root them out of thee, or root thee out of our fraternity, on which thou art bringing contumely. I tell thee, brother Nicodemus, thy offences are numberless as the weeds which grow by the wayside. Here be many who have much to say of thee:—speak, Brother Ulick!"

"Brother Nicodemus," said Father Ulick, "hath, truly, ever been a gross feeder."

"And a lover of deep and most frequent potations," quoth Father Edmund.

"And a roamer beyond due bounds," added Father Hugo.

"Yea, and given to uttering many fictions," muttered his brother.

"Very voluble also, and not altogether of so staid aspect, as becometh one of his order and mellow years," drawled Father James.

"To speak plainly—a glutton," said the first speaker.

"Ay, and a drunkard," said the second.

"Moreover, a night-walker," said the third.

"Also, a liar," said the fourth.

"Finally, a babbler and a buffoon," said the fifth.

"Ye rate me roundly, brethren," said Nicodemus; "and, truly, were ye my judges, I should speedily be convicted of these offences whereof I am accused; but not a man among you is fitted to sit in judgment on the special misfeasance with which he chargeth me. And I will reason with you, and tell you why. Now, first, to deal with Brother Ulick, who upbraideth me with gross feeding: until he can prove that his stomach and mine are of the same quality, clamour, and power digestive, I will not, without protest, permit him to accuse me of devouring swinishly. He is of so poor and weak a frame, that he cannot eat aught but soppets, without suffering the pangs of indigestion, and the nocturnal visits of incubi, and more sprites than tempted Saint Anthony. It is no virtue in him to be abstemious; he is enforced to avoid eating the tithe of what would be needful to a man of moderate stomach; and behold, how lean he looks! Next, Brother Edmund hath twitted me with being a deep drinker: now, it is well known, that Brother Edmund must not take a second cup after his repast; being so puny of brain, that if he do, his head is racked with myriads of pains and aches on the morrow, and it lieth like a log on his shoulder—if perchance he be enabled to rise from his pallet. Shall he, then, pronounce dogmatically on the quantity of potations lawful to a man in good health? I say, nay. Brother

Hugo, who chargeth me with roaming, is lame; and his brother, who saith, that I am an utterer of fictions, hath a brain which is truly incompetent to create an idea, or to comprehend a fact. Brother James, who arraigneth me of volubility, passeth for a sage pillar of the church; because, having nought to say, he looks grave and holds his peace. I will be tried, if you will, by Brother James, for gross feeding; he having a good digestion and an appetite equal to mine own: or by Brother Hugo, for drinking abundantly; inasmuch as he is wont to solace himself, under his infirmity, with a full flask: or by Brother Ulick, for the utterance of fiction; because he hath written a history of some of the Fathers, and admireth the blossoms of the brain: or by Brother Edmund, for not being sufficiently sedate; as he is, truly, a comfortable talker himself, and although forced to eschew wine, of a most cheerful countenance. By Hugo's brother I will be tried on no charge; seeing that he is, was, and ever will be—in charity I speak it—an egregious fool. Have ye ought else to set up against me, brethren?

"Much more, Brother Nicodemus," said the Abbot, "much more, to our sorrow. The cry of our vassails hath come up against thee; and it is now grown so loud and frequent, that we are unwillingly enforced to assume our authority, as their lord and thy superior, to redress their grievances and correct thy errors."

"Correct me!" exclaimed Father Nicodemus; "why, what say the rogues? Dare they throw blur, blain, or blemish on my good name? Would that I might hear one of them?"

"Thou shalt be gratified: call in John of the Hough."

In a few moments John of the Hough appeared, with his head bound up, and looking alarmed as a recently punished hound when brought again into the presence of him by whom he has been chastised.

"Fear not," said the Abbot; "fear not, John o' the Hough, but speak boldly; and our benison or malison be on thee, as thou speakest true or false."

"Father Nicodemus," said John o' the Hough, in a voice rendered almost inaudible by fear, "broke my head with a cudgel he weareth under his cloak."

"When did he do this?" inquired the Abbot.

"On the feast of St. James and Jude; oft before and since, too, without provocation; and, lastly, on Monday se'nnight."

"Why, thou strangely perverse varlet, dost thou say it was I who beat thee?" demanded the accused friar.

"Ay, truly, most respected Father Nicodemus."

"Dost thou dare to repeat it? I am amazed at thy boldness—or, rather, thy stupidity—or, perhaps, at thy loss of memory. Know, thou naughty hind, it was thyself who cudgelled thee! Didst thou not know that if thou wert to vex a dog he would snap at thee? or hew and hack a tree, and not fly, it would fall on thee? or grieve

and wound the feelings of thy ghost friend Father Nicodemus, he would cudgel thee? Did I rouse myself into a rage? Did I call myself a thief? Answer me, my son: did I?"

"No truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Did I threaten, if I were not a son of Holy Mother Church, to kick myself out of thy house? Answer me, my son: did I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Am I less than a dog, or a tree? Answer me, my son: am I?"

"No, truly, Father Nicodemus; but, truly, also—"

"None of thy buts, my son; respond to me with plain ay or no. Didst thou not do all these things antecedent to my breaking thy sconce?"

"Ay, truly, Father Nicodemus."

"Then how canst thou say I beat thee? Should I have carried my staff to thy house, did I not know thou wert a churl, and an enemy to the good brotherhood of this house? Was I to go into the lion's den without my defence? Should I have demeaned myself to phlebotomize thee with my cudgel, (and doubtless the operation was salubrious) hadst thou not aspersed me? Was it for me to stand by tamely, with three feet of blackthorn at my belt, and hear a brother of this religious order, bewitted as I was by thee, with petty larceny? Was it not thine one breath, then, that brought the cudgel upon thy caput? Answer me, my son."

"Lead forth John of the Hough, and call in the miller of Hornsford," said the Abbot, before John of the Hough could reply. "Now, miller," continued he, as soon as the miller entered, "what hast thou to allege against this our good brother, Nicodemus?"

"I allege," replied the miller, "that he is nought."

"Oh! thou especial rogue!" exclaimed Father Nicodemus; "dost thou come here to bear witness against me? I will impeach thy testimony by one assertion, which thou canst not gainsay, for the evidence of it is written on thy brow, thou brawny villain! Thou bearest malice against me, because I, some six years ago, inflicted a cracked crown on thee for robbing this holy house of its lawful meal. I deemed this punishment adequate to the offence, and spoke not of it to the Abbot, in consideration of thy promising to mend thy ways. Hadst thou not well merited that mark of my attention to the interests of my brethren, the whole lordship would have heard of it. And didst thou ever say I made the wound? Never: thy tale was that some of thy mill-gear had done it. But I will be judged by any here, if the scar be not of my blackthorn's making. I will summon three score, at least, who will prove it to be my mark. Let it be viewed with that on the head of thy foster-brother, John of the Hough; I will abide by the comparison. Thou hast boarded malice in thy heart from that day; and now thou comest here to vomit it forth, as thou deemest, to my undoing. But, be sure, caitiff, that I shall testify upon thy sconce hereafter; for I know thou art

rogue enough to rob if thou canst, and fool enough to rob with so little discretion as to be easily detected; and even if my present staff be worn out, there be others in the woods; ergo—

"Peace, Brother Nicodemus!" exclaimed the Abbot; "Approach not a single pace nearer to the miller; neither do thou threaten nor brow-beat him, I enjoin thee."

"Were it not for the reverence I owe to those who are round me, and my unwillingness to commit even so trifling a sin," said Nicodemus, "I would take this slanderous and ungrateful knave betwixt my finger and thumb, and drop him among the hungry eels of his own mill-stream. I chafe apace: lay hands on me, brethren, for I wax wroth; and am sure, in these moods—so weak is man—to do mischief ere my humour subside."

"Speak on, miller," said the Abbot; "and thou Brother Nicodemus, give way to thine inward enemy, at thy peril."

"I will tell him, an' you will hold him back and seize his staff," said the miller—"how he and the roystering boatman of Frampton Ferry—"

"My time is coming," exclaimed Nicodemus, interrupting the miller; "bid him withdraw, or he will have a sore head at his supper."

"They caroused and carolled," said the miller, "with two travellers, like shrieking Jacks o' the flagon, until—"

"Lay hands on Nicodemus, all!" cried the Abbot, as the enraged friar strode towards the miller; "lay hands on the madman at once!"

"It is too late," said Nicodemus, drawing forth a cudgel from beneath his cloak; "do not hinder me now, for my black-thorn reverences not the heads of the whole fraternity of Fair oak. Hold off, I say!" exclaimed he, as several of his brethren roughly attempted to seize him: "hold off, and mar me not in this mood; or, to-day will, hereafter, be called the Feast of Blows. Nay, then, if you will not, I strike: may you be marked, but not maimed!" The friar began to level a few of the most resolute of those about him as he spoke. "I will deal lightly as my cudgel will let me," pursued he: "I strike indiscriminately, and without malice, I protest. May blessings follow these blows! Brother Ulick, I grieve that you have thrust yourself within my reach. Look to the Abbot, some of ye—for, miserable me! I have laid him low. Man is weak, and this must be atoned for by fasting. Where is the author of this mischief? Miller, where art thou?"

Father Nicodemus continued to lay about him very lustily for several minutes; but, before he could deal with the miller as he wished, Friar Hugo's brother, who was on the floor, caught him by the legs, and suddenly threw him prostrate. He was immediately overwhelmed by numbers, bound hand and foot, and carried to his own cell; where he was closely confined, and most vigilantly watched, until the superiors of his order could be assembled. He was tried in the chamber which had been the scene of his exploits. The charge of having rudely raised his hand against the Abbot, and belaboured the

holy brotherhood, was fully proved; and, ere twenty-four hours had elapsed, Father Nicodemus found himself enclosed, with a pitcher of water and a loaf, in a niche of a stone wall, in the lowest vault of Fair oak Abbey.

He soon began to feel round him, in order to ascertain if there were any chance of escaping from the tomb to which he had been consigned. The walls were old, but tolerably sound: he considered, however, that it was his duty to break out if he could; and he immediately determined on making an attempt. Putting his back to the wall, which had been built up to enclose him for ever from the world, and his feet against the opposite side of the niche, he strained every nerve to push one of them down. The old wall at length began to move: he reversed his position, and with his feet firmly planted against the new work, he made such a tremendous effort, that the ancient stones and mortar gave way behind him. The next moment he found himself lying on his back, with a quantity of rubbish about him, on the cold pavement of a vault, into which sufficient light glimmered, through a grating, to enable him to ascertain that he was no longer in any part of Fair oak Abbey.

The tongue-tied neighbours to whom Nicodemus had alluded, when he broke silence at that meeting of his brethren which terminated so unfortunately, were monks of the same order as those of Fair oak Abbey; among whom, about a century and a half before the time of Nicodemus, such dissensions took place, that the heads of the order were compelled to interfere; and under their sanction and advice, two-and-twenty monks, who were desirous of following the fine example of the Arroasians of Saint Augustin—who neither wore linen nor ate flesh, and observed a perpetual silence—seceded from the community, and elected an Abbot of their own. The left wing of Fair oak Abbey was assigned to them for a residence, and the rents of a certain portion of its lands were set apart for their support. Their first care was to separate themselves, by stout walls, from all communication with their late brethren; and up to the days of Nicodemus, no friendly communication had taken place between the Arroasian and its mother Abbey.

Nicodemus had no doubt but that he was in one of the vaults of the silent monks. In order that he might not be recognised as a brother of Fair oak, he took off his black coat and hood, and even his cassock and rochet, and concealed them beneath a few stones, in a corner of the recess from which he had just liberated himself. With some difficulty, he reached the inhabited part of the building. After terrifying several of the Arroasians, by abruptly breaking upon their meditations, he at length found an old white cloak and hood, arrayed in which he took a seat at the table of the refectory; and, to the amazement of the monks, silently helped himself to a portion of their frugal repast. The Superior of the community, by signs, requested him to state who and what he was; but Nicodemus, pointing to the old Arroasian habit which he now wore,

wisely held his peace. The good friars knew not how to act: Nicodemus was suffered to enter into quiet possession of a vacant cell. He joined in their silent devotions, and acted in every respect as though he had been an Arroasian all his life.

By degrees the good monks became reconciled to his presence, and looked upon him as a brother. He behaved most discreetly for several months; but, at length, he became weary of bread, water, and silence; and, one evening, stole over the garden wall, resolving to have an eel-pie and some malmsey, spiced with a little jovial chat, in the company of his trusty friend, the boatman, at Frampton Ferry. His first care, on finding himself at large, was to go to the copice of Fair oak, and cut a yard of good blackthorn, which he slung by a hazel gad to his girdle, but beneath his cassock. Resuming his path towards the Ferry, he strode on at a brisk rate for a few minutes; when, to his great dismay, he heard the sound of the bell which summoned the Arroasians to meet in the chapel of their Abbey.

"A murrain on thy noisy tongue!" exclaimed Nicodemus; "on what emergency is thy tail tugged, to make thee yell at this unwonted hour? There is a grievous penalty attached to the offence of quitting the walls, either, by day or by night; and as I am now deemed a true Arroasian, by Botolph, I stand here in jeopardy; for they will assuredly discover my absence. I will return at once, slink into my cell, and be found there afflicted with a lethargy, when they come to search for me; or, if occasion serve, join my brethren boldly in the chapel."

The bell had scarcely ceased to toll, when Nicodemus reached the garden-wall again. He clamboured over it, alighted safely on a heap of manure, and was immediately seized by half a score of the stoutest among the Arroasians. Unluckily for Nicodemus, the Superior himself had seen a figure, in the costume of the Abbey, scaling the garden-wall, and he immediately ordered the bell to be rung, and a watch to be set, in order to take the offender in the fact, on his return. The mode of administering justice among the Arroasians, was much more summary than in the Abbey of Fair oak. Nicodemus was brought into the Superior's cell, and divested of his cloak, his cassock was turned down from his belt, and a bull's-hide thong severely applied to his back, before he could recover himself from the surprise into which his sudden capture had thrown him. His wrath rose, not gradually as it did of old—but in a moment, under the pain and indignity of the thong, it mounted to its highest pitch. Breaking from those who were holding him, he plucked the blackthorn he had cut, from beneath his cassock, and without either benediction or excuse, silently but severely belaboured all present, the Superior himself not excepted. When his rage and strength were somewhat exhausted, the prostrate brethren rallied a little, and with the aid of the remainder of the community, who came to their assistance, they contrived

to despoil Nicodemus of his staff, and to secure him from doing further mischief.

The next morning, Nicodemus was stripped of his Arroasian habits; and, attired in nothing but the linen in which he had first appeared among the brethren, he was conducted, with very little ceremony, to the vaults beneath the Abbey. Every member of the community advanced to give him a parting embrace, and the Superior pointed with his finger to a recess in the wall. Nicodemus was immediately ushered into it, the wall was built up behind him, and once more he found himself entombed alive.

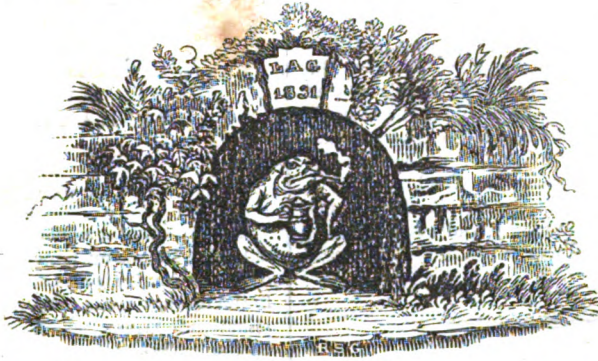
"But that I am not so strange as I was of yore, after the lenten fare of my late brethren," said Nicodemus, "I should not be content to die thus, in a coffin of stones and mortar. What luck hast thou here, Nicodemus?" continued the friar, as, poking about the floor of his narrow cell, he felt something like a garment, with his foot. "By rood and by rocket, mine own attire! the cloak and cossack, or I am much mistaken, which I left behind when I was last here; for surely these are my old quarters! I did not think to be twice tenant of this hole; but marris weak, and I was born to the bane of blackthorn. The lazy rogues found this niche ready-made by their hands; and, truth to say, they have walled me up like a workman. Ah, me! there is no soft place for me to bulge my back through now. Hope have I none; but I will betake me to my anthems, and, perchance, in due season, I may light upon some means of making egress."

Nicodemus had by this time, contrived to put on his cassock and cloak, which somewhat comforted his shivering body, and he forthwith began to chant his favourite anthem in such a lusty tone, that he was faintly heard by the Fair oak Abbey cellarman, and one of the friars who was in the vaults with him, selecting the ripest wines. On the alarm being given, a score of the brethren betook themselves to the vaults; and, with torches in their hands, searched every corner for the anthem-singer, but without success. At length the cellarman ventured to observe, that, in his opinion, the sounds came from the wall; and the colour left the cheeks of all as the recollection of Nicodemus flashed upon them. They gathered round the place where they had enclosed him, and soon felt satisfied that the awful anthems was there more distinctly heard than in any other part of the vault. The whole fraternity soon assembled, and endeavoured to come to some resolution as to how they ought to act. With fear and trembling, Father Hugo's brother moved that they should at once open the wall. This proposal was at first rejected with contempt, on account of the known stupidity of the person with whom it originated; but as no one ventured to suggest anything, either better or worse, it was at last unanimously agreed to. With much solemnity, they proceeded to make a large opening in the wall. In a few minutes, Father Nicodemus appeared before them, arrayed in his cloak and cassock, and not much leaner or less rosy than when they bade him, as they thought, an

eternal adieu, nearly a year before. The friars shouted, "A miracle! a miracle!" and Nicodemus did not deem it by any means necessary to contradict them. "Ho, ho! brethren," exclaimed he, "you are coming to do me justice at last, are you? By faith and troth, but ye are tardy! Your consciences, methinks, might have urged you to enact this piece of good-fellowship some week or two ago. To dwell ten months and more in so dark and solitary a den, like a toad in a hole, is no child's play. Let the man who doubts, assume my place and judge for himself. I ask no one to believe me on my bare word. You have wronged me, brethren, much; but I forgive you, freely."

"A miracle! a miracle!" again shouted the amazed monks. They most respectfully declined the proffered familiarities of Nicodemus: and still gazed on him with profound awe, even after the most incredulous among them were convinced, by the celerity with which a venison pastry, flanked by a platter of brawn, and a capacious jack of Cyprus wine vanished before him, in the refectory, that he was truly their Brother Nicodemus, and still in the flesh.

Ere long, the jolly friar became Abbot of Fair-oak. He was dubbed a saint after his decease; but as no miracles were ever wrought at his shrine, his name has since been stricken out of the calender.



SERENADE.

"Star-light was meant for lovers."—L. E. L.

WAKE, love, wake,
The stars are bright;
And on the lake,
Is silver light;
Wake, love, wake!—'tis just the hour,
When cares are hush'd to rest;
Leave sorrow's withering power,
On the couch that thou hast prest;
Come with me,
To our lonely bower;
Come with me,
'Tis Love's own hour!
Wake, love, wake!
No envious eye,
Our meeting bliss,
Shall now decry:
Wake, love, wake!—'tis bliss to roam,
Beneath the starry skies,
And leave behind, afflictions home,
Where only sorrow lies;
Come with me
To the bower we twined,
When heart with heart,
Were first combined.
Wake, love, wake!
Affection's chain,
Is round our hearts,
And will remain:
Wake, love!—no anguish shall sever the union,
For such fond esteem never dies;
With life our true spirits shall still hold communion,
And then fly to rest in the skies!
Then come with me
To our lonely bower,
Come, now with me,
'Tis love's own hour!

ENRICO.

From the New York American.

AND THOU WERT FALSE!

AND thou wert false! so let it be!
If o'er that shrine of beauty rare,
There bends uncheck'd a stranger's knee;
A stranger's heart may worship there!

Thy wizard wreath is changing fast,
As fades at eve the sunset sea;
And Memory, when it views the past,
Must skip the page that tells of thee!

I little thought when o'er thy heart,
My Spirit poised her raptur'd wings;
And trembling tried, with guileless art,
To wake the music of its strings;

That every chord, where passion slept,
An echo gave of heedless swell;
That every string the Angel swept,
Another's touch might wake as well;

That, like the lyre, which hangs alone,
Where summer winds are wont to play;
'Twould yield to every breeze its tone,
Which o'er its bosom chanc'd to stray!

Forget'st thou, in that stilly bower,
Which drooping myrtles whisper'd o'er,
The pledge, we gave of glowing power,
In token of the vow we swore?

When o'er thy yielding form I hung,
And crav'd it for my spirit's shrine;
And gather'd from thy trembling tongue,
The low response that seal'd thee mine!

And thou wert false!—so let it be!
If o'er that shrine of beauty rare,
There bend'st uncheck'd a stranger's knee—
A stranger's heart may worship there!

West Point.

HARP OF THE ISLE.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITION RESPECTING
FELLING OAKS.

In the *Magna Britannia*, the author in his *Account of the Hundred of Croydon*, says, "Our historians take notice of two things in this parish, which may not be convenient to us to omit, viz. a great wood called Norwood belonging to the archbishops, wherein was anciently a tree called the vicar's oak, where four parishes met, as it were in a point. It is said to have consisted wholly of oaks, and among them was one that bore mistletoe, which some persons were so hardy as to cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and others lost an eye. At length in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it, upon the account of what others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg. To fell oaks hath long been counted fatal, and such as believe it produce the instance of the Earl of Winchelsea, who having felled a curious grove of oaks, soon after found his countess dead in her bed suddenly, and his eldest son, the Lord Maidstone, was killed at sea by a cannon ball."

GALILEO.

SCHNEIDER, a German Jesuit, envious of the great reputation of the Florentine philosopher, with whom he had in vain disputed the discovery of the sun, lodged an information against him before the inquisition of Rome, in the year 1615. That tribunal, in 1611, had fulminated a decree against the opinion of Copernicus, in which they asserted it to be absolutely contrary to the Holy Scriptures. Galileo, whose talents they respected, while they attacked his ideas, was only enjoined, at first, to desist from supporting his system, either by word or writing. He promised implicit obedience, and kept his word till the year 1632, when, having published his "Dialogues on the Ptolemaic and Copernican System," in order to establish his opinion of the motion of the earth round the sun, he was again cited before the Holy Office. He appeared there with all the confidence of conviction. He was reminded of his promises; it was pretended that he made a bad defence; and he was condemned, by a decree signed by seven cardinals, to be confined in the prison of the inquisition, and to repeat the seven penitential psalms once a week, as a relapsed heretic. His crime was, "the having taught a system, absurd and false in good philosophy, and erroneous with respect to the faith of the church, being expressly contrary to the Holy Scriptures." Galileo, at the age of seventy years, implored pardon for having maintained a truth, and abjured it on his knees, and with his hands upon the Gospel, as an absurdity, and an heresy. "Corde sincero," said he, "et fide non ficta, ab-

juro, maledico, et detestor, supra-dictos errores et hæreses." But the instant he rose up, impelled by the remorse of having taken a false oath, with downcast eyes, he stamped upon the ground, and said, "*E pur si muove*: it certainly moves." The cardinal inquisitors, however, content with his submission, sent him back to Tuscany, where he had a kind of prison, near Florence, in the little town of Arcetri and its territory. "We may see, from the example of Galileo," says an eminent Roman Catholic writer, "to what excesses the most respectable bodies are capable of being carried, even with regard to the greatest men, when they are blinded by their prejudices, and presume to decide upon subjects which they do not understand, and to the discussion of which they are not competent."

MY EARLY DAYS.

AN EXTRACT.

HAVING arrived at what was considered a suitable age, I made my appearance with eighty-two others at Cambridge, as a candidate for admission to the literary arena. In the course of my examination in Greek, which branch was conducted by the professor of theology, with his usual ability, I came to the phrase, in Anacreon, "ugron udor," which I translated moisture, but the learned professor immediately corrected me by substituting "*wet water*." I felt a strong inclination to ask if the astute professor's researches in antiquity had made him acquainted with any species of water that was not wet; but checked myself, and was passed to the professor of mathematics, who asked me abruptly, "how much is twice two?" to which I answered, after some hesitation, "four." Question second followed like a flash of lightning, "how do you prove that?" This was what cocknies call a "settler." After pondering some time, I was obliged to "give it up," and was told, that "twice two made four by the repeated addition of one!" Upon hearing this unexpected elucidation of one of the mysteries of mathematics, I felt an embryo grin distorting the muscles of my countenance. If, however, I was startled by the new ideas I had received in the outset, I was again sorely puzzled at some of the recitations. While the class were struggling through the Abbe Millot's Universal History, the tutor asked one day, "did Cato die?" to which the student, after hastily counting the centuries that had elapsed since the time of Julius Cæsar, and finding it amounted to about nineteen, answered boldly, "yes, sir"—taking it for granted that such a staunch friend of republics as Cato, would, if he were alive, have emigrated to the United States, and taken an active part in politics—but it seems he was "clean wrong," for the profound and accurate tutor immediately interrupted him with "no, he did not, he killed himself."

For the Lady's Book.

DECEIVING AND DECEIVED.

A DRAMA IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SACKSVILLE. GEORGE DARNLEY. SKULKER. WILSON.	SERVANT. EDITH. CHRISTINE.
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SCENE—A Garden. On the right, a house with a door opening on the Stage. On the left, an elegant pavilion with a door and window—the window closed by a Venetian blind. In the back-ground, a hedge, trees, &c., through which is seen the wall of an enclosure.

WILSON ENTERS FROM THE HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY CHRISTINE.

Christine. No, Mr. Wilson, I will live no longer in this way. You are Sir Charles' man of confidence—you know all his secrets: speak, then, I conjure you.

Wilson. But Christine—

Christine. I believed I had found a friend and protector for my dear Edith. It's all my own fault. Why did I act so indiscreetly? I did every thing with the best intentions in the world; and now I find I have been deceived.

Wilson. Come, come, dame Christine, be a little calm. Can you suspect my master of any thing dishonourable?

Christine. Why then all this mystery? What means his repeated absences—his frequent journeys to London?

Wilson. (Carelessly) I know nothing of his concerns.

Christine. And this house, in which he has shut us up with so much care—Edith and me—why has he chosen this place—the most isolated spot in the whole county of Essex? Here have we been for six months, and seen nobody but him and his men. Tell me, what is the meaning of this precaution?

Wilson. I can't say.

Christine. "I can't say"—always the same answer. You can tell me then, I suppose, what was in the package you have just given to Edith?

Wilson. Yes, it was a present from my master to Miss Edith.

Christine. With a letter? (anxiously.)

Wilson. I saw none.

Christine. No! but he certainly must have written (with irony); and that picture which you just now placed in the pavilion, conceals, probably, some great secret!

Wilson. (With an air of indifference) No, none in the least. It is a portrait—you saw that it was covered. Sir Charles expressly commanded that it should not be touched before his arrival; so, as you regard his resentment, let no one enter the pavilion.

Christine. More mystery!

Wilson. Come, come, Christine, keep up a good heart; in time you shall know all. In the mean while, if you have any commands, you

know my zeal—and, above all, my discretion. Good day, Christine. [Exit.]

Christine. Insupportable old fool! He's as close as wax—there's nothing to be got out of him. I suspect more and more the honesty of this Sir Charles' intentions towards Edith. Dear girl, though she was secretly confided to me, and I know not her parents, I love her as if she were my own child. Why did I listen to the proposals of Sir Charles Belton, an unknown? Why did I accept his protection? Heavens! if this tender friendship should be only a pretext to conceal some horrid design!—I tremble to think of it; and it would be cruel to discover my suspicions to my ingenuous, unsuspecting Edith. No, I'll wait for further proofs before I uselessly alarm her. Ah! here she comes.

ENTER EDITH, FROM THE HOUSE.

Edith. Christine! ah! my dear nurse, (embracing her) I've been looking for you all over the house. I am in such trouble—in such spirits—(smiling.)

Christine. Why, what has happened to alarm you, dear child?

Edith. Oh, nothing to alarm me, dear nurse; but I have so many things to tell you, I don't know how to commence. Here has Wilson brought me, I know not how many things—bonnets, dresses, caps—

Christine. (With concern) From Sir Charles?

Edith. Can you ask such a question? he is so good and so kind; and, nurse, I found in a little red morocco box, a necklace and a diamond head-dress.

Christine. Diamonds!

Edith. Yes, really: I dare say you never saw any jewellery half so beautiful.

Christine. Poor child, she is lost!—(aside.)

Edith. Now, don't this generosity of Sir Charles astonish you?

Christine. (With concern) Not in the least, my child; but I am concerned to know what are his projects.

Edith. His projects! they are charming: he has told me every thing. You do not know them then?

Christine. How! has he confided them to you?

Edith. Yes, that he has. He says he has his reasons for not permitting us to see company, and for fear I should become lonesome, as I am fond of music and have a taste for painting, he is going to send me from London, a piano, a harp, books, paints, and every thing that can amuse me; but what is better than all nurse, he is going to instruct me himself in painting. O! how happy shall I be to have him for my instructor, to see him always near me.

Christine. (Disturbed) You love him then?

Edith. (Smiling) To be sure I do. Has he not often told me I ought to love him, as he was the only protector I had in the world.

Christine. Artless creature! (Aside.) I know Sir Charles is yet young and handsome—

Edith. No, not so young nurse, for he must be at least thirty-six; and then, his looks are often so severe and sad, that—

Christine. (Aside) I perceive at least, love is not always blind.

Edith. But when he fixes his eyes on me—O! I wish I could only describe his look—I know not how it is, but at such times I feel—

Christine. Troubled—agitated?

Edith. No: a sentiment of respect, of tenderness—

Christine. I hope you never told him so?

Edith. I have told him—(stopping) O, nurse, I forgot to tell you of something that has just happened. (Bashfully).

Christine. Well, my child?

Edith. (Embarrassed) A very singular adventure, indeed. I'm almost ashamed to tell you though; but you'll not be angry with me I know. I had opened the lattice of the little saloon to get a better look at Sir Charles' presents, when all at once—now don't look cross, nurse—I saw in the walk that borders the park, a young man—

Christine. A young man!

Edith. He had his eyes directed another way; but happening to turn, he saw and saluted me; and as I went to close the lattice—I know not how it was—my handkerchief fell from my hand at his feet.

Christine. At his feet!

Edith. Yes; he picked it up and would have spoken to me; but I hastily closed the window and ran hither.

Christine. It is very impertinent in men to salute people they don't know.

Edith. (Embarrassed) No, he was not in the wrong, nurse—we have seen each other before—

Christine. How?

Edith. Yes; two or three times, when we lived on the borders of Scotland, where Sir Charles found us when he came to bring us to this spot.

Christine. But you are not sure it was the same, you only had a glance at him, and may be mistaken.

Edith. Oh, no, nurse, I should know him among a thousand.

Christine. (Aside) Heaven protect us! behold her between two designing wretches! (Affecting tranquillity). Well, well, my child, it is only a

handkerchief lost; but for this young man, I hope, he will not again have the audacity to—

Darnley. (Appearing above the wall at the bottom of the stage). Ladies—hist! hist! (in a low voice).

Edith. (Perceiving him) Ah!

Christine. What's the matter?

Darnley. Don't be alarmed, this handkerchief—

Edith. He here!

Christine. Edith, what alarms you?

Darnley. (Springing over the wall, and running to Edith) A thousand pardons, ladies, for entering without being announced, and in so strange and unceremonious a manner. I have a restitution to make—(Presenting handkerchief and bowing)—or, I should not have dared to intrude upon your privacy.

Christine. (Taking the handkerchief) Yes, it is mine. I thank you, Sir, for your trouble.

Darnley. (A little disconcerted) Yours!

Edith. How can you say so, nurse—(Aside to Christine).

Christine. (Low to her) Peace!—(To Darnley) Now, Sir, that you have executed your business, don't let us detain you any longer.

Darnley. Be under no apprehensions good madam; I am in no hurry. (Looking fondly upon Edith).

Christine. O Lord, lord! how he looks at her. (Aside). Allow me, Sir, to show you the gate.

Darnley. Don't trouble yourself, ma'am.

Christine. But Sir, your business.

Darnley. Partly is finished, I allow; but I also came hither on other matters (Looking at Edith). I have an important secret to communicate to the inhabitants of this mansion.

Christine. (Eagerly) I will hear it immediately. (To Edith) Go in my child.

Edith. But, nurse—

Christine. Go in, child, I will be with you directly.

Edith. You know, nurse, I never conceal any thing from you (Low to Christine). I declare, nurse, you grow quite unkind.

Darnley. Allow her to remain, my communication is intended for both.

Christine. I must know first the nature of it. So, get you in my child.

Edith. Well, I'm going, nurse. (Aside, as she goes out) Well, now, I should like to know above all things, what he can have to say to her. [Exit.

Darnley. (Aside) So, fairly established.

Christine. And now, Sir, for the secret.

Darnley. Softly—No noise I conjure you.

Christine. Now then to know what has brought you hither.

Darnley. I come to save you.

Christine. To save us!

Darnley. You are standing on the edge of a precipice.

Christine. Ha! what do you mean? In danger!

Darnley. Yes. I had my information in the neighbouring village. I know your ward is the

loveliest and most amiable of captives; that you are both under the guard of a species of dragon, who keeps you here for his own vile purpose—

Christine. How! do you believe that Sir Charles Belton—

Darnley. Sir Charles Belton! You are deceived—that is not his name.

Christine. (Alarmed) What then is it?

Darnley. Of his true name I am ignorant; but I suspect that he is some nobleman of distinguished rank: his brilliant equipage, his numerous servants, and above all, his frequent journeys to London, confirm this suspicion. Some say that he has confined your ward here for the purpose of forcing her to marry him; but others, who know the world better, suppose that he has less generous views concerning the charming Edith; for myself, believing you two victims of a scoundrel, I have hastened hither to offer my services to release you from the hands of a heartless villain.

Christine. (Troubled) A feigned name! a nobleman! My suspicions are verified! Perhaps Heaven has sent you to save us.

Darnley. Think so, and I am happy.

Christine. I know not how to trust you. You may only deliver us from our present bondage to effect your own purposes. If I wrong you, forgive me. Experience has taught me wisdom; had I early been more wise I would have avoided the gulf that yawns to receive my poor Edith. No, Sir, I cannot trust in protestations that perhaps conceal intentions—

Darnley. The most pure, I swear by Heaven, that ever animated the heart of man! Could I have others in knowing the adorable Edith? Six months since, you quitted the cottage you inhabited on the borders of Scotland, and I have been wretched ever since—living, but not existing. I have run over all England and Scotland in search of Edith; but not to inveigle her. I would die rather than harbour a thought unworthy her purity; my only ambition is to consecrate my life to her; to merit her esteem and tenderness—to offer her my hand and fortune.

Christine. Good young man! Yes, I believe you are sincere—your manner, the warmth of your language, convince me that you are; and I am ready to confide in you. Sir Charles has never spoken of marriage—never so much as hinted at it;—but before I proceed it is necessary that I know something more of my confidant.

Darnley. It is proper you should. I have no secrets from my friends. My name is George Darnley, Captain in the Guards; a fortune independent, and great expectations—with more money than wit, and more impudence than modesty. I am only heir of one of the richest peers of the realm, without counting a crowd of antiquated aunts, and valetudinarian cousins, whom I don't know; but who have a great respect for me. I will not deny, good Christine, that I have been a little dissipated; as what youth is not; but notwithstanding the example of a perverse and corrupt world, I have never been

guilty of an act that could sully my name with dishonour.

Christine. I believe you are what you seem; yes, Sir, I will accept your assistance; for we are in great need of it.

Darnley. I am overjoyed at your confidence; but pray tell me the cause of your being here.

Christine. Very willingly. You must know, then, I was married rather late in life—

Darnley. (Impatiently) It is not that—

Christine. To a farmer who occupied a small cottage on the frontiers of Scotland.

Darnley. But—

Christine. And about two years after our marriage my poor man died, and—

Darnley. All that's very well, but— (Impatiently).

Christine. How, Sir! very well? on the contrary, it was the worst bereavement that—

Darnley. No doubt—no doubt—I didn't mean to say that; but tell me of Edith—she was confided to you—

Christine. At the age of two years.

Darnley. And her parents?

Christine. I have never seen. A letter in a female's writing was put into my hands with the dear infant, recommending her to my care, and charging me to bestow unremitting attention upon her. Every year I received a letter repeating the same command, and enclosing bank-bills to a considerable amount; but six months ago, a stranger introduced himself to me—it was Sir Charles Belton; and said he came to take us with him.

Darnley. With him! and did you consent?

Christine. How could I do otherwise. He showed me a letter in the same hand as those I had before received, ordering me to obey him in every thing.

Darnley. He must have deceived the parents of Edith.

Christine. So I now fear: but what would you have done in my place?

Darnley. I would have done—I would have refused by all means.

Christine. How could I suspect one who had the air of a protector, the most kind and tender?

Darnley. I dare say; the villain! and I doubt not loaded Edith with attentions—made her presents—flattered and caressed her. Christine, Sir Charles Belton is a libertine.

Christine. A libertine?

Darnley. Yes; 'tis to vitiate her mind that he has placed her in this habitation, embellished with all that opulence can purchase, to intoxicate her with splendour, that he may make her an easy prey. It is necessary that you put the unsophisticated Edith on her guard—acquaint her with the danger.

Christine. No, no, her age, her ignorance of the world, demand that we use some other means to preserve her from the snares of this wretch, Sir Charles.

Darnley. Then hasten to quit this spot immediately.

Christine. It is my intention. You will aid me

to save my dear Edith. Listen to me: remain concealed in the village, and on the first favourable occasion, I will let you know when you are needed.

Darnley. No, I would do better to remain here and profit by circumstances.

Christine. Not for the world. You do not know Sir Charles—he is a violent and passionate man; and if you should meet here—Hark! what noise is that—it is a carriage in the avenue. It is his as I live—Yes, it is himself.

Darnley. Sir Charles!

Christine. Yes; I did not expect him to-day—Quick, quick, save yourself.

Darnley. (Running to the back of the stage) Over the wall. I'll go as I came.

Christine. No, no, do not climb the wall—his coachman—his men will see you and raise the alarm. Some other way—save yourself I conjure you.

Darnley. Egad, ma'am, that's easier said than done, I fear.

Christine. By that way—no, no, the gardener is there—this way—no; stop, he will come that path. (Darnley running from one side of the stage to the other).

Darnley. Allow me to leap the wall, ma'am, I see no other way.

Lord Sackville. (Without) Christine!

Christine. I'm called. 'Tis impossible to evade him—ah! the pavilion, quick. Get into it; but on your life don't touch any thing, don't stir, and above all not a word. (She opens the pavilion and he enters it). While he is at dinner I'll find means to escape, and set you free without being observed. Lord! lord! I tremble and freeze all over. If he should be discovered! A young man concealed near Edith! I have done all for the best; but I fear the consequences. Would to Heaven I had never seen this wicked, wicked world! [Exit.

ENTER DARNLEY, CAUTIOUSLY FROM THE PAVILION.

Darnley. All's quiet. I don't half like my situation; and notwithstanding the injunctions of the good kind-hearted Duenna, I fancy the best thing I can do, is to endeavour to make my escape. I'm without arms, and if discovered, there's no telling what ruffianly act the resentment of this Sir Charles Belton, may prompt him to perpetrate. Hark! I hear footsteps. I must back to my concealment. (Retires into the pavilion).

ENTER LORD SACKVILLE AND CHRISTINE.

Sackville. What disturbs you, Christine, you appear agitated?

Christine. Nothing, Sir Charles, nothing. A slight head ache, that's all.

Sackville. I am glad to hear you say so. I was apprehensive you had some distressing intelligence to communicate. You must have many things to tell me after two days absence from my dear Edith. Say, how has she been since our

separation? Is there any thing for which she has expressed a wish? Speak; you know how anxious I am to learn her desires and to gratify them.

Christine. (Looking anxiously towards the pavilion) How will he escape. (Aside).

Sackville. You are not attending to what I say, Christine.

Christine. Oh yes, Sir. I heard every word—that is—I—

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Charles, there is a man without who desires to speak with you.

Sackville. With me! What can he want? Admit him. [Exit Servant.

Christine. Wont you see him in the drawing-room, Sir Charles?

Lord Sackville. No; this place will do well enough. I see him approaching. (Turns up the stage, his back towards the pavilion).

Darnley. (Opening the blinds of the pavilion) Is the coast clear? Can I come out?

Christine. (Quickly, and closing the blinds) No: Don't stir for your life.

ENTER SKULKER.

Lord Sackville. (Coming forward) Your business, Sir?

Skulker. (Saluting him) Is it Sir Charles Belton I have the honour of addressing?

Lord Sackville. Himself; and you Sir, I take it, are an officer of the law.

Skulker. Yes, Sir, at your service, Richard Skulker, high constable of the county as you may read in this paper; (Showing paper)—and I come to examine your house.

Lord Sackville. What do you mean, Sir, dare you jest with me? Examine my house?

Skulker. In all parts—halls, saloons, kitchens, chambers, closets, presses, cellars, vaults, stables, granaries, and dependencies; I flatter myself you will not offer any resistance.

Christine. What can all this mean? (Aside).

Lord Sackville. Resistance!

Skulker. Don't be concerned, Sir; it is a measure to which every one in the county must, sometimes, submit. When we seek an offender of the laws, who flies from justice, house-keepers make no objection.

Lord Sackville. (Smiling) I comprehend. I shall always be the first to obey the laws; but living distinct from the other part of the village, and having no acquaintance here, your search I think would be unnecessary.

Skulker. I don't know that, Sir. There are no men half so dangerous as those who live secluded. They never speak what they think. In short, Sir, you are suspected—

Lord Sackville. (Angrily) Of what, Sirrah?

Skulker. Of having given shelter to a young man, a fugitive from justice, of whom I am in search.

Lord Sackville. A young man! and what is his crime?

Skulker. Strange! unheard of! He has had the audacity to fight with the cousin of the Lord Chancellor, and what is more insolent, of dangerously wounding him—Yes, the cousin of the Lord Chancellor! there are men, however, who respect no rank or condition, and the culprit we seek is one of those.

Lord Sackville. I see how it is. My retired manner of living leads the curious villagers to regard me with an eye of suspicion. The avowal to you, Sir, of my name, will convince you, you have nothing to fear from me.

Christine. (Aside) Now at length I shall know his true name.

Lord Sackville. Listen. (Whispers to Skulker.)

Skulker. (With the most profound respect) Is it possible! The intimate friend of the Lord Chancellor, one—

Lord Sackville. (Beckoning him to say no more) Enough.

Skulker. (Bowing to the ground) Thousand pardons, my Lord, if I doubted for an instant your loyalty. I know I am a great fool some times, but it is said in my orders—

Lord Sackville. Now, Sir, you may do your duty, and search my house from top to bottom.

Skulker. Your pardon, my Lord, with a man like you—

Lord Sackville. But since the measure is general—

Skulker. General—general—that is among a certain class; but justice ought to know to whom she speaks. You assure me, my Lord, that you have not given shelter to the culprit?

Lord Sackville. I do.

Skulker. Your word is quite sufficient. I go now to continue my search with the same impartiality. All I ask of your lordship is, if you hear any thing of our man, that you would let me know immediately. I am to be found at the sign of the Golden Eagle, at the entrance of the village, just a stone's throw from this place.

Lord Sackville. I shall remember.

Skulker. If your lordship should have occasion for my aid at any time, I shall be happy to serve you. Do not forget my Lord, the Golden Eagle, first door, left side, as you enter—Your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, and very humble servant, to command. [Exit.]

Lord Sackville. Now, this tedious fellow is gone, tell me, for I would not ask before Edith, has any one been here this morning?

Christine. What, Sir. (Troubled).

Lord Sackville. I ask you has any one been here to-day?

Christine. He knows all, I'm afraid. (Aside). I believe not, Sir—however—

Lord Sackville. Well?

Christine. (Embarrassed) As Miss Edith was at the window, a young man—

Lord Sackville. (Angrily) How! a young man!

Christine. Jealous, as I live. (Aside). Yes, Sir, in the path-way that borders the park. She saw him as she was looking from the window;

he saluted her very respectfully, and that was all.

Lord Sackville. A respectful salutation, well there was no great harm in that. She has seen no other?

Christine. No, Sir, on my honour.

Lord Sackville. Nor received any letters?

Christine. None.

Lord Sackville. Wilson was here this morning?

Christine. Yes, Sir.

Lord Sackville. (Going towards the pavilion) I will see if he has followed my instructions.

Christine. Yes, Sir, he placed the covered picture in the pavilion. No one has touched it, I assure you.

Lord Sackville. It is the portrait of one, I hope, not indifferent to Edith.

Christine. That's himself, I suppose. (Aside).

Lord Sackville. I'll see if he has placed it according to my directions.

Christine. (Trembling) It's right, you may depend upon it, Sir.

Lord Sackville. I must see for myself. (Goes into the pavilion).

Christine. All is discovered. Here will be bloodshed.

Lord Sackville. (In the pavilion) Follow me instantly, Sir.

Christine. Here they come. Whither, whither shall I run for succour?

ENTER LORD SACKVILLE AND DARNLEY FROM THE PAVILION.

Lord Sackville. Come, Sir, explain this audacity. (Recognising him) What do I see—Darnley?

Darnley. Is it you? (Bowing).

Christine. Come, they know each other; things are not so bad as I had thought for.—(Aside).

Lord Sackville. Christine, leave us. (As she is retiring, Darnley beckons to her to be discreet, she nods assent.)

Christine. Positively, this place is bewitched.

[Exit.]

Lord Sackville. So, Sir, it is you. I was far from expecting to find you here. Tell me what has brought you hither?

Darnley. Chance, chance alone, I assure you, dear uncle. I was ignorant that this house was your's.

Lord Sackville. I well believe it; as I am only known here by the name of Belton, you will oblige me by not deceiving them.

Darnley. I understand, unole. (Smiling).

Lord Sackville. Come, Sir, no jesting. What do you from your regiment?

Darnley. I obtained a furlough to visit you.

Lord Sackville. But you knew not that I was here!

Darnley. Caught, by Jupiter! (Aside). I knew that certainly, but—

Lord Sackville. But what, Sir? It appears to me that you find it difficult to give an account of yourself.

Darnley. What in the name of perplexity shall I say now—I have it—this duel—the young man they pursue—a good idea. (Aside).

Lord Sackville. Well, Sir, why don't you speak?

Darnley. (Affecting embarrassment) Uncle—if I dare—(Aside). I run a great risk; but here goes. I hardly dare avow it. I am forced to conceal myself, Sir.

Lord Sackville. To conceal yourself!

Darnley. Yes, my dear uncle, in consequence of a dispute with a cousin of the Lord Chancellor.

Lord Sackville. A duel between you, I suppose.

Darnley. Yes; and I have wounded him, I fear, beyond recovery.

Lord Sackville. So bad! Do you know that they are searching for you every where.

Darnley. I learned it but a little while since. I was flying from pursuit, when I heard the officers of justice at my heels; I sprang over this wall and concealed myself in the first place I found, which was this pavilion. I was far from thinking my happy stars had placed me under the protection of the best of uncles.

Lord Sackville. And I have just sworn that I had given harbour to no one. What imprudence to fight with a relation of the Lord Chancellor.

Darnley. There was no way of avoiding it, dear uncle.

Lord Sackville. But what was the cause of your dispute?

Darnley. The cause? oh! a very natural one—he pretended that—on the subject—I can't recollect precisely the cause; but I know I replied with spirit—he grew angry—and—and—I don't know exactly what expression I made use of; but he said I had insulted him and all that—and so—you know the usual way of settling such affairs.

Lord Sackville. I see that you are still troubled; for your recital is not very clear. Where was he wounded?

Darnley. Wounded! In the breast—in the breast—a confounded unlucky shot for me. I only wished to wing him to teach him better manners, but chance directed the ball differently.

Lord Sackville. Unfortunate rencounter! but there's no time to lose. I'll run and give orders to admit no one, and post my men on the watch, and have a horse prepared, in case you should be discovered. First, I'll take a turn round the park, that I may be assured the meddling officer that was here just now is not watching us.

Darnley. Good, kind uncle!

Lord Sackville. Here, retire into the pavilion, and be sure not to speak to any body, till I return, when we will contrive some means to settle this disagreeable business. O! George! George! how could you be so rash! [Exit.

Darnley. Excellent! fairly installed, by Jupiter! Egad, that young man, whoever he is, was wounded very *apropos* for me. Ha! ha! I didn't

think I could so easily dupe so sly a fox as my uncle! So, he is the Sir Charles Belton, the betrayer of innocence, after all; but I'll save the lovely Edith though it cost me my life. Here she comes.

ENTER EDITH FROM THE HOUSE.

Edith. (Not seeing Darnley) I'm tired of waiting for Sir Charles. I wonder what keeps him so long from me. (Seeing Darnley) How, Sir! you still here!

Darnley. Yes, charming Edith, I have waited for this moment with impatience. I have many things to say to you.

Edith. But, Sir Charles?

Darnley. Nay, fear him not, he is acting sentimental. I have taken the best precautions to prevent surprise. Before I speak of my hopes—my love, dear Edith, I ought to tell you—but I fear to explain myself, lest in destroying your apparent security, I trouble your peace of mind.

Edith. O heavens! has any thing unfortunate happened to Sir Charles?

Darnley. Nothing, be assured.

Edith. He is, perhaps, angry with me?

Darnley. It is not that, dear Edith.

Edith. What then have I to fear?

Darnley. Every thing, if you will not trust to me. Learn that the greatest danger menaces you.

Edith. Me! I will then run to Sir Charles; he is my protector, my friend; he will shield me from every harm.

Darnley. Always Sir Charles! To fly to him would only be to increase your danger—he is taking measures to carry you off—to separate us, dear Edith.

Edith. Do you believe so!

Darnley. I am certain of it. It is against his will that I remain here; I have had to take considerable pains to assure him that my presence in this place was merely the effect of chance. Believe me, Edith, you ought to fear him above all mankind.

Edith. Him! Sir Charles, who is always so kind and affectionate to me—fear him?

Darnley. Yes; for I am certain he loves you.

Edith. Loves me. (Smiling) Oh yes! I'm certain he does; for he has told me so a hundred times.

Darnley. It is that should make you tremble; but Christine and I will protect you.

Edith. Christine!

Darnley. Yes; all I require of you, is, not to betray us, and that before Sir Charles, you will appear not to know me.

Edith. Here he comes.

Darnley. Confusion! (Aside.)

ENTER LORD SACKVILLE.

Lord Sackville. (Without seeing them) I have given my orders, and searched the park—all is safe I find, now—(Discovers them) Ah! (To Darnley) I thought I had left you alone.

Darnley. I was just retiring when I saw this

lovely creature—I was far from expecting so agreeable a surprise, I assure you.

Edith. (Taking the hand of Lord Sackville) I heard your voice in the garden here, and running to meet you, found this gentleman.

Darnley. And then we commenced talking about the weather, gardening—the late rains, and the great thunder storm, and all that—

Edith. (Aside) I declare he fibs as much as Christine.

Lord Sackville. Edith, my dear, I would introduce this young man to you as my Nephew—a wild—

Darnley. One of the best natured fellows in the world, ma'am.

Edith. Your nephew! there is, indeed, a resemblance between you.

Lord Sackville. (Aside) I'll be sworn it's not the first time they have seen each other. How they are troubled. I am sorry that his visit is owing to so unfortunate an affair.

Edith. What Sir?

Lord Sackville. A duel, my dear. He has fled hither for safety, and if discovered—

Edith. Oh! what will become of him.

Darnley. Be tranquil, ma'am. There is not the least danger; and if there was, the interest you take in my situation—

Lord Sackville. Come, come, George, you think too lightly of this business; it is a very grave affair, and I am not without disquietude. Oh, I had like to have forgot. I have to-day's Gazette—Let me see—(Looking over a newspaper)—Yes; here's the whole account of the duel.

Darnley. I dare say. Editors find out every thing. (Commences talking to Edith).

Lord Sackville. (Looking at the papers) The king is highly offended and has interested himself in the affair—the Lord Chancellor is furious. Your antagonist is at his last gasp. (Aside) He appears very unconcerned. (To Darnley)—George! have you been listening?—Nephew, I say, did you hear?

Darnley. Who? I Sir? Every syllable—Deuce take the newspapers! (Aside) And so you love music? (to Edith).

Lord Sackville. Nothing is omitted, not even the description of your person. (Reading and looking at his nephew) Ha! what's this? This description resembles him no more than I do—Six feet, one inch in height. (To Darnley)—How's this, Sir. The description here does not answer to your person.

Darnley. The description! I am lost!—(Aside).

Lord Sackville. Hair, height, eyes—all are different.

Darnley. I see how it is, it is the first description—You'll find it rectified in the next paper.

Lord Sackville. I see I have been imposed upon; but I'll catch him in his own snare. (Aside). Nephew, I had an idea of exerting my influence to have you sent to the Continent; but this duel, and the danger in which your person is placed by it, render it inexpedient.

Edith. Oh, yes, it would be very imprudent.

The description would be in the hands of every body.

Lord Sackville. You shall remain concealed here until the affair is hushed up.

Darnley. (With joy, looking at Edith) I ask nothing more, uncle.

Lord Sackville. This shall be your prison for a week.

Darnley. A week! say a month, a year. It will be charming to live together; in the morning we will walk and paint; in the evening we will have little concerts. (To Edith) You will entertain us with a favourite air, accompanied by the harp or piano and—

Lord Sackville. No, no, we'll have no music; that will be the right way to be discovered. I have a much better idea.

Darnley. Let's hear it, Sir.

Lord Sackville. At the bottom of the park, surrounded by trees, I have a small lodge, with barred windows and strong doors, in fact, almost a prison-house. It will answer admirably for your retreat.

Darnley. (Mournfully) Hey!

Lord Sackville. I will show it to you immediately. You shall live there alone; nobody shall disturb you, but to bring you your meals.

Darnley. What, uncle!

Lord Sackville. That's not all, George; while you are concealed we will set out.

Darnley. You will leave me?

Lord Sackville. Yes; Edith and I will go to London. You know an instant ought not to be lost—I will see all my friends, and prevail upon them to use their influence in obtaining your pardon.

Edith. Ah, Sir, what a generous soul is yours.

Darnley. (Aside) Completely snared by all that's horrible! But uncle—

Lord Sackville. No thanks, George; all that zeal and activity can do to procure your pardon shall be done—I will even throw myself at the feet of the king to obtain it. (Taking him by the hand) My dear George, I feel as much for you, as if I were in your place.

Darnley. I am sensibly touched with your kindness. (Aside) I wish he was at Kamtschatka, with all my soul!

Lord Sackville. But we lose time. I will but give some few orders, and then we will set out. Within there! Christine!

ENTER CHRISTINE FROM THE HOUSE.

Christine. Here, Sir.

Lord Sackville. (Aside to Christine) Have an eye upon them in my absence. (Aloud) I'm going to get the keys of your new habitation, which are in my secretary, George; I will be back directly. (Aside to Christine) Remember my directions. [Exit.

Darnley. At length we are left alone, dear Edith.

Christine. What does all this mean?

Darnley. That all is lost. He and Edith are going to London, and I am to be left caged up here.

Christine. To London! (uplifting her hands in astonishment.)

Edith. Yes, to save him (Pointing to Darnley.)

Christine. Ah, dear child, you are deceived. (Aside to Darnley) I am now convinced he is a seducer by profession.

Edith. Explain to me, dear Christine, my danger?

Darnley. How to prevent his departure?—I have it: I'll write to the constable that was here this morning, telling him that the culprit is concealed by my uncle. He thinks me so, and is too generous to betray me. The magistrate of the county will issue a writ for his appearance before him; and by that means I'll gain some time to secure the safety of Edith—a lucky thought. (Aside to Christine) You know the tavern of the Golden Eagle, near here?

Christine. Yes, very well.

Darnley. I want you to convey a letter to a constable of the name of Skulker, whom you will find there, and—silence, (perceiving Lord Sacksville.)

ENTER LORD SACKSVILLE FROM THE HOUSE, FOLLOWED BY WILSON.

Lord Sacksville. Wilson, here are the keys of the little lodge at the bottom of the park; conduct my nephew to it.

Darnley. Why such haste, uncle?

Lord Sacksville. Your safety, George, requires the utmost precaution. (Aside) So, I think, I'll cure you of your jesting, my witty nephew. (Aloud) Christine, go with him and prepare his chamber.

Darnley. (Approaching Edith) Permit me to—

Lord Sacksville. Come, there's no time for compliments; in ten minutes we must be gone.

Darnley. (Aside) In ten minutes! I must be expeditious. (To Christine) Follow me quickly. (He hastens out at the left side, followed by Wilson and Christine.)

Edith. (Aside) I can't understand all this; but somehow I tremble, without knowing for what.

Lord Sacksville. (Following Darnley with his eyes, says aside) Fairly entrapped! Ah, my dear nephew, you would struggle with me; but I will show you that I am yet your master, and not to be duped by your shallow artifices. (Taking Edith by the hand) Come, my dear Edith.

[*Exeunt into the house.*]

ENTER CHRISTINE, WITH A LETTER IN HER HAND.

Christine. "Mr. Richard Skulker, at the Golden Eagle."—(Reading.) I must run with this letter, Mr. Darnley says, with all speed, as it is the only way of preventing the departure of Edith, and securing her safety.

ENTER EDITH.

Edith. Dear nurse, I am in great trouble at all I see and hear.

Christine. Poor child! Where is Sir Charles?

Edith. In his study, occupied in reading a letter he has just received. Now tell me, dear

nurse, what has excited your suspicions? and of what do you suspect him?

Christine. Suspitions! they are too well founded. Mr. Darnley has told me all. Belton is only a false name: Lord Sacksville is his title.

Edith. Lord Sacksville! one of the first noblemen of England?

Christine. The same; so famed for his wealth and talents. Do not go with him to London, dear Edith, I conjure you. He is a bad man, I know he is.

Edith. Why all these riddles and enigmas? What danger am I in?

Christine. What danger! (with horror and in a low voice) If he take you to London, it is to intoxicate you with balls, concerts, theatres, spectacles, operas, and—

Edith. Well, dear Christine, (smiling) I see nothing so terrible in such amusements to alarm you.

Christine. Ah! but they are artifices which the libertine employs to ensnare his victim.

Edith. A libertine! (She is fainting, and Christine catches her in her arms.)

Christine. I've said too much; calm yourself, my dear child, you shall yet be saved. Mr. Darnley has found a way. I know not what it is; but it is all in this letter. Courage, Edith; do not stir till I come back, or you are lost. (She runs out.)

Edith. Christine! She is gone; her manner has almost killed me. Can it be true! Lord Sacksville the most perfidious of men! Did then all that tenderness he showed towards me, of which I was so proud; those benefits I received from him without blushing, only conceal base designs? (wiping her eyes) No, I will not believe it yet; my heart assures me that he would not wrong me. The sentiments of awe and reverence I feel in his presence, could not be awakened by a villain. Ah! he is here. (She drops her head without looking at him.)

ENTER LORD SACKSVILLE, FROM THE HOUSE.

Lord Sacksville. All is now ready for our departure, dear Edith.

Edith. (Aside) What is it he says?

Lord Sacksville. Come, my child, let us be gone! (taking her hand.)

Edith. Sir! (shrinking from him.)

Lord Sacksville. What means this agitation—this alarm depicted on your countenance? I never saw you so before.

Edith. (Timidly) Pardon, sir, I cannot explain myself; but I ought not—I will not, follow you.

Lord Sacksville. (Astonished) Not follow me, Edith?

Edith. It is time to put an end to my inquietude; yes, it is you alone who can ease my tortured breast—you, whose noble and generous conduct I have so often admired. Take pity on me: I do not accuse you of any thing—no; but if I am to believe every thing that is said of you, I should fly from your sight—ahun you as a viper; but it is of yourself I would learn the truth,

Speak, I implore you—I rely upon your sincerity.

Lord Sackville. Edith, have I ever given you cause to doubt it?

Edith. (Still timidly, though firmly) Answer me, Lord Sackville!

Lord Sackville. Lord Sackville! (surprised) I see my nephew has betrayed me; and he it is, perhaps, who has raised these suspicions!

Edith. I would never have forsaken you—I would have proved my gratitude to you by the tenderest of cares; but when I hear your projects, think of your rank and power, and am reminded of my own obscure life, all is mystery to me. Remove my doubts, dissipate my fears, relieve me of the suspicions your inexplicable conduct has created, and I will instantly follow you.

Lord Sackville. (With calmness) Edith, I would have been happy, if, without searching to penetrate the motives of my conduct, you had reposed enough of confidence in me to permit me to be the absolute master of your lot: it was the only recompense I asked for my attention. What is it you fear, Edith? Look upon me; have I the appearance of a libertine?

Edith. No; (timidly) but sometimes—

Lord Sackville. I understand what you would say. Edith, from your infancy I have watched over your safety, as the parent bird watches its nestling: latterly, I have devoted myself to the sweet task of forming your reason, and of enlightening your mind; for you I have created this retreat, and embellished this habitation with all that wealth could purchase, or art adorn; for you I have neglected the world and the pomp of courts; renounced ambition and the statesman's honours. My only happiness was in passing my hours with you, Edith. Bring to your mind my language. What were my lessons? Did I not teach you the love of duty, of wisdom, and of religion? Is this the sophistry of a seducer? Think you, Edith, that I would have spoken unceasingly of the virtues of your sainted mother—invoked her sacred name to strengthen me in my task, for criminal intentions?

Edith. No—no, never; those accents—that look—I will never believe them. Now, sir, I am ready to follow you.

Lord Sackville. And to obey me in all things?

Edith. I solemnly promise.

Lord Sackville. Enough! it is my nephew only whom I ought to punish; for his love of you should not have made him forget the respect he owes to me.

Edith. His love! (embarrassed.)

Lord Sackville. Yes, my child, (taking her hand) I have read both of your hearts. He loves you; and, doubtless, you have not seen him with indifference. (Edith blushes.) I am sorry, Edith, for George is not worthy of you: he merits my indignation; he has deceived me.

Edith. He, sir?

Lord Sackville. At least I suspect him of having abused my confidence, and trifled with my affection for him. Edith, you must think no more of him. I require it; do you promise me?

Edith. (Timidly) Though it cost me much, I will obey.

Lord Sackville. (With transport) She's mine again! I have recovered her heart, and I resume my rights. Take this, Edith, and read it. (Giving her the letter.)

Edith. How! (after reading the letter, she goes to prostrate herself at the feet of Sackville; he catches her in his arms and folds her to his breast.)

Lord Sackville. No, not there—here, to my heart.

ENTER CHRISTINE.

Christine. (Perceiving them) Heavens! what is it I see?

Lord Sackville. Well, Christine, why do you look so terrified?

Christine. I come—that is, I mean to say that the man who was here this morning, wishes to see you. Miss, after my lessons, is it come to this? (aside to Edith.)

Lord Sackville. Tell him to come hither.—(Exit Christine.) Edith, do not divulge your secret to any body—mark me! to no one. If this officer has really orders to seize my nephew, I will hazard my life before I give him up; but, if, as I suspect, he is not the man he seeks—quiet your anxiety, Edith—I will pardon him for imposing on me. (Kissing her.)

ENTER CHRISTINE AND SKULKER.

Lord Sackville. So, sir, you have returned?

Skulker. Yes, my lord, I come to apprehend you—even you, sir!

Lord Sackville. On what pretence?

Skulker. That of violating the laws. You have secreted here the young man we pursue.

Lord Sackville. What reason have you to think so, sir?

Skulker. Don't pretend to deny it, my lord; a deposition has just been sent, of the fact, to me at the Golden Eagle.

Christine. Mr. Darnley's letter he means—(aside); but, Mr. Constable—

Skulker. Silence, before justice! We know why you have given shelter to the culprit; it is your nephew, Mr. Darnley.

Edith. And you come to arrest him?

Skulker. No, for the letter said he had escaped. It is for my lord here, I come, who is required to answer for his conduct, before the magistrate.

Edith. Ah! I am so happy Mr. Darnley hasn't deceived us: (aside) 'Tis well they think he has escaped.

Lord Sackville. (Aside) Poor George is innocent of my suspicions, after all. Well, sir, lead me to the magistrate of the village; I'll answer for my conduct to him. (Embraces Edith.) Think of your secret, dear Edith. Christine follow me. [Exeunt Sackville and Skulker.]

Christine. Poor child, she is lost! (aside, and exit.)

ENTER DARNLEY, FOLLOWING HIS UNCLE WITH HIS EYES.

Darnley. Capital! they have got my wise uncle just as I wished! He's prisoner in his turn, and I am free. (Advancing.)

Edith. (Perceiving him) What, sir, is that you! Do not venture from your concealment, I pray you, or you will be discovered.

Darnley. Indeed! (laughing.)

Edith. (Looking at him with astonishment) Lord Sackville, your uncle, even now has been apprehended, to answer for concealing you, before the magistrate.

Darnley. (Laughing heartily) I know it—I know it—it's excellent!—all my own work. Egad I didn't think I was gifted with such inventive powers.

Edith. Sir!

Darnley. I did it to prevent his carrying you off. It was a *ruse de guerre* of mine to gain an opportunity of saving you—ha! ha! ha!

Edith. And you are not the duellist after all?

Darnley. No; I know nothing of the duel. I overheard the bailiff when I was concealed in the pavilion; and I made use of the information, when discovered by my uncle, to prevent his suspecting me.

Edith. I am sorry to hear this declaration. You have deceived us. I find there is no trusting to appearances.

Darnley. I regret my conduct has deprived me of any portion of the esteem I flatter myself you entertained for me.

Edith. Esteem you! You are deceived, sir: Lord Sackville has forbidden me even to think of you.

Darnley. Lord Sackville—always my uncle. Go, I see it is in vain that I endeavour to drive him from your heart. Absent or present, Lord Sackville is your guide—your oracle. (Scornfully.) Doubtless, if I were to offer you my hand and fortune, you would ask his consent to accept them.

Edith. Certainly.

Darnley. Tell me, I pray you, how has he gained this ascendancy in your mind? What are his rights over you?

Edith. His rights? (embarrassed) I dare not say; but—

Darnley. I will save you the pain of an explanation—you love him.

Edith. (With spirit) Love him!—oh, that I do! I love him more than I can express: within a few moments I feel that my tenderness for him has doubled; never can the image of another hold the same place in my heart.

Darnley. (Passionately) This is too much. Your blindness drives me to despair; but I will not abandon you in your fatal error. Edith, the moments are precious. I conjure you to follow me.

Edith. To follow you!

Darnley. Yes, infatuated creature, on my knees I implore you—(throwing himself at her feet)—as you regard your happiness, your future welfare, I implore you to quit this place. I—I will protect you from every harm.

ENTER LORD SACKVILLE, HASTILY.

Lord Sackville. Audacious—before my very eyes!

Edith. Ah, sir, believe—

Darnley. So soon returned!

Lord Sackville. Yes; all is finished—you are free. The real culprit has been found; and the wounded man is out of danger: all is amicably settled. When you next have recourse to invention, George, be more guarded in what you say. Young man—young man, you have destroyed my confidence in you. (Taking Edith by the hand) Come, Edith, there is nothing now to prevent our departure. George, I leave you master of my house; if you wish to remain, you may command here as absolutely as myself. Come, dear Edith, now we will never part.

ENTER CHRISTINE, HASTILY, OVERHEARING THE LAST WORDS.

Christine. No, I will not suffer it. It is to me alone she belongs—to me she was confided; and rather than she should follow you, I will implore the aid of your nephew.

Darnley. Yes, and I will defend her.

Lord Sackville. Against me?

Darnley. Aye, against the world entire. Threaten to load me with the weight of your anger, deprive me of your countenance—of a fortune that I despise. I am no more your nephew; I break all ties between us. I will free Edith from your power, and shield her from the most dangerous seduction.

Lord Sackville. Seduction!

Darnley. I understand your arts. You abuse the empire you hold in her young and inexperienced heart. I will save her in spite of you and of herself. I will be her guide, her defender; and to any other than you, my quick indignation should—but I forget not the kindred bonds that unite us; and 'tis to that recollection alone that you may attribute my forbearance and your safety.

Lord Sackville. Well said, high-toned moralist (In a severe tone.)—What have you done, sir, I pray, that can justify this language? You have deceived an uncle, who loved you; you have introduced yourself into his house to ensnare a young orphan, whose innocence and my protection should have rendered sacred from insult; you have abused my love, and the shelter I have given you; you have betrayed two things, sir, which should never go unpunished—the confidence of an honest man, and the rights of hospitality.

Darnley. (Somewhat affected) I confess, sir, that I have injured you; but let love, the most violent, plead my excuse.

Lord Sackville. Seek not to palliate your faults by such pretexts. Did you not know that all my hopes of happiness were centered in Edith? By what right then did you dare to offer the succour which she did not ask? Who has told you I would not give her my name?

Darnley. Your name! Can it be possible!

Lord Sackville. But that you may have no cause hereafter to reflect upon my conduct, here is Edith, (taking her by the hand) she is free to choose. Let her pronounce between us. Edith, will you follow him, or me?

Edith. And do you think I could hesitate for a single moment? (throwing herself into the arms of Sackville.)

Darnley. (Confounded) Heavens! I am satisfied! Uncle, I quit your sight forever—too happy, if by my absence I can expiate my wrongs towards you. Edith, farewell, forever! (He is departing slowly.)

Edith. (Timidly to Sackville) He quits us forever: he seems very sad—very afflicted.

Lord Sackville. (Coolly) Why does he go—tell him to return.

Edith. That I will, with all my heart. (Running up to Darnley, who is slowly walking off the stage) Mr. Darnley, you must not leave us; Lord Sackville says you must return.

Darnley. No, Edith, I have not the courage. I am not permitted to love you, or to aspire to your hand, and I cannot live near you. No, Edith, I go to terminate a wretched existence far from you and happiness.

Lord Sackville. Well, Edith, what says my refractory nephew?

Edith. (Hanging her head) What says he?

Lord Sackville. Did he not say he could not live without you?

Edith. (Smiling timidly) I believe he did say something of the kind.

Lord Sackville. I comprehend. (Seeing Darnley approaching by degrees to the front) As George has broken all ties of relationship with me, I will own him no longer as my nephew.

Edith. } (Together) } Pity him!

Darnley. } } Pardon me!

Lord Sackville. (In a high voice) But I make him my son, by giving him my daughter.

Christine. } His daughter! (together)

Darnley. }

Lord Sackville. (Embracing) Could any one think that my tenderness for Edith, was other than that of a father?

Darnley. Oh, sir! how I have wronged you! (embracing him.)

Christine. And I too. Heaven forgive me for it!

Darnley. Pray, explain—

Lord Sackville. Hereafter you shall know more. For the present, let it suffice, that family quarrels compelled me to conceal my marriage with the mother of Edith; but now I am permitted to declare it, and vest my dear child with her rights. I pardon you, dear George, for your intentions were pure. In confiding to you my dear Edith, let me hope that you will give her no occasion to regret her lot; and, remember, that the only thing a father cannot pardon, is the neglect of his daughter's happiness.

THE NORTH COUNTRY.

LOVEST thou those plains of sunny glow
Where roses linger, where myrtles blow?
Would'st thou slumber thy noon-tide in orange bowers,
Mid the rainbow bloom of ten thousand flowers;
Where glancing rivers, still and deep,
Make summer music to lull thy sleep,
Where all things fair and fragrant be?
Go, seek them in laughing Italie.
But if Nature bind thee with mightier spell,
In her rugged empire of "flood and fell;"
If thy spirit answer in prouder tone
When it strives with the giant hills, alone;
If the torrents which down the mountains quiver,
Can move thee more than the sun-lit river;
Then, roam the earth from sea to sea,
But stay thy step in the North Country.

Would'st thou dwell where a heaven of changeless hue
Bends its fair arch of radiant blue;
Burning by day with golden light,
And lit with its myriad lamps by night?
Where the languid air, through the branches sighing,
Murmurs a soft farewell in dying?
Go, bare thy brow to the zephyrs bland,
Which fan the flowers in the sweet south land.
But, lovest thou better to mark on high
The spirit shapes in a stormy sky?
Dost thou thrill with a rapture undefined
To the roaring song of the mountain wind?
Has the rustling tempest a mighty voice,
To bid thine inmost heart rejoice?
Then sweep the air with the wild-birds' fees,
But fold thy wings o'er the North Country.

Q. Q.

L.

THE REALMS OF AIR.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

THE realms on high—the boundless halls, where sports the
wing of light,
And Morn sends forth her radiant guest unutterably bright,
And evening rears her gorgeous piles amidst the purple ray,
How glorious in their far extent, and ever fair are they!
The dark autumnal firmament, the low cloud sweeping by,
The unimaginable depth of summer's liquid sky—
Who hath not felt in these a power, enduring, undefined—
A freshness to the fevered brow, a solace to the mind?
But most when, robed in nun-like garb, with sober pace and
still,
The dun night settles mournfully on wood and fading hill;
And glancing through its misty veil, o'er ocean's depths afar,
Shines here and there, with fitful beams, a solitary star.
Then wearied sense and soul alike receive a nobler birth,
Then flies the kindling spirits forth beyond the thrall of earth;
While lasts that soft and tranquil hour, to thought's high
impulse given,
A chartered habitant of space—a denizen of heaven!
Then, seen in those eternal depths, the forms of vanished days
Come dimly from their far abodes to meet the mourner's gaze;
And they the fondly cherished ones, and they the loved in
vain,
Smile tranquilly, as erst they smiled, restored and hailed again.
And words which, breathed in long-past years, the ear re-
members yet,
And sounds whose low endearing tone the heart shall not
forget;
The parent speech, the friendly voice, the whispered vow,
are there,
And fill with gentle melody the shadowy Realms of Air.

THE JUNGLE.

BY MISS ROBERTS.

It was in the cold season that a few of the civil and military officers belonging to the station of —, agreed to make a shooting excursion in the vicinity of Agra; and gave occasion to an animated scene. A convenient spot had been selected for the tents, beneath the spreading branches of a huge banyan; peacocks glittered in the sun upon the lower boughs, and troops of monkeys grinned and chattered above. The horses were fastened under the surrounding trees, and there fanned off the insects with their long flowing tails, and pawed the ground with their graceful feet. Farther off, stood a stately elephant, watching the progress of his evening repast preparing by his driver, and taking under his especial protection the pets of his master, a small dog, a handsome bird six feet high decked in plumage of lilac and black, and a couple of goats, who, knowing their safest asylum, kept close to his trunk, or under the shelter of his huge limbs. Beyond, reposed a group of camels with their drivers—some lying down, others standing or kneeling. Numerous white bullocks, their companions in labour, rested at their feet; while pack-saddles, paniers, and sacks, piled round, completed the picture. Within the circle of the camp a lively scene was passing; fires blazed in every quarter, and sundry operations of roasting, boiling, and frying, were going on in the open air. Every fire was surrounded by a busy crowd, all engaged in that important office—a preparation for the evening meal. The interior of the tents also presented an animated spectacle, as the servants were putting them in order for the night; they were lighted with lamps, the walls hung with chintz or tiger skins, carpets were spread upon the ground, and sofas surrounded by curtains of transparent gauze (a necessary precaution against insects) became commodious beds. Polished swords and daggers, silver mounted pistols and guns, with knives, boar spears and the gilded bows, arrows, and quivers, of native workmanship, were scattered around. The tables were covered with European books and newspapers; so that it was necessary to be continually reminded by some savage object, that these temporary abodes were placed in the heart of an Indian forest. The vast numbers of persons—the noise, bustle, and many fires about the camp, precluded every idea of danger; and the gentlemen of the party, collected together in front of the tents, conversed carelessly with each other, or amused themselves with looking about them. While thus indolently beguiling the few minutes which had to elapse before they were summoned to dinner, a full-grown tiger of the largest size, sprang suddenly into the centre of the group, seized one of the party in his extended jaws, and bore him away into the wood with a rapidity which defied pursuit. The loud outcries, raised by those persons whose faculties

were not entirely paralysed by terror and consternation, only served to increase the tiger's speed. Though scarcely a moment had elapsed, not a trace of the animal remained, so impenetrable was the thicket through which he had retreated; but, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of the case, no means which human prudence could suggest was left untried. Torches were instantly collected, weapons hastily snatched up, and the whole party rushed into the forest—some beating the bushes on every side, while others pressed their way through the tangled underwood, in a state of anxiety incapable of description. The victim selected by the tiger was an officer whose presence of mind and dauntless courage, in the midst of this most appalling danger, providentially enabled him to meet the exigencies of his situation. Neither the anguish he endured from the wounds already inflicted, the horrible manner in which he was hurried along through bush and brake, and the prospect so immediately before him of a dreadful death, subdued the firmness of his spirit; and meditating, with the utmost coolness, upon the readiest means of effecting his own deliverance, he proceeded cautiously to make the attempt. He wore a brace of pistols in his belt, and the tiger having seized him by the waist, his arms were consequently left at liberty. Applying his hand to the monster's side, he ascertained the exact position of the heart; then, drawing out one of his pistols, he placed the muzzle close to the part, and fired. Perhaps some slight tremor in his own fingers, or a jerk occasioned by the rough road and brisk pace of the animal, caused the ball to miss its aim, and a tighter gripe and an accelerated trot, alone announced the wound he had received. A moment of inexpressible anxiety ensued; yet undismayed by the ill success of his effort, though painfully aware that he now possessed only a single chance for life, the heroic individual prepared with more careful deliberation to make a fresh attempt. He felt for the pulsations of the heart a second time, placed his remaining pistol firmly against the vital part, and drew the trigger with a steadier hand, and with nicer precision. The jaws suddenly relaxed their grasp, and the tiger dropped dead beneath its burden! The triumph of the victor, as he surveyed the lifeless body of the animal stretched upon the ground, was somewhat subdued by the loss of blood and the pain of his wounds. He was uncertain, too, whether his failing strength would enable him to reach the camp, even if he would be certain of finding the way to it; but his anxiety upon this point was speedily ended by the shouts which met his ear, those of his friends searching for him. He staggered onward in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and issued from the thicket, covered with blood and exhausted, but free from wounds of a mortal nature.

THE VOICE.

THE preservation of the voice, and the means of improving its tone and compass, are subjects of no little interest, especially to the public speaker. Even though it be exerted only in ordinary conversation, in reading aloud, or in singing—whether as a part of religious worship, or in the social circle, a full, clear, and pleasing voice, must be considered as no mean accomplishment. The following hints on the preservation and improvement of this function, will, therefore, we trust, be not unacceptable to our readers.

The first and most important rule for the preservation of the voice, supported equally by ancient authorities and modern experience, is, that the public speaker should, if he “strive for the mastery,” be habitually temperate in all things, moderate in the use of wine, and in the indulgence of the table; and not given to any personal excess. A bloated body and an enfeebled constitution, are not only injurious to the voice, but render an individual equally incapable of any other exertion either of the body or mind. The voice should not be exerted after a full meal. This rule is a consequence of the first. The voice should never be urged beyond its strength, nor strained to its utmost pitch without intermission: such mismanagement would endanger its power altogether, and render it hoarse and grating. Frequent change of pitch is the best preservative. The same rule holds good in music. Skilful singers may, sometimes, for brilliancy of effect, and to show the compass of the voice, run up and touch the highest notes, or descend to the lowest; but they should by no means, in their modulations, dwell long on the extremes.

At that period of youth when the voice begins to assume the deep, full tone of manhood, no violent exertions should be made; but the voice ought to be spared until it becomes confirmed and established. Neither, in accordance with this rule, should the voice, when hoarse, be exerted at any period of life, if it can possibly be avoided.

Few things are so injurious to the voice as the use of tobacco. To speak well with any thing in the mouth; is scarcely possible. Provided even the tobacco be removed during a discourse, the saliva, in the absence of the accustomed stimulus, is either not secreted in sufficient quantity, and the mouth becoming dry, renders the voice harsh and broken; or, as is most commonly the case, the fluids of the mouth are furnished in excess—a circumstance in the highest degree detrimental to a clear and harmonious utterance. Snuffing is even more objectionable than chewing: by causing the breathing to be carried on solely through the mouth, the use of snuff produces very nearly the same change in the tone of the voice as occurs in an individual labouring under a cold. By all who desire the attainment

of a clear, distinct, and pleasing utterance, the use of tobacco in any manner, should be abstained from.

The voice as well as the health of a speaker, suffers materially unless the chest is allowed to expand freely. Hence, all compression or restraint should be carefully removed from this portion of the body: for the same reason, an erect position should be assumed as well in speaking and reading aloud, as in singing.

The tone of the voice is also considerably impaired, and its strength diminished, by a tightly drawn or large cravat. Both in speaking and singing, therefore, the neck should be free from compression, and but lightly covered.

The great means of improving the voice, as in all other improvements, is constant and daily practice. The professional exercise at the bar, in the senate, or in the pulpit, if properly attended to with a view to improvement, may suffice for the orator of our times. But the ancients, besides this, were in the daily practice of preparatory declamation. Their rule was, after proper bodily exercise, to begin at the lowest tones of their voice, and proceed gradually to the highest. They are said to have pronounced about five hundred lines in this manner, which were committed to memory, in order that the exertions of the voice might be less embarrassed.

The second rule has been anticipated, which is regular bodily exercise. The ancients recommend walking a certain distance before breakfast—about a mile. Riding on horseback, we do not find in this case recommended or practised, as a mere exercise. In order to strengthen the voice, Mr. Sheridan advises that such persons as have a weak utterance, should daily practise to read and repeat, in a large room, in the hearing of a friend. The latter should be placed, at first, at such a distance that they may be able to reach him with the voice in its usual tone; the distance is then to be gradually increased, until the friend shall have attained the farthest point at which he can hear distinctly without the voice of the speaker being strained. There he should remain during his declamations. Through this practice should he proceed, step by step, daily; and by so doing he will be enabled to unfold his organs of speech, and regularly increase the quantity and strength of his voice. It will be found, perhaps, that the same practice will be more easily and effectually pursued in the open air—particularly as every speaker cannot conveniently obtain the use of a room of the requisite dimensions.

We have, in the preceding remarks, contented ourselves with giving hygeinic precepts for the preservation and improvement of the voice. They who would desire to become acquainted with its physiology and analysis, and acquire a mastery over the elements of vocal sound, and a correct intonation in reading and speech, cannot consult a better work than that of Dr. James

Rush, entitled, "Philosophy of the Human Voice." We hardly know of any profession or liberal calling—certainly there is no seminary or college, the members of which would not derive equal instruction and pleasure from the perusal and attentive study of this work.—*Journal of Health.*

GENIUS.

WE are exceedingly prone to undervalue the services of our fellows, or rather to calculate them by the apparent ease or difficulty with which they are produced. But who can be a judge of the toils and fatigue of another whose habits and labours are so foreign to his own? Genius is looked upon as a sort of inspiration, which exerts itself without effort and produces its finished gems at a thought. The world deems not that the mind which builds such stupendous monuments of its power, surviving all that human hands have wrought, must labour, and faint, and agonize, in the execution of its task. They can sympathize with the sturdy labourer who struggles against physical obstacles with incessant sweat and weariness. They can condescend to look with pity upon the baffled powers of him who finds his labours to fail of their expected success, and bows to the stern necessity of renewing to-morrow the almost hopeless labours which have been fruitless to-day. They can grieve over the withering strength and constitution of him whose health has been torn from its iron foundation, by the sacrifice of ease and rest to the unsatisfying acquisition of gain. But for the toil and the fatigue, the wrestlings and the frustrate yearnings of the mind, the world has no sympathy.—Those who struggle for a feeble sustenance to support the life which they know they must sooner or later resign, and vanish with it from the very remembrances of the world—what are their hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, and tears, and despondencies, that they should be thought of before those whose every breath—whose every pulsation is pledged for immortality?

How often is the strain of the poet chanted and admired, and its richest feeling luxuriated upon, by the warm and imaginative spirits who gather sweets from every flower, without a thought of the cold and lonely solitude in which it was produced! His name may come carelessly upon their lips; but they forget it, amidst the social rapture which his minstrelsy has awakened; and they revel on, while he raises his sleepless ear to the tones of the midnight bell, as it frightens the echoes from their slumber, and deems it the knell of his long cherished but waning hopes. They laugh and flutter from flower to flower, feasting richly on the banquet which his anguish has purchased for them, while he ceases not his wrestlings with thought, for the momentary enjoyment of repose, but is wholly led captive by the one all-absorbing purpose, which, whether sleeping or

awake, occupies his dreams of future greatness:—

"Wringing from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is poured;
Learning deep sounds, that make the lyre
A spirit in each chord!"

And when, at last, the goal is won, and he has found that rest which the world denied him, though his treasures live after him and find their way into every cabinet, how strangely are they weighed in the balance of posterity! His communions with the muses, and the gushings of bitter thought which made his song immortal, are received as the resistless inspiration of nature. No one will yield to him the reward of his toil, as though it were toil; but he is looked upon as a gifted and exalted one, sent from a higher sphere to astonish the world with miraculous power. And this is the reward of the labours of the mind; to be reported to posterity as one who idly sung away a life of vanity and made himself immortal.

DELUSIVE TEST OF FEELING.

THE substitution of the transient and unreal, for the real and enduring objects of prayer, brings with it often that sort of ameliorated mysticism which consists in a solicitous dissection of the changing emotions of the religious life, and in a sickly sensitiveness, which serves only to divert attention from what is important in practical virtue.—There are anatomists of piety who destroy all the freshness and vigour of faith, and hope and charity, by immuring themselves, night and day, in the infected atmosphere of their own bosoms. Let a man of a warm heart, who is happily surrounded with the objects of social affections, try the effect of a parallel practice; let him institute anxious scrutinies of his feelings towards those whom hitherto he has believed himself to regard with unfeigned love:—let him in these inquiries have recourse to all the fine distinctions of a casuist, and use all the profound analysis of a metaphysician, and spend hours daily in pulling asunder every complex emotion of tenderness, that has given grace to the domestic life; and, moreover, let him journalize those examinations, and note particularly, and with the scrupulosity of an accountant, how much of the mass of his kindly sentiments he has ascertained to consist of genuine love, and let him from time to time, solemnly resolve to be in future more disinterested and less hypocritical in his affection towards his family. What, at the end of a year would be the result of such a process? What, but a wretched debility and dejection of the heart, and a suspension of the native expressions and ready offices of zealous affection. Meanwhile, the hesitations and the musings, and the upbraidings of an introverted sensibility, absorb the thought. Is it then reasonable to presume, that similar practices in religion can have a tendency to promote the healthful vigour of piety?—*Natural History of Enthusiasm.*

THE MOON.

AN ICELANDIC SONG, LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

Daughter of loveliness,
Planet of peace,
The pure beams of glory await thy command ;
The star of the evening
Is shining alone,
And Night with its raven wings covers the sky.

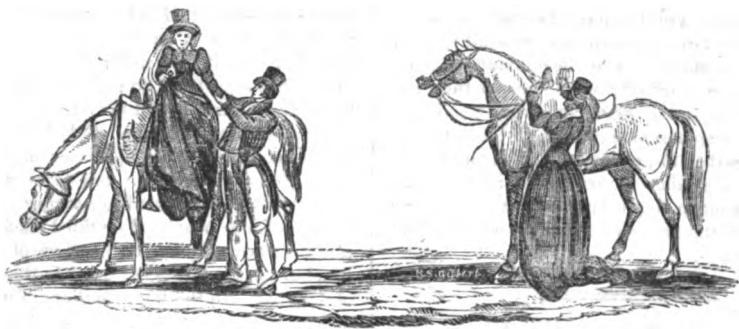
Daughter of loveliness,
Planet of peace,
Appear, and the darkness will vanish away ;
Thus, the sweet face of beauty,
In the brilliance of virtue,
Dispels all the guilt and the gloom of the world.

QUAESITOR.

SONG.

BY LAURA PERCY.

I'll wreath, I'll wreath a lovely bower,
With blossoms of the spring ;
And every bright and beauteous flower,
To gem the spot, I'll bring ;
I'll bring, I'll bring the light guitar,
To strike upon the spot ;
My melody shall sound afar,
Its lay—Forget me not !
My lady-love shall hear the notes,
That float upon the air ;
And ere my lips may end the song,
She will, she will, be there.
And oh ! her hallowed form divine,
Will sanctify the spot ;
And as the floral wreath we twine,
We'll sing—Forget me not !



RIDING.

THE subject of Riding, has been noticed in former numbers of this work at considerable length. Having conducted our fair readers through the leading principles, teaching them how to enjoy its pleasures and to avoid its perils, it only remains for us to dismount them with grace and safety, which will form a closing article to this healthy and profitable accomplishment.

DISMOUNTING.

The first important point to be attended to, in dismounting, is the perfect disentanglement of the clothes from the saddle ; and before the lady quits it, she ought to bring her horse carefully to a stop. If she be light and dexterous she may dismount without assistance, from a middle-sized horse ; but it is better not to do so if the animal be high. The right hand, in preparing to dismount, is to receive the reins, and be carried to the off crutch of the pommel. The reins should be held sufficiently tight to restrain the horse from advancing, and yet not so firm as to cause him to back or rear ; nor uneven, lest it make him swerve. The lady should next disengage her right leg from the pommel, clearing the dress as she raises her knee ; then remove her right

hand to her near crutch, and take her foot from the stirrup. Thus far the process is the same, whether the lady dismount with or without assistance. If she be assisted, the gentleman, or attendant, may either lift her completely off the saddle to the ground, if she be very young ; or, taking her left hand in his left hand, place his right hand on her waist, and, as she springs off, support her in her descent. (See Fig. 1.) She may also alight, if she be tolerable active, by placing her right hand in that of the gentleman, who in this case stands at the horse's shoulder, and descend without any other support. Should there be any objection or difficulty found in alighting by either of these modes, the gentleman, or assistant, may place himself immediately in front of the lady, who is then to incline sufficiently forward for him to receive her weight, by placing his hands under her arms, and thus easing her descent.

If the lady dismount without assistance, after the hand is carried from the off to the near crutch, she must turn round so as to be able to take in her left hand a lock of the horse's mane ; by the aid of which, and bearing her right on the crutch, she may alight without difficulty. In dismounting thus without assistance, she must turn

completely round as she quits the saddle, so as to alight with her face towards the horse's side. (See Fig. 2.) By whatever mode the lady dismounts, but especially if she do so without assistance, to prevent any unpleasant shock on reaching the ground, she should bend her knees, suffer her body to be perfectly pliant, and alight on her toes, or the balls of her feet. She is neither to relinquish her hold, nor is the gentleman, or assistant, if she make use of his ministry, to withdraw his hand, until she is perfectly safe on the ground. In order to acquire the mode of dismounting with grace and ease, more practice is required than merely descending from the saddle after an exercise or a ride. It is advisable to dismount, for some days, several times successively, either before or after the ride; commencing with the most simple modes, until the pupil acquires sufficient confidence and experience to perform either of these operations in a proper manner, with the mere help of the assistant's hand, and even to dismount without any aid whatever. If she be but in her noviciate in the art of riding, we strongly advise her in this, and all other cases, not to place too great a reliance on her own expertness, or attempt too much at first; but rather to proceed steadily, and be satisfied with a gradual improvement; as it is utterly impossible to acquire perfection in the nicer operations of the art, before the minor difficulties are overcome.

OLD LETTERS.

WHAT a world of thought and feeling arise in perusing old letters! What lessons do we read in the silliest of them; and, in others, what beauty, what charm, what magical illusion wraps the senses in brief enchantment! But it is brief, indeed. Absence, estrangement, death, the three great enemies of mortal ties, start up to break the spell. The letters of those who are dead, how wonderful! We seem to live and breathe in their society. The writers once, perhaps, lived with us in the communion of friendship, in the flames of passion, in the whirl of pleasure; in the same career, in short, of earthly joys, earthly follies, and earthly infirmities. We seem again to retrace these paths together; but are suddenly arrested by the knowledge that there lies a vast gulf between us and them: the hands which traced those characters, are mouldering in their tombs, eaten by worms, or already turned to dust. Nature, *human* nature, sickens at the thought; but redeemed nature says, although worms destroy the body, "yet in my flesh shall I see God." In this, and this great trust of faith alone, lies consolation; but, yet pause we must, and with melancholy regret dwell on the pictures of the past, which the letters of the dead present to our view. Why are we left here, when the younger, the wiser, the better, are called away? What use ought we to make of this favour? How instantaneously it might be taken from us! Shall we disregard the reflec-

tion? The highest, deepest thoughts may sometimes arise on a retrospection of old letters. But there are others of another nature, which speak to the heart in all its feebleness—in all its waywardness, tossed about in the storms of the feelings. Letters from those we once loved, who, perhaps are still living, but no longer living for us. It may be they grew tired of us; it may be we grow tired of them; or the separation may have arisen from mutual imperfections in character. Still the letters recal times and seasons when it was otherwise, and we look upon ourselves, out of ourselves, as it were, with much of melancholy interest. That identity of the person and that estrangement of the spirit, who can paint it? But often a more cruel weapon still than these has cut the tie of affection or love asunder; it is the pride, the prejudice, the ambition, avarice, or fickleness of *one* of the parties only. What a place, then, is the world for a tender, trusting, loving heart to rest in, where so many lay siege to its warmest, best affections! Rest in! Can it rest in it? No, it flies from hill to hill, from prospect to prospect, but the far off land of happiness is still far off. * * * * * There is still a third class of old letters on which the heart delights to expatiate; and it must be remembered, if any one deigns to peruse their pages, that they pretend to nothing more than a journal of the heart. The third class of old letters I am now alluding to, are those of the still living, but the absent. Oh! what do they not afford of delight! All the imperfections of moral intercourse are in this mode of communion, done away with; we see nothing but what is good and fair, kind, tender, gentle, amusing; they have the whole witchery of beauty, love, and truth in them, without one speck or flaw to lower the tone of that enchantment they contain.

HOW ARE SCHOLARS MADE!

COSTLY apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it most certainly and necessarily grows. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps, the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or who has read most, who can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man that can boast merely of native vigour and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—*Daniel Webster.*

THE KING'S PAGE.

A TALE OF FRANCE.

"Oh Love! oh happiness! is not your home
Far from the crowded street, the lighted hall?
Are ye not dwellers in the valleys green,
In the white cottage?"—L. E. L.

"The lily bloom'd in her lowly cot, and her guardian sire was there."—WORDSWORTH.

CHIVALROUS and brave were the heroes that comprised the Court of Henri Quatre; in the battle-field the lance was struck with the fiercest impulse, and the avenging sword made fire upon every helmet and breast-plate on which it fell; glory was the soldier's mistress, and to her alone his devotions seemed to be paid; but it was not really so, for with the return of peace a new life was taken up, and the heroes of the tented field became the slaves of their ladies' boudoir; the burnished arms and glittering casques were superseded by the soft silken robes that befitted hours of dalliance, and the sword and the spear became exchanged for the light guitar, whose dulcet melody was heard in every fair one's chamber, and its notes resounded from grove and bower, when the "mid-day sun was burning high," or in the softer hours of twilight, when all things seemed to mingle in harmony and repose, whispering peace and comfort to the breaking heart, and rapture to the happy. The leader of the gallants, the chief minister of pleasure, from whom the rest derived their inspiration, was Henri himself. Intrepid and fearless in the hour of battle, he was as eminent for his gallantry in the halcyon days of peace, and the example of the monarch was eagerly adopted by his followers. Sully, the good, the virtuous Sully, alone, dared to represent to his master the folly into which his impetuous passion often carried him; but the remonstrances of the minister, although allowed and respected, became speedily drowned in the riotous gallantry of his more esteemed associates. Among these, the Mareschal de Turenne held the highest place in his affections; he had fought and bled by Henri's side, his valour was acknowledged by the people, and Henri loved him; but the disposition of Turenne was altogether different to that of the monarch; the latter guiding his every action by the rule of honour; the other, hot, rash, and unthinking, often glossing over dishonourable deeds in his pursuit. There was a youth, too, in the palace, who enjoyed no inconsiderable share of Henri's regard; one of his pages, who had frequently attended him in the field, and in one instance had preserved his life at the extreme hazard of his own; this noble action endeared him to the monarch, who had him constantly about his person. The history of the page, however, could never be ascertained; he had been introduced to the king's service by a nobleman, since dead,

and the youth, Victor, himself, refused to answer any enquiries upon the subject; and when the king alluded to it, the only reply was tears. He was evidently the child of misfortune, though the glare and glitter of the court had thrown a bright veil over his sorrows, and the warrior boy, as Henri frequently termed him, had become the most gay and joyous youth about the court. Towards the Mareschal de Turenne, however, the absorbing attention of Victor was directed, and often his replies bore a mysterious import; Turenne's schemes of gallantry were discovered and most frequently destroyed by the page, who seemed dearly to enjoy the triumph he had won, and the mental distraction of the warrior. Yet Turenne dared not resent the many insults offered him, for, independent of the interdiction of the monarch, there was something in the boy's manner that awed him, and he shrunk even from his laughing reproof.

One clear and beautiful Summer's evening, Henri was walking in the romantic gardens of the palace, scheming new plans of pleasure, and anticipating the brilliant assemblage of beauty that would gem the festival of the night, when accidentally the tearful looks of his warrior boy met his glance, and he immediately exclaimed—

"Victor, my boy, why those tears? but now thou wert enjoying some mad-cap folly thou hadst played upon Turenne; he would have chastised thee but for my interference, but you seemed in your laughing revelry to despise his threats."

"Ah, sire!" exclaimed the page, "to you I dare reveal, that while the smile played upon my burning cheek, shame, sorrow, and indignation pervaded my heart, for he upbraided me with the mystery of my poor parents. Did all men resemble him, what would have been the fate of Victor!"

"Banish those reflections, my child; that face was never moulded for a tear to sully its pure brightness. I will confess, my admiration has been raised why thou should'st still conceal thy father's name, even from myself—still I commend thy caution;—it may be, that he is a foe to Henri and to France!"

"Oh no! impetuously exclaimed the page, "for the beloved Henri he would have shed his blood—would yield his life! But there has been — Ah!—excuse me, sire, I dare not proceed!"

"I will believe thee," rejoined the king; "you, doubtless, have sufficient reason for this mystery, but of this be sure, that Henri Quatre ever is thy friend."

The grateful page seized the hand of the monarch, and pressing it to his lips, testified his sense of the obligation; then snatching his guitar, he ran his fingers wildly over the strings, and breathed the warm feelings of his soul:—

"My father once fought for the freedom of France,
And was first the bright fame of his king to advance;
But alas! the sad hour—misfortune's dire hand,
Drove my ill-fated sire to a far distant land;
Where he grieves in despair, yet I dare not reveal
The secret which pains my young heart to conceal!

My heart-broken sire bid me join in the wars,
And fight in his own darling country's cause;
When I eagerly strove victor's laurels to gain,
And rescue from branded opprobrium our name:
Impetuous I rush'd to the midst of the strife,
And Heaven led my arm to save Henri's life!"

The monarch and his *protegee* were interrupted by the arrival of Turenne, warm with the expected gratification of another achievement in the field of beauty. Victor was immediately dismissed, and the gay Mareschal proceeded to develop his discovery. He had been shooting a short distance from Marseilles, and upon entering a woodman's cottage for refreshment, had been entertained by a beautiful and unsophisticated creature, who was instantly selected as a proper object for the perverted gallantry of the monarch and his dissolute companion. The king was in raptures at Turenne's glowing description of the rustic beauty's charms, and instantly ordering proper disguises, they proceeded to the woodman's cottage.

Though mystery hung so darkly over the fortunes of Victor's parent, yet the good old man lived not far distant from the spot where Henri and his court were now abiding. Victor often trembled lest the old man might be discovered, yet he himself, guileless and honest, trusted to the great Power that protects the innocent, and laughed his Victor's fears to scorn. Frequently did the son retire from the glare and splendour of royalty to enjoy the humble happiness of a home, beloved, because it was consecrated by a father's presence, and more endeared to him, because it was also the abode of his beloved Marie, a young and beautiful girl, who passed as the daughter of the woodman, but she was not really so. She was beloved by Victor, and the innocent Marie returned that love with all its purity and holiness.

Victor, his father Eustache, and his beloved Marie, were enjoying those domestic pleasures which alone the pure of heart may know, haloed by those undying rays of virtue which shed brilliancy across the career of life, and which even in pain, in anguish, speak consolation to the mourner, and whisper peace and resignation to the breaking heart.

Their home
Was covered with sweet creeping shrubs,
And had a porch of evergreens: it stood
Beneath the shelter of a maple tree.

Whose boughs spread o'er it, like a green tent,—
'Twas beautiful in summer, with gay flowers,
Green leaves, and fragrant grass strewn o'er the floor,
And, in the winter, cheerful with its hearth,
Where blazed the wood fire.—
Here was the happiness of hearth and home!

The little family were enjoying their domestic pleasures when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door, and Victor instantly recognized the voices of Henri and Turenne. The family were alarmed, but Eustache, desiring them to abate their fears, led his son into an interior apartment, and then quickly opened the door to the two disguised gallants. They introduced themselves as travellers in want of some needful refreshment, which was immediately granted by the woodman, who assumed an air of gaiety, and welcomed his enemies with a smile.

"Welcome, welcome, gentlemen," exclaimed he, "to the best my cottage affords; 'tis humble, true, but it is seasoned with good will, and the hearty welcome of old Eustache."

"You seem in brave spirits, my good host."

"Thus I am always;—here I live, a merry old woodman, contented and happy, for my home is devoid of care, and my meals are prepared by the sweetest child in Christendom;—nay, do not blush Marie—make the strangers welcome; you did not learn to blush of me, you rogue."

Turenne engaged the woodman in conversation, while Henri accosted the maiden; the artifice was not unseen by Eustache, who narrowly attended every action of his guests, though he apparently was absorbed in the humorous conversation of Turenne. The approaches of Henri, however, became too distressing to Marie for longer endurance, and Eustache instantly pouring wine, solicited the king to drink.

"Aye!" exclaimed the monarch, "to the lovely Marie."

"True, she is a good girl," rejoined the woodman, "an artless, unsophisticated innocent, her heart has never been sullied by the vices of a town, nor the licentiousness of a court, where such men as the Mareschal de Turenne preside."

"Ah!" exclaimed the king, "you think the Mareschal an indifferent fellow, eh?"

"Indifferent!" rejoined the indignant Eustache, "he is a blot upon humanity. Had Henri known the baseness of his heart, I, *perhaps*, should not have been in this forlorn condition;—perhaps, my child might have proved a meteor in the sky of France! But that's all over now,"—and the old man dashed away the tear that trembled upon his eyelid.

"And what the devil have you to say against Turenne?" enquired the astonished Mareschal.

"What is that to you.—Come drink again. The king—may heaven bless him!"

"You love your king, then?" enquired Henri.

"Yes, and have fought for him; my best blood has been spent in his service; but time, and the injuries I have experienced, have unnerved my arm, blanched my dark hairs, and brought me sorrowing to the grave. But still were my country in danger, I would again rush to the field,

for though my arms might be a little stiff, the more active warriors I could lead on to glory: if I beheld a coward fly, I would be a barrier to arrest his progress, and he either should return to his duty, or make his way across my bleeding corse!"

"Excellent old warrior! But tell me friend, why you are so embittered against the favourite Mareschal of Henri. If any secret hangs upon the information, I pledge my honour it shall go no farther, and as for my friend, I think I can well answer for him. Don't you think I can Philippe?"

"Assuredly," exclaimed the hot warrior, eager to learn the woodman's mystery.

"Well then," commenced Eustache, "some years ago—I am a bad hand at telling a story; but this is its burthen:—some years ago, there were in the French army, two generals, the Marquis de Croissy and the Count D'Albert."

"Ah!" exclaimed the monarch in surprise.

Eustache did not appear to notice the expression of his guest, and thus proceeded: "Nature had blest the Count with one fair child, a daughter, of whose beauties an Emperor might be proud; the panders of Turenne discovered the treasure, and soon reported her to their master, who had the vile audacity to propose dishonourable terms to the father himself—even to the noble Count D'Albert!"

"Impossible!" ejaculated the king.

"By heaven he did!" rejoined the woodman, "and I think he must remember to this day the return of the girl's father to the insolent proposition; but the Mareschal had an horrible revenge; the ruthless tiger, spoiled of his prey, laid snares for the indignant parent;—false witnesses were suborned, a plot was conjured up;—the Count, his friend the Marquis de Croissy, and their immediate circle of associates, who had dared to express their sentiments respecting the vicious conduct of Turenne, were implicated, arrested, tried—and banished!"

"Well, well do I remember that important affair," replied the monarch; "'twas said, too, that the king lamented two such noble warriors should prove traitors—"

"'Twas false!" interrupted Eustache, "let him stand forward who dare assert the crime, and in his teeth will I hurl back the lie, the wicked, damning lie!"

Turenne felt awed by the violent expression, and fierce demeanour of the woodman, beneath whose humble aspect, there appeared a brighter soul than beams usually in humble clay."

"And who are you," enquired he, "that you feel so warmly on the subject?"

Eustache paused for a moment, and after glancing keenly at his enquirer, replied, "The faithful servant of the Count, who scorned to leave his master amidst all his sufferings." Henri enquired his fate, and the old man continued:—"He paid the debt of nature; he was a man unused to misfortune, and when it burst so fiercely upon his devoted head, he sunk under it, and he died! In vain the Marquis and myself strove to

console him. In vain we bid him hope for pardon from the king. 'Tis foolish hope,' exclaimed he, 'The spirit of happiness has taken her flight from my bosom for ever, and all that remains for me, is to die!' He grasped my hand in the agony of grief, and a deadly paleness spread across his face, his lip became livid, and his eyes were fixed in death; he fell exhausted into my arms! A whisper murmured upon his lips—'Eustache, to thee I resign my child—preserve her from Turenne—protect her!' I swore before the face of Heaven to guard her as my own; tears fell from his pale eyes, and his white and chilly hands grasped mine—he looked upon my face, and with that look, he died!"

The youthful Marie, who had tremblingly listened to the woodman's recital, now fell in tears upon his bosom, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear father! no more! no more!" The sight was affecting; and to Henri's generous heart it spoke a language, forcible as pathetic; he looked expressively at Turenne, but the Mareschal averted his head, and remained in unmoved sternness, sketching figures upon the ground. The attention of Henri, however, was fixed upon the veteran, who endeavoured to compose the lovely and sorrowing girl: and observing that Henri was waiting for the conclusion of his little narrative, he hastily passed his hand over his brow to clear away the traces of the tears that had fallen upon the neck of his child, and thus proceeded:—"I have little more to add;—I laid the Count in the cold earth, and though no pompous procession escorted him to the tomb, no empty panegyric sounded over his remains, they were embalmed with the tears of his faithful follower; and his child planted a rose-tree upon his grave; it is still daily attended by the affectionate girl, and prayers from that hallowed spot rise to the throne of the blessed, from whence the spirit of the father looks down upon his child, and welcomes her aspirations of piety and hope."

A considerable pause succeeded the pious ejaculation of the woodman; Turenne remaining in his sullen abstraction, but Henri, in admiration of the generous fervour of his host; his every unworthy thought was sacrificed at the shrine of virtue, and his heart panted to reward such unsophisticated goodness. The light notes of the guitar, however, broke the long silence, and the king immediately recognised the voice of his page accompanying the instrument. Turenne started in surprise, and expressive looks were rapidly exchanged between the strangers. Ere they could come to any resolution, however, the door of the inner apartment opened, and the page entered with his guitar, nodding respectfully to the strangers, and continuing his *chanson* without the least movement of surprise.

"Turenne," whispered the king, "what mystery is this? what does this mean?"

"Mean!" echoed the Mareschal, "why that we are in a sad predicament—that cursed page will discover us, and then —"

"The Lord have mercy upon the poor Mares-

chal." Then turning to the page, he whispered, "Victor, how came you here?"

"I do not know you, indeed, good gentlemen, never saw you before in my life," replied the page, not appearing to be acquainted with them; a hint that was instantly taken by the monarch, who, with his companion, prepared to make a hasty departure. Victor, however, seizing the cloak of the latter as he was retiring, laughingly whispered in his ear—

"*Spoil sport, Mar! ha! ha! ha!*"

"You shall repent!" fiercely replied Turenne, as he burst from the grasp of the page; who rejoined with another loud peal of laughter, as he closed the door upon the woodman's guests.

On the ensuing day, while Henri was surrounded by his little circle of friends, Turenne, Victor, and the esteemed and virtuous Sully, sharing principally in the monarch's consideration, a page entered to announce the arrival of two peasants whom Henri had privately ordered to be arrested and conducted to his presence; they were now introduced, and the surprise of Victor was not greater than that of Turenne, upon beholding, in the two prisoners, the woodman and his child. "Honest Eustache," exclaimed the king, as they entered the saloon, "in hours of peace I am indeed a merry monarch, and it is fit that merry monarchs should be entertained by such merry subjects as thyself!" The apprehensions of Victor, Eustache, and Marie, subsided at the friendly greeting of the king, and the former stepping forward, and assuming an air of gaiety, observed, "I am happy that so brave a veteran will be rewarded by Henri Quatre." "He shall be rewarded, my warrior boy," rejoined the king. Turenne immediately remarked the strangeness of the royal determination, but Henri was resolute, and the Mareschal was compelled, at length, merely to solicit the aspersions might be retracted, which the woodman had so unsparingly cast upon him;—Eustache looked contemptuously upon the Mareschal, and in a voice of decision, exclaimed, "No!"—"Then," impetuously replied Turenne, "justice shall compel you to speak truly of the Mareschal!" "I have spoken truly," was the reply of Eustache, who became warm with the fierce observations of Turenne. "Liar!" exclaimed the latter—"Liar and slave! Dost thou not fear the vengeance of Turenne?"

"I fear no one—but my God and my king!"

"My brave, my good old man," rejoined the monarch, "this altercation must not be;—Mareschal, you must be reconciled to the loyal veteran."

It had proceeded too far, however, with the fiery Mareschal, who spurned the mediation of the monarch, and glancing furiously at Eustache, he repeated, "Liar and slave!"

"I cannot bear with this," cried Eustache, "I am no liar, I am no slave; to his face, to the bold face of the noble wretch, would I proclaim his infamy, and brand his villainy upon his brow."

"Slave, I am Turenne!"

"And I am ——"

"Hold, hold!" shrieked the page, as he threw himself into the woodman's arms, "you know not what you say."

"Away, away my child, it is too much, I cannot stand before my king and hear him praise my loyalty and zeal, and still be branded with a traitor's name—no, no, it is too much, and come what may, know wretch, I am thy victim, the innocent De Croissy!"

Turenne relapsed into his former sullenness; Eustache was clasped in the arms of Victor and Marie, his eyes flashing fire, and his face clear with the consciousness of innocence, which his general aspect confirmed. Henri gazed upon the scene with a sigh, and even the stern Sully shed tears. Victor looked wistfully in his patron's face, but met there with disappointment and regret; the Marquis de Croissy had returned from banishment and his life must pay the forfeit. Victor quitted the embrace of the veteran, and advancing entreatingly towards the throne, exclaimed, "indeed, he is innocent!" Henri waved his hand, the page continued to supplicate, but the monarch affirmed the law of France to be inviolable, and that it must take its course, he could not stay its execution.

"Oh!" exclaimed the page, "often have you required your warrior boy to ask some favour, the granting which might prove how tenderly you loved him: I have refrained from begging until now, and now I crave De Croissy's life!"

"It is not in my power to give."

"Oh yes, who dare disobey the orders of our king—of Henri Quatre?" He advanced upon the first step of the throne, and Henri averted his face;—the page knelt, and clasping the monarch's hand, murmured a stanza of his favourite and plaintive air:—

"My heart-broken sire bid me join in the wars,
And fight for his own darling country's cause;
Where I eagerly strove victor's laurels to gain,
And rescue from branded opprobrium our name;
Tempestuous I rushed to the midst of the strife,
And Heaven led my arm to save Henri's life!"

The page paused, and Henri turned towards him, exclaiming hurriedly—

"Indeed, indeed I would do much to repay thy valour—ask me any thing but this."

"I ask but life for life!"

"Why take this interest in a stranger's fate?"

"He is—my Father!"

Victor fell at his sovereign's feet, still grasping the hand which he held, and protesting the innocence of his parent.—At this moment an attendant entered the saloon with a communication from Turenne, who had left the spot in considerable agitation, while the page was pleading to the king. The monarch's eyes brightened as he perused the note, and immediately raising the page from his feet, he desired him to acquaint his noble father with his restoration to his original titles and possessions. The contents of that note never transpired, but the errors of Turenne were forgiven, and by his after deeds he endeavoured to atone for the misery which he had

previously created. The gloom of sadness and despair was superseded by the brilliancy of happiness, and the festival that witnessed the union of the page with the lovely Marie, the daughter of the Count d'Albert, whom de Croissy had cherished and protected, hallowed the reconciliation with Turenne, and his return to virtue. It was indeed a day of happiness; youth mingled with its characteristic fervour, in the scene, and age "threw its crutches by" for the moment, to encourage the festivity which such felicitous occurrences had occasioned. The Marquis de Croissy again resided in the halls of his ancestry, and the possessions of D'Albert were bestowed upon his child. The evening of de Croissy's life was thus cheered by a scene of joy that burst upon his paths when they seemed closed in eternal night, and his son Victor, and the faithful and affectionate Marie, enjoyed the felicity of their mutual loves, and Henri Quatre was their friend.

THE FIEND OF THE FERRY.

We proceeded in the path pointed out to us, when some odd joke-engendering name over a shop door, called off our attention, and we were once more at a loss. A debate ensued amongst us; one contending that we were to go down the lane—and another, by the clump of trees. Our embarrassment was, of course, only productive of more mirth, and we at length agreed to follow the movements of a peripatetic pig, which was lounging about in a state of self-enjoyment, and looked as though he wanted to make one of our party. The pig turned the corner of the lane, and we followed; but we had no sooner done so, than we beheld, coming towards us, the identical traveller who, but a few minutes before, had passed us on the road, as he directed us to the ferry. His return excited no surprise; but the tone of his voice when he addressed us, by saying:—"You are going wrong, I told you to keep the road round the ruined wall," awakened a new and rather startling sensation. The note was hollow and heavy. It was that of a bull-frog with a cold; a muffled drum, determined to be melancholy; a speaking trumpet troubled with an asthma; a funeral in a fit; a bass-viol imitating Sir Anthony Absolute.—Its modulations reminded one of the creaking of a dungeon door. He spoke as if he had a thunder-bolt sticking in his throat, that occasioned a sort of supernatural hoarseness. We have heard comic songs and cabbages cried in the most eccentric tones, we have communed with hackney-coachmen, and heard the notes of watchmen at all hours of the night; but these—they were merely the roarings of a nightingale, or the hoarseness of a cricket, compared to the full, deep, internal, and sepulchral sound that issued from the mouth of our travelling finger-post, as, with an eye darting reproach, and a lip mingling something like scorn with civility, he said, "You are going wrong—I told you to keep

the road round the ruined wall!" As he paused a minute to explain the way to one of our party, I had an opportunity of observing him.

He looked like a romance in one volume. He was above the middle size, rather thin, and with nothing remarkable in his dress but a white slouched hat, and a pair of boots that seemed to have been made for a satyr. His face, however, as well as I could judge of its character, through the dark shadow flung across it by the overhanging brim of the hat, betrayed one of those expressions which, to use a phrase no less convenient than original, "are more easily conceived than described." It was compounded from a whole library of horrors. He had taken his nose from the "Monk," and his eyes from "Melmoth."—The Minerva press was in his mouth, and Mrs. Radcliffe frowned fiercely from his vaulted brows. "The Italians" slept in the hollow of one cheek, and "The Robbers" in that of the other. He was a composition of Middleton and Michael Angelo—the spear of Satan and the broomstick of Hecate.—*London Monthly Magazine.*

COLOURS.

NOTHING contributes in a more particular manner to heighten the beauty of the skin than the choice of colours.—For example, females of fair complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should choose light and brilliant colours, such as rose, azure, light yellow, &c.—Women of a dark complexion, who dress in such colours as we too frequently see them do, cause their skin to appear black, dull and tanned. They ought, therefore, to avoid white robes, and rose colour or light blue ribands, which form too distasteful a contrast with their carnations. Let such persons, on the contrary, dress in colours which are best suited to them; in particular, green, violet, purple; and then that darkness, which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast, will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment; their complexion will become lively and animated, and will exhibit such charms as will dispute and even bear away the palm from the fairest of the fair. In a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct, by light colours, the paleness of their complexions; and darker women, by stronger colours, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation. We must not omit a very important observation, respecting the change of colours by light.—Thus, crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose colour, which loses its charms by candle light; but this crimson, seen by day, spoils the most beautiful complexion; no colour whatever strips it so completely of all its attractions. Pale yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to people who have a fine carnation; but at night it appears dirty and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion, to which it is designed to give brilliancy.

HOPE AND LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

ONE day, through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure:
All mirth and smiles I saw them go—
Each was the other's banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They pass'd by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower:
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers:
'Fly on,' said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
'I teach my friends to doubt you.'
'Come back,' said Age, with bitter tears,
'My heart is cold without you.'

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitter honey;
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A grey-beard joined them, Time by name;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outstalled the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow:
The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging;
And from the thickets all around,
Sad nightingales were singing.

'I leave you here,' quoth father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And Love kneel'd down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven:
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave,
And whispered, 'Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave—
We'll meet upon the other.'

PEARLS.

BY N. A. BROWNE.

WHY should I tell of the diamond's blaze?
Why should I sing of the sapphire's rays?
Ye are purer, and fairer, and dear to me—
Gems of the ocean, Pearls of the sea!

There are feelings of all that is sweet and mild,
Dreams that are pure as the dreams of a child;
Many an innocent holy thought,
By gazing on you, to my bosom brought.

I love to behold you, fairy Pearl!
When ye wreath around rich raven curls—
I love to see you when some naught,
Almost as white as yourself, ye deck.

I think, in looking on you, of the wave
That birth to your simple beauty gave;
I think of the rolling waters that sweep
Over your brethren of the deep;

And I think of the crimson coral cells,
Where first ye lay in your native shells;
And I dream of the nereid's fabled song
That floats those sparry balls among.

I remember the venturesome diver who first
Beheld you amidst the sea-weeds nurst,
And snatched you eagerly away,
To smile again at the smiling day.

And I think of the tranquil, tranquil sea,
When the stars were burning steadily,
As if they were looking the clear wave through,
To see if their glances could rest on you.

And there are better thoughts than these,
That rise when I see you, Pearls of the seas!
Ye are like pure spirits that dwell through life
Unharm'd amidst its care and strife.

And there's a hand that shall bear them away,
At last, to the light of a cloudless day,
And treasure them more than ocean gems,
And set them in heavenly diadems!

TEST OF TRUE LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

I sought for true and faithful Love,
Young Hope and Joy my footsteps guided,
And soon I reach'd a flowery grove,
Where two fair rival boys resided.
The one was laughing, playfully wild—
Smiles grazed his lips, bright wreaths entwined him;
The other—thoughtful, timid, mild—
Approached with look downcast behind him.

Hope on the first enraptur'd glanced;
Joy bent his knee in fond devotion;
When, lo! a pensive nymph advanced
With mournful brow and measured motion;
A cypress wand she waved on high—
She touched the boy—his roes vanish'd,
Tears quench'd the lustre of his eye,
And all his frolic wiles were banish'd.

I turn'd, and on his rival gazed;
Oh! with what charms my eyes were greeted!
While, as I stood entranced, amazed,
The nymph these warning words repeated:
"Passion the guise of Truth may wear—
The spells of Joy and Hope may borrow,
But faithful love alone can bear,
The sure unerring test of sorrow."

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

CARD BOXES.

THESE boxes are made on the same principle as the former, but of the shape and size of a pack of cards: they generally have a notch in the upper part to admit the thumb and finger, in order to extricate the cards. By this plan, however, in



1 a short time, the outside cards become solid; to remedy which inconvenience, we recommend the following method:—Make an incision in the front and back of the lower part of the box, about two-thirds from the bottom; pass a piece of ribbon, the width of the incision, through each of them; fasten one end to the outside by a small bow, and at the other end attach a small button



2 leaving so much ribbon in the inside, that when the cards are put in, it will be flat under them, on the bottom of the box, without a crease (see dotted lines, fig. 1.) To take them out, pull the small button, which will draw the ribbon straight, and, consequently, lift the cards. This contrivance may be applied to similar boxes made for any other purpose, such as to contain a beautifully-bound little book, &c. (Fig. 2, the card-box.)

PAINTING ON GLASS.

Among those works which profess to teach the art of painting on glass, we find some in which directions are given for staining large windows in churches and halls; and the others, which merely contain the process of producing the paintings sometimes seen in cottages, or carried about the streets for sale, by the Italians and Jews, representing scriptural or sporting subjects. These, we believe were much in vogue sixty years since, as we find the mode of doing them described in all the Young Artist's Assistants of that day; which mode has been copied into similar publications up to the present time. They direct us to fix a mezzo-tinto print upon the back of a sheet of glass, and to remove the paper by wetting and rubbing—leaving the impression of the print, which is afterwards to be painted in broad washes; the ink of the print giving the shadows. The picture being then turned over, the glazed side becomes the front, and the colours first laid on are, of course, nearest to the eye.

The methods by which glass is stained, are scientific; they require a profound knowledge of chemistry, and such apparatus, as must preclude the practice of this, which is the grandest branch of the art, as an amusement. It may be interesting, however, to know the principles upon which it is performed. The glass being, at first, colourless, a drawing is made upon it, and the painting

is laid on with mineral substances; the vehicle being a volatile oil, which soon evaporates. The sheets of glass are then exposed to a powerful heat, until they are so far melted that they receive the colours into their own substances: enamel painting is done on the same principle. This is a time of great anxiety to the artist; as, with all possible care, valuable paintings, both in glass and enamel, are frequently spoiled in the proving, or vitrification. The art seems to have been lost during several centuries, but it has of late been successfully revived; and large windows have been executed for churches and gothic halls, which almost vie with the fine old specimens in the cathedrals, in point of colour, while they far excel them in other respects.

The branch of the art which may be treated as an accomplishment, is the decoration of glass flower-stands, lamp-shades, and similar articles, with light and elegant designs. Flowers, birds, butterflies, and pleasing landscapes, yield an extensive range of subjects, which are suitable to this style of ornamental painting. The glasses may be procured ready ground. The outline may be sketched in with black-lead pencil, which can be washed off with a sponge when the colours are dry. The whole of the colours employed must be transparent, and ground in oil: opaque, or body colours will not answer the purpose. They may be purchased in small bladders, only requiring to be tempered with fine copal or mastich varnish, and a very little nut oil, to be ready for use. Blue is produced by Prussian blue; red, by scarlet or crimson lake; yellow, by yellow lake, or gumboge; green, by verdigris, or mineral green, or a mixture of Prussian blue and gumboge; purple, by a mixture of lake and Prussian blue; reddish brown, by burnt sienna; and all the other tints may be obtained by combinations: for white, or such parts as are required to be transparent, without colour, the varnish only should be employed. A very chaste and pleasing effect may be produced by painting the whole design in varnish, without colour. It is an advantage to this style of painting, that but few colours are required; as, from the nature of the subjects, and their purpose as ornaments, brilliancy is more desirable than a nice gradation of tints. The work must, of course, be carefully dried, but may afterwards be cleaned with a sponge and cold water.

WHOM is there, who in the sanctuary of his hidden thoughts, would balance a moment, in forming a partnership for life, between a flaunty belle, though robed in the finest silks of Persia, and tinted over so brightly with native or apothecary's vermilion, and a plain young lady, neat, modest, intelligent, instructed with a full mind and regulated heart.

From the *Literary Souvenir*, for 1831.**THE LOVERS OF VIRE.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF RICHELIEU.

THE sun was shining as fair as the sun could shine in a beautiful May morning; bright, yet gentle; warm, but fresh; midway between the watering-pot of April and the warming-pan of June, when, in the beautiful valley of Vire—every body knows Vire—but, lest there should be any body in the wide world who does not, dearly beloved reader, I will tell you all about it.

Get into the stage-coach, which journeyeth diurnally between London and Southampton; enjoy the smoothness of the road, bless Mr. M'Adam, put up at the Dolphin, and yield yourself to the full delights of an English four-post bed, for no such sweets shall you know from the moment you set your foot on board the steam-boat for Havre, till the same steam-boat, or another, it matters not which, lands you once more on the English strand.

Supposing you then arrived at Havre—get out of it again as fast as you can; rush across the river to Honfleurs; from Honfleurs dart back to Caen; and after you have paused five minutes to think about William the Conqueror, put yourself into the diligence for St. Malo; and when you have travelled just twelve leagues and a half, you will come to a long steep hill, crowned by a pretty airy looking town, whose buildings, in some parts, gathered on the very pinnacle—in others, running far down the slope, seem as if coquetting with the rich valleys that woo them from below.

Go to bed; and if you bathe your feet beforehand, which if you are of my faction you will do, walk over the tiled floor of the inn bedroom, that you may have a fit opportunity of cursing tiled floors, and of relieving yourself of all the spleen in your nature before the next morning. Then, if both your lover and the day be favourably disposed, sally forth to the eastern corner of the town, and you will have a fair view over one of the loveliest valleys that nature's profuse hand ever gifted with beauty. The soft clear stream of the Vire winding sweetly along between the green sloping hills and the rich woods, and the fields and chateaux, and hamlets, and the sunshine catching upon all its meanderings, and the birds singing it their song of love, as its calm waters roll bountifully by them. Look upon it, and you will not find it difficult to imagine how the soul, even of an obscure artisan in a remote age, warmed into poetry and music in the bosom of that valley, and by the side of that stream.

It was, then, in that beautiful vale of Vire, some twenty years ago, that Francois Lormier went out to take his last May walk with Mariette Duval, ere the relentless conscription called him from his happy home, his sweet valleys and his early love. It was a sad walk, as may well be imagined: for though the morning was bright, and nature, to her shame be it spoken,

had put on her gayest smiles as if to mock their sorrow, yet the sunshine of the scene could not find its way to their hearts, and all seemed darkened and clouded around them. They talked a great deal, and they talked a long time; but far be it from me to betray their private conversation. I would not, for all the world—especially as I know not one word about it—except, indeed, that Francois Lormier vowed the image of Mariette should remain with him for ever; should inspire him in the battle, and cheer him in the bivouac; and that Mariette protested she would never marry any body except Francois Lormier, even if rich old Monsieur Latoussefort, the great Foulan, were to lay himself and fortune at her feet; and, in short, that when his “seven long years were out,” Francois would find her still a spinster, and very much at his service. “Mais si je perdois une jambe?” said Francois Lormier.—“Qu'est ce que ça fait?” replied Mariette.”

They parted—and first to follow the lady. Mariette wept a great deal, but soon got calm again, went about her ordinary work, sang her song, danced at the village fete, talked with the talkers, laughed with the laughers, and won the hearts of all the youths in the place, by her unadorned beauty and her native grace. But still she did not forget Francois Lormier; and when any one came to ask her in marriage, the good dame, her mother, referred them directly to Mariette, who had always her answer ready, and with a kind word and a gentle look sent them away refused, but not offended. At length good old Monsieur Latoussefort presented himself with all his money bags, declaring that his only wish was to enrich his gentille Mariette; but Mariette was steady, and so touchingly did she talk to him about poor Francois Lormier, that the old man went away with the tears in his eye. Six months afterwards he died, when to the wonder of the whole place, he left his large fortune to Mariette Duval!

In the meanwhile Francois joined the army; and from a light handsome conscript, he soon became a brave, steady soldier. Attached to the great Northern army, he underwent all the hardships of the campaigns in Poland and Russia, but still he never lost his cheerfulness, for the thought of Mariette kept his heart warm, and even a Russian winter could not freeze him. All through that miserable retreat, he made the best of every thing. As long as he had a good tender piece of saddle, he did not want a dinner; and when he met with a comfortable dead horse to creep into, he found board and lodgings combined. His courage and his powers of endurance called upon him, from the first, the eyes of one whose best quality was the impartiality of his re-

compense. Francois was rewarded as well as he could be rewarded; but at length, in one of those unfortunate battles by which Napoleon strove in vain to retrieve his fortune, the young soldier in the midst of his gallant daring was desperately wounded in the arm.

Pass we over the rest. Mutilated, sick, weary, and ragged, Francois approached his native valley, and doubtful of his reception—for misery makes sad misanthropes—he sought the cottage of Madame Duval. The cottage was gone; and on inquiring for Madame Duval, he was directed to a fine farm-house by the banks of the stream. He thought there must be some mistake, but yet he dragged his heavy limbs thither, and knocked timidly against the door.

"Entrez!" cried the good-humoured voice of the old Dame. Francois entered, and unbidden tottered to a chair. Madame Duval gazed on him for a moment, and then rushing to the stairs called loudly, come down, Mariette, come down, here is Francois returned! Like lightning, Mariette, darted down the stairs, saw the soldier's old great coat, and flew towards it—stopped—gazed on his haggard face, and empty sleeve: and gasping, fixed her eyes upon his countenance. 'Twas for a moment she gazed on him thus, in silence; but there was no forgetfulness, nor pride about her heart—there was sorrow, and joy, and love, and memory in her very glance. "Oh Francois!" cried she, at length, casting her arms round his neck, "how thou hast suffered!" As she did so, the old great coat fell back, and on his breast appeared the golden cross of the legion of honour. "*N'importe!*" cried she, as she saw it, "*Voilà ta recompense.*" He pressed her fondly to his bosom. "My recompense is here," said he, "my recompense is here!"

THE GUITAR.

THE extraordinary fascination and currency which this favourite instrument has acquired in the fashionable circles, has induced us to give it some degree of attention. The Spaniards very fairly claim its origin; but when the Moors introduced it into their romantic country, it is stated to have had only four strings: two have since been added. Italy has done much for it; and the music of Giuliani will command admiration, delight, and preference, as long as good taste and feeling shall exist.

The Guitar decidedly possesses a power of combining all those musical sounds which constitute harmony, in a much higher degree than any other instrument of its size; and to suppose that it is only desirable as an accompaniment for the voice would be a prejudice, and could not be so felt by any of our fair readers, who have once heard the delicious harmony which it produces under the grasp of a talented professor. To those who possess the advantages of a fine voice, or one even of moderate power, there can be no instrumental accompaniment so pleasing or so soft as that which the guitar produces, or one so easily acquired; but that is its least merit.

The power which the cords afford, enables the professor or amateur, to execute the most difficult compositions, as well as to produce the most intricate modulations; and to this, we may add, that its portability enables every one to convey it in situations from which the harp and piano-forte are excluded.

When we refer to the earlier periods of European history, how intimately do we find the guitar connected with the chivalry and romance of Italy, France, and Spain; whether in the camp, bower, or closet, it has solaced the weary hours, and formed the delight of the beautiful and the brave.

Notwithstanding the patronage which has been given to the guitar, not one of the various books of instruction which have been published as yet, possess an adequate or distinct method for its acquirement, most differing in their methods of teaching and fingering; we are therefore happy to know, that a work on the subject will shortly appear, which is described to us as the result of many years experience, and a laboured study of all the works of Giuliani, Carulli, Aquad, Leguani, Ser, and others; its principal merit being its distinctness and brevity. The author is Mr. Ferdinand Pelzer, and is expected to be the most efficient and compendious method of instruction for the guitar that can be used.

FIDELITY.

DESERT not your friend in danger or distress. Too many there are in the world whose attachment to those they call friends, is confined to the day of their prosperity. As long as that continues they are, or appear to be, affectionate and cordial. But as their friend is under a cloud, they begin to withdraw, and separate their interest from his. In friendship of this sort, the heart, assuredly, has never had much concern. For the great test of true friendship, is constancy in the hour of danger—adherence in the season of distress. When your friend is calumniated, then is the time openly and boldly to espouse his cause. When his situation is changed, or misfortunes are fast gathering around him, then is the time of affording prompt and zealous aid. When sickness or infirmity occasions him to be neglected by others, that is the opportunity which every real friend will seize of redoubling all the affectionate attention which love suggests. These are the important duties, the sacred claims of friendship, which religion and virtue enforce on every worthy mind. To show yourselves warm in this manner in the cause of your friend, commands esteem even in those who have personal interests in opposing him. This honourable zeal of friendship has, in every age, attracted the veneration of mankind. It has consecrated to the latest posterity, the names of those who have given up their fortunes, and have exposed their lives, in behalf of the friends whom they loved; while ignominy and disgrace have ever been the portion of them who deserted their friends in the hour of distress.—*Blair.*

THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES.

ST. EVREMOND has told us, that "a woman's last sighs are for her beauty;" and what this wit has advanced, the sex has ever been too ready to confirm. A strange sort of art, a sort of sorcery, is prescribed by tradition, and in books, in the form of cosmetics, &c. to preserve female charms in perpetual youth. But I fear that, until these composites can be concocted in Medea's caldron, they will never have any better effect than exercising the faith and patience of the credulous dupes, who expect to find the *elixir vitæ* in any mixture under heaven.

The rules which I would lay down for the preservation of the bloom of beauty, during its natural life, are few, and easy of access. And besides having the advantage of speaking from my own wide and minute observation, I have the authorities of the most eminent physicians of every age to support my argument.

The secret of preserviug beauty, lies in three things—temperance, exercise, and cleanliness. From these few heads I hope much good instruction may be deduced. *Temperance* includes moderation at table, and in the enjoyment of what the world calls pleasure. A young beauty, were she as fair as Hebe, and elegant as the Goddess of Love herself, would soon lose these charms by a course of inordinate eating, drinking, and late hours.

I guess that my delicate young readers will start at the last sentence, and wonder how it can be that any well-bred woman should think it possible that pretty ladies could be guilty of either of the two first mentioned excesses. But when I speak of *inordinate* eating, &c., I do not mean feasting like a glutton, or drinking to intoxication. My objection is not more against the quantity than the quality of the dishes which constitute the usual repasts of women of fashion. Their breakfasts not only set forth tea and coffee, but chocolate, and *hot* bread and butter. Both of these latter articles, when taken constantly, are hostile to health and female delicacy. The heated grease, which is their principal ingredient, deranges the stomach; and, by creating or increasing bilious disorders, gradually over-spreads the fair skin with a wan or yellow hue. After this meal, a long and exhausting fast not unfrequently succeeds, from ten in the morning till six or seven in the evening, when dinner is served up; and the half famished beauty sits down to sate a keen appetite with Cayenne soups, fish, French pateses steaming with garlic, roast and boiled meat, game, tarts, sweetmeats, ices, fruits, &c. &c. &c. How must the constitution suffer under the digestion of this *melange*! How does the heated complexion bear witness to combustion within! And, when we consider that the beverage she takes to dilute this mass of food, and assuage the consequent fever in her stomach, is not only water from the spring, but champagne, madeira, and other wines, foreign

and domestic, you cannot wonder that I should warn the inexperienced creature against intemperance. The superabundance of aliment which she takes in at this time, is not only destructive of beauty, but the period of such repletion is full of other dangers. Long fasting wastes the powers of digestion, and weakens the springs of life. In this enfeebled state, at the hour when nature intends we should prepare for general repose, we put our stomach and animal spirits to extraordinary exertion. Our vital functions are overtasked and overloaded: we become hectic, for observation strongly declares that invalid and delicate persons should rarely eat solids after three o'clock in the day, as fever is generally the consequence; and thus, almost every complaint that distresses and destroys the human frame, may be engendered.

"When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain;
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse."

Besides, when we add to this evil the present mode of bracing the digestive part of the body, what is called *long stays*, to what an extent must reach the baneful effects of a protracted and abundant repast? Indeed, I am fully persuaded that long fasting, late dining, and the excessive repletion then taken into the exhausted stomach with the tight pressure of steel and whalebone on the most susceptible parts of the frame then called into action, and the midnight, nay, morning hours, of lingering pleasure, are the positive causes of colds taken, bilious fevers, consumptions and atrophies.

I must not draw this chapter to a close, without offering my fair readers a few remarks on the malignant influence exercised on the features by an ill-regulated temper. The face is the index of the mind: on its expressive page are recorded in characters lasting as life itself, the gloom of sullenness, the arrogance of pride, the withering of envy, or the storm of anger; for, even after the fury of the tempest has subsided, its fearful devastations remain behind.

"From anger she may then be freed,
But peevishness and spleen succeed."

The first emotions of anger are apparent to the most superficial observer. Every indulgence in its paroxysms, both adds strength to its authority, and engraves its history in deeper relief on the forehead of its votaries. What a pity it is that antiquity provides us with no authentic portrait of the illustrious Xantippe! for I am sure the features of that lady would lend their ready testimony to the value of my admonitions.

When good humour and vivacity reign within, the face is lighted up with benignant smiles; where peace and gentleness are the tenants of

the bosom, the countenance beams with mildness and complacency. Evil temper has, with truth, been called a more terrible enemy to beauty than the small-pox. I beseech you, therefore, as you value the preservation of your charms, to resist the dominion of this rude despoiler, to foster and encourage the feelings of kindness and good-humour, and to repress every emotion of a contrary character.

I shall conclude this important subject, by remarking with the Spectator, that "no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the gift of speech."

WOMAN—AT HOME.

It is said that the character of a woman may be known by the internal appearance of her house, and the dress and manners of her children. If the furniture of her apartments exhibits an air of extravagance and show, rather than comfort, we may infer that she is a vain woman;—and that her mind, and her dress, are equally fantastic. If the ornaments of her house, however splendid they may be, are badly arranged, or incongruously assorted with those that are mean or common, and more especially if the drapery of Arachne is suffered to hang through the walls or cornices, it is a "proof strong as holy writ," that she is deficient both in taste and neatness. Such a woman would as likely as not wear black stockings with a white dress—roses in her beaver, and a cap to save the trouble of combing her hair.

If her children, notwithstanding the fashion or richness of their clothes, are dirty, or carelessly dressed—if their minds are uncultivated, and their manners rude, the mother will most generally prove to be both ignorant and indolent, or which is worse, wholly indifferent to the well-being of her children. The opposite of all these may be ascribed to the woman whose house is neat in every part as far as she is able to render it so. It matters not whether she dwells in a palace or a cottage, order and neatness are conspicuous in every thing round her. In the dress of her children, she unites simplicity with taste, and attends at once to the improvement of their minds, and the cultivation of those graces which, in a greater or less degree, according to their respective stations in life, will recommend them to society. Such a woman, although she may not be learned or accomplished according to the modern acceptation of the term, will be found to possess judgment, good sense, and a correct taste. With respect to her dress, its "unfitness" will never be made an apology for not seeing her friends. Her domestic, or other engagements, may with propriety prevent her from receiving their visits; but if she chooses to see them, her dress, if proper for the business in which she may happen to be engaged, she will never be ashamed of. Both at home and abroad it will always be

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dictated by a sense of propriety, preserving a proper medium between the extravagancies of fashion, and that homely plainness that usually denotes an ordinary mind.

WAR-CRY OF THE ANCIENT NOBLESSE.

FATHER MONET, in his "Origin," &c. of Heraldry, defines this custom in the following terms: "The *War-cry* is a clamour, peculiar to hostile medley and battle, and composed of one, two, or three words, which are uttered in a loud voice by one single individual, or on occasion, by a number of mouths in conjunction; it is pronounced either as indicating good luck, as supplicatory of the Divine assistance, as a defiance or challenge to fight, or as a watch-word, ensuring recognition."

It was no uncommon thing for the heads of houses to change the cry which had descended to them from their ancestors. In this way the war-cry of the ducal house of Brabant, which had been "*Louvain and its rich Duke!*" (*Louvain au riche Duc!*) down to the thirteenth century, was at that time changed into "*Limburg and he that has conquered it,*" by John the Victorious. A cotemporary annalist tells us, in allusion to this circumstance, "Our duke returned to his native country, full of fame and glory, and throughout every town his return was celebrated by processions, festivities, triumphs, and bonfires of joy. And a short space afterwards, he went and took possession of the duchy of Limburg, which he had acquired at so much expense, toil, and danger; nay, so much value did he set upon this notable conquest, that, abandoning the ancient war-cry of his forefathers, which was "*Louvain au riche Duc!*"—he adopted that of "*Limbourg a celui qui l'a conquis!*"

The cry of the house of Burgundy was "*Our Lady for Burgundy!*"—of the Earls of Flanders, "*Flanders and its Lion!*" (the armorial bearings of that Earldom); and of the Lords of Haesbrouck, literally, "*Help God Haesbrouck!*" Many adopted for their war-cry the names of the towns, the banner of which they bore.

The custom is, indeed, of an extremely remote date; for even Gideon's army, when advancing to the assault of the Midianites, rushed on shouting "For God and Gideon."* Da Costa also records, that it was common even amongst the Mexicans, and that when led by Isoalt, their Sovereign, against the Tapanees, they cried aloud as with one voice, "Mexico! Mexico!"

* "And they cried, 'The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.'"—Judges, vii. 30.

CONVERSATION.—Great talents for conversation require to be accompanied with great politeness; he who eclipses others owes them great civilities, and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation than to shine in it.

THE WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

* * * * * Alas!

Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And o'er his inmost vitals, creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow a stiffened corse,
Stretched out and bleaching on the northern blast.

Two men travelling, about the middle of December last, from St. Louis to the north western part of Missouri, fell in with another traveller, named Jones, who was journeying towards his residence, which was about fifty miles this side of the destination of the other two. The air became more raw and chill, as they proceeded northward, and the snow fell in considerable quantities, at intervals. When within about two days' ride of their home, the cold set in most intensely, the wind rose in all its fury, and beneath its howling blast the sturdy trees of the forest bent like the slender ozier and the limbs, hurled from their trunks, were scattered on the ground: the fleecy flakes of snow were thickly twirled through the murky atmosphere, and clouds were piled on clouds, in majestic darkness, till not a speck of blue was discernable on the face of heaven, and day put on the appearance of gloomy night. Unable to proceed on horseback through the meeting branches that crashed together above their heads, they dismounted, and on foot pursued their doubtful way through the darkened forest, unable to discover the path, as the snow had covered it and rendered it indiscernible. Scarcely able to endure the intense cold, Jones was disposed frequently to lie down and commit himself to the care of Providence, but was prevented from doing so by the others, as the numbness and torpor and disposition to sleep had not yet taken possession of them. At length, finding him unable to speak, and his whole power of body overcome as it were by sleep, and judging from their own feelings that the like must soon come upon them, they determined to leave him and endeavour if possible to make their way to some habitation. Night was just setting in, and death in its most appalling form stared them in the face. Surrounded with all the horrors of darkness and solitude, they continued their hopeless way through brambles and low underwood for some distance, till their ears caught the welcome tinkling of a cow bell. The wind whistling, as if it were from the four corners of heaven, prevented them ascertaining from whence it proceeded; however, after some time, their eyes observed a light from a little hut, that, together with the sheep cot and stable attached to it, was the only mark of civilization for several miles in this dreary solitude. We approached, said the narrator, and knocked at the door. A quick, nimble step was the only response, and the door immediately opened. A

female appeared, and at first exhibited considerable surprise, starting back a few paces, but immediately advanced and invited us in. Our necessities were eagerly and with the utmost pleasure attended to by the family, which consisted of the wife, two sons, and as many daughters. When, by the fire and other means resorted to by the family, we had recovered sufficiently the power of speech, we informed them of the distressing situation in which we had left a fellow traveller about a mile back, as we supposed. From their conversation, I had learned that their father was expected that day from St. Charles, whither he had gone on business. We readily perceived from the countenances of the family, that they entertained a fearful conjecture who the traveller might be. We wished to accompany the two young men, who immediately prepared to set out for the unfortunate sufferer, but they refused, inasmuch as we were scarcely able to walk, and would necessarily detain them, and could give them very little assistance towards finding the place, as from the drifting of the snow in heaps, we could not be able to distinguish the way we had come. They called their sheep dogs, and lighted a flambeau each, and taking some blankets, in which to wrap his body, started after him. After the sons had started, we noticed particularly the uneasiness of the affectionate wife. At every little interval she would open the door and look if her sons were coming down. One of us put our hand on the vacant mantle, on which were piled some books, and taking down a small pocket Bible, noticed written on one of the blank leaves, "presented by Joshua Jones to his affectionate wife, on the anniversary of their marriage," and showing it to the other, we both agreed that he undoubtedly was the sufferer whom we had left behind, yet we mentioned not our impressions to the family. We were invited to partake of a repast, that had been accelerated on our account, and as we were about sitting down, the lady went to the door, and seeing her sons advance with the body, recognized the features by the glare of the torches, uttered a shriek, and fell on the floor. He was brought in and laid on a bed before the fire, and friction and fomentation with hot liquor, and in fine every thing was tried to restore him, but to no purpose. The mortal numbness had seized his body, the chill of death had frozen his vitals, the heart was stagnant, and to beat no more. The voice of lamentation filled

the house. The loving wife and daughter mingled their distressing wailings, and the manly nature of the sons, which supported them while there was any hope of restoration, and enabled them calmly to use every means in their power for their father's recovery, sunk under their weight of woe, and they wept aloud. We endeavoured to calm the agitation and sorrow of the distressed family, though they "sorrowed not like those without hope," yet their grief was violent, and though the hour was late when they retired to rest, yet the sobs that ever and anon broke the silence of the night, indicated the absence of repose from the eyelids of the afflicted. We watched the corpse till morning, which was as calm and beautiful as the day previous had been terrible, and fitly represented the calm and glorious beauties of that eternal world to which the traveller, wearied with the storms and hurricanes had gone to dwell forever. In the evening the corpse was interred in one corner of the garden, that lay before the house, in all the solemnity of silent, weeping woe, with the happy assurance of its participating in the resurrection of the just, when mortal will put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory. On the following morning we left the disconsolate family, who would have gladly detained us, as grief finds always a partial relief in the sincere condolence even of strangers.

A PRUDENT TUTOR.

ARCHBISHOP MOORE owed his rise in life to two accidental circumstances. The Duke of Marlborough required a tutor for his sons, and wrote to Dr. Sutton, the then Principal of Christ's Church College, Oxford, to appoint a proper person. The Doctor selected a young man, and the Duke appointed a time for an interview with him at the College. Either in consequence of mistaking the hour, or from a carelessness of disposition, he did not keep the appointment, and both Dr. Sutton and the Duke grew angry. At this critical juncture Mr. Moore passed by the house and caught the eye of Dr. Sutton, who informed his Grace that, perhaps, it was as well the gentleman for whom they had so long waited in vain had disappointed them, as he might prove as negligent with respect to his duties as he had been in attending to his appointment, and he then strongly recommended Mr. Moore to the Duke. His Grace made no objection to this new arrangement. Mr. Moore was sent for, and introduced; and, before the day closed, every necessary preliminary was arranged. Mr. Moore was not only a man of very great classical attainments, but also a most estimable character. He was likewise eminently handsome; and to his person, rather than to his talents, he was indebted for his seat on the Archbishop's throne. He had been some few years the family tutor, when his personal attractions placed him in an awkward, if not a dangerous situation. One of

the daughters of his patron became enamoured of him, and hinted so broadly her wishes, that he could not affect to misunderstand her. In a short time, as the tutor did not profit by a hint, the lady spoke plainly. Mr. Moore could not return her love, and to avoid being pressed too closely, mentioned it in confidence to the Duke. His Grace was grateful, and assured Mr. Moore that he would never lose sight of his fortune. Nor did he; for, as a reward for the tutor's declining a noble alliance, he never rested until he saw him installed in the See of Canterbury. The Archbishop acknowledged to a late Right Reverend Prelate, from whom I obtained this anecdote, that had he admired the lady, he very probably might have acted differently.

SINGING OF PSALMS.

THIS has been a very ancient custom both among the Jews and Christians. St. Paul mentions this practice, which has continued in all succeeding ages, with some variations as to mode and circumstance; for so long as immediate inspiration lasted, the preacher, &c. frequently gave out a hymn; and when this ceased, proper portions of scripture were selected, or agreeable hymns thereto composed; but by the council of Laodicea, it was ordered that no private composition should be used in church; the council also ordered that the psalms should no longer be one continued service, but that proper lessons should be interposed to prevent the people being tired. At first the whole congregation bore a part, singing all together; afterwards the manner was altered, and they sung alternately, some repeating one verse, and some another. After the emperors became Christians, and persecution ceased, singing grew much more into use, so that not only in the churches but also in private houses, the ancient music not being quite lost, they diversified into various sorts of harmony, and altered into soft, strong, gay, sad, grave, or passionate, &c. Choice was always made of that which agreed with the majesty and purity of religion, avoiding soft and effeminate airs; in some churches they ordered the psalms to be pronounced with so small an alteration of voice, that it was little more than plain speaking, like the reading of psalms in our cathedrals, &c. at this day; but in process of time, instrumental music was introduced first amongst the Greeks.

Pope Gregory the Great refined upon the church music and made it more exact and harmonious; and that it might be general, he established singing schools at Rome, wherein persons were educated to be sent to the distant churches, and where it has remained ever since; only among the reformed there are various ways of performing, and even in the same church, particularly that of England, in which parish churches differ much from cathedrals; but most dissenters comply with this part of worship in some form or other.

For the Lady's Book.

SERENADE.

LADY! sleep for thy lover's sake,
 Though Heaven is bright and the air is balm—
 The stars look down on the sleeping lake,
 For the wind is hush'd in a holy calm.

Sleep! and the visions of bliss attend,
 That visit the couch of the pure and fair—
 The sportive legions of Fancy lend
 Their soft enchantment to bless thee there.

Sleep! for the world has nought like this
 In the weary circuit of busy day—
 No joy like that of the dreamer's bliss,
 No light like the flashings of Fancy's ray.

Then sleep in safety, while stealing round,
 The soften'd note of my light guitar
 Shall charm thy slumber with gentle sound,
 Till Phoebus shall mount his golden car.

Sleep! till the fingers of rosy Morn
 Shall draw the curtains that veil the sun,
 'Till the young day from the skies be born—
 Then wake in beauty, my fairest one!

S.

TO THE SUNFLOWER.

PRIDE of the garden, the beautiful, the regal,
 The crown'd with a diadem burning in gold;
 Sultan of flowers, as the strong-pinion'd eagle
 And lord of the forest their wide empire hold.

Let the Rose boast her fragrance, the soft gales perfuming,
 The Tulp unfold all her fair hues to me—
 Yet, though sweet be their perfume, their rainbow dyes
 blooming,
 I turn, noble Sunflow'r, with more love to thee.

There are some think thy stateliness haughty, disdain—
 Thy heaven-seeking gaze has no charm for their eyes;
 'Tis because the pure spirit within thee that's reigning,
 Exalts thee above the vain pleasures they prize.

Emblem of constancy, whilst he is beaming,
 For whom is thy passion so steadfast, so true?
 May we, who of faith and of love are aye dreaming,
 Be taught to remember this lesson by you!

If on earth, like the Sunflower, our soul's best devotion
 Shall turn to the source of Truth's far-beaming rays;
 O, how blest, how triumphant, shall be our emotion,
 When the bright "Sun of Righteousness" bursts on our
 gaze!

J. R.

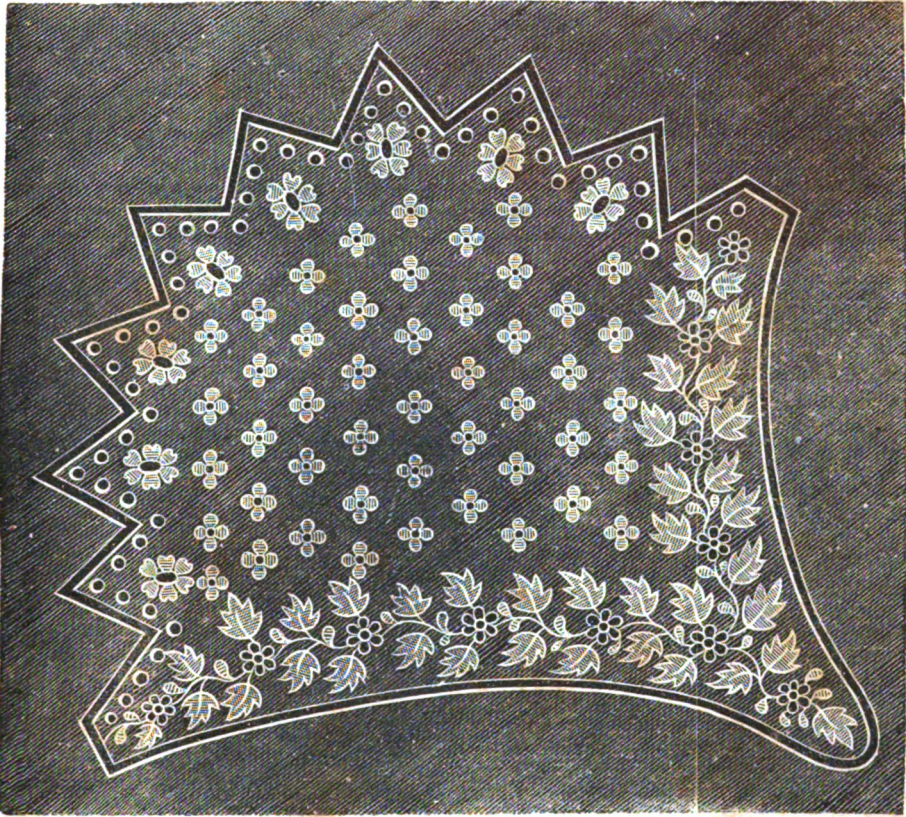
EMBROIDERY.

No apology, we presume, need be offered to our readers for continuing to devote a portion of our pages to the interesting subject of Embroidery. The patterns which illustrate it, and which are among the most approved embellishments of the work, are always chosen with such regard to their excellence, and the favourable opinion in which they are held in fashionable society, that we can confidently offer them to young practitioners as specimens of needle-work worthy their particular attention, and as calculated to improve their taste for this desirable accomplishment, which of late years seems to have gained more ardent admirers than any other ornamental branch of modern female education. In exemplification of its usefulness, it will not be irrelevant to mention a fact which, perhaps, may be familiar to some, although new to many. Formerly, in the internal regulation of domestic concerns, a considerable item of expenditure resulted from gratifying the desire to possess this part of female attire; which, as it was wholly of foreign manufacture, neither added to the sources of native industry, nor advanced, in the slightest degree, the national prosperity of our country; consequently, the advantages which have grown out of the extensive knowledge of our females in adopting, and in manufacturing for themselves the article to suit their own purpose, must be apparent. From the great facility with which a knowledge of Embroidery may be attained, and the zeal shown in acquiring the art, many enterprising and meritorious artisans

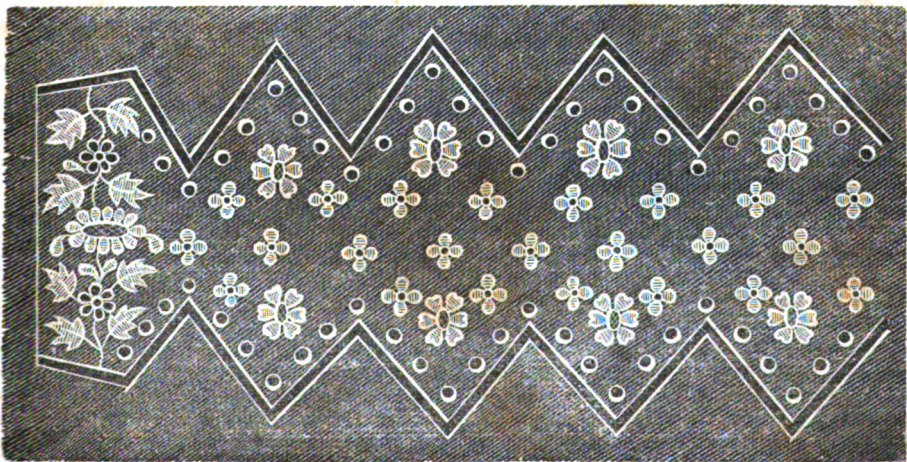
have sprung up among us, whose efforts have been signalized by complete success. Indeed, it has been accorded by acknowledged judges, that the younger branches of many families have been enabled, by close application, to exhibit specimens of skill which would be creditable to the oldest manufacturing establishments in Europe. But, it may be considered most satisfactory to know, that it has been rendered a profitable employment to some industrious individuals, whose means of support have been so much improved by devoting themselves to it, as to secure comparative independence. It certainly, then, must be a strong incentive to those who have never yet given that serious attention to the subject, which their inclinations prompt, and a desire for improvement justifies, to apply themselves to the study of so useful and ingenious an art. In the preceding numbers of our work, explanations are given of the whole minutia of Embroidery, which, with the aid of a little practice, will supercede the necessity of any further instruction; but still, it may be gratifying to many of our fair readers, who, in consequence of a distant residence from our large cities, are circumscribed in their means of information on this interesting subject, to learn that we shall continue to adorn the pages of the *LADY'S BOOK* with such additional illustrations of this useful and elegant accomplishment, as may appear to us likely to give them a correct estimate of its intrinsic importance. Our next number will contain several new patterns.

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

CROWN PATTERN.



FRONT PATTERN.



From the London Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1881.—

THE TRAVELLING TIN-MAN.

AN AMERICAN STORY, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MISS LESLIE.

MICAJAH WARNER was owner and cultivator of a small farm in one of the oldest, most fertile, and most beautiful counties of the State of Pennsylvania, not far from the Maryland line. Micajah was a plain Quaker, and a man of quiet and primitive habits. He was totally devoid of all ambitious cravings after tracts of ten thousand acres, and he aspired not to the honour and glory of having his name given to a town in the western wilderness, (though *Warnerville* would not have sounded badly,) neither was he possessed of an unconquerable desire of becoming a judge, or of going to Congress. Therefore, he had always been able to resist the persuasions and example of those of his neighbours, who left the home of their fathers, and the comforts of an old settlement, to seek a less tedious road to wealth and consequence, on the other side of the Allegany. He was satisfied with the possession of two hundred acres, one half of which he had lent (not given) to his son Israel, who expected shortly to be married to a very pretty and notable young woman in the neighbourhood, who was, however, no heiress.

Upon this event, Israel was to be established in an old frame house that had long since been abandoned by his father, in favour of the substantial stone dwelling which the family occupied at the period of our story. The house had been taken up and transplanted to that part of the farm now allotted to Israel, and he very prudently deferred repairing it till he saw whether it survived its progress across the domain. But as it did not fall asunder during the journey, it was judged worthy of a new front door, new window-panes, and new shingles to cover the vast chasms of the roof; all which improvements were made by Israel's own hands. This house was deposited in the vicinity of the upper branch of the creek, and conveniently near to a saw-mill which had been built by Israel in person.

Like all of her sect, whether in town or country, Bulah, the wife of Micajah Warner, was a woman of even temper, untiring industry, and great skill in housewifery. Her daughters, commonly called Amy and Orphy, were neat pretty little Quaker girls, extremely alert, and accustomed from their earliest childhood, to assist in the work of the house. As her daughters were so handy and industrious, and only went half the year to school, Mrs. Warner did not think it necessary to keep any other *help* than an indented negro girl, named Cloe.

Except the marriage of Israel, which was now in prospect; a flood in the neighbouring creek, which had raised the water so high as to wash away the brick oven from the side of the house;

a tornado that carried off the roof of the old stable, and landed it whole in an adjoining clover field; and a visit from a family of beggars, (an extraordinary phenomenon in the country,) nothing occurred among the Warners for a long succession of years that had occasioned more than a month's talk of the mother, and a month's listening of the children. "They kept the even tenor of their way." The occupations of Israel and his father (assisted occasionally by a few hired men) were, of course, those of the farm, except when Israel took a day, now and then, to attend at his saw-mill.

With regard to domestic arrangements, every thing connected with household affairs went on in the same course year after year, except that, as the daughters of the family improved in capability of work, Cloe, the black girl, retrograded. They washed on Monday, (with the assistance of a woman, hired for the day,) ironed on Tuesday, performed what they called "the little baking," on Wednesday, and "the big baking," on Friday; cleaned the house on Saturday, and clear-starched their book-muslin collars; rode on horseback to Friends' meeting on Sunday morning, and visited their neighbours on Sunday afternoon.

It was the day after the one on which Israel and his bride-elect had passed meeting, and consequently, a month before the one fixed for the wedding, that something like an adventure fell among the Warner family.

It was a beautiful evening at the close of August. The father and son had been all day in the meadows, mowing the second crop of grass; Mrs. Warner was darning stockings in the porch, with her two daughters knitting on the bench beside her; Amy being then fourteen, and Orphy about twelve. Cloe was absent, having been borrowed by a relation, about five miles off, to do the general work of the house, while the family were engaged in preparing for a quilting frolic.

"Come, girls," said Mrs. Warner, to her daughters, "it's just sun-down. The geese are coming home, and daddy and Israel will soon be here. Amy, do thee go down to the spring-house and bring up the milk and butter; and Orphy, thee can set the table."

The two girls put up their knitting, (not, however, till they had knit to the middle of the needle,) and, in a short time, Amy was seen coming back from the spring-house, with a large pitcher of milk and a plate of butter. In the meantime, Orphy had drawn out the ponderous claw-footed walnut table that stood all summer in the porch, and spreading over it a brown linen cloth, placed in regular order their every-day supper-equi-

page of pewter plates, earthen poringers, and iron spoons.

The viands consisted of an immense round loaf of bread, nearly as large as a grindstone, and made of wheat and Indian meal, the half of a huge cheese, a piece of cold pork, a peach pie, and an apple pie; and, as it had been baking-day, there was the customary addition of a rice-pudding, in an earthen pan of stupendous size. The last finish of the decorations of the table was a large bowl of cool water, placed near the seat occupied by the father of the family, who never could begin any of his meals without a copious draught of the pure element.

In a few minutes, the farmer and his son made their appearance as they turned the angle of the peach-orchard fence, preceded by the geese, their usual avant-couriers, who went out every morning to feed in an old field beyond the meadows.

As soon as Micajah and Israel had hung up their scythes, and washed themselves at the pump, they sat down to table; the farmer in his own blue-painted, high-backed, high-armed chair, and Israel taking the seat always allotted to him, a low chair, the rushes of which having long since deserted the bottom, had been replaced by cross pieces of cloth listing, ingeniously interwoven with each other; and this being, according to the general opinion, the worst seat in the house, always fell to the share of the young man, who was usually passive on all occasions, and never seemed to consider himself entitled to the same accommodation as the rest of the family.

Suddenly, the shrill blast of a tin trumpet resounded through the woods that covered the hill in front of the house, to the great disturbance of the geese, who had settled themselves quietly for the night in their usual bivouac around the ruins of an old waggon. The Warners ceased their supper to listen and look; and they saw emerging from the woods, and rattling down the hill at a brisk trot, the cart of one of those itinerant tin merchants, who originate in New England, and travel from one end of the Union to the other, avoiding the cities, and seeking customers among the country people; who, besides buying their ware, always invite them to a meal and a bed.

The tin-man came blowing his horn to the steps of the porch, and there stopping his cart, addressed the farmer's wife in the true nasal twang that characterizes the lower class of New Englanders, and enquired "if she had any notion of a bargain." She replied that "she believed she had no occasion for any thing;" her customary answer to all such questions. But Israel, who looked into futurity, and entertained views towards his own housekeeping, stepped forward to the tin-cart, and began to take down and examine various mugs, pans, kettles, and coffee-pots—the latter particularly, as he had a passion for coffee, which he secretly determined to indulge both morning and evening as soon as he was settled in his domicile.

"Mother," said Amy, "I do wish thee would buy a new coffee-pot, for ours has been leaking

all summer, and I have to stop it every morning with rye meal. Thee knows we can give the old one to Israel."

"To be sure," replied Mrs. Warner, "it will do well enough for young beginners. But I cannot say I feel quite free to buy a new coffee-pot at this time. I must consider about it."

"And there's the cullender," said Orphy, "it has such a big crack at the bottom, that when I am smashing the squashes for dinner, not only the water, but the squashes themselves drip through. Better give it to Israel, and get a new one for ourselves."

"What's this?" she continued, taking up a tin water dipper.

"That's for dipping water out of the bucket," replied the tin-man.

"Oh, yes!" cried Amy, "I've seen such a one at Rachel Johnson's. What a clever thing it is! with a good long handle, so that there's no danger of splashing the water on our clothes. Do buy it mother. Thee knows that Israel can have the big calabash: I patched it myself, yesterday, where it was broken, and bound the edge with new tape, and it's now as good as ever."

"I don't know," said the farmer, "that we want any thing but a new lantern, for ours had the socket burnt out long before these moonlight nights, and its dangerous work taking a candle into the stable."

The tin-man knowing that our plain old farmers, though extremely liberal of every thing that is produced on their plantations, are, frequently, very tenacious of coin, and much averse to parting with actual money, recommended his wares, more on account of their cheapness, than their goodness; and, in fact, the price of most of the articles was two or three cents lower than they could be purchased for at the stores.

Old Micajah thought there was no absolute necessity for any thing except the lantern; but his daughters were so importunate for the coffee-pot, the cullender, and the water dipper, that, finally, all three were purchased and paid for. The tin-man in vain endeavoured to prevail on Mrs. Warner to buy some large patty pans, which the girls looked at with longing eyes; and he reminded them how pretty the pumpkin pies would look at their next quilting, baked in scolloped tins. But this purchase was peremptorily refused by the good quaker woman; alleging that scolloped pies were all pride and vanity, and that, if properly made, they were quite good enough baked in round plates.

The travelling merchant then produced divers boxes and phials of quack medicines, prepared at a celebrated manufactory of those articles, and duly sealed with the maker's own seal, and inscribed with his name in his own hand writing. Among these, he said, "there were certain cures for every complaint in natur; draps for the agur, the tooth-ache, and the rheumatiz; salves for ring-worms, corns, frost-bitten heels, and sore eyes, and pills for consumption and fall fevers; beside that most valuable of all physic, Swain's Wormifuge."

The young people exclaimed with one accord against the purchase of any of the medicines; and, business being over, the tin-man was invited by the farmer to sit down and take supper with the family—an invitation as freely accepted as given.

The twilight was now closing, but the full-moon had risen, and afforded sufficient light for the supper-table in the porch. The tin-man took a seat, and before Mrs. Warner had finished her usual invitation to strangers of—"reach to, and help thyself; we are poor hands at inviting, but thee's welcome to it, such as it is"—he had already cut himself a huge piece of the cold pork, and an enormous slice of bread. He next poured out a porringer of milk, to which he afterwards added one-third of the peach-pie, and several plates-full of rice pudding. He then said, "I suppose you hav'n't got no cider about the house;" and Israel, at his father's desire, immediately brought up a pitcher of that liquor from the cellar.

During supper, the tin-man entertained his entertainers with anecdotes of the roguery of his own countrymen, or rather, as he called them, his "statesmen." In his opinion of their general dishonesty, Mrs. Warner most cordially joined. She related a story of an itinerant Yankee, who persuaded her to empty some of her pillows and bolsters, under colour of exchanging with him old feathers for new—a thing which she acknowledged had puzzled her not a little, as she thought it strange that any man should bargain so badly for himself. He produced from his cart a bag of feathers which he declared were quite new; but after his departure she found that he had given her such short measure that she had not half enough to fill her ticking, and most of the feathers were proved upon examination, to have belonged to chickens, rather than to geese—nearly a whole cock's tail having been found amongst them.

The farmer pointed into the open door of the house, and showed the tin-man a large wooden clock, put up without a case between two windows, the pendulum and the weights being "exposed and bare." This clock he had bought for ten dollars, of a travelling Yankee who had set out to supply the country with these machines. It had only kept tolerable time for about two months, and had ever since been getting faster and faster, though it was still faithfully wound up every week. The hands were now going merrily round at the rate of ten miles an hour, and it never struck less than twelve.

The Yankee tin-man, with a candour that excited the admiration of the whole family, acknowledged that his statesmen were the greatest rogues "on the face of the yearth;" and recounted instances of their trickery that would have startled the belief of any, but the inexperienced and credulous people who were now listening to him. He told, for example, of sausages being brought to market in the eastern towns, that when purchased and prepared for frying, were found to be filled with chopped turnip and shreds of red flannel.

For once, thought the Warners, we have found an honest Yankee.

They sat a long while at table, and though the tin-man seemed to talk all the time he was eating, the quantity of victuals that he caused to disappear surprised even Mrs. Warner, accustomed, as she was, to the appetite of Israel.

When the Yankee had at last completed his supper, the farmer invited him to stay all night; but he replied, "that it was moonshiny, and fine cool travellin after a warm day, he preferred putting on towards Maryland as soon as his creatur was rested, and had a feed."

He then, without more ceremony, led his horse and cart into the barn-yard, and stopping near the stable door, fed the animal by the light of the moon, and carried him a bucket of water from the pump.

The girls being reminded by their mother that it was late, and that the cows had long since come home, they took their pails and went out to milk, while she washed up the supper things. While they were milking, the subsequent dialogue took place between them.

Orphy. I know it's not right to notice strangers, and to be sure the man's welcome, but Amy, did thee ever see any body take victuals like this Yankee?"

Amy. Yes, but he didn't eat all he took, for I saw him slip a great chunk of bread and cheese into his pocket, and then a big piece of pie, while he was talking and making us laugh.

Orphy. Well, I think a man must be very badly off to do such a thing. I wonder he did not ask for victuals to take away with him. He need not have been afraid. He must know that victuals is no object. And then he has travelled the road long enough to be sure that he can get a meal for nothing at any house he stops at, as all the tin-men do. He must have seen us looking at his eating so much, and may-be his pride is hurt, and so he's made up his mind, all of a sudden, to take his meals no more at people's houses.

Amy. Then why can't he stop at a tavern, and pay for his victuals?

Orphy. May-be he don't want to spend his money in that trifling way. Who knows but he is saving it up to help an old mother, or to buy back land, or something of that sort? I'll be bound he calculates upon eating nothing to-morrow but what he slipped off from our table.

Amy. All he took will not last him a day. It's a pity of him, any how.

Orphy. I wish he had not been too bashful to ask for victuals to take with him.

Amy. And still he did not strike me at all as a bashful man.

Orphy. Suppose we were just in a private way to put some victuals into his cart for him, without letting him know any thing about it? Let's hide it among the tins, and how glad he'll be when he finds it to-morrow!

Amy. So we will; that's an excellent notion! I never pitied any body so much since the day the beggars came, which was five years ago last

harvest, for I have kept count ever since; and I remember it as well as if it was yesterday.

Orphy. We don't know what a hard thing it is to want victuals, as the Irish schoolmaster used to tell us, when he saw us emptying pans of milk into the pig-trough, and turning the cows into the orchard to eat the heaps of apples laying under the trees.

Amy. Yes, and it must be much worse for an American to want victuals, than for people from the old countries who are used to it.

After they had finished their milking, and strained and put away the milk, the kind-hearted little girls proceeded to accomplish their benevolent purpose. They took from the large wire-safe in the cellar, a pie, half a loaf of bread, and a great piece of cheese; and putting them into a basket, they went to the barn-yard, intending to tell their mother as soon as the tin-man was gone, and not for a moment doubting her approval, since in the house of an American farmer, victuals, as Orphy justly observed, is no object.

As they approached the barn-yard, they saw, by the light of the moon, the Yankee coming away from his cart and returning to the house. The girls crouched down behind the garden-fence till he had passed, and then cautiously proceeded on their errand. They went to the back of the cart, intending to deposit their provisions, when they were startled at seeing something evidently alive, moving behind the round opening of the linen cover; and in a moment the head of a little black child peeped out of the hole.

The girls were so surprised that they stopped short and could not utter a word, and the young negro, evidently afraid of being seen, immediately popped down its head among the tins.

"Amy, did thee see that?"—asked Orphy, in a low voice.

"Yes, I did so," replied Amy; "what can the Yankee be doing with that little neger, and why does he hide it? Let's go and ask the child."

"No, no!" exclaimed Orphy, "the tin-man will be angry."

"And who cares if he is?" said Amy; "he has done something he is ashamed of, and we need not be afraid of him."

They then went quite close to the back of the cart, and Amy said, "Here, little snow-ball shew thyself and speak; and do not be afraid, for nobody's going to hurt thee."

"How did thee come into this cart?" asked Orphy; "and why does the Yankee hide thee? Tell us all about it, and be sure not to speak above thy breath."

The black child again peeped out of the hole, and looking cautiously round, said, "Are you quite sure the naughty man won't hear us?"

"Quite sure," answered Amy, "but is thee boy or girl?"

"I'm a little gal," replied the child; and with the characteristic volubility of her race she continued, "and my name's Dinah, and I'm five year old, and my daddy and mammy are free coloured people, and they lives a big piece off,

and daddy works out, and mammy sells ginger-bread and molasses-beer, and we have a sign over the door with a bottle and cake on it."

Amy. But how did this man get hold of thee, if thy father and mother are free people? Thee can't be bound to him, or he need not hide thee.

Dinah. O, I know I an't bounded to him—I expect he stole me.

Amy. Stole thee! What here in the free state of Pennsylvania?

Dinah. I was out picking huckleberries in the woods up the road, and I strayed off a big piece from home. Then the tin-man came along, driving his cart, and I run close to the road-side to look, as I always does when any body goes by. So he told me to come into his cart, and he would give me a tin mug to put my huckleberries in, and I might chuse it myself, and it would hold them a heap better than my old Indian basket. So I was very glad, and he lifted me up into the cart, and I choosed the very best and biggest tin mug he had, and emptied my huckleberries into it. And then he told me he'd give me a ride in his cart, and then he set me far back on a box, and he whipped his creatur, and druv and druv, and jolted me so that I tumbled all down among the tins. And then he picked me up, and tied me fast with his handkercher to one of the back posts of the cart to keep me steady he said. And then, for all I was steady, I couldn't help crying, and I wanted him to take me home to daddy and mammy. But he only sniggered at me, and said he wouldn't, and bid me hush; and then he got mad, and because I couldn't hush up just in a minute, he whipped me quite smart.

Orphy. Poor little thing!

Dinah. And then I got frightened, for he put on a wicked look, and said he'd kill me dead if I cried any more or made the least bit of noise. And so he has been carrying me along in his cart for two days and two nights, and he makes me hide away all the time, and he won't let nobody see me. And I hate him, and yesterday, when I know'd he didn't see me, I spit on the crown of his hat.

Amy. Hush!—thee must never say thee hates any body.

Dinah. At night I sleeps upon the bag of feathers; and when he stops any where to eat, he comes sneaking to the back of the cart and pokes in victuals, (he has just now brung me some,) and he tells me he wants me to be fat and good-looking. I was afeard he was going to sell me to the butcher, as Nace Willet did his fat calf, and I thought I'd ax him about it, and he laughed and told me he was going to sell me sure enough, but not to a butcher. And I'm almost all the time very sorry, only sometimes I'm not, and then I should like to play with the tins, only he won't let me. I don't dare to cry out loud, for fear the naughty man would whip me; but I always moan when we're going through woods, and there's nobody in sight to hear me. He never lets me look out of the back of the cart, only when there's nobody to see me, and he won't let me sing even when I want to. And I moan most

when I think of my daddy and mammy, and how they are wondering what has become of me; and I think moaning does me good, only he stops me short.

Amy. Now, Orphy, what's to be done? The tin-man has of course kidnapped this black child to take her into Maryland, where he can sell her for a good price; as she is a fat, healthy-looking thing, and that is a slave state. Does thee think we ought to let him take her off?

Orphy. No, indeed! I think I could feel free to fight for her myself—tho' is, if fighting was not forbidden by Friends. Yonder's Israel coming to turn the cows into the clover-field. Little girl, lay quiet and don't offer to show thyself.

Israel now advanced—"Well, girls," said he, "what's thee doing at the tin-man's cart? Not meddling among his tins, I hope? Oh, the curiosity of women-folks!"

"Israel," said Amy, "step softly—we have something to show thee."

The girls then lifted up the corner of the cart cover, and displayed the little negro girl, crouched upon the bag of feathers—a part of his merchandize which the Yankee had not thought it expedient to produce, after hearing Mrs. Warner's anecdote of one of his predecessors.

The young man was much amazed, and his two sisters began both at once to relate to him the story of the black child. Israel looked almost indignant. His sisters said to him, "To be sure we won't let the Yankee carry this child off with him."

"I judge we won't," answered Israel.

"Then," said Amy, "let us take her out of the cart, and hide her in the barn or somewhere till he has gone."

"No," replied Israel, "I can't say I feel free to do that. It would be too much like stealing her over again; and I've no notion of evening myself to a Yankee in any of his ways. Put her down in the cart and let her alone. I'll have no underhanded work about her. Let's all go back to the house; mother has got down all the broken crockery from the top shelf in the corner cupboard, and the Yankee's mending it with a sort of stuff like sticks of sealing-wax, that he carries about with him; and I dare say he'll get her to pay him more for it than the things are worth. But say nothing."

The girls cautioned Dinah not to let the tin-man know that they had discovered her, and to keep herself perfectly quiet; and they then accompanied their brother to the house, feeling very fidgetty and uneasy.

They found the table covered with old bowls, old tea-pots, old sugar-dishes, and old pitchers; whose fractures the Yankee was cementing together, while Mrs. Warner held the candle, and her husband viewed the operation with great curiosity.

"Israel," said his mother, as he entered, "this friend is making the china as good as new, only that we can't help seeing the join; and we are going to give all the mended things to thee."

The Yankee, having finished his work and

been paid for it, said it was high time for him to be about starting, and he must go and look after his cart. He accordingly left the house for that purpose; and Israel, looking out at the end window, exclaimed, "I see he's not coming round to the house again, but he's going to try the short cut into the back road. I'll go and see that he puts up the bars after him."

Israel went out, and his sisters followed him to see the tin-man off.

The Yankee came to the bars, leading his horse with the cart, and found Israel there before him.

"Are you going to let down the bars for me?" said the tin-man.

"No," replied Israel, "I'm not going to be so polite; but I intend to see that thee carries off nothing more than belongs to thee."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the Yankee, changing colour.

"I expect I can show thee," answered Israel. Then stepping up to the back of the cart and putting in his hands, he pulled out the black child and held her up before him, saying, "Now, if thee offers to touch this girl, I think we shall be apt to differ."

The tin-man then advanced towards Israel, and with a menacing look raised his whip; but the fearless young quaker (having consigned the little girl to his sisters, who held her between them) immediately broke a stick from a tree that grew near, and stood on the defensive with a most steadfast look of calm resolution.

The Yankee went close up to him, brandishing his whip; but before he had time to strike, Israel with the utmost coolness, and with great strength and dexterity, seized him by the collar, and swinging him round to some distance, flung him to the ground with such force as to stun him, saying, "Mind, I don't call myself a fighting character, but if thee offers to get up I shall feel free to keep thee down."

The tin-man began to move, and the girls ran shrieking to the house for their father, dragging with them the little black girl, whose screams (as is usual with all of her colour) were the loudest of the loud.

In an instant the stout old farmer was at the side of his son, and notwithstanding the struggles of the Yankee, they succeeded by main force in conveying him to the stable, into which they fastened him for the night.

Early next morning, Israel and his father went to the nearest magistrate for a warrant and a constable, and were followed home by half the township. The county court was then in session; the tin-man was tried, and convicted of having kidnapped a free black child, with the design of selling her as a slave in one of the southern states; and he was punished by fine and imprisonment.

The Warner family would have felt more compassion for him than they did, only that all the mended china fell apart again the next day, and his tins were so badly soldered that all their bottoms came out before the end of the month.

Mrs. Warner declared that she had done with Yankee tin-men for ever, and in short with all other Yankees. But the store-keeper, Philip Thompson, who was the sensible man of the neighbourhood, and took two Philadelphia newspapers, convinced her that some of the best and greatest men America can boast of, were natives of the New England states. And he even asserted that in the course of his life (and his age did not exceed sixty-seven) he had met with no less than five perfectly honest Yankee tin-men; and besides being honest, two of them were not in the least impudent. Among the latter, however, he did not of course include a very handsome fellow, that a few years since made the tour of the United States with his tin-cart, calling himself the Boston Beauty, and wearing his own miniature round his neck.

To conclude—an advertisement having been inserted in several of the papers, to designate where Dinah the little black girl was to be found, and the tin-man's trial having also been noticed in the public prints, in about a fortnight her father and mother (two very decent free negroes) arrived to claim her; having walked all the way from their cottage at the extremity of the next county. They immediately identified her, and the meeting was most joyful to them and to her. They told at full length every particular of their anxious search after their child, which was ended by a gentleman bringing a newspaper to their house, containing the welcome intelligence that she was safe at Micajah Warner's.

Amy and Orphy were desirous of retaining little Dinah in the family, and as the child's parents seemed very willing, the girls urged their mother to keep her instead of Cloe, who they said could very easily be made over to Israel. But, to the astonishment of the whole family, Israel on this occasion proved refractory, declaring that he would not allow his wife to be plagued with such an imp as Cloe, and that he chose to have little Dinah himself, if her parents would bind her to him till she was eighteen. This affair was soon satisfactorily arranged.

Israel was married at the appointed time, and took possession of the house near the saw-mill. He prospered; and in a few years was able to buy a farm of his own, and to build a stone house on it. Dinah turned out extremely well, and the Warner family still talk of the night when she was discovered in the cart of the travelling tin-man.

L I F E .

"WHAT a life this is! how plenteous in every variety of pain! how jejune of all the elements of happiness! how full of objects and contacts, deeply disgustful and abhorrent! how destitute of all that is noble, genuine, lovely, or delectable! The most careless observer, if he does not obstinately shut his eyes to the objects before him, cannot but know that the most vir-

tuous and perfect (so termed) who are set up as patterns to their fellows, as land-marks by which to shape their courses, are frail as a cobweb, subject every moment to the windy storms of passion or pride, pliable to self-interest as the willow-wand to the gale, dependent as the parched pasture upon the rain and sunshine. That man was born without brains, who has lived nineteen years among *human swine*, and yet confides in human principle, human strength, or human sincerity."!!!

THE CHURCH-YARD.

You have sauntered, perhaps, of a moon light evening, out of the precincts of the living, moving world, to linger and contemplate among the grass grown memorials of those who are gone from among us, and whose earthly remains have been consigned to this their last and certain inheritance.

"The body to its place,
And the soul to Heaven's grace,
And the rest is God's alone."

An appalling chill shoots through the current of life, at the undisturbed and universal silence of the scene—the stars tranquilly shining on the white marble, and freely illuminating the name which friendship had carved for the slumberer beneath; here the grass waving in rank luxuriance, as if to hide the triumphs and the trophies of death, and there a human bone unearthed from its time-worn sepulchre, a ghastly visitor to the realms of day: a wooden tablet, making the repose of the humble, a cross, the sign of the believer, and lofty and magnificent memorials over the mortal relics of the wealthy and the great. Ah! who, in such an assemblage as this can be accounted great? What gold survives the crucible of death?

We can learn nothing from the living which the dead do not teach us. Would beauty be modest and unpretending, let her quit the ball and the festival for a moment, and carry her toilet to the tomb. Would the proud learn humanity: the penurious charity; the frivolous seriousness; the bigoted philanthropy; would the scholar ascertain the true objects of knowledge; the man of the world, the true means of happiness here and hereafter; and the ambitious, the true sources of greatness, let him retire awhile from the living and communicate with the dead.—We must all come to the mournful and silent grave. Our bones must mingle in one common mass. Our affections should travel in the same path, for they must terminate in one fearful issue. Life is full of frailties, of virtue and of happiness; and when you would abuse them, go purify your affections, and humble your pride, and leave your hopes at the tomb of a friend, when the stars are shining upon it like the glorious beams of religion on the mansion of death.

ALICE GRAY.

A BALLAD,

Which has obtained a high degree of popularity in the musical circles of Philadelphia.

COMPOSED BY MRS. P. MILLARD.

Allegretto Moderato.

She's all my fan - cy paint - ed her; She's love - ly, she's

di - - - vine; But her heart it is an - o - thers, She

ne - ver can be mine; Yet lov'd I as man ne - ver lov'd,

A love with - out de - cay. Oh! my heart, my heart is

breaking, for the love of A - lice Gray; Oh! my heart, my heart

is break - ing, for the love of A - lice Gray.

SECOND VERSE.

Her dark brown hair is braided, o'er a brow of spotless white—
Her soft blue eye now languishes—now flashes with delight;
The hair is braided not for me, the eye is turn'd away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking, for the love of Alice Gray.

THIRD VERSE.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, and trembled in the blast,
But my pilgrimage is nearly done—the weary conflict's past;

And when the green sod wraps my grave, may pity haply say,
"Oh! his heart, his heart is broken for the love of Alice Gray!"

ENIGMA.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

COMPOUND of fierce and wild—of good and ill,
 Drawn forth by man alike to save and kill,
 Prompt in hot youth the fatal strife to wage,
 Heraldic glories grace my honour'd age.
 Through me usurping traitors reach the crown,
 And heroes yield me gladly for renown.
 Amidst the horrors of the battle-field,
 When even Pity's female breast is steel'd,
 Where thickest carnage strews the rocking plain,
 I fly alike the dying and the slain.
 From me soft beauty turns her loathing eye,
 Though to her heart more dear than love am I.
 Ungrateful beauty!—'tis to me she owes
 The loveliest charm of all in which she glows.
 Me to obtain stern Hate unsheaths the sword,
 And Judas sold me with his injured Lord.
 By me high Heaven reveal'd Belshazzar's doom,
 And murder parts me from his victim's tomb.

THE DEPARTED.

BY L. E. L.

SET thy spur to the steed, thy sail to the wind,
 You may leave the far vale and the mountain behind;
 Like the storm o'er the south in the fight thou may'st be;
 But where may'st thou fly from the mem'ry of me?

The struggle, the pleasure, the toil, and the strife,
 May fill up the days with the hurry of life,
 But night cometh lonely o'er land and o'er sea,
 And in silence and shadow I still am with thee.

With no rose in my cheek, with no rose in my hair,
 But cold as the love whose remembrance I bear,
 Breathing vows that are broken, and hopes that are fled,
 A voice breaks my slumber; the voice of the dead.

Let the loveliest slave lull thy sleep with her strain:
 Ay, drain the red wine-cup—it all is in vain:
 From the haunt of thy midnight I will not depart,
 For thy guilt is my power: my home is thy heart.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

THE comparison of human life to the burning and going out of a lamp, was familiar with Latin authors, as we know by the terms, *senes decrepiti*. Plutarch explains the origin of this metaphor, thus: The ancients never extinguished their lamps, but suffered them to go out of their own accord; that is by the last crackle; hence a lamp just about to expire was said *decrepitare*, to cease to crackle. Hence, metaphorically, persons on the verge of the grave were called decrepid men.

The impression which beauty makes upon the heart, refines mere sensuality, and elevates it to a level with that which is celestial.

Mankind may be divided into three orders of intellect; those who, by their own powers, can discover what is right and fit, and penetrate to the remoter motives of action; those who are willing to hear instruction, and can perceive right and wrong when pointed out to them; and those who have neither acuteness nor docility, who are ignorant of the way themselves, and who will not submit to be led by others.

In all cases of slander currency, whenever the forger of the lie is not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers.

A belief in dreams, as if to appease our waking fancies, are generally interpreted by contraries. The effect, however, is the same—it fills the mind with vague alarms at troubles which may never exist, or raises expectations, which, in all pro-

bability, will never be realized. A dreamer, who believes in the coming to pass of his dreams, is of all men the most miserable. Instead of setting himself to work to attain the object of his desires, or to avert what he dreads, he sleeps and finds every thing in his dreams—he wakes and finds every thing—a dream.

Fanned by the charms of loveliness, the independent and virtuous spirit amalgamates with what is earthly. Thus it is that love defies the dust, and brings down upon earth that which is heavenly.

It is customary in the canton of Wallis, Switzerland, for those who have found any thing lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the churchyard; and there is not an example on record of an object being taken away except by the rightful owner.

Of all other views a man in time may grow tired; but in the countenance of woman, there is a variety which sets weariness at defiance. The divine right of beauty (says Junius), is the only divine right an Englishman can acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.

A Mahratta wife, according to Forbes' Oriental Memoirs, is extremely useful. When she and her husband arrive at an encampment, he lies down on his mat to rest, and her employment begins. First she champoos him, and fans him to sleep, then she champoos (or curries) the horse, bends his joints, rubs him down, and gives him his provender. The horses are said to be

so much refreshed by champoing, as to bear fatigue with a smaller quantity of food than would else be necessary.

It is notorious to philosophers, that joy and grief can hasten and delay time.—Locke is of opinion, that a man in great misery may so far lose his measure, as to think a minute an hour; or in joy, an hour a minute.

YOUTH.— When I was young—
 When I was young! Ah! woful when!
 Ah for the change 'twixt now and then,
 This house of clay not made with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,
 O'er hill and dale and sounding sands,
 How lightly then it flashed along;
 Like those trim boats unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar;
 That fear no spite of wind or tide;
 Naught cared this body for wind or weather.
 When youth and I lived in't together.

Many persons, particularly among females, are great believers in signs. Reason assures us there can be no possible connexion, for instance, between the fracture of a mirror and the death of a member of the family in which such an accident happens; and yet how many believe that the former is a sure forerunner of the latter? I know not to what to attribute this superstitious belief in signs, unless to the influence of the nursery. Impressions there imbibed take strong hold of the imagination—the wisdom of maturer years, nay, the experience of the longest life, seldom, if ever, entirely eradicate them. Mothers be cautious to whom you entrust your children.

Joy is the medicine of life—the rational panacea; and by forcing the finer machinery of the organs into play, relieves the ever toiling heart.

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such, think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.

To embarrass justice by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split; in one case, the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated in the bed clothes, which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls, in order to show the world how little they depended on ought but courage for safety.—*Goldsmith.*

The husband's civilities lessen at home as they increase abroad; perhaps in either case he is the only person not aware of it.

How many are there (Sir John Sinclair exclaims) who keep a number of grooms to curry their horses, who would add ten years to their

comfortable existence, if they would employ but one of them to curry themselves with a flesh brush night and morning.

Nothing is so contagious as example. There is scarcely any considerable good or ill done that does not soon produce its like. We imitate good actions through emulation, and bad ones through a malignity in our nature, which shame restrains, but example sets at liberty.

When you meet with great and unexpected offers of friendship, receive them respectfully, but with a moderate degree of caution: endeavour to discover whether they flow from a warm heart and a silly head, or from a designing head and a cold heart: knavery and folly are often hardly to be distinguished.

To endeavour not to please, is ill-nature; altogether to neglect it, folly; and to overstrain for it, folly and vanity.

All excess is ill, but drunkenness is of the worst sort. It spoils health, dismounts the mind and unmans men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous and mad. In fine he that is drunk is not a man; because he is so long void of reason, which distinguishes a man from a beast.—*Penn.*

Beauty is worse than liquor; it intoxicates the holder and beholder.

Sturm calculates that there are thousands of insects in a crumb of bread. And Malezie says, he has seen living animalculæ twenty-seven millions times smaller than mites; and, as life and light are concomitant ideas, Nierventy has computed that in a second there escapes out of a burning candle, particles of light ten millions of millions of times more than the numbers of the grains of sand computed to be contained in the whole earth.

Minds accustomed to activity are more impatient under inertion than fatigue.

MOONLIGHT.—Sweet moon! if like Crotona's sage,

By any spell my hand could dare
 To make thy disk its ample page,
 And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
 How many a friend, whose careless eye
 Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
 Should smile upon thy orb to meet
 The recollection, kind and sweet,
 The reveries of fond regret,
 The promise never to forget,
 And my heart and soul would send
 To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend!

A true friend eases many troubles, whereas one who is not so, multiplies and increases them.

To endeavour to forget one is the certain course to think of nothing else. Love has this in common with scruples, that it is exasperated by the reflections used to free us from it. If it were practicable, there's nothing necessary to weaken our passion, but never to mind it.

A man endowed with great perfections, without good breeding, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

If you suppress the exorbitant love of pleasure and money, idle curiosity, iniquitous pursuits and wanton mirth, what a stillness would there be in the greatest cities! the necessaries of life do not occasion, at most, a third part of the hurry.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as that is cloudy.

AFFECTION.—There is a tear more pure and bright,
Than even morn's first blushing light;
It sparkles with a milder glow,
Than sunbeams on the woven snow;
It is a purer, sweeter gem,
Than ever breathed on rose-bud stem;
Oh! yes—'tis even lovelier far,
Than evening's first and lonely star;
For 'tis that holy, sacred tear,
Affection claims her offspring dear.

There is one pursuit in life which it is in the power of all to follow, and all to attain. It is subject to no disappointment, for every contest will prove a victory; and this is the pursuit of virtue.—Sincerely to aspire after virtue, is to gain her; and zealously to labour after her wages, is to receive them. Those that seek her early, will find her before it is too late; her reward is also with her, and she will come quickly. For the breast of a good man is a little heaven commencing on earth, where the Deity sits enthroned with unrivalled influence.

Our pleasures are, for the most part, short, false and deceitful: and like drunkenness, revenge the jolly madness of one hour, with the sad repentance of many.

Pride is observed to defeat its own end, by bringing the man who seeks esteem and reverence into contempt.

The term Mosaic work, though common, is wrong; it should be spelt Music, as the Greek word from whence it originates requires. The Greeks call this kind of work Musaic, from the very exact junction of the various parts. An arrangement so contrived appeared analogous to the sounds in musical compositions; which, though various in themselves, were rendered harmonious by the art of the musician.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation, that he will go on in this course only this time—or only so long—but that, at such a time, he will amend. We may be assured that we do not stand clear with our own consciences so long as we determine, or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time, to alter our course of action. He who is certain of his own conduct, feels perfectly confident that he cannot change it, nor the principles upon which it is founded;—that, on this point, his freedom is gone—that he is fixed forever in these resolves.

We are sure from zeological facts as well as from sacred history that man is a recent animal

on the globe, and that this globe has undergone one considerable revolution, since the creation, by water; and we are taught that it is to undergo another, by fire, preparatory to a new and glorified existence of man; but this is all we are permitted to know, and as that state is to be entirely different from the present one of misery and probation, any knowledge respecting it would be useless and indeed almost impossible.

In Buenos Ayres horses are so plentiful that beggars make their rounds asking alms on horseback, and do not consider that position as diminishing in any degree, their claims to sympathy.

It is said that a Swede has lately invented a machine composed of two parallel wheels, turning contrary ways with great velocity, which by the extreme agitation given to the air, produces heat equal to a stove!!!

Habit may restrain vice, and virtue may be obscured by passion, but intervals best discover the man.

THEY have a tradition at Huntingdon, that when King Charles I. (then Duke of York) in his journey from Scotland to London, in 1604, called in his way at Hinchinbrooke House, the seat of Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle to the protector, that knight, to divert the young prince, sent for his nephew Oliver, that he, with his own sons, might play with his royal highness; but they had not been long together before Charles and Oliver disagreed, and as the former was then as weakly as the latter was strong, it was no wonder that the royal visitant was worsted; Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignity, that he made the royal blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose; this was looked upon as a bad presage for that king when the civil wars commenced.

RECONCILIATION.—At Lynn Regis, Norfolk, on every first Monday of the month, the mayor, aldermen, magistrates, and preachers, meet to hear and determine controversies between the inhabitants in an amicable manner, to prevent lawsuits. This custom was first established in 1583, and is called the Feast of Reconciliation.

SMELLING BOTTLES, &c.—It frequently happens, that the glass stoppers of vials and bottles, filled with scents, and chemical preparations, become fixed so tightly that they cannot be removed by force without the risk of breaking the vessel. The following is a very simple and efficacious method of unstopping them. Take a skein of worsted, or woollen yarn; pass it once round the neck of the bottle, attach one end of this band to some fixed object, hold the other, and then draw the bottle briskly backwards and forwards. The friction will soon heat the neck of the bottle, and with the heat, the neck will expand sufficiently to allow of the stopper being extracted.

For the Lady's Book.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "WHAT IS THIS?"

THE age of the *physical* HEART is measured by the existence of its possessor; it was born at his birth, and as well yesterday as ages before. The *primitive heart* was beautiful before sin destroyed its loveliness; and though it has lost its character of purity and innocence, still has it mighty influence to guide the destinies of the world. The mental heart is never seen, but all, every where, from the polar snows of the North, to the burning sands of the South, are susceptible to its impulses. It can be gay or gloomy, foolish or wise, honest or wicked, a friend or a foe, benevolent or malignant, all at the same time. It must know every being in which it lives, "but who can know it?" It must be acquainted with its own secrets, even if its every owner cannot retain them. It is found in the cottage and in the palace, in the court and in the church, with the miser, with the gambler, with the drunkard, and with the criminal. 'Tis with the heart to devise mischief; and it has committed wrongs which it can never repair. It is the author of all good actions. It is the part of man where favours are perceived, and where malice is excited to resent an injury. Its love is fervid, and its hate as ardent. Lovers consult it, and it alone when they would "in one fortune and one being blend." It is necessary to the happiness of the matrimonial union. It is touched by the charm of music, and it appreciates the poet's art. It is claimed by all, the physical heart is necessary to the existence of all, yet all are oft ashamed of the *moral* heart. The lover will give away his amorous heart, but will not so readily yield his muscular heart. The intellectual heart is the soil where alone the seeds of affection, of friendship, and of religion, can thrive: the feelings of sympathy, of care, and of hope, can abide; and the emotions of fear and of grief arise. The verbal *h-e-a-r-t* is spread throughout the *e-a-r-t-h*, but you can never see its beginning till you get to the end of the earth. It is partly to be found in *heaven*, and partly in *hell*, yet it is forbid to introduce its *art* to those climes, and forced to bury its instruments in the centre of the *earth*. Both the verbal and the organic heart have an *ear* in their composition. The former is diffused through the *breath* you draw: it has its *r* (*hair*) sing'd in the *heat* of the *fire*, and extends itself on the forepart of the *hearth*. The sympathetic heart attends the house of mourning, and the house of feasting, but never eats nor drinks. It rejoices with those that rejoice, and weeps with those that weep. It fears but *one*, for *one* only is acquainted with its nature. The verbal *heart* has a better half *here*, a better half *there*, and, indeed, *every where*. The ambitious *heart* has led the soldier to the field, and the heart of his beloved has followed him thither. The mental heart has no form, no comeliness, no proportion; but the muscular heart possesses the elements of unrivalled beauty and brilliancy. The former will never perish,

being destined to indestructible life. If the author of "*What is this?*" is satisfied with the present explanation, we will acknowledge the heart to be a material, immaterial, verbal, something; come from nature, nature's author, and the lexicon, and still bound on the roll of fame to posterity as a singular and inexplicable being.

J. R. R.

THE FALSE ONE.

BY T. H. BAILEY.

I KNEW him not, I sought him not—
He was my father's guest;
I gave him not one smile more kind
Than those I gave the rest:
He sat beside me at the board,
The choice was not my own,
But oh! I never heard a voice
With half so sweet a tone.

And at the dance again we met—
Again I was his choice—
Again I heard the gentle tone
Of that beguiling voice:
I sought him not—he led me forth
From all the fairest there,
And told me he had never seen
A face he thought so fair.

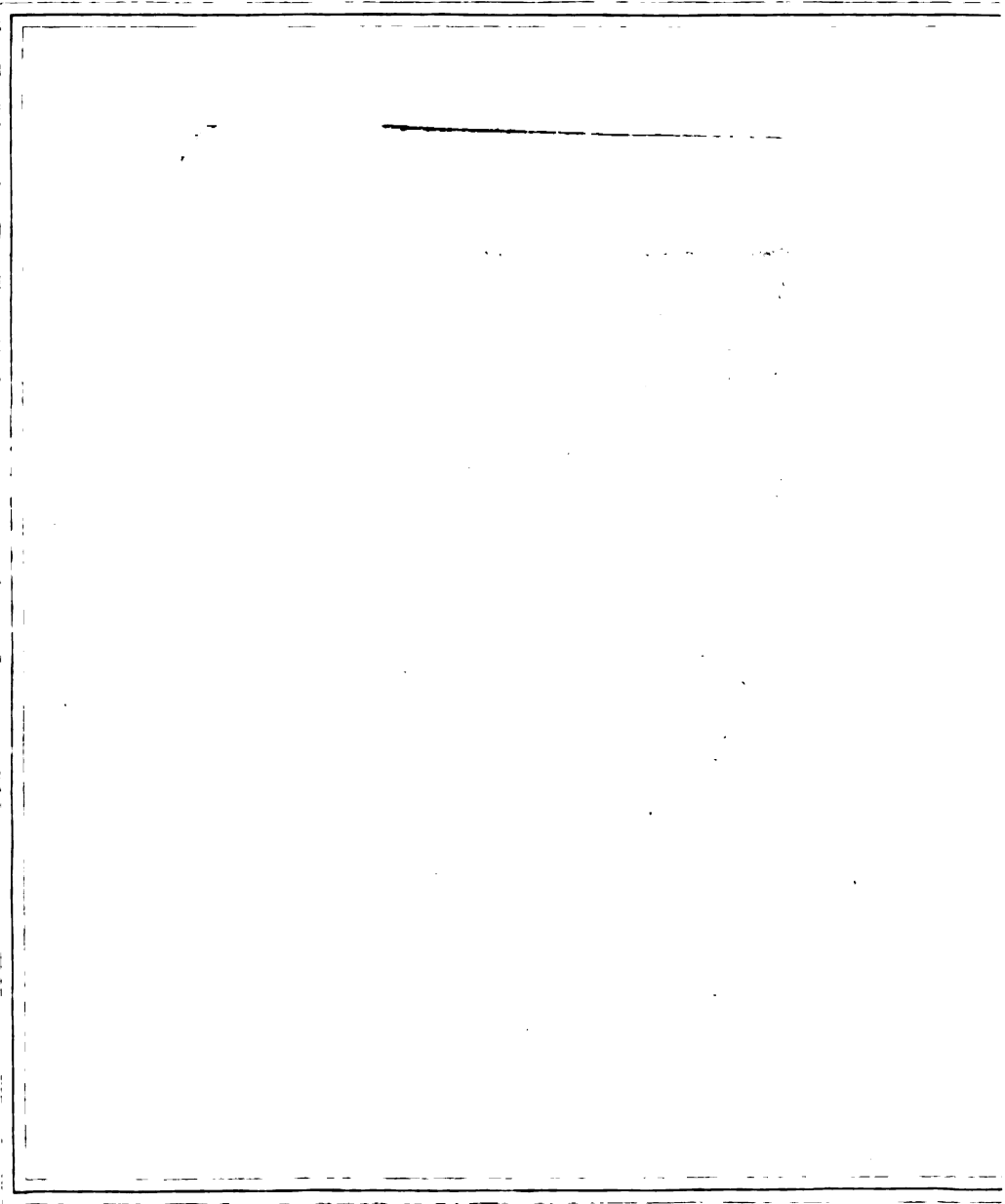
Ah! wherefore did he tell me this?
His praises made me vain;
And, when he left me, how I long'd
To hear that voice again!
I wonder'd why my old pursuits
Had lost their wonted charm,
And why the path was dull, unless
I leant upon his arm.

Alas! I might have guess'd the cause—
For what could make me shun
My parents' cheerful dwelling-place
To wander all alone?
And what could make me braid my hair,
And study to improve
The form that he had deign'd to praise—
What could it be but love?

Oh! little knew I of the world,
And less of man's career;
I thought each smile was kindly meant—
Each word of praise sincere:
His sweet voice spoke of endless love—
I listen'd and believed,
And little dreamt how oft before
That sweet voice had deceived.

He smiles upon another now—
And in the same sweet tone
He breathes to her those winning words
I once thought all my own:
Oh! why is she so beautiful?
I cannot blame his choice—
Nor can I doubt she will be won
By that beguiling voice.

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March 1831.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1831.

THE THREE SISTERS.

A FAR greater degree of interest is always bestowed on the relation of matters of fact when the objects which occupy the narration are brought in perspective to our view. Such may be considered the case with regard to the leading embellishment of the present number of the *Lady's Book*. Unconnected with the lively description of character which distinguishes the "Sisters," their appearance as presented by the engraver, would, perhaps, afford little attraction to a casual observer—yet, who will read their romantic history, taken, as we conceive it to be, at the happiest moments of their existence, without being impressed with sentiments of respect and esteem towards them—if there are any such, they must be devoid of the ingenuous feelings which such affection is calculated to excite.—We give the narration in the words of one of the principal actors in the pleasing drama, for we believe it would be difficult to convey it in more acceptable language. Our historian had been sojourning with a companion in the country, and has just returned to his paternal mansion.

There was a light in my father's counting-house. This surprised me as it was only two o'clock. I entered. My father was seated at his desk; near him stood Captain Classen, his old friend and servant. They both stared to see me, and winked to one another as I thought; I wished them good morning, and was about to retire. "Good morning, Henry," said my father, "I am glad you are here, for I have business with you."—"Classen, we are agreed then; twelve o'clock precisely; I will have every thing in readiness." Classen withdrew.

"Henry," said my father without laying down his pen, "prepare for a voyage to France to-day."—"To France, dear father, and on what business?"—"I wish you to marry."—"Marry!" I exclaimed half aloud—"Me marry!"—"Yes, a daughter of Mr. Gerson, a merchant of Bordeaux."—"What, father, a lady whom I have never seen?"—"It is a good house, and you will have the choice of three sisters."—"But suppose I should not like either of them?"—"No foolery, Henry," said my father, in a tone of earnestness; "there is a time for every thing, and I have allowed enough for that."—"If I were a prince."—"And though you were an emperor, you would be but a thoughtless boy, in need of a guardian, and my son. Here is a letter from Mr. Gerson, saying that he expects you, and this is my answer. "At twelve you will embark."—"You will surely allow me to take leave of a few of my friends?"—"It is not necessary. Here are some

cards; you have only to write your name upon them."

I took the cards and retired to my chamber. Marry! I muttered to myself, and to a little yellow, meagre French woman, whose whole business it is to disfigure, yet more by art, her sufficiently disgusting person? And why not in Hamburg, if it is to be at all? The tall, fair Miss Sorgel, or the short, round brunette, Miss Waterman, or the rich one-eyed Miss Funk, or the beautiful *naïve* Miss Adler, or the witty, fascinating—My ideas became confused, and sleep bowed down my head. I was just on the point of changing my perpendicular for a horizontal position rather too suddenly, when I luckily awoke, and had sense enough to throw myself upon the bed, where, in the arms of Morpheus, I soon forgot alike the beauties of Hamburg and Bordeaux.

"Henry!" sounded in my ears. I sprang up, rubbed my drowsy eye-lids, and stared; my father stood before me. "It is eleven o'clock; your trunk is packed, the wind is fair, and every minute you delay is lost. Haste then to take some refreshment and embark." I looked sheepish and confounded. Upon a chair lay my travelling dress—my father retired, and my servant, George, assisted me to undress and dress again. "Are you to accompany me?" I asked. "Yes, Sir."—"I am glad of it," said I, and derived some little consolation from the circumstance; for there was not in existence a greater rogue, nor, at the same time, a more faithful fellow than this same George. My father paid him for reporting my extravagancies, (which he might do without hesitation, for I made no secret of them myself) and I for assisting me to commit them. The prospect of the voyage began now to interest me; and if, for my sins, I was to be tied to a wife, like a poacher to a stag, it was at all events more agreeable to choose her for myself from among three sisters in France, than to have one allotted to me out of the magazine of merchants' daughters here, warranted sound and perfect, like any other article of merchandize.

I dined with a better appetite than my parents, and received their good wishes, tears, and advice, on taking leave, with becoming indifference.

Captain Classen was waiting with painful impatience. He did not take time to welcome me, but the moment I stepped on board he gave the signal, and, amidst the tumultuous bawling of the sailors, the masts sprung up, the pennants fluttered in the breeze, the sails outstretched themselves to the gale, and Hamburg and the shores of our beloved country by degrees darkened, re-

ceded, and vanished from our view. Capt. Classen, during the first day, entertained me with an elaborate description of Bordeaux, and with accounts of Mr. Gerson and his daughters. This conversation wearied me, I forced myself to hear nothing, and after awhile retired, peevish and fretful, to my cabin. My trunk struck me. I had not yet opened it, and resolved to do it now, rather for the sake of amusement than from curiosity. My best clothes, my finest linen, letters to several mercantile houses, a casket containing a valuable ring with bracelets to match. I guessed at its destination, and pushed it aside, when lo! what should peep out of one corner of the trunk but a crimson purse! I took it up, and my heart danced with delight as I weighed it in my hand. On opening it, the contents proved to be exactly three hundred Louis d'ors.

I had frequently lost as much, and more than this in a single night; but latterly, owing, no doubt, to the fault of the circular form of the gold pieces, there was never a Louis in my pocket in the morning that did not, before night, roll into that of another person. The ebb was naturally stronger than the flow; and in spite of the liberal allowance my father granted me, I was certain of meeting a creditor in every one of the numerous streets of Hamburg; they were always, however, exceedingly civil, and satisfied with the honour of being told, in answer to their enquiries, that I was well.

I had enjoyed, notwithstanding several vexatious circumstances during our short voyage, a tolerable degree of comfort, but was exceedingly anxious to commence my peregrinations on land.

"Shall we soon come to an anchor, Captain?" I enquired as the coast of France appeared in sight. "Where?" he wondering asked. "At Boulogne."—"Why should we?"—"What, don't you know, my good fellow? Has my father said nothing to you?"—"Not a word."—"Not that I am to land here, and travel by way of Paris to Bordeaux?"—"Potz tausend! art not sober yet?" and he burst into a horse laugh. "I hope, Classen, I rejoined in a tone of displeasure, "you do not take me for a fool? George, were not such my father's orders?" George hesitated; a significant look from me, which Classen could not observe because he was staring full at the fellow, came like a reinforcement to his zeal, and he corroborated my statement.

"Aye, aye?—Humph!" muttered Classen, regarding me with an enquiring look, which, however, I braved with unaltered countenance; "that I did not know. I ask your pardon."

He steered for Boulogne. In a few hours George and I with our luggage were on shore, and shortly afterwards on the road to Paris.

I exulted aloud as I beheld the spire of Notre Dame, and soon after the whole sea of houses which surrounded it. Now, in sight of one of the first cities in the world, it occurred to me to consider what I wanted there. Pleasure! What else? or how best enjoy it? While I was thus occupied for plans for making the most of my

liberty, and my three hundred Louis, we arrived at our destination. I immediately hired a *chambre garnie*, assumed the title of Lord Johnsbury, and appropriated the first fortnight to visiting all the places of amusement, and seeing all the sights the capital afforded.

I did not scruple to wear the solitaire intended for my bride. The diamond had become loose, and I entered a jeweller's shop to get it repaired. Two ladies came in almost immediately afterwards. One of them was elderly; the other young and beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that for the first time in my life I was seized with a kind of bashful admiration, as I beheld her, and I made way for her with the profoundest respect.

She bargained for a pair of ear-rings; the jeweller asked her too much, and she very reluctantly returned them. I instantly paid down the money and requested her acceptance of them, in remembrance of the sentiments of respect and admiration with which she had inspired a stranger. "You are very generous, Sir, and the jewels are extremely pretty; but even if they were far handsomer, the very circumstance of your being a stranger to me puts it out of my power to accept of them." She blushed as she spoke, and fixed her beaming eyes upon me with such a mild, yet penetrating look, that I trembled with a mixed sensation of fear and pleasure. I entreated, but in vain. A little impatient at her refusal I turned at length to her companion, offered her the ear-rings, and begged her to allow me, at least, the satisfaction of obliging the fair inexorable in her friend. Her eyes glistened as she contemplated my gift, and a little persuasion induced her to accept it. The young lady's countenance evinced her disapprobation of her companion's conduct, and she shook her head as she saw her take them. They departed, and I was silly enough to suffer them to do so without asking a single question.

Arrived at my lodgings I awoke as it were from a dream; the figure of the lovely girl was still before my eyes, and I would willingly have given thirty more Louis to see the original once again. Fortune favoured my wishes; in the *Theatre Francais* I espied my two ladies in a box. Hastening to pay my respects to them, I had the satisfaction of being received by the matronly lady in a very tender, and by her lovely companion in a no less friendly manner. Now, thought I, is the time to push my fortune; I assailed the young lady, who seemed to be almost given up to me by her protectress, with all the idle flattery and nonsense I could muster, and was so importunate, in short, in the avowal of my passion, and so urgent in imploring her compassion on my sufferings, that the sunshine of her enchanting countenance by degrees entirely vanished, and the clouds of her displeasure gathered so thickly over her features, that I was really hurt, and felt myself at last compelled to enquire what was the matter. "Nothing, Sir," she replied, with such a look of undaunted virtue as disconcerted me not a little; "except, that we have both been mistaken." This rebuff completed my discom-

future; I kept silence for a long while before I could collect my scattered resolution for an attack upon the old lady. She was more reserved than I expected to find her; and indulged me with a long lecture, on the want of self-government in the men, and the propriety of prudence and reserve in the female sex, before she would condescend to inform me that she sometimes walked in the Thuilleries with her niece, when the weather was favourable.

I had forgotten to enquire at what hour, and had interpreted the word *sometimes* according to my wishes. The fashionable world was still buried in sleep, when my anxious steps led me, *revoeur*, to the Thuilleries. Somewhat less to the inconvenience of my purse than my stomach, I continued my fruitless promenade till nightfall. This course I pursued for four days, yet neither aunt nor niece were visible, and I was ready to die with rage and vexation. The sun was declining on the fifth day, and I was heartily cursing myself and all the women in and out of Paris, when I caught sight of the identical fair I was in search of. She shuddered as her glance met mine; I know not whether at myself, or at the violent emotions which must have been strikingly portrayed in my countenance. These emotions were entirely without my power to controul, and I attacked her with such earnestness in entreaties, expostulations, and assurances, that her prudent reserve and indifference gradually softened into compassion and sympathy. I took advantage of this favourable change to offer her the ring, which I again wore, and it was firmly fixed on her finger before she had time properly to consider the objections to her accepting it.

"You make a child of me," said she, after a vain resistance; "I am as culpable in listening to you, as in accepting this diamond; but you are conferring an obligation on an ungrateful one, and who ought not even to suffer you to suspect that she is so against her will." I complained in vain of this cruelty. Nothing further could I elicit from her; yet she did not deprive me of all hope, and in a favourable moment I begged the aunt, who was present, to grant me her assistance, and to acquaint me with her residence. "I am under a promise to my niece, Sir," she replied, "to give you no assistance whatever, therefore it is out of my power to grant your request. I must confess, however, that I am a little surprised at your asking such a question." I was confounded at my own simplicity; I suffered them to depart without uneasiness, and ordering my *valet de place* to follow them at a distance, soon learnt that they resided in the neighbourhood of the *Palais Royal*.

I was still too timid to avail myself of the advantage I thus gained that day. The turbulence of my feelings drove me from one place to another; even in the theatre I sought in vain for abstraction. Unable to hold out longer I hurried to the *Palais Royal*, that I might at least enjoy the satisfaction of being near her.

Chance led me to a gaming-house. It was just the thing: I punted, won, lost, won again,

lost again; and in two hours time found myself without a sous. The forty Louis d'ors which had emigrated gave me little uneasiness; however, I could play no more, and I returned home. "George," said I, as he undressed me, handing him the purse, "fill it again to-morrow."—"What! have you got a fresh supply?"—"How! the money I gave you."—"Is melted down to twenty Louis, of which our landlord claims three."—"Scoundrel, you have robbed me."—"Would you like to inspect my account, Sir."—"Well, well; think of some resource."—"For travelling, Sir?"—"No!" I exclaimed, with warmth; "I will not leave Paris now if I sleep upon the stones."

The prospect of being reduced to the bitterest distress in a town, in which I was an utter stranger, added to the probability of my sacrificing myself to a contemptible *fille*, was not the most agreeable. Her portrait, deeply engraven on my heart in the noblest traits, gave the lie to these suspicions; and yet, when I considered all the circumstances, and particularly the behaviour of the aunt, I could not entirely banish them from my mind. Unable to come to any decision, and harassed by the contending passions which raged in my breast, I was pacing the room with hasty strides, when Mons. Brelon, my landlord, entered.

"*Pardonnez Monseigneur*," said M. Brelon, a genuine Parisian; "pardon my intrusion at this unseasonable hour; but I have too great a respect for *milord* to keep from your knowledge some important intelligence that I have received."—"I am most highly indebted to your politeness, Mons. Brelon, have the kindness to proceed."—He then commenced to make me acquainted with a circumstance that caused in my mind considerable apprehensions. Enquiries had been set afloat by the prefect of police, as to my real character, and as there was no knowledge among the noblemen in Paris of Lord Johnsbury, orders had been given to have me arrested and examined. I cast a look at George, and read in his countenance the same alarm, that chilled the blood in my veins.

"I assure you, Monseigneur," he continued, while I remained dumb with astonishment; "on my honour, and my great esteem for you, that I am not mean enough to have the least suspicion of a man whose noble and generous conduct would do honour to any nation; but in case you cannot reckon upon the interference of his Excellency, pardon my boldness, Monsieur, but your safety and my own—"

"Be under no apprehension, Monsieur Brelon," said I, with as much composure as I could summon, at the same time squeezing him by the hand; "I hope my case is not yet so desperate; and should it come to the worst I shall not want means to prove my innocence; I have, perhaps, been inconsiderate." He shrugged his shoulders. "In England it is the fashion, and it is difficult to alter convenient customs. I thank you sincerely for your information. George shall discharge my account with you, and order post-

horses directly." He made a low bow, and, after a thousand apologies, took his leave.

The prospect of taking up my summer residence in the Temple or the *Bicetre*, or of making a voyage to Cayenne, had so few charms for me, that I drove George out immediately for post horses, and set about packing my trunk myself. While thus occupied I debated with myself which route to take, with fifteen Louis d'ors; for M. Brelon had increased his demand from three to five Louis, *pour prendre conge*. I could not very well make the tour of Europe; and, unluckily, I had troubled myself too little with matters of business since my departure from Hamburg, to recollect on the instant any one of my father's correspondents to whom I could apply for assistance in this emergency, though there were certainly many in Paris who would willingly have rendered it. "To Bordeaux," said I, at length, half aloud; "we will pay our devoirs to M. Gerson, and the trio of would-be brides; the old fellow surely will not suffer his son-in-law to want cash, I will waver between the attractions of his three daughters till I find an opportunity to escape from them all."

We reached Orleans without stopping; my exchequer was very low, and I was unwilling to appear as a beggar before M. Gerson. The bracelets of my unknown bride came as if called for; I dispatched George to a jeweller in the town to convert them into cash. They might have been worth about three hundred Louis d'ors. George brought me eighty for them, which he had accepted only conditionally, subject to my approval. I ginged them in my purse, and we proceeded.

The journey to Bordeaux was both quick and agreeable. Sometimes my heart flew back to Paris to the fair *incognita*; yet as my whole life in that city recurred to me but as the remembrance of a dream, so the idea of my fruitless passion was like the yet fainter and more uncertain recollections of something long past, which frequently leave us at last in doubt whether they owe their existence to an actual occurrence, or are the mere offspring of our imagination.

The impressions gradually wore off entirely, and, on alighting at M. Gerson's door, I found myself in the best humour in the world for falling in love with each of the daughters by turns, and then returning to Hamburg with the same alacrity and indifference as I had made the journey hither.

The house of my predestined father-in-law presented no contemptible appearance. My name seemed to sound as melodiously in the ears of the *domestique* as the chinking of a dozen gold pieces. He overloaded me with civility, and conducted me to M. Gerson, who received me with a warm embrace, which he effected by means of a spring, that none but a Frenchman knows how to make with propriety; and, to my astonishment there streamed from his lips, such a flow of civility and compliment, that I could only find room for *Monsieur—ah! pardonnez*, to express all my gratitude.

It was near supper time, and in a quarter of an hour two covers were served up. "Surely, thought I, this prudent man keeps his three daughters under lock and key, that he may be able to guarantee them when disposed of."

To my satisfaction, M. Gerson produced such excellent wine, that at the second bottle I forgot that I had come to Bordeaux to sacrifice to Venus and the Graces and not to Bacchus.

"It is to your father," said he, "that I am in some measure indebted for my present affluence. You know I was once in his counting-house?"—"My father has told me as much."—"He recommended me to M. Pegionneau, the former proprietor of this house, and this establishment. I had the good fortune to please him and his only daughter."—"I find that very natural M. Gerson."—"You are extremely polite, Mr. Waltmann—and I became his heir. My wife brought me three daughters, and died as she lay-in of the last."—"I can imagine the agony of your sufferings."—"Very fortunately I found out a distant relation, a very good sort of a woman, who took charge of my house, and superintended the education of my daughters; and, in justice to her, I must say, that she acquitted herself to my entire satisfaction. In short, my happiness had been complete had nature formed them less beautiful, or, at least, had she not formed them all equally lovely."—"A very singular misfortune your's M. Gerson."—"I will confess to you my weakness; at first I considered it my greatest happiness, and made it my proudest boast, that all Bordeaux, nay, the whole province, could produce nothing to equal the beauty of my daughters. There was no lack of admirers."—"That of course," said I, "and I only wonder to see the walls of your house in such good condition."—"Who addressed themselves first to one, then to another of my girls. But they were all too prudent and too mindful of the excellent precepts of their kind instructress to suffer themselves to be seduced into attachments, from which no honourable alliance could result. They wished first to know their future husbands, and then to love them; and every gentleman, who honoured them with his attentions, was received freely at my house, in order that he might become better acquainted with my daughters, while, at the same time, he thus exposed himself to their probation."—"What wisdom! Surely your daughters are not only the Graces, but the Minervas also of France?"—"In truth, very good girls, Mr. Waltmann. But this laudable circumspection led to very disagreeable consequences. Not a single young man of taste and sentiment visited us who did not, on a nearer acquaintance with my daughters, become more and more undetermined in his choice. And this difficulty was increased by their having reciprocally bound themselves to give no gentleman the least encouragement, and also to suppress every feeling of love in their own bosoms, till his choice had fallen on one or other of them."—"Incredible!"—"I should doubt it myself if I had not had experience of the fact; but, upon the word of an

honest man, they have lost at least thirty handsome offers by these means."—"That is ten for each—but your account makes me fear that I have made the journey from Hamburg hither merely for the satisfaction of adding one towards filling up the second score."—"Permit me, Sir; in a friendly letter to your father I lamented my misfortune, acquainting him with my precise situation. He answered that he had an only son, a clever, well-disposed"—(I bowed)—"but addicted to extravagance and dissipation,"—"Pardieu! I exclaimed, my father does not flatter his children"—"and it would please him much to see him united to one of my daughters, provided he could gain her consent and my approbation. Captain Classen was the bearer of your father's letter referring to you: the bill of lading was correct, but the merchandize was wanting."—"I began to attempt an excuse, but the old gentleman stopped me, saying—"My friend was right, and I love such wild rogues heartily." M. Gerson had more subtlety in his politeness than I could have imagined. His praise won him my esteem, and I began to view the matter in a serious light.

"It would grieve me much," he continued, "if this plan, which has originated in the most friendly sentiments, should fail of success. I have thought of an expedient to prevent such a failure, and will acquaint you with it, for I am candid, and it is fit you should know my measures. You shall not be introduced to all my daughters at once. I have sent the two youngest of them into the country, and reserved the eldest only for your acquaintance. This is in a manner her birth-right. She is your's whenever you can make up your minds together. I will not send for her sisters until you have declared yourself, and I think your attachment so strong as to run no risk. You are not confined, however, to this one, for every body has his taste, and would to God my daughters had confirmed, rather than disproved, that saying! To-morrow morning you shall see her; in the mean time we will toast the health of her whom you may choose."

The next morning as I lay in bed ruminating more soberly upon my extraordinary situation, some doubts again arose in my mind. It was flattering to me to be chosen for the hero to destroy the spell that bound these inseparables, and to release so many captive hearts.

George came to attend me; there was an expression of sprightliness in his countenance that indicated, as I thought, the possession of some joyful secret. I asked whether he had already been more successful in love here, in Bordeaux, than the Germans formerly were in the field? "I think not of myself," he answered; "you have it now in your power to redeem the honour of our country. I have seen Mad. Constantia."—"Who is Mad. Constantia?"—"M. Gerson's eldest daughter."—"You have seen her, you say; well, is she worth the journey?"—"Aye, and though you had made it upon your knees like a pilgrim, mounting the holy steps. But what signifies my talking; up instantly, every moment is

a treasure that is spent in gazing on her." "*Donnerwetter!*—I sprang out of bed and bade him dispatch. When such a connoisseur as you is in extacy, what is to become of my fine senses?"

M. Gerson paid me a morning visit. "You will forgive me, Mr. Waltmann," said he, "if you do not see me all day long except at table. My daughter will afford you society whenever you feel disposed to seek it, and I beg you will make yourself quite at home here." I thanked him for his kindness, and went, as soon as I was dressed, to announce myself as a new candidate to his daughter.

Alas, my poor heart! It throbbed violently as I entered the flame to singe my wings, as so many enamoured moths had done before me. A reverential awe overwhelmed me in the presence of this dazzling beauty, such as I had never before experienced, except in Paris, at the sight of the unknown. She stood there like a fairy queen, robed in majesty, and crowned with the perfection of beauty and loveliness; and a smile of compassion for the daring lover, who ventured, not without fear and trembling, into her presence, danced upon her rosy lips.

I have not taken up the pen to write an elaborate treatise on female beauty, or to give laws to the pencil of the artist, but how contemptible in my present estimation did the brightest beauties of Hamburg appear, who were so unlucky as to serve me for a comparison with this angelic creature!

My admiration increased as she, with an amiable artlessness, gradually developed her talents and accomplishments. She played, she sang, she drew, in the style of a master.

The evil grew every time I saw her. She herself was evidently less at ease. In short, unable to hold out longer, I went to M. Gerson, fourteen days after my arrival, and demanded the hand of his daughter.

I will not attempt to describe the old man's joy on the occasion, or the grotesque capers and gestures by which he testified it. He led me to his daughter, and gave her into my arms. I clasped the incomparable girl with rapture to my bosom. "Bravo!" cried he, as he beheld us; excellent! *c'est comme il faut, je m'en souviens encore!* To-morrow, Constantia, I will write to your sisters, for they must be present at your nuptials."

Angelica, the second daughter, arrived in a few days. She had been residing with a relation at Rochelle. Beautiful as she was she appeared less so, near her sister, and I congratulated myself, almost without knowing it, on having, at all events, chosen the best of the two. Victoria, the youngest, was still absent. A letter came in eight or ten days time to her sister Angelica, saying that she was gone to a distant part of the country on a visit, with her aunt, to whose care she had been entrusted, and would soon return.

This delayed our nuptials, and I had plenty of leisure to compare the two sisters with each other.

Angelica was one inch shorter than her sister; naturally gay and lively myself, I was delight-

ed with her volatile disposition; we grew more and more intimate. As often as I beheld Constantia my bosom heaved with tender wishes; as often as I listened to Angelica my whole soul flew to the fascinating chatterer.

For some time they preserved an equipoise—imperceptibly the scales began to rise and fall alternately, and at the end of another fortnight I loved Constantia while I beheld her only, but the lively Angelica occupied my thoughts no less in solitude than in her presence.

One evening, returning home from a visit, I alighted at the garden gate, knowing that the family would be there that day. On entering a pavilion where I expected to find the company, I heard voices, and trod lightly, more from instinct than with intention. I was not long in recognizing the voice of my betrothed in altercation with a man. "I am very sorry for it, I suffer by it myself, but I cannot help it."—"Oh, if you did but wish it!" replied a voice which I thought I knew. "But I durst not do it, D'Argenet."

D'Argenet was a clerk in the house, whom I had occasionally met at dinner, and I considered him an unassuming gentlemanly young man. It was evident from the conversation that ensued that he had been paying his addresses for some time, and had every reason held out to him of a favourable issue to his suit. Having heard enough to convince me of this, I withdrew as softly as I had entered.

"A narrow escape, Mademoiselle," said I, as I rested myself on a bank, after half an hour's promenade. "But you have deceived yourself. I am satiated with your inanimate charms, and the attractive Angelica will amply compensate me for their loss."

Early the next morning I waited upon M. Gerson. Pretending a great deal of generosity, I assured him that I would never allow myself the most distant claim to the hand of a lady, whose heart was already disposed of. The old man was so enraged that I had difficulty in restraining him. In order to appear consistent, I complained a good deal of the loss of Constantia, but ventured to assure him, at the same time, that I considered Angelica capable of consoling the most distracted lover, and that I did not doubt of loving her, in a short time, as passionately as I had her sister, provided I had his sanction to my addresses. So the bargain was struck, and we sought the two ladies, who were ignorant of what had passed, to announce to them their fate.

I felt half afraid as I stood before them, not of Constantia, whose secret wishes were about to be gratified, but of the trimming glances of my new mistress, which promised me a warm reception.

"Charming Constantia," I began, as M. D'Argenet, who had been sent for, entered the room, "this young man has a prior claim to your hand to me, and deserves it the more as you have yourself given him this claim. I lacerate my own heart while I thus burst the bands which have united it with your's, but I will never purchase

my own happiness at the price of hers who is to form it; and I have used all my persuasion to induce your father to give you to my rival." M. Gerson confirmed what I said, and the two lovers soon forgot their gratitude in the joy to which they abandoned themselves.

The worst was now over; with assumed tranquillity and confidence, but with actual shyness and dread, like a culprit, I presented myself to Angelica, who had not uttered a word, but had been scanning us all with a keen eye pregnant with mischief. "You are extremely generous, Sir," said she, ill concealing a smile at the expense of her lip, and giving me a look that it is impossible to describe. "If so, my angelic Angelica, I may confidently reckon upon your rewarding me."—"As such disinterestedness deserves, Sir, rely upon it."—"Your very flattery intimidates me."—"I intended it should."—"But the attraction of your charms is more powerful."—"I wish I had less of them."—"Then I should suffer less."—"That is not my reason for wishing so."—"I am now deserted."—"I pity the deserted."—"So much the more ardently then, let me hope," said I, bending my knee before her, "that you will pity and relieve me by consenting to marry me."—"Oh! I beg, Sir, you will settle that matter standing. It is not worth while—marry, say you? that is but little; I was almost afraid you were going to ask me to love you."—"I take that for granted."—"You will do me a great favour if you will always take that for granted, it will save me a great deal of trouble."—"You drive me to desperation!"—"What favour but that one can you ask that I would not most willingly grant? You will at all events lose nothing."—"I feel how little I deserve such a treasure, and will endeavour at least to outdo you in tenderness."—"There you will have greatly the advantage of me."—"M. Gerson," said I to her father, "I must entreat your mediation; Angelica promises to marry me, but she bites and scratches, and lays about her like a Tartar bride."—"Let her have her way. She is a foolish girl, but an affectionate daughter, and she will make you an excellent wife. There," said he, laying her hand in mine, "she is your's." She gave her hand without resistance, and regarded me, while I held it, with a look of assurance and triumph that seemed to say, "you are now in my power, and I will soon let you feel it."

Angelica continued in the same tone; and I regretted a thousand times that I had converted my amiable and entertaining chatterbox into a quarrelsome mistress.

The measure of my sufferings was not yet full. The severest torture was still in reserve. The uncle, from Rochelle, arrived at M. Gerson's on a visit, bringing with him a young man, whom they called cousin. Angelica embraced them both, and my keen jealous eye read in the glances of the said cousin an emotion that appeared too tender for mere relationship. "I am heartily glad you are come, cousin," said she to him, "here is my intended bridegroom, Mr. Waltrmann, of Hamburgh. He marries me merely

out of revenge because my sister does not like him, and surely I act very generously in making his revenge as difficult, that is to say, as sweet as possible." I was boiling with rage. Great as was the effort it required, I restrained myself, however. But it was past endurance when she made earnest of the jest, treating her cousin with familiarity and tenderness, while she repulsed me with the greatest harshness. "I do it merely to try you," was her answer to my remonstrances. "That is, you cut open my body to ascertain whether my heart beats; but I shall find means to escape this cruelty." Highly incensed I went instantly to her father, and laid my complaints before him. "You surprise me," said he, "I imagined you to be on the most friendly footing together. However, I'll talk to her."

He did it regardless of my opposition; and whether inconsiderately or intentionally I know not, but he did it in the presence of the whole family.

The smiles of the audience, as M. Gerson delivered his paternal exhortation, announced to me my fate. "What," said Angelica, "are the nerves of a German so delicate? You cannot endure that I pass through life skipping and dancing? While you fail of hitting my humour, it is no wonder that you cannot gain my love."—"Charming Angelica."—"Say that to my sister, I am wicked and insupportable; and yet I love you as well as any lady does her lap-dog or parrot."—"Do you not perform the part of the former? for those animals bite and snarl at their mistresses, though never so much fondled and petted by them." She smiled and gave me her hand, which I kissed with gratitude. But this humour lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour, and I became again the object of her ridicule.

By accident, rummaging one day in my trunk, I found a letter from my father, addressed, "To the beloved bride of my son." The affectionate language of a father, thought I, will make some impression upon her, and I delivered the letter to Angelica.

"It is not for me," said she, "for I am not beloved; however, I will open the letter, as I am to fill the place of one who is." She read it. "You have an excellent father, Mr. Waltmann; his kindness really surprizes me. He knows that ladies are fond of ornaments, and brides particularly. Will you not show me the jewels?" I was struck dumb with shame and confusion; I stared wildly at her, unable to make her any answer. "Surely you have not lost them!"—"My father must have forgotten them; will you permit me to see the letter?"—"What, shall I entrust so valuable a document into such rapacious hands? Cousin Cicisbo, read it to him." The cousin read—"The solitaire and the bracelets, which my son will deliver with this letter, are for your acceptance, &c." I stood like a tree shivered by lightning, ready to sink to the earth. I cursed the hour a thousand times that led me to this house, and made me acquainted with perfections that to me were only a source of trouble and vexation.

"Pray, cousin," said my tormentor, pointing at me with her finger, "now only look at this poor sinner. His father sends him away from Hamburgh because the ladies there all know him too well to have him. So he takes a ramble of three weeks to make the most of his liberty while it lasts. His means are exhausted, and he is prudent enough to prefer the well-stocked kitchen and rich cellar of his future father-in-law to starvation at Paris. But how is he to get there? Oh! the jewels of his intended bride must contribute, such of them at least, as his Parisian friends may have spared. He comes and sees the eldest; she pleases his fancy, and the reigning beauty of Bordeaux becomes his bride. I come next. He *hears* me, I catch him by his ears."

"How unjust!"—"Don't interrupt me. He gives the first a charming, respectful, gallant dismissal; and any body who did not know him might possibly have given him credit for something like generosity; then he turns to me as the second, merely out of compassion, lest I should pine with grief at his neglect, or die an old maid for want of another offer. I accept, with great humility, the present of his love a little worn by so much use; suffer myself patiently to be abused by him and scolded by my father on his account, and now instead of my jewels, which he has either sold or given away, he brings me the empty letter in derision."—"Dearest Angelica!"—"I beg you will not name me; my name sounds horribly from your lips; really, you deserve to be married to me for a punishment. I will engage that my sister Victoria will make a third and more complete conquest of your heart, for she is as handsome as Constantia, as witty as I, and has more sensibility than both of us together, and bears the name with the deed. But do not flatter yourself that she will have you. You are mine now, and this letter of your father's, even without the solitaire and bracelets, is a deed of gift of your person which I shall never part with."—"The most agreeable assurance, adorable Angelica, that you could possibly give me."—"Spare me your flattery till I wish to hear it." Her angry mien was so evidently a disguise that I found her doubly attractive, and I seized her hand to kiss it.—"Hold!" she cried, snatching it away, "the hour is not yet come when I am to serve out my tenderness to you in portions and rations, as my duty and my conscience may dictate."

At length we received intelligence that Victoria would arrive the following day, and the impatient father fixed the day after that for the celebration of both our nuptials.

Victoria came late in the evening. I expressed a hope that it was not too late to offer her my congratulations on her return, but Angelica stopped me short. "I thought so," said she, "but you will not see her; not until you stand with me at the altar shall you behold the treasure that you have rejected unseen, to throw yourself into the clutches of such a plague as I am."—I confess that I did not contemplate the event without some little misgivings of mind. Angelica was beautiful, rich, and *spirituelle*; but I reflected that the first

of these perfections would soon decay; the second was of little value to me; and the third, to judge by the experience I had already had, would strew more thorns than roses in my path. And where would then be those happy hours of calm contentment and domestic peace, which I promised myself would abundantly compensate me for the loss of my freedom, and the boisterous and extravagant pleasures of a bachelor's life?

D'Argenet came and embraced me as his brother-in-law, and led me to the saloon where the ceremony was to be performed. The father, the two sisters, the uncle, and the cousin, were already assembled there, together with the priest. Victoria was the only one absent.

"Oh, she is still at her toilette," said Angelica; "she will not allow even a bride, on the day of her nuptials, the satisfaction of being thought handsome in her presence; a great weakness, is it not, my dear Waltmann?"—I nodded in affirmation. She was indescribably fascinating in this sprightly mood.—"Well, then, you have to thank your stars that I am more solid."

At this moment two ladies entered the room by a side door. I was much more surprised than the sagacious reader will be, who has long suspected it, to recognize in these two ladies my Parisian friends, the aunt and her lovely niece. "Come at last," cried Angelica, drawing me by the hand towards the table, where the minister stood prepared to perform the sacred office; but my face was turned towards Victoria, who, blushing a deep crimson, and more beautiful than she had ever appeared—regarded me with a serious and enquiring look.—"Your love seems to need the lash," said Angelica; "pray begin, M. La Tournelle." The words were like an electric shock to me. I hastily withdrew my hand, and stood petrified before the minister; he smiled and laid down his book.

Victoria stood unmoved. My ring sparkled on her finger, and the bracelets, which I had sold at Orleans, on her arms. All eyes were fixed upon me, and I was ready to wish the earth would open and swallow me up. "Pray cousin," cried the provoking Angelica, "do marry Victoria for my sake, for so long as my bridegroom sees a sister single he thinks he is bound to make love to her."

The young man approached Victoria. Unable longer to master my feelings, I flew across the room and took her hand. She blushed, gave me a look of tenderness, and suffered me to hold it. "Is it possible?" I exclaimed. "I have no claim upon your forgiveness, but with the powerful emotions you first taught me I feel all my hopes revive, and it rests with you, lovely Victoria, to crown or blast them forever?"—"I am no longer my own," she replied, pointing to the jewels; "I have received my price."—"This is past endurance," exclaimed Angelica, "So rude a bridegroom never was before. Come, cousin, you have a kind, true soul—I will venture it with you. He may do as he pleases, I absolve him from all obligation to me."

My perplexity was over. I cast a supplicating

glance towards the father. He could scarcely speak, so great was his emotion; laying our hands together he conducted us to the other couples. The minister commenced the service unasked, and in ten minutes time the three sisters were made three wives.

The sequel to my adventures is easily explained—perhaps it is already sufficiently understood.—George, instead of taking the bracelets to the jeweller who resided at the further end of the city of Orleans, had applied to the nearest respectable merchant: The latter enquired, with some suspicion, to whom they belonged; George scrupled not to tell him my name and the object of my journey. "I know M. Gerson well, said he, and will, with pleasure, advance Mr. Waltmann a sum of money upon these bracelets, which have doubtless another destination than to be sold in this city." This was precisely what George wished. One enquiry led to another, and my scamp of a servant, who had taken great offence at my Parisian adventure, related the whole of it to this gentleman, and rejoiced that necessity at length compelled me to fulfil the intention of my journey. All this, however, he had good reasons for concealing from me.

Victoria, who was in Paris with the wife of this identical merchant, learnt on her return these tidings of the German lover, and now readily accounted for the sudden disappearance of Lord Johnsbury, for whom, in spite of her filial devotion and the promise she had made her father, she felt some attachment. She wrote in great haste and with no less embarrassment to her witty sister Angelica, for the news had reached her of my intended marriage with Constantia.

Angelica, immediately *au fait*, advised her to keep away for some time longer, and devised the plan for my chastisement, which she carried into execution with no less credit to herself than entertainment to the whole family; for, from the period of the transfer of my addresses to herself, she had imparted her design to the rest, confessing at the same time her own partiality for her cousin.

Could I be angry that she had inflicted upon me a punishment which I so richly deserved, and that had for its object the future happiness of my life? I gathered courage again to joke with my witty antagonist; I could salute Constantia without restraint. Four weeks flew away in a round of delight, like so many days. Then came Captain Classen with orders for my return.

I begged my father's blessing. "I have none to give you but the one you have taken, said the happy old man; you have robbed me of my dearest daughter, and yet I thank you for it, for through you I am become a perfectly happy father." Classen transported us with safety and expedition to Hamburg.

The hearty congratulations and embraces of my father convinced me, that the angel I had brought with me had completed his happiness also. And she, standing at this moment smiling by my side, no longer doubts that she has as happily and effectually completed my reform,

A POEM,

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

WHEN some fond boy, more blest than I,
 Shall twine fresh roses in thy hair,
 Tell him, the flowers his hand flings by,
 Once bloom'd as bright as his do there;
 And when, beneath this starry sky,
 He wakes the lute I used to fill,
 Oh! tell him that another's sigh
 Is warm upon its surface still.

And if, perchance, thy loved gazelle
 Should fly thy stranger's touch, and hide
 Its head within thy bosom's swell,
 And nestle there, in trembling pride—
 Oh! tell him there was one whose lip
 That dark-eyed thing so loved to kiss,
 That it had fondly learn'd to sip
 The dew from thine to water his.

And for the rest—when twilight's hour
 Shall see thee wandering on with him,
 Or in thine own acacia bower,
 Whose light, Love's own, is all so dim—
 Tell him there's not a flower below,
 And not a silent star above,
 And not a breeze that whispers so,
 That have not heard another's love.

HOPE.

BY DOCTOR DRAKE.

SEE through the clouds that roll in wrath,
 Yon little star benignant, peep,
 To light along their trackless path
 The wanderers of the stormy deep.

And thus, oh! Hope, thy lively form
 In sorrow's gloomy night, shall be
 The star that looks through cloud and storm
 Upon a dark and moonless sea.

When heaven is all serene and fair,
 Full many a brighter gem we meet;
 'Tis when the tempest hovers there,
 Thy beam is most divinely sweet.

The rainbow, with the sun's decline,
 Like faithless friends, will disappear;
 Thy lights, dear star, more brightly shine,
 When all is wail and sorrow here.

And though Aurora's stealing gleam
 May wake a morning of delight,
 'Tis only thy enchanting beam
 Will smile amid affliction's night.



THE ESCRUTOIRE.

For careless scrawls ye boast of no pretence;
 Fair Russel wrote, as well as spoke, with sense.

VARIOUS are the occasions on which ladies are called upon to exercise their skill in the art of epistolary composition; this, generally speaking, is the only style of writing of which they will find it inconvenient to be ignorant. Few persons are ever obliged to produce a treatise, or a poem; but there is scarcely any one who is not occasionally compelled, by the circumstances of life, to write a letter. It is the remark of a very celebrated author, that the epistolary style deserves to be cultivated almost more than any other, since none is of more various or frequent use through the whole subordination of human

life. Another writer on this subject, very justly observes, that among the various parts of learning, in which young persons are initiated, there are some, which, though they amuse the imagination, and furnish the mind with employment in solitude and leisure, yet are found to be of little actual utility in the common intercourse of life; but the ability of writing letters clearly, and to the purpose, finds an opportunity of frequent exertion and display in every department of business, in every profession and employment, and in all the endearing offices of social relation. Most authors, who have occupied themselves

with this subject, admit the difficulty—or, rather, the impossibility—of reducing it to any fixed rules; as letters are written on all subjects, and in almost every situation in which “the tide of events” can carry individuals. The general rules which govern other styles of composition, are, for the most part, applicable to letter writing: ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments, have been pronounced to be the qualities most frequently required; but it has also been stated, that a letter, having no peculiarity but its form, nothing is to be refused admission to it which would be proper in any other mode of treating the same subject. This observation requires to be qualified; at least, as to the manner of using what is admitted. Brevity is often an object of the greatest importance in the epistolary style; and that which it may be proper to elaborate in other modes of treating a subject, it is necessary to condense in a letter. The same arguments and expressions, also, which would be proper in a statement, or appeal to the public, might be indecorous if addressed to an individual.

A correspondence between two persons, is simply a conversation reduced to writing; in which one party says all that she has to communicate, replies to preceding inquiries, and, in her turn proposes questions, without interruption by the other; who takes precisely the same course in her answer. We should write to an absent person, as we would speak to the same party if present. To a superior we ought to be respectful; to a parent, dutiful and affectionate; to a friend, frank and easy; and clear and definite in our expressions to all. Ambiguity, in epistolary correspondence, is a fault which ought, most scrupulously, to be avoided; a word placed in an improper part of a sentence—a phrase that has a double signification—a passage so blotted, or ill-written, as to be unintelligible—a careless mode of sealing, by which a portion of the manuscript is broken, or concealed, will often render it necessary for the party receiving the letter to write, and she who is guilty of the fault, to reply to another epistle requiring the necessary explanation. The delay thus occasioned, is often of serious importance; besides, the person addressed may conceive that she has caught the import of the doubtful passage, when the contrary may be the fact; and thus the writer, much to her own detriment, may be misunderstood on a most critical point: in fact, to be ambiguous, or unintelligible, is to be wanting in duty to ourselves, and in respect to those whom we address.

Conciseness is one of the charms of letter-writing: we do not mean to say that a letter should not contain sufficient facts, ideas, and feelings; but they ought to be as briefly expressed as perspicuity and elegance will permit. If we encumber an idea with verbiage, it loses its power. There are some persons who, when they express a feeling, or a thought, of which simplicity should be the charm, clothe it with all

the verbal treasures they possess: this is like wearing one's whole wardrobe at once; the figure is lost in a mass of drapery. Lengthened periods are as much out of place in a letter as they would be in conversation, of which letters may be called the prototype; for they tire the reader even more than they would the hearer: when written, their faults are also perceived with much less difficulty than when spoken. Our style, of course, may rise with our subject; but all parade of words should be dropped in a familiar epistle. The death of a friend or relation, a calamity, or any circumstance of grave importance, should not be communicated in the same manner as a trifling occurrence, or even a happy event: brevity, in *these* cases, is beauty; in *those* it would be deemed unfeeling and abrupt. “You ask me to send you news of your favourite school-fellow, Harriet:—she is married.” This mode of communicating such an event is unexceptionable; but it would be most improper to state the young lady's death in the same manner; that is, by merely substituting “dead” for “married.”

But in aiming at the acquirement of an elegant and easy brevity, it is incumbent on us at once to avoid falling into a rugged, or an enigmatical style, and becoming so concise as to be unintelligible. Boileau, echoing Horace, says, “J'évite d'être long, et je deviens obscur.” This is a fault which must be avoided; it is even better to be prolix and intelligible, than brief and obscure.

To an absent friend, an elaborate letter will be most welcome: a stranger, a superior, or a person of whom the writer seeks something, will recoil from a “folio of four pages,” and, perhaps, throw it aside unread, or, at best, but slightly skimmed over. When the party, to whom a letter is addressed, is uninterested in the subject on which it is written, the writer of it should display a brevity, which will attract attention, and insure a perusal: no unnecessary ornament should be used, nor, in fact, any thing introduced but what is important, and bears strongly on the case stated, or the inquiry made. All those little personal details and trifling circumstances, which are so delightful in a letter from a friend, would fatigue and disgust a stranger, or a superior, to whom they are destitute of interest.

Display is a fault of great weight; ease is the grace of letter-writing: far-fetched words, and studied phrases, are by no means to be accepted as legitimate ornaments in the epistolary style. A passage which is at once brilliant and brief, enriches a letter; but it must be artless, and appear to flow without effort from the writer's pen: to arise naturally from the subject, or the preceding passages, and not seem to have cost any labour in its production; or to be placed in the position it occupies, simply because it is beautiful, and not on account of its relation to its fellow-phrases. There are some persons who have their pet expressions, which they display as they would their diamonds at dress-parties, on all great occasions: these expressions would be

good, if they were in their proper places; but, on account of their misapplication, they appear forced and unnatural. It is, however, by no means intended, that these observations should be understood by the reader as warning her to reject those ornaments and graces of language, which embellish other styles of writing, when the occasion calls for their aid. Dr. Johnson observes, that "it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments, will, consequently, raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope, or terror, will produce perturbation of images, and some figurative distortions of phrase. Whenever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style. If the personages of the comic scene be allowed by Horace to raise their language, in the transports of anger, to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may, likewise, without censure, comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his reasonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a measure is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart." But, before the letter-writer follows this advice, it is necessary to ascertain the extent of his powers. Without talents to support us in a splendid flight, it is better to pursue an even course; without judgment to select, and taste to apply ornaments, it is wise to be contented with simplicity; lest, in this case, in aiming to be brilliant, we become gaudy and ridiculous; or, in that, while striving to astonish, we become contemptible, and "rise like the rocket, only to fall like the stick." We should never suffer ourselves to be seduced to adopt a fine sounding epithet, unless we are perfectly well acquainted with its meaning; or, to indulge in a simile, unless we are capable of wielding it with ease. It is dangerous to meddle with fine phrases, if we are unaccustomed to the manner of using them. A person who, by invariably keeping within the beaten path, and never running astray after "the butterflies of language," had been accounted, by his correspondents, a plain, sensible sort of man, destroyed his reputation by a congratulatory epistle on a friend's marriage, written in a style which he, doubtless, considered of great elevation and beauty; it was, on the contrary, in the true "Cambyses' vein." No one had ever suspected him to be a blockhead before; but the letter in question was evidence enough to convict him, even in the opinions of his most partial friends. Perhaps it is the only one of his epistles that has ever been preserved, with the ex-

ception of such as have been kept as documents in matters of business.

In all epistolary correspondence, the choice of embellishments, the language, subject matter and manner in general, should, as in conversation, be governed by the relative situations in life, as to age, rank, character, &c. of the parties addressed and addressing. A lady neither writes nor speaks to a gentleman as she would to one of her own sex. The language of a mother to a daughter, is very different from that of a daughter to her mother. In our first letter to a person, as on our first introduction, we should be respectful, and by no means familiar. The distance which either age, rank, sex, or any other circumstance, occasions, ought always to be remembered. We should never forget what we are, and what the person is whom we address. We should say only precisely what ought to be said: to write in fact, with the same restrictions as we would speak; to suppose the party present whom we address; and to bear in mind, that our letters are, in every respect, representatives of our own persons, that they may be said to speak for us; and that an estimate of our character and manners is frequently formed from the style and language of our epistles.

How frequently do we hear persons exclaiming, that they do not know what to write about! Such an observation is a disgrace to the person who makes it. Were the mother, the sister, the cousin, friend, or even acquaintance, to enter the room in which you are sitting at an escrutoire, with a blank sheet of paper before you, would you have nothing to say? Would you have nothing to communicate? Nothing to inquire? No hitherto unanswered question to reply to? There is but little doubt that a host of facts, feelings, questions, and answers, would crowd to your lips for utterance. But it will, perhaps, be observed by some, that "there is such a difference between talking and writing:" truly so; the great difference is, that in this, the pen—in that, the tongue—is the agent of expression. Whatever we should say to a person present, we may write if absent. There is, of course, a choice of subjects to be made, and a proper mode to be chosen of communicating them. To regulate that choice, we should select as though the friend, to whom we are writing, were by our side, and could remain with us but a short time. In that case we should speak only of those things which were of the greatest importance, and express them at once as clearly and concisely as possible; and, pleasantly, didactically, modestly, feelingly, or otherwise, according to their nature and the party whom we address. The writer should always bear in mind, that "nothing can be more improper than ease and laxity of expression when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence."

Politeness, and the forms of society, frequently require us to write letters of compliment, inquiry, or condolence, to those with whom we are upon the slightest possible terms of intimacy.

Such letters, which are generally supposed to be the most difficult, are, in fact, the most easy of execution; for the circumstance which calls for the letter, affords us a subject: to this the letter must be restricted. It is true, that there is a graceful manner of framing an inquiry, and making a compliment, and this manner it is in vain to seek for, by labour, at the moment the letter is required; if it be difficult to compose, it will seem studied, heartless, and inelegant in expression. Simplicity and ease impart the chief grace that can be given to a condoling or complimentary note.

A letter of congratulation should be as the thornless rose: the least appearance of envy, or jealousy, at the good fortune of those whom we felicitate, is unpardonable; it should contain no hint of any hope that the advancement, or change of situation, upon which the compliment is made, may afford the person addressed the means of conferring a benefit on the party writing. It should, in fact, be an unmixed expression of pleasure and congratulation on the event that calls for its production. Care must, nevertheless, be taken to keep within due bounds: to exaggerate in our congratulations, is to become keenly satirical.

WOMEN.

To the honour of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty, no sacrifice is with them too high or too dear. Nothing is with them impossible, but to shrink from what love, honour, innocence, and religion, require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded; but the voice of affliction never. The chamber of the sick, the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the alters of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of women. Timid though she be, yet on such occasions she loses all sense of danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not and fears not consequences. She displays that undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which utters neither murmurs nor regret; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even after death itself.—*Judge Story.*

TWILIGHT.

Of all the myriad sources of enjoyment which nature unfolds to man, I know few equal to those elicited by a balmy summer sunset. The idea is old, but the reflections it excites are perpetually varying. There is something in this hour, so tender, so truly fraught with simple, yet sublime associations that it belongs rather to heaven than to earth. The curtain that drops down on the physical, also descends on the moral world. The day with its selfish interests, its common-place distractions, has gone by, and the season of intelligence, of imagination, of spirituality, is dawning. Yes, twilight unlocks the blandusian fountain of fancy; there, as in a mirror, reflecting all things in added loveliness, the heart surveys the past;

the dead, the absent, the estranged, come thronging back on memory; the paradise of inexperience, from which the flaming sword of truth has long since exiled us, rises again in all the pristine beauty of its flowers and verdure; the very spot where we breathed our first vows of love; the slender girlish figure, that, gliding like a sylph beside us, listened entranced to that avowal, made in the face of heaven, beneath the listening evening star; the home that witnessed her decline; the church yard that received her ashes; the grave wherein she now sleeps, dreamless and happy, deaf alike to the syren voice of praise, and the withering sneers of envy—such sweet but solemn recollections, sweep in shadowy pomp across the mind, conjured up by the spells of twilight, as he waves his enchanted wand over the earth.

NIGHT SCENE IN THE DESERT.

A CARAVAN presents in the evening a very active and cheerful scene. The camels, which had been turned out to graze as soon as they had halted and been unloaded, now return in separate groups, each of which, following the bell of its leader, proceeds directly to the spot where its master's tents are pitched. When arrived there the docile animals lie down of their own accord in a row, and their heads are attached by halters to a rope, which is fastened to a range of stakes about four feet high, extending along the front of the camp. They are then fed with large balls composed of barley-meal and lentils, mixed up with water, which they swallow whole, and are left to ruminate till morning. As soon as the night closes in, fires begin to blaze in every direction. They are made with dry thorns and stunted shrubs, collected round the camp, and their flames throw a bright light on the different groups of travellers who are seen squatted on the ground in front of their tents, or beside their piles of merchandize, some occupied with their pipes and coffee, and others enjoying their frugal evening's meal. In an oriental company, of whatever class it is composed, the harsh sounds of vulgar merriment are never to be heard; a low hum of conversation spreads through the camp, and as the evening advances, this gradually sinks into a silence, disturbed only by the occasional lowing of the camels. All those persons who have once tried it, and who understand the eastern languages, speak of a caravan as a very agreeable mode of travelling. The wild and solitary scenery through which it generally passes, the order and tranquillity with which it is conducted, the facility of conveying baggage, and the feeling of security which prevails, amply compensate for the slowness of its movements; and among hundreds of persons collected from the most distant parts of the Turkish empire and the neighbouring states, many of whom have spent their lives in travelling, there is to be found a never-failing variety of associates and of anecdotes.—*Fuller's Tour in the Turkish Empire.*

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

I wish I could describe the young lady Sibyl. She was rather tall than otherwise, and her head was carried with a toss of the prettiest pride I ever saw; in truth, there was a supernatural grace in her figure by which she was in duty bound to be more lofty in her demeanour than other people. Her eyes were of a pure dark hazel, and seemed to wander from the earth as though they were surprised how they happened to drop out of the skies; and the sweet, high and mighty witchery that sported round her threatening lips, inspired one with a wonderful disposition to fall down and worship her. It was, of course, not to be expected that such a strangely gifted lady should be quite so easily contented with her cavaliers as those who were not gifted at all; and Sibyl, very properly, allowed it to be understood that, the world being by no means good enough for her, she conceived the society it afforded to be her own wilful cogitations; and that she meant to pass the whole of her pretty life in solitude and meditation. People conjectured that she was in love, and too proud to show it; and Sibyl surmised that they were vastly impertinent, and by no means worthy satisfying.

There was a small grotto by the lake that wound before the old arched windows of the hall: a world of fine foliage was matted fantastically above and around it, so as to exclude every intruder but the Kingfisher, who plunged, meteor-like, on his golden prey, and vanished in the shade before he was well seen: and an endless variety of woodbines leaped from branch to branch, swinging their dewy tendrils in the air, and showering fragrance upon the green moss beneath, or stealing round the rustic pinnacles, like garlands twined by Cupid for his favourite hiding place. It was in this choice retreat that the Lady Sibyl chose to forget the world in which she was born, and imagined that for which she seemed to have been created; and in this mood, without manifesting any particular symptoms of exhaustion, except she had grown a little paler and more slender, she continued for three whole years.

On the third anniversary of her resolution, she knew it was the third, because the said resolution happened to have been made on the same day that her wild cousin, who had earned for himself the title of Childe Wilful, chose for his departure to the wars—on the third anniversary, as on all other days, Sibyl again tripped down the chase to live in paradise till tea time, but, not as on other days; the noble summer sunset seemed to have stained her cheek with a kindred hue. Ere she reached her wilderness, she looked back again and again, at the hall, slacking her pace that it might not appear hurried, and gazed as long upon the swans and water lilies as though they really occupied her thoughts. Meanwhile, the flower of the fox-hunting chivalry were carousing with her father in the banquetting room,

and flourishing their glasses to her health. The most mighty and censorious dames of the land were seen stalking up and down the terrace, as stately and as stiff as the peacocks clipped out of the yew trees at either end of it. Sibyl seemed to have lost the faculty of despising them, and was half afraid that her desertion would be thought strange. As she stood irresolute whether to go or turn back, she was startled by a voice close by, and the blood leaped in a deeper crimson to her cheek.

"Sibyl!—dear Sibyl!" it exclaimed, "wilt thou come, or must I fetch thee, before the whole posse of them?"

Sibyl tossed her head and laughed; and with an agitated look, which was meant to be indifferent, strolled carelessly into the shade, just in time to prevent the intruder from putting his threat in execution. He was a light, well made cavalier, with black moustaches and ringlets, and a high born eye and forehead, which could have looked almost as proud as Sibyl's.—As for his accomplishments, the fine frenchified slashing of his costume, and the courage and manner in which he assailed a lady's hand, bespoke him a wonder.

"And so, my gallant cousin," said Sibyl, with a voice which was a little out of breath, with a feeble effort to extricate her fingers, "and so you have brought your valour back to besiege my citadel again."

"Sweet arrogance! is it not the day three thousand years on which we parted; and did I not promise to be here at sunset?"

"I believe you threatened me that you would.—Pray, have you run away from battle to be as good as your word?"

"And pray did you always consider it a threat, or did you tell me that this grotto should be your hermitage till my return?"

"And pray, for the third time, do not be inquisitive; and trouble yourself to let go my hand, and sit down on that seat over the way, and tell me what you have been doing these three days."

"I will, as you desire, take both hands and the other half of your chair, and tell you, as you surmise, that I have been thinking of you till the thought became exceedingly troublesome; and now oblige me by telling me whether you are as proud as ever since you lost your beauty, or whether you have ever mustered humility to drop a tear for the mad blood which I have shed in toiling to be worthy such a mighty lady."

Sibyl laughed, and snatched her hand away from him to draw it across her eyes.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued in a gentler tone, "and has not that wild heart changed in three long years? And has not such an age of experience made our boy and girl flirtation a folly to be amended? And do I find you the same, excepting far more lovely; the same perverse being who would not have given her wayward prodigal

for the most dismally sensible lord of the creation? Often as I have feared, I have had a little comforter which told me you could not change. See, Sibyl, your miniature, half given, half stolen, at our last parting; it has been my shield in a dozen fights; has healed, with its smile, as many wounds; it has asked me if this was a brow whereon to register deceit, if these were the lips to speak it, if these were the eyes, as I live, they are weeping even now!"

She did not raise them from her bosom, but answered with a smile of feigned mortification, that she thought it very impertinent to make such minute observations. "I too have had my comforters," she said, drawing the fellow miniature from her bosom, and holding it playfully before his eyes; it has been my shield against a dozen follies; it has warned me to benefit by sad experience; it has asked me if this was the brow whereon to register any thing good, if these were the lips to speak it, if these were the eyes, as I live, they are conceded even now?"

"But have you indeed kept my picture so close to your heart?"

"And do you indeed think that your old rival, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell, would have given me a farthing for it?"

"Did you ever try him?"

"Oh, Childe Wilful! can you change countenance at such a name even now! No, I did not try him, and (for you are a stranger and must be indulged,) I will tell you, therefore, I would not have given it to him for his head; nor for as many of them as would have built a tower to yonder moon; and so now you see if you can contrive to be jealous of him: nay, you shall not touch it. Do you remember how often, when it pleased you to be moody, you threatened to take it from me?"

"No more of that, sweet Sibyl."

"And will you never counterfeit a head-ach, to hide a displeasure, when I dance with Sir Duncie, or gallop with Sir Gosling?"

"No, never, Sibyl."

"And will you never take leave of me forever, and return five minutes afterwards to see how I bear it?"

"Never, whilst I live."

"Why then, I give you leave to ask my father's leave to stay a whole week at the hall, for I have a great deal to say to you—when I can think of it."

"I will ask him for yourself, Sibyl."

"No, no, Sir Childe, you will not do any such thing. When you went from hence, it was with a college character, which was by no means likely to ingratiate you with reasonable people, whatever it may have done with other folks; and you must not talk to my father of the treasured Sibyl till you are better acquainted with him. Talk of ploughs and politics as much as you please; make it appear that now the wars are over, there is some chance of your turning your sword into a pruning hook, and yourself into an accomplished squire; and then, and then, alas! for the high-minded Sibyl!"

It was not long afterwards that Childe Wilful to the great surprise of Sibyl, arrived at the hall, in hot haste from foreign parts! He had always been a favourite from his liveliness, and was, indeed, almost as much liked as abused. The old lord took him by the hand, with a comical expression of countenance, which seemed to inquire how much mischief he had done; and the old ladies thought him vastly improved by travel, and awfully like a great warrior. The only persons to whom his presence was not likely to be strikingly agreeable, were a few round-shouldered suitors to Sibyl, who, in common with country squires in general, were largely gifted with the blessings of fleet horses, and tardy wits. Among these stood, pre-eminent, Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell. He was a tall man, with not a bad figure, and really handsome face; though the dangerous tendency of the first was somewhat marred by peculiar ideas of the graces, and the latter was perfectly innocuous from an undue economy of expression. Altogether Sir Lubin was a very fine camel; he was a man of much dignity, always preserving a haughty silence when he did not exactly know what to say, and very properly despising those whom he could not hope to out-shine. Thus it was, that the meeting between Sir Lubin and Childe Wilful was very similar to that between Ulysses and the ghost of Ajax.

Had this been all the mortification to which the Childe was doomed to undergo, he might, perhaps have contrived to bear it with fortitude; but Sibyl had subjected him to the task of obtaining a good character, and his trials were insupportable.

In the first place, he had to tell stories of sacked cities and distressed virgins at the tea-table, till he became popular enough with the maiden aunts to be three parts out of his mind; for Sibyl was all the time compelled to endure the homage of her other lovers. It is true that her keen wit could no more enter their double blocked skulls, than the point of her needle could have entered the Macedonian phalanx; but then each villain fixed his eye upon her, with all the abstracted attention of the bull's eye in a target, and seemed so abominably happy, that the sight was excruciating. Sometimes, too, Sir Lubin would muster brains enough to perceive that he was giving pain, and would do his best to increase it by whispering in her ear, with a confidential smile, some terrible nothing, for which he deserved to be exterminated; whilst, to mend the matter, the old ladies would remark upon the elegance of his manner, and hint that Sibyl was evidently coming to, because she seemed too happy to be scornful; and had lost all her taste for solitude.—They would undoubtedly make a very handsome couple; and the Childe was appealed to whether he did not think that they would have a very fine family.

In the second place, his opinion of ploughs and politics, which had taught him to discourse but too successfully, made him a fixture at the punch-bowl; while Sir Lubin and his tribe profaned

Sibyl's hand in country dances, as long as they had breath for a plunge. It, moreover, left them ample opportunity to negotiate with the aunt upon the arrangement of her plans for the next day, when he was still condemned to admire some new farm, or ride ten miles to rejoice with his host over a wonderful prize bullock. Sometimes too, the old lord would apologize for taking him away, by observing, that it was better to leave Sibyl to her lovers, for it was time that she should take up with some one of them, and the presence of third parties might abash her.

In the third place, when he retired to bed to sum up all the pleasures of the day, it was never quite clear to him that Sibyl did not expose him to more disquietude than was absolutely necessary. It might indeed be proper that her attachment to him should not be too apparent till he was firmly established in grace, seeing that his merit was the only thing that he could put in the scale against the finest glebe in the country; but then could she not appear sufficiently careless about him without being so unusually complaisant to such a set of louts? If his presence made her happy, there was no necessity to give them license to presume to be happy likewise; and, besides, she might surely find some moments for revisiting her grotto, instead of uniformly turning from his hasty whisper—"it is better not." It was not so formerly, and it was very reasonable to suppose that her three years' constancy had been sustained by some ideal picture of what he might turn out, in which she was now disappointed. He could not sleep. His restless fancy continually beheld her bright eyes looking tenderness upon the wooden face of Sir Lubin. He turned to the other side, and was haunted by a legion of young Lubins, who smiled upon him with Sibyl's looks till he almost groaned aloud. In the morning he came down with a hag-ridden countenance, which made people wonder what was the matter with him, and Sibyl asked him with her look of ineffable archness, whether he was experiencing a return of his head-ach.

Time rolled on very disagreeable. The Child grew every day paler and more popular; the old ladies gave him more advice, and the old lord gave him more wine, and Sibyl grew mortified at his mistrust, and Sir Lubin grew afraid of his frown, and one half of the hall could not help being sorry, and the other half were obliged to be civil. Ajax and Ulysses had stepped into each other's shoes, and Sibyl, to keep the peace, was obliged to accede to an interview in her little boudoir.

It was a fine honey-dropping afternoon. The sweet south was murmuring through the lattice amongst the strings of the guitar, and the golden fish were sporting till they almost flung themselves out of their chrystal globe; it was just the hour for every thing to be sweet and harmonious, but Sibyl was somewhat vexed, and the Child was somewhat angry. He was much obliged to her for meeting him, but he feared that he was taking her from more agreeable occupations: and he was, moreover, alarmed, lest her other

visitors wanted some one to amuse them. He merely wished to ask if she had any commands to his family, for whom it was time that he should think of setting out; and when he had obtained them, he would no longer trespass upon her condescension. Sibyl leant her cheek upon her hand, and regarded him patiently till he had done.

"My commands," she gravely said, "are of a confidential nature, and I cannot speak them if you sit so far off."

As she tendered her little hand, her features broke through their mock ceremony into a half smile, and there was an enchantment about her that could not be withstood.

"Sibyl," he exclaimed, "why have you taken such pains to torment me?"

"And why have you so ill attended to the injunctions which I gave you?"

"Ill!—Heaven and earth! Have I not laboured to be agreeable till my head is turned topsy-turvy?"

"Oh yes; and hind side before as well, for it is any thing but right. But did I tell you to pursue this laudable work with fuming and frowning, and doubting, and desperation, till I was in an agony lest you die of your exertions, and leave me to wear the willow?"

The cavalier stated his provocation with much eloquence.

"Dear Sibyl," he continued, "I have passed a sufficient ordeal. If I really possess your love, let me declare it at once, and send these barbarians about their business."

"Or rather be sent about your own, if you have any; for you cannot suppose that the specimen which you have given of your patient disposition, is likely to have told very much in your favour."

"Then why not teach them the presumption of their hopes, and tell them that you despise them!"

"Because they are my father's friends, and because, whatever their hopes may be, they will probably wait for encouragement before they afford me an opportunity of giving my opinion thereupon."

"But has there been any necessity to give them so much more of your time—so many more of your smiles than you have bestowed upon me?"

"And is it you who ask me this question? Oh!—is it possible to mete our attentions to those we love with the same indifference which we use towards the rest of the world? Would nothing, do you think—no tell-tale countenance—no treacherous accent betray the secret which it is our interest to maintain? Unkind to make poor Sibyl's pride confess so much."

The cavalier did not know whether he ought to feel quite convinced. He counted the rings upon the fingers, which were still locked in his own, three times over.

"Sibyl," he at last said, "I cannot bear them to triumph over me even in their own bright fancies. If you are sincere with me, let us anticipate the slow events of time—let us seek hap-

pininess by the readiest means, and, trust me, if it is difficult to obtain consent to our wishes, you are too dear to despair of pardon for having acted without it."

"And you would have me fly with you?" Sibyl shrank from the idea;—her pride was no longer assumed in sport. "You do well," she resumed, "to reproach me with the duplicity which I have practised. It is but just to suppose that she who has gone so far, would not scruple to make the love which has been lavished upon her—the inducement for her disobedience; that the pride which has yielded so much, would be content to be pursued as a fugitive and to return as a penitent."

"Then, Sibyl, you do not love me?"

"I am not used to make assurances of that kind, any more than I am inclined to submit to the charge of deceit."

"Methinks, Lady Sibyl," he replied, with somewhat of bitterness, "you very easily take offence to-night. It is certainly better to be free from one engagement before we enter upon another."

Sibyl's heart beat high, but she did not speak.

"It is possible you may have mistaken your reasons for enjoining me to silence: for it is, no doubt, advisable that your more eligible friends should have the opportunity of speaking first."

Sibyl's heart beat higher, and the tears sprang to her eyes, but her head was turned away.

"We have staid too long," she said, with an effort at composure.

"I thank you, Lady Sibyl," he replied, rising haughtily to depart, "for allowing me to come to a right understanding. And now—"

Her anger never had been more than a flash—she could hardly believe him serious, and if he was, he would soon repent.

"And now," she interrupted him, relapsing into her loveliest look of raillery, "Childe Wilful would be glad of his picture again?"

"You certainly will oblige me by restoring it."

"Why do you not ask Sir Lubin for it?"

"Lady Sibyl, I am serious; and must beg to remark that it can be but an unworthy satisfaction to retain it for a boast to your new lover."

"I do not see that there is any thing to boast of in it. The face is a particularly handsome one, and as for him for whom it is meant, he has never made a figure in any history excepting his own letters. Here is one in my dressing case—I pray you stand still now while I read over the wondrous exploits which you performed in your last battle, for I think you must have looked just as you do now."

There is no saying whether his resolution would have been firm enough to persist in his dire demand, had not the Lady Sibyl's attendant at that moment entered with Sir Lubin's compliments, and it was past the hour when she had engaged to ride with him.—Childe Wilful's heart was armed with a thicker coat of mail than ever, and his lips writhed into a bitter smile.

"Do not let me detain you, Lady Sibyl," he said, "perhaps, your gentlewoman will be good

enough to find me the picture amongst your cast off ornaments."

This was rather too much, to be exposed in her weakest point to the impertinent surprise of her servant.

"Nay—nay," she replied in confusion, "have done, for the present;—if you ask me for it to-morrow I will return it."

"I shall not be here to-morrow, and it is hardly compatible with Lady Sibyl's pride to detain presents which the donor would resume."

Her answer was a little indignant—his rejoinder was a little more provoking—the maid began to laugh in her sleeve—and Sibyl herself humiliated. It is but a short step, in mighty spirits, from humiliation to discord; and Sibyl soon called in the whole force of her dignity, and conjured up a smile of as much asperity as that of Childe's.

"No!" she exclaimed, "it is not amongst my cast-off ornaments. I mistook it for the similitude of true affection, of generosity and manliness, and have worn it where those qualities deserve to be treasured up."

The picture was produced from its pretty hiding place, and carelessly tendered to him.

"You will, perhaps, remember," she continued, "that there was a fellow to this picture, and that the original of it has as little inclination as other people to be made a boast of."

"Undoubtedly, Lady Sibyl—it was my intention to make you perfectly easy on that point."

The little jewel was removed coldly from his breast, and seemed to reproach him as it parted, for it had the same mournful smile with which Sibyl sat for it when he was preparing for the wars. He gave it to her, and received his own in return. It was yet warm from its sweet depository, and the touch of it thrilled to his soul;—but he determined for once to act with consistency. As he closed the door he distinguished a faint sob, and a feeling of self reproach seemed fast coming over him; but then his honour! Was he to endure the possibility of being triumphed over by such an eternal blockhead as Sir Lubin of the Golden Dell?

Sibyl made her appearance in the drawing-room soon after him, in her riding dress. Her manner was cold and distant, and she heard him feign business at home without condescending to notice it, only that there was a fever upon her cheek which spoke an unwonted tumult of feeling. Her horse was at the door, and Sir Lubin was ready to escort her down. As she took leave of her cousin they were both haughty, and both their hands trembled. In a minute she was seen winding through the old avenue. Sir Lubin, who was observed poking his head from his shoulders with all the grace of a goose in a basket, was evidently saying tender things, and, altogether, looked cruelly like a dangerous rival. The Childe drew his breath through his teeth as though they had been set on edge, and moved from the window like a spirit turned out of Paradise.

Sir Lubin did not find his ride very satisfactory. He discovered that it was a fine evening;—made

a clever simile about Lady Sibyl's cheek and a poppy, and another about her cruelty and a bramble; but they had little or no effect. She answered "no," where she ought to have said "yes," looked bewildered when he asked her opinion, and, in fact, as he poetically expressed it, was extracting honey from the flowers of her own imagination.

"Will he indeed have the heart to leave me thus?" said Sibyl to herself. "Unkind—unkind—ungrateful—to take my little treasure from me—the sole companion of my bosom—the witness of all the tears I have shed for him, the comforter of all my doubts of his fidelity—is gone forever,—I can never stoop to receive it back—I never will forgive him—no, never—that is, if he really be gone."

And really, when she returned, he was gone.—Sibyl, however, would not persuade herself that it was not his intention to return; and every night had to take her pride to task for having looked out upon the road all the day. Perhaps he would write; and she stole away, as heretofore, alone, to meet the tardy post a mile off. There were letters for my lord—for Sir Lubin—for the Lady Jemima.

"No, no! I want not them. For the Lady Sibyl—what for the Lady Sibyl?"

The letters were turned over and over, and still the same deadening sound fell like a knell upon her heart—"Nothing for the Lady Sibyl."

Lady Sibyl returned unwillingly to the company after her disappointment with respect to the arrival of the letter, and retired at the first opportunity, to wonder if her cousin was really in earnest—if he had really deserted her, and whether she had ever given him cause so to do. Her pride would seldom suffer her to weep, and the tears seemed swelling at her heart till each throb was a throb of pain. Sometimes she would bewilder herself with suggesting other reasons than want of inclination for his absence, and for his silence. Might he not wish to return, and be prevented by his family, who had not seen him for so long and would naturally be importunate! Might he not be fearful of writing, lest the letter should fall into hands for whom it was not intended, and betray the secret she had desired him to keep? It surely might be her overweening caution that was afflicting her, and he might be as impatient as herself. Her imagination would begin to occupy itself in ideal scenes, until she had forgot those which had really occurred, and her hand would rise fondly to her bosom to draw forth the semblance of her suffering cavalier. Alas! it was then that the poor Sibyl's deceptive dreams were dispersed. The picture was gone—was even now, perhaps, the bosom companion of another, who pitted her with smiles, and gaily upbraided him for his falsehood. Then again would the flush of shame rush over her cheek, her maiden indignation determine to forget him, and her bewildered wits busy themselves upon plans of teaching him that she had done so.

In the mean time, Sir Lubin began to congratulate himself that he had made an impression.

Sibyl had lost the spirit to repel his advances as she had done before, and the little which she afforded him of her company, was clearly a pretty stratagem to bring him to an explanation. He had a great mind to be cruel in his turn, and lead her heart the dance as he expressed it, which she had led his—but then she was very pale, and might have a fit of illness. On the evening when he had resolved to make her happy, Sibyl indeed received a letter, but it was from her lover's sister. It was full of the gay rattle which usually characterizes the correspondence of hearts which had never known sorrow, but it was other news that Sibyl looked for. She toiled through lively descriptions of fetes and finery, and flirtations, scarcely knowing what she read, till at last her eye glanced upon the name she sought. She stopped to breathe ere she proceeded, and then Childe Wilful was gone to —, and was paying violent attentions to Lady Blanche.

She tore the letter calmly into little strips; her lips were compressed with beautiful, but stern and desperate determination. That night Sir Lubin made his proposals, and in the delirium of fancied vengeance, Sibyl answered—she knew not what.

It was not long after that the Childe was returning sadly home from the Lady Blanche. She was very beautiful—but, oh, she had not the speaking glance of Sibyl. She was lofty and high minded; but it was not the sweet pride that fascinated while it awed—it was the aspiring woman, and not the playful and condescending seraph. She was accomplished; but they were the accomplishments approved by the understanding rather than the heart—the methodical work of education, and stored up for display. But Sibyl was accomplished by Heaven; her gifts were like the summer breezes which sported around him—wild, exquisite, and mysterious, which were the same whether wasted on the desert, or wafting delight to the multitude. She was a lovely line of poetry in a world of prose—she was a blossom dropped from Paradise to shame all the flowers of the earth. Oh, but Sibyl was false! and oh, again, it was just possible he might be mistaken. He was sadly bewildered, had another bad headache, and was strongly of opinion that it was not the way to forget Sibyl to put her in competition with other people. He hardly liked to confess it to himself, but he was not quite sure that, if he had any excuse which would not compromise his dignity, he would turn his horse's head towards the hall, and suffer the fiends which were tormenting him to drive him at their own pace.

It happened that such excuse was not far distant. He had no sooner alighted at home than he was presented with a hasty note, which had been some days awaiting him, from Sibyl's father, inviting him—a film came over his eyes, and the pulsation of his heart was paralysed—inviting him to what he knew would give him great pleasure, to Sibyl's wedding! Should he send an excuse, and stay at home, and prove that he did not care about it; or should he plunge headlong into their revelry, and spare neither age nor sex

of the whole party? No matter, he would consider it on his way. He gave his steed the spur, as though the good animal had been Sir Lubin himself, and set out to cool his blood, and shake his wits into their places, by a moonlight gallop of a hundred miles.

The morning was far advanced when he came within sight of the hall. He was almost exhausted; and the preparations for the festivity upon the fine slope of the chase, came over his soul with sickness and dismay. The high blood of his poor animal was barely sufficient to answer the feeble urging of its rider; and the slow stride, which was accompanied by a deeper and a deeper sob, seemed fast flagging to a stand still. The Childe felt that he was too late. He inquired of a troop of merry-makers round a roasting ox, and found that the wedding cavalcade had set off for the church. He looked down upon the hilt of his sword—he was still in time for vengeance—still in time to cut short the bridegroom's triumph—to disappoint the anticipations of—Spirits of fury! were there none to inspire a few minutes vigour into his fainting steed. The steed toiled on as though he had possessed the burning heart of his master; troops of peasant girls dressed fantastically, and waving garlands on either side of the road, soon told him he was near the scene of the sacrifice. They had received a sheep-faced duck from the head of the blushing Sir Lubin—a sprawling wave of his long arm, thrust, in all the pride of silver and satin, from the window of his coach and six.—They had beheld the fevered and bewildered loveliness of the Lady Sibyl, looking among the bride's maids, intense as a planet amid its satellites, and were all in extacies, that if possible increased his agony. Another lash, another bound, and he turned the corner which brought him full upon the elm-embowered church, surrounded by the main body of the May-day multitude, and a string of coaches which displayed all the arms in the county. He sprang from his horse, and dashed through them like a meteor. The party were all standing before the altar; and he staggered, and restrained his steps to hear how far the ceremony had proceeded. There was a dead silence, and all eyes were fixed upon Sibyl, who trembled, as it seemed, too much to articulate.

"More water," said some one in a low voice; "she is going to faint again."

Water was handed to her, and the clergyman repeated—

"Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?"

Sibyl said nothing, but gasped audibly; her father looked more troubled, and Sir Lubin opened his mouth wider and wider.

The question was repeated, but still Sibyl spoke not.

It was pronounced a third time—Sibyl shook more violently, and uttered an hysteric scream.

"Oh, merciful heaven!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible!—I cannot!—I cannot!"

Her astonished lover sprang forward and received her fainting form in his arms. A glance

at each other's countenance was sufficient to explain all the sufferings—to dissipate all the resentment. Concealment was now out of the question, and their words broke forth at the same instant.

"Oh, faithless! how could you drive me to this dreadful extremity?"

"Sweet Sibyl, forgive—forgive me! I will atone for it by such penitence, such devotion, as the world never saw."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the bridegroom, "but I do not like this!"

"By my word!" added the Lady Jemima, "but here is a new lover!"

"By mine honour," responded the Lady Bridget, "but he is an old one!"

"By my word and honour too," continued the lady something else, "I suspected it long ago!"

"And by my grey beard," concluded the old lord, "I wish I had done so too!—Look you, Sir Lubin, Sibyl is my only child, and must be made happy her own way. I really thought she had been pining and dying for you, but since it appears I was mistaken, why e'en let us make the best of it. You can be bride's-man still: though you cannot be bridegroom, and who knows but in our revels to-night, you may find a lady less liable to change her mind?"

Sir Lubin did not understand this mode of proceeding, and would have come to high words but for the peculiar expression of Childe Wilful's eye, which kept them bubbling in his throat. He could by no means decide upon what to say. He gave two or three pretty considerable heems, but he cleared the road in vain, for nothing was coming; and so, at last, he made up his mind to treat the matter with silent contempt. He bowed to the company with a haughty dive, kicked his long sword, as he turned, between his legs, and strode, or rather rode, out of the church as fast as his dignity would permit. The crowd on the outside, not being aware of what had passed within, and taking it for granted that it was all right that the bridegroom, on such occasions, should go home alone, wished him joy very heartily and clamorously, and the six horses went off at a long trot, which was quite grand.

Sibyl and her cavalier looked breathlessly for what was to come next.

"The wedding feast must not be lost," said the old lord; "will nobody be married?"

Sibyl was again placed at the altar, and in the room of Sir Lubin, was handed the Chevalier Wilful.

"Wilt thou take *this* man for thy wedded husband?" demanded the priest.

Sibyl blushed, and still trembled, but her faintings did not return; and if her voice was low when she spoke the words "I will," it was distinct and musical as the clearest note of the nightingale.

DESPOTIsm, can no more exist in a nation until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set!

MAGIC TABLE,
FOR FINDING THE AGE OF ANY PERSON.

I	II	III	IV	V	VI	VII
1	2	4	8	16	32	64
3	3	5	9	17	33	65
5	6	6	10	18	34	66
7	7	7	11	19	35	67
9	10	12	12	20	36	68
11	11	13	13	21	37	69
13	14	14	14	22	38	70
15	15	15	15	23	39	71
17	18	20	24	24	40	72
19	19	21	25	25	41	73
21	22	22	26	26	42	74
23	23	23	27	27	43	75
25	26	28	28	28	44	76
27	27	29	29	29	45	77
29	30	30	30	30	46	78
31	31	31	31	31	47	79
33	34	36	40	48	48	80
35	35	37	41	49	49	81
37	38	38	42	50	50	82
39	39	39	43	51	51	83
41	42	44	44	52	52	84
43	43	45	45	53	53	85
45	46	46	46	54	54	86
47	47	47	47	55	55	87
49	50	52	56	56	56	88
51	51	53	57	57	57	89
53	54	54	58	58	58	90
55	55	55	59	59	59	91
57	58	60	60	60	60	92
59	59	61	61	61	61	93
61	62	62	62	62	62	94
63	63	63	63	63	63	95
65	66	68	72	80	96	96
67	67	69	73	81	97	97
69	70	70	74	82	98	98
71	71	71	75	83	99	99
73	74	76	76	84	100	100
75	75	77	77	85	101	101
77	78	78	78	86	102	102
79	79	79	79	87	103	103
81	82	84	88	88	104	104
83	83	85	89	89	105	105
85	86	86	90	90	106	106
87	87	87	91	91	107	107
89	90	92	92	92	108	108
91	91	93	93	93	109	109
93	94	94	94	94	110	110
95	95	95	95	95	111	111
97	98	100	104	112	112	112
99	99	101	105	113	113	113
101	102	102	106	114	114	114
103	103	103	107	115	115	115
105	106	108	108	116	116	116
107	107	109	109	117	117	117
109	110	110	110	118	118	118
111	111	111	111	119	119	119
113	114	116	120	120	120	120
115	115	117	121	121	121	121
117	118	118	122	122	122	122
119	119	119	123	123	123	123
121	122	124	124	124	124	124
123	123	125	125	125	125	125
125	126	126	126	126	126	126
127	127	127	127	127	127	127

I II III IV V VI VII

Rule.—Let any person tell in which column or columns he finds his age—add together the first numbers of these columns, and their sum is the person's age.

Suppose, for example, that a person says that he sees his age in the first, second, and fifth co-

lumn, then the addition of one, two, and sixteen, (the first numbers of said columns,) gives 19 for the person's age.

The above combination was originally made by a Quaker gentleman, in Pennsylvania, about fifteen years ago; but as it only extended to No. 63; we have carried it to twice the extent, so as to answer for any old as well as young peoples' age.

TALLEYRAND.

In his personal appearance he is one of the most singular men in existence. It is, in short, impossible to look upon him without immediately coming to the conclusion that he is a most extraordinary personage. The duke of Montebello is reported to have said, that you might be looking Talleyrand stedfastly in the face at the moment a person struck him from behind, without being able to know from his features that any thing had happened to him; this I take to be literally true. His face is, in fact, a face of stone, with the exception of his eyes, which are remarkably brilliant. His person appears like that of a skeleton dressed after the fashion of times long passed away. His upper garment is very loose, and partakes of the form of a robe rather than a coat. Such was the costume in which he appeared at the soiree of Lafayette. His presence there was not at all expected by the crowds of people who weekly pay their respects to the most consistent and the most patriotic man of the age. The announcement of his name, as may be easily imagined, excited no little astonishment. A passage through the company was made for him by the attendants, and every eye was intensely fixed upon him as he moved along the suite of apartments, like the statue of a withered old man to which had been given the power of locomotion.

THE FARMER.

It does one's heart good to see a merry round faced farmer. So independent and yet so free from vanities and pride. So rich and yet so industrious; so patient and persevering in his calling, and yet so kind, social, and obliging. There are a thousand noble traits about him which light up his character. He is generally hospitable: eat and drink with him, and he wont set a mark on you, and sweat it out of you with a double compound interest at another time—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation; it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere—less disposed to deal in a low and underhand cunning than many I could name. He gives to society its best support—he is the edifice of government and the lord of nature. Look at him in homespun and gray back, gentlemen; laugh, if you will—but, believe me, he can laugh back if he pleases.

THE MADMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Two travellers of distinction, after a few days residence in Ferrara, determined to visit the hospital, or rather prison, of St. Ann, in which are confined the unhappy victims of insanity. The eldest of the travellers was entirely bald, and his countenance exhibited a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, and a certain air of noble benevolence. Whenever he questioned the conductor assigned them by the keeper of the hospital, he fixed his piercing gaze upon his savage and immoveable features, and seemed to wish to read in them his answer.

The other traveller was some years younger.—His perfumed hair escaped from under a cap glittering with jewels. A short cloak of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered, was tastefully flung over his shoulders; under this was a vest trimmed with the richest ermine, upon which were visible the links of a brilliant gold chain. He wore *gantellets* of silk, and one hand rested upon the pommel of a rich sword, suspended by a satin scarf, and the sound of his silver spurs alone broke the silence in the long corridors they traversed.

Etienne de la Boetie, said his companion, in French, this jailer appears to me as stupid as he is hideous, and I am sure he will be unable to give us any information respecting the place we are about to examine; this is unfortunate, for my curiosity is much excited. At this moment, a young Italian, who was walking in the corridor, approached them, and expressing himself in French, which he spoke fluently, offered to be their guide through the different wards of the hospital. I can tell you, added he, the different kinds of madness these poor people labour under. The offer is made with too much politeness for Monsieur de Montaigne and myself to refuse, replied La Boetie.

Strozzi, for that was the name of the Italian, entered a long hall formed by narrow cells, before the doors of which he would stop and describe with singular acuteness the various descriptions of insanity of the inmates. His sound remarks and his agreeable manner of communicating them, delighted the travellers, and gave rise to a crowd of reflections which they mutually interchanged, often with the tribute of a tear.

The poet and Montaigne were in the midst of an argument in the melancholy mood, when they were suddenly interrupted by the creaking of the door of a cell. A man covered with rags and bowed down with suffering rather than age, issued forth with caution, casting around him fearful glances. His beard and hair were in disorder, and his pale and emaciated features possessed, notwithstanding, a something noble and commanding in their expression.—He advanced cautiously towards the strangers, and

drawing a letter from his bosom—"If you are Christians," said he, in a low and solemn tone, "cause this to be delivered to princess Leonora d'Est." La Boetie exchanged a smile with Montaigne, and Strozzi, at the same time, taking the paper to avoid irritating the feelings of the poor creature who addressed them.

"I appear to you mad," continued he; "and you class me with the degraded beings with whom I am immured. Alas! I know not how I have been able to preserve my reason and support the infamous tortures they have heaped upon me. From the bosom of a brilliant court to be thrown into a loathsome dungeon, to be torn from bright visions of fame, of friendship, of love, to groan seven years alone—yes, alone! or among madmen and torments, to curse the fatal gift of genius, and the fame attached to my name; ah! who could thus exist? In the name of the Virgin," cried he, embracing the knees of Montaigne, and bathing them with his tears, "put an end to this horrible torment. Let Leonora but know where I exist, and she will come to my deliverance.—You hesitate; you fear her brother—yes, dread him; his revenge is dreadful—implacable.—Well, then, tell Conça, the Prince of Mantua, or the friend of my youth, the faithful Cardinal Cinthio, that here, under a fictitious name"—— Suddenly was heard the dreadful voice of the jailer, and the echo of his heavy and hurried steps; the poor creature shuddered, was silent, and slunk affrighted to his dungeon, and the iron-featured jailer barred the door upon him without interrupting the *canzonetta* he had been humming when approaching the group.

"The delusion of this man," observed the young Italian to the travellers, "is to believe himself beloved by a lady of rank. Sometimes he weeps over letters he imagines he has received from her; at others, he is heard talking of *fetes*, tournaments, and victories. Sometimes he is heard reciting verses which he traces upon the walls of his cell, for they occasionally allow him a light, as his madness is never furious; it is rather a deep melancholy, an habitual gloomy sadness. His stanzas are always addressed to the imaginary object of his passion, and the letter he just gave you, I am sure, is filled with expressions of love and tenderness."

"It is indeed," said Montaigne, who had just finished reading it. "He writes to the princess of Ferrara in the language of the most favoured lover; he recalls to her the private interviews she once granted him, and doubts not that his Leonora will fly to his deliverance whenever she shall know that he is here immured. Poor human nature!" said he sighing; "what we have just witnessed would go strongly to support the bold assertion of Pliny—'Nothing can exceed the degradation and vanity of man.'"

He had just finished this comment, when the sound of approaching footsteps was heard, and soon his highness Cardinal Cinthio (whom Montaigne had seen the day before at Court) entered in the utmost haste and agitation, followed by the keeper. The latter seized the ponderous keys in the hands of the jailer, and with his own hand opened the massive door which had just been closed upon the object of their reflections.

Cardinal Cinthio threw himself weeping into the arms of the unfortunate prisoner, who appeared stupefied with joy. "My dear friend," cried the Cardinal, as soon as his agitation would allow him to speak, "is it thus we meet again?"—then turning to the spectators of this moving scene, "Gentlemen," said he, in a transport of indignation, "you see how the Duke of Ferrara rewards genius; tell your country, tell the whole world, that Torquato Tasso groaned seven years in this vile dungeon, while the universe mourned his death:—but come, noble sufferer," said he, "let us fly this impious land; Rome has yet in reserve for thee the immortal laurel crown."

After their departure, Montaigne, a little chagrined at his mistake, remained a few moments silent, then turning to Strozzi, took leave of him, cordially thanking him for his politeness in acting as their guide. "What!" said he gravely, "do you leave me without worshipping me?" Montaigne looked at him with astonishment. "Thou ignorant mortal," continued the young Italian, "has not my sublime genius, which but now enchained your admiration, has not the gift of tongues I possess, revealed my mysterious divinity? Kneel!" cried he, at the same time grasping Montaigne by the throat, "kneel, thou heathen; worship me, or I will strangle thee!"

La Boetie and the jailer hastened to the relief of Montaigne, and while dragging this new madman to his cell, "My dear sir," said the latter, at the same time adjusting his disordered dress, "we ought not to be very vain of our understanding, since we have to-day admired the intellect of a madman, and mistaken for a madman the greatest genius of Italy.—Truly Socrates was right in saying he knew but one thing—that he knew nothing; and Pliny to write, *nothing is certain but uncertainty*—and I to add, *what do I know?*"

CARBONIC ACID GAS.

CHAMPAGNE, perry, cider, ale, &c. owe their peculiar characters to the presence of carbonic acid gas. Hence they sparkle when poured out, or a few drops of acid are added. It is found in some mineral springs. In or near Exeter, England, it is abundant, but the Seltzer water of Germany affords the most direct evidence of this kind. An artificial imitation of it we have in what is called "soda water," wherein the water is, by a condensing engine, made to take up several atmospheres of carbonic acid gas. This gas is fatal to combustion and to animal life, and is the "choke damp" of the miner. It is also found in caverns,

wells, and mines, as well as cellars and vaults long excluded from air. It is the product of respiration, common combustion, nocturnal vegetation, and fermentation. Hence crowded rooms are extremely noxious, and when this is conjoined with the combustion of gas, oil, wax, &c., the amount of deterioration is tremendous, and utterly destructive to the healthy functions of the lungs; the theatre and the ball-room afford examples, and in these, altitude will determine a specific ratio, for the boxes in the former are more insalubrious than the pit, and the galleries than either. Not long ago the atmosphere of one of the Parisian theatres was analyzed, and the deterioration, compared with the air without, proved to be such that it is astonishing how the animal functions could hold out against the siege: this is increased manifold by the incense of perfumes, which though some may be able to withstand, yet others may succumb under, and we are much mistaken if the lungs will, in any case, play freely and healthily in a cearament of aromatic air, though fable tells us birds of paradise may breathe it among the spice islands.—

Murray.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE following is the Speech of Oliver Cromwell, when he dissolved the long Parliament, 20th April, 1653, after sitting twelve years, six months, and fourteen days:—

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonoured by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. You are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Esau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice you do not possess? You have no more religion than my horse; gold is your God. Which of you have not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that has the least care for the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! Have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves, by your immoral principles and wicked practices?—You, who are deputed here by the people to get grievances redressed, are yourselves the greatest grievance. Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help and the strength he has given me, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! get you out; make haste, ye venal slaves—begone! So! take away that shining bauble (the mace) there, and lock up the doors."

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

The time is during the Siege of Paris by the Normans.

A SPECTATOR would not have been able to conjecture, from the appearance that evening of the little court of Adele, that a struggle was so nearly at hand which, in all probability, would decide the fate of the city. The laugh and the jest went lightly round; lays were sung, and legends recited of the olden time; warriors whispered soft tales in ladies' ears, and ladies blushed and smiled while they listened. Although the formal Vows of the Pheasant had not yet come into fashion, the chiefs were not slow in promising wonders to their mistresses; and the latter amused themselves with imposing tasks upon their lovers, to be executed in the expected sally. One desired a pebble from the opposite bank of the river; another longed for a branch of a tree which grew near the enemy's camp; and a third charged her servant with an ironical message to one of the Norman leaders, desiring him, during its delivery, to strike three blows upon the Pagan's shield. Adele gave some trifling commission of this kind to almost every one present; and as the Count Odon remarked the air of absolute devotion with which his sister's commands were listened to, a flush of pride rose into his brow. Conscious that the admiring eyes of her brother, whom she herself admired more than any human being, were fixed upon her, she became more wildly gay, and gave more extravagant scope to her imagination. "Listen, sirs," said she, "there is one thing I had forgotten—a very trifle, it is true, and hardly worth the asking; but there may be some one here who will condescend to the task for the sake of Adele." "Name it!—name it!" cried the chiefs, and the circle narrowed round her as they spoke. "There is a tent," she continued, "at the eastern angle of the Norman camp, distinguished from the rest by the splendour of its appearance, and the wide open area that encircles it, guarded by a double wall of huts. Except on particular nights, when the idolatrous fires are blazing, and the heathens gather into this enclosure for the performance of their unholy rites, the sole inhabitants of the tent are an aged woman of lofty stature, and a young child. The former appears to be even as a priestess among this unbelieving people, and either the mother of the infant or a nurse appointed to tend and care for him." Adele paused, and glanced carelessly round among the crowd of admiring hearers. "Speak!" cried they with one voice; "command, we are ready!" "I would that some one," said the spoiled beauty, "would bring me that Pagan boy for a foot-
 prise, and some in the belief that she had spoken in jest, so madly desperate did the enterprise appear; but the next moment Eriland stepped into the circle. "Madam," said he, with a low obei-

sance, "if I return from to-morrow's sally a living man, I will lay that infant at your feet."

* * * * *

The young hero makes his way into the camp.

Farther on, the tent described by Adele, and on which he had himself so often gazed from the city walls, presented a striking and beautiful contrast. It was surrounded by a little grove of flowering shrubs, which filled the air with a delicious fragrance, and a stream, trickling from a fountain of carved stone, wandered murmuring through the green parterre at the entrance. The pace of the adventurer slackened as he approached; and it was at last with noiseless tread and suppressed breathing that he entered the tent, where the silence seemed strange and almost preternatural. No paraphernalia of religion, however—no awe-inspiring gloom, such as he had been accustomed to in the usages of his own church, met his view; the open lattices admitted a softened light through leaves and flowers, and discovered nothing more terrible than a lovely infant sleeping in a cradle of wicker upon the floor. The features of the warrior relaxed at the sight; he gazed upon the little creature with a feeling of joy and tenderness; and taking it up cautiously in his arms, as one robs the nest of a bird, he fled with his prize. At the instant, a startling scream rang in his ears, and a woman, who had been concealed by the drapery of the tent, rushed after him. Her lofty figure was unheeded by the load of years whose mark was on her brow; and she was arrayed in a costume of picturesque extravagance, and crowned with garlands of evergreen shrubs, whose leaves seemed to mock the tresses, as white as snow, with which they were twined. Eriland had hardly time to turn round to gaze upon this strange apparition, when he felt himself wounded by a lance she bore in her hand. Disdaining to combat with a woman, he merely parried, without returning, her furious blows; but finding at length the odds less unequal than he imagined, he was constrained to disarm her. He would then have resumed his flight; but the old woman, seizing on his mantle, with the most passionate entreaties and lamentations, partly in her own language and partly in his, besought his forbearance. "A Christian and a soldier!" she exclaimed; "oh, thou who warrest with babes and women, bethink thee of thy honour and thy faith! By the sword of thy father—by the pains of thy mother in travail—by the souls of thy young brothers and sisters—by thy home, thy altar, and thy God, have pity on the gray hairs of my age—have mercy on the child of a nation's hope! He never injured thee nor thine; see, he smiles—yea, even now, he smiles in thy face! Hard-hearted man! does not that holy beam fall like

sunshine on thy soul to warm and to melt? Give him back to my arms, and receive the blessing of the aged and the stranger. Give me back the green leaf of promise—the sweet bud of hope and delight! Give back my child—my life of life—my own—my beautiful—my boy, my boy!" and she threw herself at the feet of the warrior, tearing her white hairs, and weeping and lamenting, as if her heart would break. Eriland hesitated. The smiles of the young infant—the tears of the aged woman—the breath of the flowers and shrubs—the coolness of the air—the murmur of the water—all nature, animate and inanimate, conspired to shake his resolution. His soul was touched with pity—his eyes filled with tears; and pressing his trembling lip to the cheek of the babe, he restored it to its nurse, and sprang over the wall of the enclosure. The panic had in the mean time subsided, and it was known that only a single stranger was in the camp. Guards were stationed at every possible avenue of escape, and spies posted on the roofs of the houses, to give notice of the appearance of the prey; while a tumultuous crowd rolled like a stormy flood through the camp, every individual quivering with rage, and hungering and thirsting after vengeance. Eriland had no sooner left the enclosure than he was descried; and in a few moments more he saw the gleam of weapons amidst the tents, and heard the near tread of his executioners, who rushed towards him yelling like famished wolves. The city walls were visible from where he stood, and the tower was still crowded with ladies, the proud banner of St. Martin floating over their heads. A thousand thoughts swept across the heart of the warrior as if at one instant. His dreams of fame—his youth, unripe and unrenowned—his presumptuous love—his obscure and unpitied death!—"Adele!" he exclaimed aloud, looking with straining eyes towards the city—"lovely and beloved! Oh, would that thou couldst see me die! Yet thou wilt guess my fate, and my unstained name will live in thy memory. Farewell, noble banner of France!—long mayest thou wave over strong walls and brave hearts! Farewell, my true comrades in arms! Farewell the light of day, the song of birds, and the sweet rush of waters! Farewell, my life!" and grasping his sword with both hands, the stout cavalier shouted his battle cry, and rushed into the midst of his enemies. At this moment a voice was heard behind, which rose distinct and terrible above the yells of the multitude, and, springing over the wall of the enclosure where Eriland had descended, a gigantic Norman flung himself into the midst of the fray. The people fell back at his command with habitual obedience, conceiving, it is supposed, that he claimed to himself the prerogative of despatching the prisoner; but when they saw that his purpose was to save rather than destroy, they returned with renewed fury to the assault. With entreaties, mingled with imprecations and menaces, the giant at first endeavoured to shield his protegee; but when these were unavailing, he had recourse to blows;

and they cut their way through the half-yielding, half-resisting mob to the outer wall. Eriland grasped the hand of his unknown friend; and the two warriors looked for a moment in one another's faces with an expression of admiration and esteem. "The young child," said the Norman, "sent thee this rescue." "To thee, notwithstanding," replied Eriland, "I owe a life;" and jumping over the fortifications, he regained the city.

THE STARS.

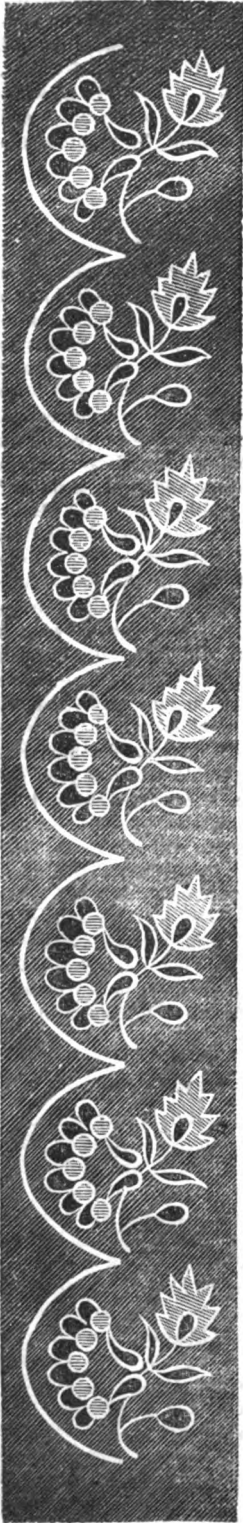
Those young looking rascals that peep from out the blue above us—who have winked down upon our forests and folles for so many centuries—who nightly come out from their homes to light the sable countenance of old night, who and what are ye? Are ye shining worlds, and have ye bright eyes and broken hearts in your realms, such as shine and break here?—Move you on your immeasurable path, thoughtless of earth and its graves—its greatness and its perishability? Whence come ye and whither do ye go? Reck ye of time, or do ye move amidst the endless space, and interminable paths of eternity? I see your bright faces reflected in the lake—your silver hue resting on the leaves of the forest—but who and what are ye? And who and what is the inquirer? The dust will cover him, but you will shine on? Ambition disappointed—Love ruined—the grey of age on him—still ye shine, and gild the head-stone of his grave, when he that once lived, shall be forgotten. The monarch and his sceptre shall crumble—the oak grow old and fall—empires wax and wane—but still ye will shine on unruffled, serene, glorious, beautiful as now. Not one ray will flee from your glittering brows, though it will fall on other eyes, on unborn millions—on other forests and lands now unknown to those, who, in the mockery of science, trace out your paths through infinity of heaven. Bright stars, look not in mockery upon me! but gaze on human power, on human genius, and read to both the lesson of human frailty.

HAPPINESS.

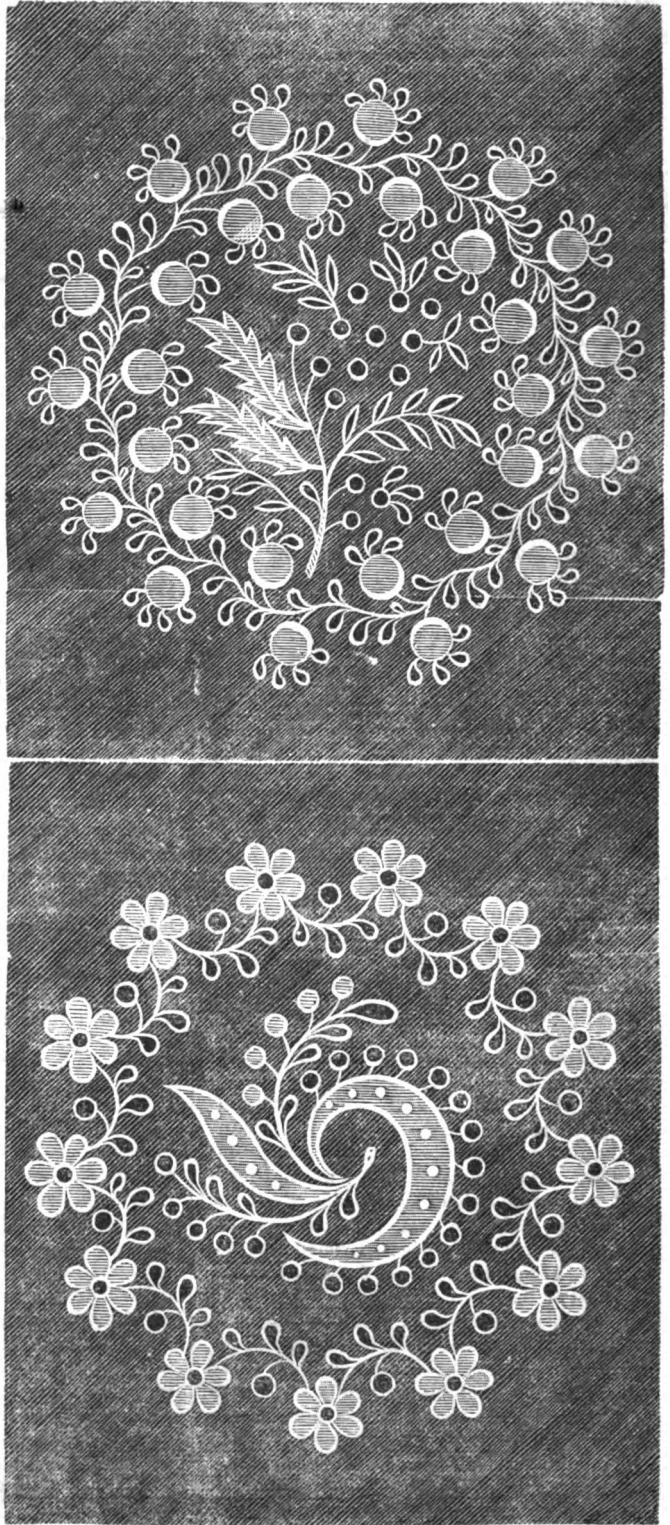
TRUE happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises in the first place from an enjoyment of one's self; and in the next from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short it feels every thing it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and feels the realities of existence but when she is looked upon.—*Addison.*

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

FRONT PATTERN.



CROWN PATTERNS.



EARLY DEATH.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Quem Deus amat, moritur adolescens.

It is be sad to mark the bow'd with age
Sink in the halls of the remorseless tomb,
Closing the changes of life's pilgrimage
In the still darkness of its mouldering gloom;
—Oh what a shadow o'er the heart is flung,
When peals the requiem of the loved and young!

They to whose bosoms, like the dawn of spring
To the unfolding bud and scented rose,
Comes the pure freshness age can never bring—
The spirit joyous in its rich repose:
How shall we lay them in their final rest—
How pile the clouds upon their wasting breast?

Life openeth brightly to their ardent gaze—
A glorious pomp sits on the gorgeous sky,
O'er the broad world Hope's smile incessant plays,
And scenes of beauty win the enchanted eye:
—How sad to break the vision, and to fold
Each lifeless form in earth's embracing mould!

Yet this is Life! To mark, from day to day,
Youth, in the freshness of its morning prime,
Pass, like the anthem of a breeze, away—
Sinking in waves of Death, ere chill'd by Time!
Ere yet dark years on the warm cheek had shed
Autumnal mildew o'er its rose-like red!

And yet what mourner, though the penative eye
Be dimly thoughtful in its lava tears,
But should with rapture gaze upon the sky
Through whose far depths the spirit's wing careers?
There gleams eternal o'er their ways are flung,
Who fade from earth while yet their years are young!

A NEW-YEAR ODE.

"Thou art gone, Old Year, to thy fathers,
In the stormy time of snow,
In the endless vaults of Eternity,
Thy coffin's last of the row.
And some will pledge thy memory,
Till eyes and cups run o'er;
But never a drop would I waste on thee,
Hadst thou died six months before!

Sad cause have I to remember
The hour you showed your face—
That time the red gold lined my pouch,
My credit was in good case;
Now my purse is a feather—and credit
Is sped of a quick decline,
O it breaks my heart when, perforce, I pass
Mine old host's jolly sign!

I had a dear love and a winsome love,
Broad acres were her own,
We kiss'd an all-hail! to thy natal morn,
But she, even she, is flown!
I had a friend of the rarest,
We welcomed it merrily;
Now our hearts are as far asunder
As the stars and the rolling sea.

Thou hast play'd the churl with me, dead Year!
And shalt thou be forgiven?
No—by the prayer of beadsman young,
When erring maid is shriven!
Be thy name no more remembered,
For the ill deeds thou hast done,
To a friendless, loveless, penniless man,
Whose hopes are in thy son!"

THE DEMON SHIP:

THE PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

At the age of twenty-five, while a poor lieutenant serving in Ireland, I had the offer of a good military appointment in India, and yet I hesitated to accept it, because I knew in so doing I should be forced to tear myself from one, who, I felt, was far dearer to me than any thing the world held; and to whom I felt I was as dear. Margaret Cameron, the object of my passion, was the daughter of a retired Scotch officer, who dwelt in my native village. I had known and loved her from childhood, and when this gave place to womanhood, my affection changed in kind, while it strengthened in degree. I will not go over the ten thousand times trodden ground of lovers' explanations, and self reproaches, and betrothels, that passed between Margaret and myself—we parted solemnly plighted to each other. I was condemned, by the will of Captain Cameron, and by the necessity of obtaining some professional promotion, to spend a few years in India before I could receive the hand of his daughter.

I reached my Asiatic destination—long and anxiously looked for European letters—took up one day, by accident, an English paper, and there

read:—"Died at the house of Captain Cameron, in the village of A—, Miss Margaret Cameron, aged eighteen." I wrote in despair to Captain Cameron, informing him of the paragraph I had read, and imploring him for the love of mercy to contradict it. The Countess of Falcondale, a distant relation of my sole parent, my mother, who had been a continual drawback on all my early gratifications, and whose distinguished characteristic was the love of *management* and plotting, and bringing things about by her own exclusive agency, answered my letter, ratifying what I had heard, with the additional melancholy intelligence that my mother was no more. I will not here dwell upon my feelings.

The appearance of my name, about five years afterwards, among the "Marriages" in the Calcutta Gazette, was followed by successive announcements among the "Births and Deaths," in the same compendious record of life's changes. My wife perished of a malignant fever, and two infant children speedily followed her. I set out, to return over-land to my native country, a sober, steady, and partially grey-haired colonel of

thirty-six. My military career had been as brilliant as my domestic path had been clouded. The habitual complexion of my mind, however, was gravity—a gravity which extended itself to my countenance, and there assumed even a shade of melancholy. Yet I was a disappointed, not discontented man; and my character had, I trust, undergone some changes for the better. I arrived at a port in the Levant, and thence took ship for Malta, where I landed in safety.

At this period the Mediterranean traders were kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the celebrated "DEMON SHIP." Though distinguished by the same attractive title, she in nowise resembled the phantom terror of the African Cape. She was described as a powerful vessel, manned by a desperato flesh-and-blood crew, whose rapacity triumphed over all fear of danger, and whose cruelty forbade all hope of mercy. Yet, though she was neither "built" of air nor "manned" by demons, her feats had been so wonderful, that there was at length no other rational mode of accounting for them than by tracing them to supernatural, and consequently demoniacal, agency. She had sailed through fleets undiscovered; she had escaped from the fastest pursuers; she had overtaken the swiftest fugitives; she had appeared where she was not expected, and disappeared when even her very latitude and longitude seemed calculable. In short, it seemed as if ubiquity were an attribute of the Demon Ship. Her fearful title had been first given by those who dreaded to become her victims; but she seemed not ill pleased by the appalling epithet; and shortly, as if in audacious adoption of the name she had acquired, showed the word DEMON in flaming letters on her stern. To capture her seemed impossible; she ever mastered her equals, and eluded her superiors. Innumerable were the vessels that had left different ports in the Mediterranean to disappear for ever. It seemed the cruel practice of the Demon to sink her victims in their own vessels.

Most of the trading vessels then about to quit the port of Valetta, had requested, and obtained, convoy from a British frigate and sloop of war, bound to Gibraltar and thence to England. So eager were all passengers to sail under such protection, that I had some difficulty in obtaining a berth in any of the holes and corners of the various fine fast-sailing copper-bottomed brigs, whose cards offered such "excellent accommodations for passengers." At length I went on board the "Elizabeth Downs," a large three-masted British vessel, whose size made the surrounding brigs dwindle into insignificance, and whose fresh-painted sides seemed to foreshow the cleanliness and comfort that would be found within. One little hen-pen of a cabin on deck alone remained at the captain's disposal. However, I was fond of a cabin on deck, and paid half my passage-money to the civil little captain, who testified much regret that he could not offer me the "freedom of the quarter-deck" (such was his expression), as the whole stern end of the

vessel had been taken by an English lady of quality.

It was the month of June, and the weather, though clear, was oppressively hot, when we set sail, under all the canvas we could carry, without, however, making much progress. The Countess of Flowerdale, the name of my noble fellow-passenger, did not make her appearance on deck until towards the evening of the day we embarked. I was luxuriously stretched on a long seat which joined the steps of the quarter-deck when I heard her light foot as she ascended the cabin steps. I turned my eyes in the direction whence she came. Good heavens! what was my astonishment in seeing before me the form and features of Margaret Cameron! The scene and conversation that ensued I shall not here describe. It can easily be divined that Margaret had given her hand to save a parent, and that she had come abroad with a husband, who, dying, had left her a rich widow. If the limits of my little manuscript would allow, I could tell a long tale of well-managed treachery and deception; how that omnipresent Marplot of my adolescence, the Countess of Falcondale suffered me to remain in the belief that the death of Captain Cameron's niece, which occurred at A—, shortly after my departure, was that of my own Margaret; how in character of supreme manager of the affairs of the old officer, who had been struck with a paralysis, she kept my letters for her own exclusive eye; how she worked on Margaret's feelings to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Flowerdale, in the hope of acquiring a footing in his house, and the right of managing his domestic concerns; how Margaret held out stoutly until informed of my broken faith; and how her marriage was kept from the public press. In the accomplishment of all this baseness towards me, I feel assured there was something inexpressibly soothing in the sensations of the Countess of Falcondale, in thus over-reaching and punishing one who had so often mortified her self-importance as I had done. Her's is not a singular character.

Day after day, as we lay on the becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. As my intimacy with her increased, I reflected with additional pain on her marriage. In the first place, I could not bear to think of her having belonged to another; and, in the second, I felt that her rank and wealth might give to my addresses an air of self-interest which I felt they did not deserve. I dreaded the end of my voyage as much as I had at first desired it, and almost wished that we could sail for ever over those still, blue seas. Alas! it was not long ere I would have given all I held in life that Margaret and I had never met on those waves—ere I would have sacrificed all our late sweet intercourse, to have known that she was safe in her narrow house of turf by the lowly church of A—, and her soul in shelter from the horrors it was doomed to suffer.

One night, after we had been standing for some time contemplating the unrivalled blue of

a southern summer sky, I thought, as I bade the Countess a good night, that I perceived a light breeze arising. This I remarked to her, and she received the observation with a pleasure which found no corresponding emotion in my own bosom. As I descended to my berth, I fancied I descried among the sailors one Girod Jaqueminot, whose face I had not before remarked. He was a Frenchman, to whom I had, during my residence abroad, rendered some signal services, and who, though but a wild fellow, had sworn to me eternal gratitude. He skulked, however, behind his fellows, and did not now, it appeared, chuse to recognise his benefactor.

I believe I slept profoundly that night. When I woke, there was a sound of dashing waves against the vessel, and a bustle of sailors' voices, and a blustering noise of wind among the sails and rigging; and I soon perceived that our ship was scudding before a stiff, nay, almost stormy gale. I peeped through the seaward opening of my little cabin. The scene was strangely changed. It was scarcely dawn. Dim and grey clouds obscured the heaven I had so recently gazed on. I looked for the white sails of our accompanying vessels, and our convoy. All had disappeared. We seemed alone on those leaden-coloured billows. At this moment I heard a voice in broken English say, "Confound—while I reef tose tarped topsails my pipe go out."—"Light it again then at the binnacle, Monseer," said a sailor.—"Yes, and be hanged to de yard-arm by our coot captain for firing de sheep. Comment-faire? Sacre-bleu! I cannot even *think* vidout my pipe. De tought! Monsieur in de leetle coop dere have always de lamp patent burning for hees lecture. He sleep now. I go enter gently—light my pipe." He crept into my cabin as he spoke. "How's this, my friend?" said I, speaking in French; "does not your captain know that we are out of sight of convoy?" Girod answered in his native language—"Oh! that I had seen you sooner. You think, perhaps, I have forgotten all I owe you? No—no—but 'tis too late now!" The man's face showed so much horror and anguish that I was startled. He pointed to the horizon. On its very verge one sail was yet visible. A faint rolling noise came over the water. "It is the British frigate," said Girod, "firing to us to put our ship about, and keep under convoy. But our captain has no intention of obeying the signal; and if you get out of sight of that one distant sail, you are lost."—"Think you, then, that the Demon Ship is in these seas?" said I, anxiously. Girod came close to me. With a countenance of remorse and despair which I can never forget, he grasped my arm, and held it towards heaven—"Look up to God!" he whispered; "*you are on board the Demon Ship!*" A step was heard near the cabin, and Girod was darting from it; but I held him by the sleeve. "For Heaven's sake, for miladi's sake, for your own sake," he whispered, "let not a look, a word, show that you are acquainted with this secret. If our captain knew I had betrayed it, we should at this moment be rolling

fathom-deep over one another in the ocean. All I can do is to try and gain time for you. But be prudent, or you are lost!" He precipitately quitted the cabin as he spoke, leaving me in doubt whether I were awake or dreaming. When I thought how long, and how fearlessly, the "Elizabeth" had lain amid the trading-vessels at Valletta, and how she had sailed from that port under a powerful convoy, I was almost tempted to believe that Girod had been practising a joke on me. As, however, I heard voices near, I determined to lie still, and gather what information I could. "What have you been doing there?" said a voice I had never heard before, and whose ruffianly tones could hardly be subdued by his efforts at a whisper. "My pipe go out," answered Girod Jaqueminot, "and I not an imprudent to light it at de beenacle. So I just hold it over de lamp of Monsieur, and he sleep, sleep, snore, snore all de while, and know noting. I have never seed one man dorme so profound."

I now heard the voices of the captain, Girod, and the ruffian in close and earnest parlance. The expletives that graced it shall be omitted. But what first confirmed my fears was the hearing our captain obsequiously address the ruffian-speaker as commander of the vessel, while the former received from his companion the familiar appellative of Jack. They were walking the deck, and their whispered speech only reached me as they from time to time approached my cabin, and was again lost as they receded. I thought, however, that Girod seemed, by stopping occasionally, as if in the vehemence of speech, to draw them, as much as possible, towards my cabin. I then listened with an intentness which made me almost fear to breathe. "But again I say, Jack," said the voice of the real captain, "what are we to do with these fine passengers of ours? I am sick of this stage-play work; and the men are tired, by this time, of being kept down in the hold. We shall have them mutiny if we stifle them much longer below. Look how that sail is sinking on the horizon. She can never come up with us now. There be eight good sacks in the forecabin, and we can spare them due ballast. That would do the job decently enough for our passengers—ha!" Here there was something jocose in the captain's tone. "Oh! mine goot captain, you are man of speeret," observed Jaqueminot; "but were 'it not wise to see dat sail no more, before we show dat we no vile merchanters, but men of de trade dat make de money by de valour."—"There is something in that," observed Jack; "if the convoy come up, and our passengers be missing, 'tis over with us. We can no longer pass for a trader; and to hoist the Demon colours, and turn to with frigate and sloop both, were to put rash odds against us."—"And de coot sacks wasted for noting," said Jaqueminot, with a cool ingenuity that contrasted curiously with his vehement and horror-stricken manner in my cabin. "Better to wait one day—two day—parbleu! tree day—than spoil our sport by de precipitation."—"I grudge the keep of these dainty passengers all

this while," said the captain, roughly; "my lady there, with her chickens, and her conserves and her pasties; and Mr. Mollyflower Colonel here, with his bottles of port and claret, and cups of chocolate and Mocha coffee. Paying, too, forsooth! with such princely airs for every thing, as if we held not his money in our own hands already. Hunted as we then were, 'twas no bad way of blinding governments, by passing for traders, and getting monied passengers on board: but it behoves us to think what's to be done now?"—"My opinion is," said Jack, "that as we have already put such violence on our habits, we keep up the farce another day or two until we get into clear seas again. That vessel, yonder, still keeps on the horizon, and she has good glasses on board."—"And the men?" asked the captain. "I had rather, without more debate, go into this hen-pen here, and down into the cabin below, and in a quiet way do for our passengers, than stand the chance of a mutiny among the crew." Here my very blood curdled in my veins. "Dat is goot, and like mine brave captain," said the Frenchman; "and yet Monsieur Jean say well too mosh danger kill at present; but why not have de crew *above* deck vidout making no attention to de voyagers. Dey take not no notice. Miladi tink but of moon, and stars, and book; and for de Colonel, it were almost pity to cut his troat in any case. He ver coot failow; like we chosen speerit. Sacre-bleu! I knew him a boy." [I had never seen the fellow until I was on the wrong side of my thirtieth birth-day.]—"Alvays for de mischief—stealing apples, beating his schoolfellows, and oder little speerited tricks. At last he was expel de school. I say not dis praise from no love to him; for he beat me one, two time, when I se-cretaire to his uncle; and den run off vid my *sodheart*—so I ver well pleased make him bad turn."—"Well, then, suppose the men come on deck, half at a time," said the captain; and we'll keep the prisoners—Heaven help us! the passengers—till the sea be clear, may be till sunset."—"Look, look!" said Jack, "the frigate gains on us; I partly see her hull, and the wind slackens." I now put my own glass, which was a remarkably good one, through my little window, and could distinctly see the sails and rigging and part of the hull of our late convoy. I could perceive that many of her crew were aloft; but the motion of our own vessel was so great that the frigate was sometimes on and sometimes off the glass; and I was therefore unable to discover whether she were hoisting or taking in sail. It was a comfortable sight, however, to see a friendly power apparently so near; and there was a feeling of hopeless desolation when, on removing the glass, the vessel, whose men I could almost have counted before, shrank to a dim, grey speck on the horizon. The captain uttered an infernal oath, and called aloud to his sailors, "Seamen—ahoy—ahoy! Make all the sail ye can. Veer out the main-sheet—top-sails unreefed—royals and sky-sails up" [&c. &c.] "Stretch every stitch of canvas. Keep her to the wind—keep

her to the wind!" I was surprised to find that our course was suddenly changed, as the vessel, which had previously driven before the breeze, was now evidently sailing with a side-wind.

The noise of rattling cables, the trampling of sailors' feet on deck, and the increased blustering of the wind in the crowded sails, now overcame every other sound. The Demon Ship was, of course, made for fast sailing, and she now drove onward at a rate that was almost incredible. She literally flew like a falcon over the waves. Once more I turned to the horizon. God of mercy! the frigate again began to sink upon the waters.

And now shall I waste words in telling what were my feelings during the hour of horror I have described? I felt as one who had dreamed himself in security, and awoke in the infernal regions. I felt that in a few hours I might not only be butchered in cold blood myself, but might see Margaret—that was the thought that unmanned me. I tried to think if any remedy yet remained, if aught lay in our power to avert our coming fate. Nothing offered itself. I felt that we were entirely in the power of the Demon buccaneers. I saw that all that Girod could do was to gain a few hours' delay. Oh! when we stand suddenly, but assuredly, on the verge of disembodied existence, who can paint that strange revulsion of feeling which takes place in the human bosom! I had never been one who held it a duty to conceal from any human being that approaching crisis of his destiny which will usher him before the tribunal of his Maker; and my earnest desire now was to inform Margaret as quickly as possible of her coming fate. But after Girod's parting injunction, I feared to precipitate the last fatal measures by any step that might seem taken with reference to them. I therefore lay still until morning was farther advanced. I then arose and left my cabin. It was yet scarcely broad day, but many a face I had not before seen met my eye, many a countenance, whose untameable expression of ferocity had doubtless been deemed, even by the ruffian commander himself, good reason for hitherto keeping them from observation. All on the quarter-deck was quiet. The skylight of the cabin was closed, and it seemed that the countess and her female attendants were still enjoying a calm and secure repose. I longed to descend and arouse them from a sleep which was soon to be followed by a deeper slumber; but the step would have been hazardous, and I therefore walked up and down the quarter-deck, sometimes anxiously watching for the removal of the sky-light, sometimes straining my vision on the horizon, and sometimes casting a furtive glance towards the evidently increasing crew on deck, whilst ever and anon my soul rose in prayer to its God, and spread its fearful cause before him.

I had now an opportunity of discovering the real nature of my sentiments towards Margaret. They stood the test which overthrows many a summer-day attachment. I felt that, standing as my soul now was on the verge of its everlast-

ing fate, it lost not one of its feelings of tenderness. They had assumed, indeed, a more sacred character, but they were not diminished. The sun arose, and the countess appeared on deck. I drew her to the stern of the vessel, so that her back was to the crew, and there divulged the fearful secret which so awfully concerned her. At first the woman only appeared in Margaret; her cheek was pale, her lips bloodless, and respiration seemed almost lost in terror and overpowering astonishment. She soon, however, gained comparative self-possession. "I must be alone for a few moments," she said. "Perhaps you will join me below in a brief hour." She enveloped her face in her shawl to hide its agitation from the crew, and hastily descended to her cabin. When I joined her at the time she had appointed, a heavenly calm had stolen over her countenance. She held out one hand to me, and pointing upwards with the other, said, "I have not implored in vain. Come and sit by me, my friend; our moments seem numbered on earth, but, oh! what an interminable existence stretches beyond it. In such a moment as this, how do we feel the necessity of some better stay than aught our own unprofitable lives can yield." Margaret's bible lay before her. It was open at the history of *His* sufferings on whom her soul relied. She summoned her maidens, and we all read and prayed together. Her attendants were two sisters, of less exalted mind than their mistress, but whose piety, trembling and lowly, was equally genuine. They sat locked in one another's arms, pale and weeping.

It was a difficult day to pass, urged by prudence, and the slender remain of hope, to appear with our wonted bearing before the crew. We felt, too, that there was a something suspicious in our remaining so long together, but we found it almost impossible to loose our grasp on each other's hands and separate. Too plain indications that our sentence was at length gone forth soon began to show themselves. Our scanty breakfast had been served early in the morning, with a savage carelessness of manner that ominously contrasted with the over-done attentions we had before received; and the non-appearance of any subsequent meal, though day waned apace, fearfully proved to us that the Demon captain now held further ceremony with his doomed passengers useless. Margaret held me to her with a gentle and trembling tenacity that rendered it difficult for me to leave her even for a moment; but I felt the duty of ascertaining whether any aid yet appeared in view, or whether Girod could effect aught for us. I walked towards evening round the quarter-deck—not a sail was to be seen on the horizon. I endeavoured to speak to Girod, but he seemed studiously and fearfully to avoid me. The captain was above, and the deck was thronged. I believe this desperate crew was composed of "all people, nations, and languages." Once only I met Girod's eye as he passed me quickly in assisting to hoist a sail. He looked me fixedly and significantly in the face. It was enough: that ex-

pressive regard said, "Your sentence has gone forth!" I instantly descended to the cabin, and my fellow-victims read in my countenance the extinction of hope. We now fastened the door, I primed my pistols, and placed them in my bosom, and clinging to one another we waited our fate. It was evident that the ship had been put about, and that we were sailing in a different direction; for the sun, which had before set over the bows of the vessel, now sent his parting rays into the stern windows. Margaret put her hand in mine with a gentle confidence, which our circumstances then warranted, and I held her close to me. She stretched out her other hand to her female attendants, who, clinging close together, each held a hand of their mistress. "Dear Edward!" said Margaret, grasping my arm. It was almost twelve years since I had heard these words from her lips; but it now seemed as if there were between us a mutual, though tacit, understanding of our feelings for each other. Unrestrained, at such a moment, by the presence of the domestics, Margaret and I used the most endearing expressions, and, like a dying husband and wife, bade solemn farewell to each other. We all then remained silent, our quick beating hearts raised in prayer, and our ears open to every sound that seemed to approach the cabin. Perhaps the uncertain nature of the death we were awaiting rendered its approach more fearful. The ocean must undoubtedly be our grave; but whether the wave, the cord, the pistol, or the dagger, would be the instrument of our destruction we knew not; whether something like mercy would be shown by our butchers in the promptness of our execution, or whether they might take a ruffianly pleasure in inflicting a lingering pain. Had Margaret or I been alone in these awful circumstances, I believe this thought would not have occupied us a moment, but to be doomed to be spectators of the butchery of those we love, makes the heart recoil in horror from the last crisis, even when it believes that the sword of the assassin will prove the key to the gate of heaven.

The sun sank in the waters, and the last tinge of crimson faded on the waves, that now rolled towards the stern windows in dun and dismal billows. The wind, as is often the case at sunset, died on the ocean. At this moment I heard the voice of the captain—"Up to the top of the mainmast, Jack, and see if there be any sail on the horizon." The group of victims in the cabin scarcely drew breath while waiting a reply which would decide their fate. We distinguished the sound of feet running up the shrouds. A few moments elapsed ere the answer was received. At length we heard a—"Well, Jack, well?"—which was followed by the springing of a man on deck, and the words, "Not a sail within fifty miles, I'll be sworn."—"Well, then, do the work below!" was the reply. "But (with an oath) don't let's have any squealing or squalling. Finish them quietly. And take all the trumpery out of the cabin, for we shall hold revel there to-night." A step now came softly down the cabin

stair, and a hand tried the door, but found it fastened. I quitted Margaret, and placed myself at the entrance of the cabin. "Whoever," said I, "attempts to come into this place does it at the peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised."—A voice said, "Laissez moi entrer donc." I hesitated for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and locked it after him. He dragged in with him four strings, with heavy stones appended to them, and the same number of sacks. The females sank on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye Girod rolled up the carpet of the cabin, and took up the trap-door which every traveller knows is to be found in the cabins of merchantmen. "In—in," he said in French to the countess and myself. I immediately descended, received Margaret into my arms, and was holding them out for the other females, when the trap-door was instantly closed and bolted, the carpet laid down, the cabin door unlocked, and Girod called out, "Here you, Harry, Jack, how call you yourselves, I've done for two of dem. I can't manage no more. Dat tanned Colonel, when I stuff him in de sack, he almost brake me arm." Heavy feet trampling over the cabin floor, with a sound of scuffling and struggling, were now heard over our head. A stifled shriek, which died into a deep groan, succeeded—then two heavy splashes into the water, with the bubbling noise of something sinking beneath the waves, and the fate of the two innocent sisters was decided. "Where's Monsieur Girod?" at length said a rough voice.—"Oh, he's gone above," was the reply; thinks himself too good to kill any but *quality*."—"No, no," answered the other, "I'm Girod's friend through to the back-bone—the funniest fellow of the crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea there, so he asks our commander not to let any body lay hands on him but himself. A very natural thing to ask. There—close that locker, heave out the long table, there'll be old revel here to-night."—At this moment Girod again descended. "All hands aloft, ma lads," he cried, "make no attention to de carpet dere—matters not, for I most fairst descend, and give out de farine for pasty. We have no more cursed voyagers, so may make revel here to naight vidout no incommode." He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her domestics, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses, but they returned with the light. "Poor Katie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!" she said, in the low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy and frightful dream, and looking with horror at Girod.—"I would have saved you all, had it been possible," said Jacqueminot, in French. "But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost. I have the keeping of the stern-hold. Look you—here be two rows of meal-sacks fore and aft.

If you, miladi, can hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have, in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves, after English fashion. Or if you prefer the same hiding-place, take it, in heaven's name, but lose not a moment."—"And what will be the end of all this?" asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude.—"God knoweth," he replied. "I will from time to time, when I descend to give out meal, and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long this can last—where we are going—and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the shower. If we should put into some port of the Levant, perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of these sacks; but we are still on the Gibraltar side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only, for God's sake, keep quiet. I'd leave you a light, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you'll be stifled alive. Yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide—I dare stay not one moment longer." He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water by them, and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew held wild revelry over our head. Their fierce and iniquitous speech, their lawless songs, their awful and demoniac oaths, their wild intoxication, made Margaret thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations. The hold was so shallow that we appeared close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable, that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might, almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious jailors; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon hoard, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give our late accommodations the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on the white garment of Margaret, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could hear them speak occasionally of our murder, in a careless and incidental manner. The captain expressed his regret that we had not, as matters turned out, been earlier disposed of, and made a sort of rough apology to his shipmates for the inconvenience our prolonged existence must have occasioned them.

At length the revellers broke up. I listened attentively until I became convinced that no one occupied the cabin that night. I then ventured

gently to push up the trap-door a little, in order to give air to my exhausted companion. But the fumes that entered were any thing but reviving. All was dark and quiet as death, and I could hear the rain descending violently on the cabin sky-light. The wind was high and the ship rolled tremendously. We heard the roar of the waters against the side of our prison, and the heavy dashing on deck of huge billows, which even made their way down the cabin stairs.

Towards morning, as I supposed, for with us it was all one long night, I again distinguished voices in the cabin. "It blows a stiff gale," was the observation of Jack.—"So much the better," replied the hardy and ferocious voice of the captain; "the more way we make, the farther we get from all those cursed government vessels. I think we might now venture to fall on any merchantman that comes in our way. We must soon do something, for we have as yet made but a sorry bargain out of our present voyage. Let's see—four thousand pounds that belonged to the colonel there—rather to us—seeing we had taken them on board."—"Yes, yes, we have sacked the colonel," observed Jack, facetiously. His companion went on—"His watch, rings, and clothes; and two thousand dollars of the countess's, and her jewels, amounting, perhaps, to another two thousand. This might be a fine prize to a sixteen-gun brig of some dozing government, but the Demon was built for greater things."—"I suppose, captain," said Jack, "we go on our usual plan, eh? The specie to be distributed among the ship's company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated, in a quiet way, by the officers? And for once, in a way, I hope there be no breach of discipline, Captain Vanderleer, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket, containing, you and I and one or two more know what? I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig."—"It is in the stern-hold, beneath our feet at this moment," answered the captain.—"A good one for dividing its contents," said Jack. "I'll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye."—"No need," replied the captain. "I warrant me I can lay my hand on it in the dark." Without the warning of another moment, the Demon commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison but it only fell on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity. I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Margaret down on some torn old signal flags, in that division of the hold which Girod had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulwark of meal sacks, in order that my companion might possess, for her repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to the side of Margaret ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost inserted ourselves into the wooden walls of our hiding-place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us. The captain felt about the apartment with his hand, some-

times pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious heaven! his hand discovered the countess's garments; he grasped them tight; he began to drag her forward; but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it, and, as his hold on Margaret slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hand a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward, and let it go. But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks; and as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood full exposed, without a barrier between ourselves and the ruffian commander of the Demon. To us it now seemed that all was lost, and I leaned over Margaret just to offer my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Demon captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising, and the crimson hues of dawn meeting no other object in the hold save the deprived and hardened countenance of our keeper, threw on its swart complexion such a ruddy glow, as—contrasted with the surrounding darkness—gave him the appearance of some foul demon, emerging from the abodes of the condemned, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the infernal fires he had quitted. That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned with an oath to replace the fallen sacks. Any body who has suddenly extinguished his candle, even on a bright, starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a lesser degree of light, produces, for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness. And thus our concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to our captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings, so entirely in his power, to realize this fact, when they saw him advancing towards them, his eye fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; it was difficult to see, and yet retain a conviction that we were not seen. The captain replaced the sacks instantly, and we felt half-doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying them by bruises and suffocation. His work was, however, only accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Girod's careless manner of stowage. We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jacqueminot descended to the cabin. An involuntary, though half-stifled shriek escaped him when he saw the trap-door open. He sprang into the hold, and when he beheld the captain, his ghastly smile of inquiry, for he spoke not, demanded if his ruin were sealed. "I have been seeing all your pretty work here, Monsieur," said the gruff captain, pointing to the

deranged sacks, behind which we were concealed. I caught a glimpse through them of Girod's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally, at the very instant when we had escaped our enemy. Girod's teeth literally chattered, and he murmured something about French gallantry and honour; and the countess being a lady, and the Colonel Francillon an old acquaintance. "And so because you cut the throats of a couple of solan geese—as your duty was; at your captain's command—you think he must not see to the righting of his own stern-hold?" said the captain, with a gruff and abortive effort at pleasantry, for he felt Girod's importance in amusing and keeping in good humour his motley crew. Jacqueminot's answer showed that he was now *au fait*, and thus we had a fourth rescue from the very jaws of death,

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, though unknown prisoners of this Demon gang, holding our lives, as it were, by a thread: hanging, with scarce the distance of a pace, between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Girod at this period rarely dared to visit us. He came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most deprivileged associates, so that small alleviation of our fears—small relaxation from our comfortless position—small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was afforded us either by day or by night. At length I began to fear that Margaret would sink under the confined air, and the constant excitement. Her breath became short and difficult. The blood passed through her veins in feverish, yet feeble and intermittent pulsation. It was agony, indeed, to feel her convulsed frame, and hear her faintly-drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, nor afford a single alleviation of her suffering, without at once snapping that thread of life which was now wearing away by a slow and lingering death. At length her respiration began to partake of the loud and irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution. She deemed her hour drawing on, yet feebly essayed, for my sake, to stifle those last faint moans of expiring nature which might betray our concealment. I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness, made up my mind to the coming decisive hour. I supported Margaret's head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-dews from her face, and essayed to whisper expressions of deep and unutterable affection. Happily for us there was such a tempest of wind and sea, as drowned in its wild warfare the expiring sighs of Margaret. At this moment Girod descended to the hold. He put his finger on his lips significantly, and then whispered in French—"Courage—Rescue!

There is a sail on our weather bow. She is yet in the offing. Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her some time with a glass, and if she be not a British sloop of war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together." I grasped Margaret's hand. She faintly returned the pressure, but gently murmured "Too late." Ere the lapse of a moment it was evident that our possible deliverer was discovered by the Demon crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and voices that the ship was being put about; and the ferocious and determined voice of the buccaneer chief was heard, even above the roar of the tempest, giving prompt and fierce orders to urge on the Demon. Girod promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Margaret, and my hopes began to rise. Yet it was too soon evident that the motion of the vessel was increased, and that the crew were straining every nerve to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while, however, the stormy wind abated; the ship became steadier, and certainly made less way in the waves. A voice over our head said distinctly in French—"The sea is gone down, and the sloop makes signal to us to lay to." A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the voice again said, "The sloop chaces us!" Oh! what inexpressibly anxious moments were those. I felt that aid must come, and come speedily, or it would arrive too late. We could discover from the varying cries on deck that the sloop sometimes gained on the Demon, while at others the pirate got fearful head of her pursuer. At length Girod descended to the hold. "The die is cast!" he said in his native language. "The sloop gains fast on us. We are about to clear the deck for action."—"God be praised," I ejaculated.—"Amen!" responded a faint and gentle voice.—"Do not praise Him too soon," said Girod, shrugging his shoulders; "our captain is preparing for a victory. The Demon has mastered her equals, ay, and her superiors; and this sloop is our inferior in size and numbers. The captain does not even care to come to an accommodation with her. He has hoisted the Demon flag, and restored her name to the stern."—"But has his motley crew," whispered I anxiously, "ever encountered a *British* foe of equal strength?"—"I cannot tell—I cannot tell; I have been in her but a short time, and will be out of her on the first occasion," said Girod, as he hastily quitted us. We now heard all the noise of preparation for an engagement. The furniture was removed from the cabin above us, and the cabin itself partially thrown open to the deck. Cannon were lashed and primed; concealed port-holes opened, and guns placed at them. Seeing ultimate escape impossible, the captain took in sail, and determined to give his vessel the advantage of awaiting the foe in an imposing state of preparation for action. He harangued his men in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage, and excite their cupidity. I confess I now almost began to tremble for the gallant little vessel, whose crew seemed thus bravely pressing on to their own destruction; I began to fear that

they would be powerless to rescue her in whose life my own seemed bound up. But what were my feelings when I heard the captain retire to that part of the vessel which had been the countess's cabin, and there take a solemn and secret oath of his principal shipmates, that they would, if they were boarded by a successful enemy, scuttle the *Demon*, and sink her, and her crew, and her captors, in one common grave. It appeared, then, that either the failure, or the success of the sloop, would alike seal our destruction.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the heavy weights which had fallen over it, I was inclined to think that shot, or even cannon-balls, had been placed over the mouth of our prison. We might, therefore, in vain attempt to show ourselves, or make our voices heard amid the din of war, should our allies (doomed to a watery tomb even in the midst of conquest) prove victorious. Yet condemned, as we seemed, alike by the fall or the triumph of our self-supposed murderers, there was something in the oath imposed by the captain which, as it showed a feeling of doubt as to the result, inspired me with hope. Besides, the noise of preparation for action had in it something inspiriting to my ear; and as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Margaret from behind the sacking into the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon; endeavoured, by fanning her with her kerchief, to create a little freshness of air around her; and spoke to her *aloud*, in the voice of hope and courage. It was a terrible thing, in such an anxious moment, to be unable to see or hear distinctly aught on which our fate depended. I listened anxiously for a signal of the sloop's nearing us. At length a ship-trumpet, at a distance, demanded, safe and unhurt, the persons of Colonel Francillon, the Countess of Flowerdale, and two female domestics. It was then evident that the pirate's stratagem at Malta had transpired. The *Demon's* trumpet made brief and audacious reply:—"Go seek them at the bottom of the sea." A broadside from the sloop answered this impudent injunction, and was followed by a compliment in kind from the *Demon*, evidently discharged from a greater number of guns. The volleys continued. Our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received. I heard her masts cracking, and her timbers flying in every direction. Yet still her men continued their yell of triumph, and her guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever. At length the firing on both sides appeared to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding. But *which* was the successful adventurer? My heart almost ceased to beat with intense expectation. The heavy grinding of the two ships against each other's sides was soon heard; and, not an instant after, the shouts of the sloop's crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperately raged the combat above us; but the pirates' yell waxed

fainter and fainter; while the victorious shouts of the British scamen, mixed with the frequent and fearful cry, "No quarter, no quarter to the robbers!" became each instant louder and more triumphant. At length every sound of opposition from the *Demon* crew seemed almost to cease. But there was still so much noise on deck, that I in vain essayed to make my voice heard;—and for the trap-door, it defied all my efforts—it was immovable. At this crisis, the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling with the fierce fire she had received from her adversary, and the motion of her own guns, suddenly began to *settle* into an awful and suspicious quiescence. But the victors were apparently too busy in the work of retribution to heed this strange and portentous change. I perceived, however, only too clearly that the *Demon* was about finally to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a few seconds, it seemed that the conquerors themselves became at last aware of the treacherous gulf that was preparing to receive them; and a hundred voices exclaimed, "To the sloop!—to the sloop! The ship is going down—the ruffians are sinking her!" I now literally called out until my voice became a hoarse scream. I struck violently against the top of our sinking dungeon. I pushed the trap-door with my whole force. All was in vain.—I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel, and abandoning that of the pirates to destruction. I took Margaret's hand, and held it up towards heaven, as if it could better than my own plead there for us. All was silent. Not a sound was heard in the once fiercely manned *Demon*, save the rushing of the waters in at the holes where she had been scuttled by her desperate crew. It almost seemed that—determined not to survive her capture—she were eager to suck in the billows which would sink her to oblivion. At last, as if she had received her fill, she began to go down with a rapidity which seemed to send us, in an instant, many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I now expected every moment to hear them gather over the deck, and then overwhelm us for ever. I uttered a prayer, and clasped Margaret in my arms. But no voice, no sigh, proceeded from the companion of my grave. Her hand was cold, and her pulse quiet; and I deemed that the spirit had warred with, and overcome its last enemy, ere our common grave yawned to receive us.

Voices were heard; weights seemed to be removed from the trap-door! It was opened; and the words "Good Heaven! the fellow is right; they are here, sure enough!" met my almost incredulous ear. I beheld a British officer, a sailor or two, and Girod with his hands tied behind him. I held up my precious burthen, who was received into the arms of her compatriots, and then, like one in a dream, sprang from my long prison. Perhaps it might be well that Margaret's eye was half closed in death at that moment; for the deck of the sinking *Demon* offered no spectacle for woman's eye. There lay the mangled bodies of our late dreaded jailers, their fast-

stiffening countenances still retaining, in cold death itself, that expression of daring and brute ferocity which seemed effaceable only by the absolute decomposition of their hardened features. I shall never forget the scene of desolation presented by that deck, lying like a vast plank or raft of slaughtered bodies, almost level with the sea, whose waters dashed furiously over it, and then receding from their still ineffectual attempt to overwhelm the vessel, returned all dyed with crimson to the ocean; while the sun setting in a stormy and angry sky, threw his rays—for the last time—in lurid and fitful gleams on the ruined Demon.

A deep, and, as it seemed, long-pent sigh escaped from the bosom of Margaret when the fresh breath of heaven first played on her white cheek. I would have thanked her brave deliverers—have gazed on her to see if life still returned—but the sea was gaining fast on us, and I had lost the free use of my limbs by my lengthened and cramped confinement. To one human being, however, I did not forget my gratitude. As we hurriedly prepared to spring into the boat, I saw that Girod's pinioned members refused him the prompt aid necessary for effecting an escape in such a moment. I returned, seized a bloody cutlass that lay on deck, and, without leave of the officer, cut at once through the bonds which

confined our first deliverer.—“This man,” I said, as we seated ourselves, “has been the instrument of Heaven for our preservation. I will make myself answerable for his liberty and kind treatment.” Girod seized my hand, which received a passionate Gallic salute. Our sailors now rowed hard to avoid being drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship. Merciful God! we were then *out of the Demon!* I supported Margaret in my arms; and as I saw her bosom again heave, a renewed glow of hope rushed to my heart.

We had not been on board the sloop many minutes ere, slowly and awfully, the Demon sank to the same eternal grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the main-mast, which had borne her fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment—it was then closed by the meeting waves, which soon rolled peacefully over the vessel they had engulfed; and the Demon, so long the terror of the seas and the scourge of mariners, disappeared for ever.

In conclusion—I can only briefly say, that the sloop put into Naples, where the Countess was soon placed under a skilful physician, and subsequently became my wife.

THE SWEETEST SPOT.

FROM THE PERMAN.

By the Author of "Anster Fair."

O! thou, whose foot, erratic still,
And restless as thy wayward will,
From shore to steep, from vale to hill,
All round this glorious world has reel'd;
O! say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Each town of gold, each grove of green,
Which is the sweetest, happiest scene,
The richest town, the fairest field?

O lady, lady! that dear place,
Though poor of soil and scant in space,
Where she we love, the girl whose grace
Has with sweet bondage bless'd the breast—
That spot where she in pomp doth bide,
However mean, o'er all beside,
Empires of power and lands of pride,
Is sweetest, richest, fairest, best!

Wherever dwells the maid we prize,
Bright as the moon that walks the skies,
Her presence dost imparadise
The nook where she in light doth move;
Were it a sunless cavern drear,
To her bless'd lover 'twould appear
More rose-bestrew'd, and bright and clear,
Than Eden rich with light and love.

O thou, my soul's beloved! with thee
The dragon's dungeon would to me
Be as a bower of roses be,
All paved and glorified with bliss;
Heart-plund'rer! whom I love too well
With thee I joyously could dwell
Even in the bonds of mystic spell,
And from thy lips an Eden kiss!

THE WORM AND FLOWER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

You're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air,
When air is bright with sunbeams,
And morning tints arise,
From woody vales and mountain streams,
The blue autumnal skies.

You're training for my lady, flower!
You're opening for my love;
The glory of her summer bowers,
While sky-larks soar above,
Go, twine her locks with rose buds,
Or breathe upon her breast,
While zephyrs curl the water-floods,
And rocks the halcyon's nest.

But oh! there is another worm,
Ere long will visit her,
And revel on her lovely form
In the dark sepulchre.
Yet from that sepulchre shall spring
A flower as sweet as this;
Hard by, the nightingale shall sing,
Soft winds its petal kiss.

Fraill emblems of fraill beauty, ye!
In beauty who would trust?
Since all that charms the eye must be
Consigned to worms and dust:
Yet, like the flower that decks her tomb,
Her sprit shall quit the clod,
And shine, in amaranthine bloom,
Fast by the throne of God.

BURIAL OF A YOUNG LADY.

SERVIVS SULPICIVS, endeavouring to console Cicero for the loss of his daughter, thus addresses him:—"On my return from Asia, having left Egina on my way to Megara, my eye rested on the objects which surrounded me—Megara was behind me; Piræus lay on my right and Corinth on my left. How many cities once flourishing, are now laid level with the dust. How, said I to myself, in the midst of these immense ruins, can it be conceived, that a man should suffer himself to be overcome by the loss of a child?" These reflections, however just—however philosophical—did not console the father of Tullia; because, there are sorrows over which reason has no power, and tears which time alone can dry.

During my career of life, I have frequently seen my companions fall by my side—my brothers in arms—whose loss I have most deeply deplored; but, in recalling to my mind those ideas of glory, that hereditary fame, which so peculiarly endears the memories of heroes who have fallen in the field of honour, and reflecting that nothing was left for me, but an infirm old age, and an obscure grave, I have frequently been tempted to envy those whose names are immortalized by their very deaths. Every day takes from me some old friend—some companion, of an age equally advanced with myself—I regret them, but without murmuring; in the words of Montague, their lamp of life had burnt to the socket; death is the immediate consequence of a protracted old age. But, when a young girl, just entering the portals of life—for whom heaven appears to have in store a long series of happy years, on whom nature has lavished all her most precious gifts, and whom birth and fortune have surrounded with their most brilliant delusions—when a being such as this is torn from the embraces of her mother, the hopes of her family, and the expectations of love, then is this cruel decree of fate a kind of subversion of the general laws of nature—an assemblage of contradictory circumstances, ideas and expressions, at which the senses sicken, and the heart breaks. Such is the event to which I have alluded in the title of this article, and of which, during this short digression I have not lost sight.

Robertine de Vilarmont was the daughter of a brave naval officer, a companion in arms of the gallant De Suffreen, who by twenty years of glorious toil, had acquired an undoubted right to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, an ample patrimonial estate, to which he has added little or nothing by his services. He still reckoned among his imperative duties, that of educating his son for the service of his country, and of bringing up his daughter to become the reward of some young soldier, who, by his name, his rank, and his merit, should show himself worthy of such recompense.—I had known M. de Vilarmont in the East Indies. Much younger than

me, his father had consigned him to my care, as to that of a Mentor, and our relations of friendship have never since been interrupted. It is two years since I accompanied him to Rochefort, when he went thither to enter his son as a midshipman, on the quarter deck of a vessel which he had himself commanded, and at whose mast-head the grandfather of the young man had thirty years before hoisted the flag of a vice-admiral. This regular descent of glory, was a good omen, and accordingly our young Leon, as a reward for a gallant action, had already received the decoration of the brave.

Mademoiselle de Vilarmont had nearly reached her fifteenth year. Educated with the tenderest care under the eye of the most affectionate of mothers, she was already remarked as the model of every perfection. It was the first season that the young Robertine had appeared in the world; all eyes were turned upon her, and her delighted mother enjoyed, with too much confidence, (why may I not say with too much pride?) the brilliant success which her daughter met with at all concerts and balls, of which she formed at once the principal object and the chief ornament. The birth-day of Mademoiselle de Vilarmont had been celebrated by a brilliant fete at the house of her maternal grandfather, at which she had made the deepest impression by the charms of her person, and the proofs which she had given of the superiority of her talents, which her interesting modesty set off with double splendour. M. de Vilarmont had been prevented from accompanying the ladies, whom he had, therefore, entrusted to my care; and during the whole continuance of the ball, which encroached far into the morning, I had officiated as gentleman in waiting to the fair Robertine; I held her fan and her handkerchief while she danced; I led her back to her place, and took particular care to cover her with her shawl, as soon as the country dance was concluded; I was under the same charm which had enchanted every one around me. How suddenly, and how dreadfully was it to be dispelled! It was two o'clock when the party broke up—Robertine had danced in the last set—her mother wished that she should sit down a little while to cool herself; but with a shawl, a wrapping cloak lined with fur, and a well closed carriage, what danger could possibly be apprehended? On our going down stairs, the coachman was not with his horses; and while the servants were in search of him, we had to wait some minutes in a freezing hall, (an inconvenience very general in Paris, and from which even her palaces are not exempt.) At last the carriage drove up, Madame de Vilarmont set me down at home, and the lovely Robertine, in bidding me good night, added, that she could not do without me, and that she retained me as her escort to all the balls of the next season. "If I am alive," answered I, "but, next year is a long

while for an old man, like me, to look forward to."—Could it be conceived that for her it was still longer?

On calling the next day alone, at the house of Monsieur de Vilarmont, I found the whole family assembled in the chamber of Robertine, who was confined to her bed by a violent pain in her head; her eyes were sparkling, her skin scorching, and her breathing difficult. I know not what frightful presentiment seized me.—The air of security which sat on the faces of the whole assembly—even on that of the mother, who was seated at the head of the bed, holding the hand of her daughter—would have surprised me, if I had not seen that it was produced by their confidence in a young physician in a Titus wig, curled with the utmost care, who assured them (admiring himself in the mirror while he spoke, and flirting, with the end of his finger, the remains of a pinch of snuff, which had fallen on the frill of his shirt,) that the quickness was entirely owing to a febrile movement induced by the paroxysm of the evening before. I took my leave, feeling less confidence in the sounding words of the doctor, than in the prudence of the father, and the youth of the patient.

After quitting this scene, business called me for a few days into the country.—On my return home, my porter brought me the letters which had arrived for me during my absence; amongst these was one of larger dimensions than the others; I opened it hastily, and, inscribed on a grey satin paper, bordered with mournful vignettes, representing the attributes of death, I read the words, "Attend the funeral of Robertine." I threw myself into a carriage, and on arriving at the Hotel de Vilarmont, I found the fatal draperies of death already hung around. I traversed the deserted apartments; I hastened to the closet of Monsieur de Vilarmont, which I found him pacing with lengthened strides. He saw me, and threw himself into my arms, without uttering a single word.—The silent agony of his struggle between manly fortitude and overwhelming grief, repulsed all those established consolations of which indifference is always so prodigal. "Come," said he, after a few moments silence, "I have need of your assistance to force my wife to quit this house." What a frightful spectacle offered itself to my eyes in this unfortunate mother! Never have I seen grief under such an agonizing appearance. On her knees, at the door of her daughter's chamber, which force alone prevented her from entering. She wept not; her blood-shot eyes were dry, fixed, and vacant; "Robertine, my child," were the only words which escaped her lips. I myself, designedly, resounded this loved name in her ear; her tears began to flow again; her strength failed; she fainted away; and we took advantage of this cruel moment, to carry her through the garden to the carriage, into which her husband accompanied her, in order to conduct her to the house of her father. I returned into the parlour, where all the friends of the family were assembled in gloomy silence, preparatory to the fune-

ral ceremony. The open windows gave us a view of the great gate of the hotel, where was the coffin, covered with white silver-fringed drapery, and surrounded by twenty young girls, clothed in white, with their faces covered by long veils, but whose sobs and prayers were audible even to our ears. The master of the ceremonies now came to acquaint us that all was ready. The body had been placed on a car, draped like the coffin, on which were mounted four young girls, who held the corners of the mortuary pall, and who handed to their companions the strings of silver with which the coffin was surrounded. The relations, in a manner buried under their cloaks of crape, followed on foot, and the numerous friends of the family, in mourning coaches, prolonged the procession, which was closed by the servants of the house clothed in black. Our first stoppage was at the church of the Mathurins, where the last offices of religion were celebrated; after which we proceeded, in the same order, to the cemetery of Mont Martre, where, near the tomb where sleep the ashes of the Poet of the Seasons, St. Lambert, the green turf had been hollowed, to receive the remains of a charming being, whom heaven appeared to have shown to us for a few short moments, only to leave an eternal regret for her loss.

Robertine had no name to transmit to posterity—her memory belongs exclusively to her disconsolate parents, and for that reason they have been content to engrave on the stone which conceals her forever from their view, the lines of Malherbes, which I have cited at the conclusion of this article:—

"Born in a world, where flowers of fairest hue
First fade away;
Herself a rose, she lived—as roses do—
But for a day."

BYRON.

MISFORTUNE stamped him for her own at his birth; and with no equivocal sign, a termagant and a libertine were his cradle watchers. He had no "monitor of his young years." His youth was blasted in its spring; and (true, indeed, like many who have built themselves monuments in the bosoms of men) he, who could move all hearts with sympathy, was unable to touch the one of his choice with love. He lived—

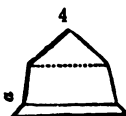
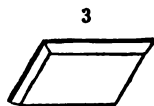
— "as lives a withered bough,
Blossomless, leafless, and alone."

He died—he, the man upon whom the eyes of the world were fixed with admiration, if not with favour, died in a cheerless barrack-room, without a friend or relative to minister to him: his last moments disturbed by the clamours of a mutinous soldiery, and his eyes closed by a menial. Nay, more, his very remains cannot escape contumely. His ashes are excluded from a public cemetery by his countrymen; and there are those found in the land which he delighted to honour, who would brand his name with infamy! If such are the penalties of frailty and indiscretion, what ignominy is reserved for actual crime?

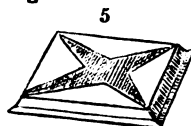
THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

BASKET AND WORK-BAG.

FROM among the many varieties of shape in which baskets with work-bags may be constructed, we select the following:—For the bottom, a



piece of cardboard of an oblong shape is cut partly through, all round, within half an inch of the edge, which is then bent so as to form an obtuse angle (Fig. 3); the sides are made separate, and in the shape of fig. 4; at the dotted line, and also at the line *a* below it, the cardboard should be cut half through; the part below the line *a* is fastened with gum to the upper edge of the bottom, so as to form an obtuse angle with it. Make and fix all the sides in a



similar way; and when securely gummed to the bottom, fasten them together with a strip of thick paper, gummed on the inside of the edges from the



bottom upwards to the dotted line; the upper part above which will then fold over and form a sort of covering (Fig. 5.) The parts of the cardboard which are cut half through, should be covered with strips of gold-paper, and the whole may be ornamented with drawings of flowers, &c. The bag should be made of silk, without a bottom, and gummed round the inside of the basket (Fig. 6.) which, when the bag is folded up, will completely conceal it. The bottom of the basket may be mounted on four gold balls securely fastened to the corners.

PAINTING ON VELVET.

Paintings on velvet are very pleasing to the eye, and easy of execution. Chair-cushions, sofas, ottomans, fire-screens, hand-screens, bell-pulls, reticules, purses, watch-pockets, and a variety of other useful and decorative articles may be ornamented with them.

The largest and most brilliant flowers, fruits, shells, birds, &c. are all well adapted to this style of painting. The colours are sold at the drawing-material warehouses, in a liquid state and prepared for use. In addition to these, a brilliant rose colour is obtained from the pink saucers, by dropping a little weak gum-water upon the colour, and rubbing it with a brush. A deep yellow may also be produced, by pouring a few drops of boiling water upon a small quantity of hay saffron. It is necessary to mix gum-water with all the colours made, to prevent their spreading into each other: gum dragon is the

best for this purpose. The brushes used are called scrubs; they consist of a small stick, with a camel's hair-brush cut off quite short at one end, and at the other, a brush of bristles of a much harder description. A small box of black lead is necessary, and a piece of list rolled tightly round, to the diameter of about two inches, to be used as a sort of brush with the black lead, for making outlines, in the manner we shall presently direct. A piece of linen rag, to wipe the brushes on, should also be provided.

The outline of the subject may be sketched in pencil on the velvet, which is of such a very delicate nature, that the greatest nicety is necessary to keep it in a state of neatness. Care should also be taken that the sketch is correctly made, as an error cannot be effaced by rubbing out, as on paper. It is a safer method, however, to make the sketch on drawing-paper, and to prick the outline very closely with a fine needle; then, the velvet being previously nailed on a flat piece of wood of a proper size, the pricked pattern may be laid over it, the roll of list dipped into the black-lead powder, and rubbed regularly over the pattern from side to side, observing to touch every part, and on removing the pattern, a perfect outline in black dots will appear on the velvet. Where a set of any article of the same pattern is undertaken, this is a very good plan, as it ensures accuracy, and saves the trouble of making separate sketches. Even those who have no knowledge of drawing on paper may produce a design on velvet, with ease and correctness, by tracing off against a window, or by means of tracing paper, any drawing or print which they wish to copy, and pricking the tracing on the velvet in the manner we have just described. In order to keep the margin of the velvet from being soiled in the progress of painting, a piece of thick paper should be laid over the whole, and an aperture cut in the middle, sufficiently large to expose the part to be worked on.

Each brush should be kept for that colour alone to which it has once been appropriated. A small quantity of the colour about to be used should be poured into a little cup, and a drop of gum-water added, and stirred with the stick of a pencil prior to its being taken on the brush. The mode of its application is so simple, that a short description of the execution of a single flower will suffice to give an idea of the process of painting almost any other subject on velvet. A very small portion of colour is to be taken upon the brush, and the darkest part of the leaf touched with it; the brush is then to be dipped in water, and the colour gradually softened to the edge; each leaf ought to be coloured separately, and the darkest parts in the centre of the flowers may be finished with a small brush without softening. Indian ink is used to make the dark shadows of crimson flowers. The veins, the

petals of flowers, and all the fine lines, should be done with a pen. Each leaf, as it is shadowed, should be brushed with the hard end of a brush, that way of the velvet in which the pile runs most easily, and then in the contrary direction, so as to set it up again to become dry. A deeper shade should never be added to a leaf or flower until the colour previously laid on is perfectly set, or the two colours will spread and run into each other: this will be prevented by the gum, if sufficient time be allowed for each shade to dry before a subsequent one is applied.

When a piece is finished, and quite dry, it should be brushed over with a small round brush, about two inches in diameter, with hard bristles of an equal length, to raise up such parts of the pile as may have been flattened in the process of painting.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

No marvel that poets have chosen home and their native land, as grateful themes of song. In themselves, the words are full of melody; in their associations they form exquisite music. It is a blessed thing to have a haven of rest where love lights its beacon and keeps its vigils to greet the returning wanderer, weary of a cheerless pilgrimage by flood or field. God help those for whom every country wears a foreign aspect—who avert their steps from the dwelling of their fathers, banished by the clouds of discord, or the rank weeds of desolation! Pleasant to me, as the face of an early friend, were the broken shores of my country, and the wide opening bay which was in full view before us. The vessel touched at a well known sea-port, where my luggage was consigned to the care of Jonathan, who was to make a short stay there with a relation: as it was but two days' journey to my native village, I proceeded direct and on foot. Spring was in its prime. The morn I started was as rosy as the matin flush of midsummer; the virgin breath of the meadows and gardens, through which the road meandered, gave lightness to the bosom, elasticity to the footstep. The vine-branches were shooting forth their infant foliage, and orchard after orchard, ever and anon, enriched the breeze with a tide of fragrance, inspiring, in the fervour of noon-day, a voluptuous lahguor. Gladsome to the eye that expatiates on nature is the maternal beauty of the blossoming apple-tree; surpassingly gladsome was it to me, just landed from the waters in the county of my birth, where I had from childhood, been encircled by its peaceful glories. The hues of sunset were glowingly interstreaked, varying from the warmest crimson to the tenderest green, and in their wavy irradiations imparted to the western sky the fanciful resemblance of a superb ocean-shell. Tired of travel, I came in sight of the rustic chapel where I used to go up, with our house, to worship. My feet were blistered, my shoes arid with dust. I turned into the cool, grassy burying-ground, to calm the flutter of my spirits, to

rest my limbs, and to refresh my soiled apparel, lest a chance encounter with an acquaintance should betray my pedestrian return. The chapel had been white-washed and re-painted, and, peering through its shade of larch and yew, presented a soothing emblem of Christian tranquillity. Time, place, and circumstance, were masters of my mood. I did not wish to dispel the religious awe that solemnised the soul; and from a resistless reverence for those who slept beneath, I refrained from profaning the luxuriant herbage by the taint of the highway. I passed to the lonely spot where, apart from the rest, beneath a weeping willow, was my mother's grave. The shrubs which surrounded it were flourishing—no unseemly weed had permission to vegetate there—the birds nestled in the branches of the overshadowing tree, secure of protection near the remains of her who was meek and merciful to all the creatures of God. The moss-covered headstone had been displaced by one of recent construction. In addition to the simple consecration to the memory of the departed, it bore the inscription of "Blessed are they who die in the Lord." I bared my brow, pressed my lip and cheek to the name of my parent cut in the cold slab, and prayed that her dove-like spirit might resume its ascendancy over my father, whom, like her I loved, but whom, unlike her, I dreaded.

THE SWISS HUNTER.

THE following curious occurrence is mentioned in the *Journal de l'Aere*:—A short time ago a hunter, who was sporting on the banks of the lake of Wallenstad, in Switzerland, discovered the nest of one of those destructive birds, the "lammergeyer," a species of vulture; he shot the male, and made his way along a projection of the rock with a view of taking the young birds. He had raised his arm and put his hand into the nest, when the female, hovering over his head unperceived by him, pounced down upon him, fixed her talons in his arm, and her beak in his side. The sportsman, whom the slightest movement must have precipitated to the bottom of the rock, with that coolness and self-possession so peculiar to the mountain huntsmen of that country, notwithstanding the pain he experienced, remained unmoved. Having his fowling-piece, in his left hand, he placed it against the face of the rock pointed to the breast of the bird, and with his toe, as they always go barefooted, the better to enable them to hold and climb the rocks, he touched the trigger, and the piece went off, and killed his enemy on the nest. Had the bird been any where else, it must have dragged him down along with it. He procured assistance from the auberge, or inn, hard by, and brought the two birds as trophies of his valour away with him. Some of these birds have been known to measure 17 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and are only equalled in size by the condor of South America."

THE BANISHED.

BY MISS INGRAM.

"And I with all unwillingness will go:
Oh! would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom:
And die, ere man can say—God save the queen!"

SHAKESPEARE.

"DEAR father, look round on our castle home, yonder is my own pet lamb bleating its innocent farewell; though I doubt not 'tis meant for a greeting. See the waving branches of yonder sapling, thou knowest my Lord planted it, and yet we must both go now into the land of strangers: this is at least my country, and is it because thou canst boast the proud blood of a Norman noble, that we are to leave our all, and beg our bread of strangers; father, dost thou now ask me why I weep?"

So murmured Elizabeth Valois, in reply to a cheering sentence from her noble parent. They were of the number of the banished; for Donald Bane, brother to the good Malcolm Cean Mohr, had usurped the throne, by right his nephew's, and issued a sentence of banishment against all foreigners. Of course the poor Saxons and the proud Normans were included in this edict; and they were not a few who had taken refuge in the open court of the generous Malcolm, and received wealth and title from his hand. Amongst the rest were the Count Valois, his wife, and their daughter, who, as was stated, now called Scotland her country.

The sun was fast declining in the west; broad streams of glory spread over the domains lately belonging to the Count: the cattle were straying unheeded over the beautiful landscape, and amongst the rest was a little white lamb, the pet of the Lady Elizabeth.

The tears fell from her eyes, for it came in its utter helplessness to her, but she dared not take it from the land no longer her own. Two or three servants, likewise foreigners, were grouped at a little distance out of respect to the feelings of their beloved young mistress and her parent.

Valois' sorrow was not the less that he strove to appear cheerful. He had, on the contrary, loved to look around his broad lands, and then rest his eye on the slight form of his daughter; for it was for her sake he valued wealth and title. Many Scottish nobles had made tenders for her hand, but were refused on one pretext or another by the lively girl. She declared her intention of preserving her affection for her sole parent undivided; but Valois was not always satisfied with this. He fancied, though he knew not why, that there was a concealed reason, more weighty than his comfort, though he knew and valued her affection, which induced these repeated refusals. He had often heard her ex-

press a profound contempt of wealth; consequently he now felt proportionate surprise at her grief on quitting their high station, and he felt all his former suspicions arise: there must be one whose presence she valued more than the titled nobles whose tenders she had received.

"Betha," he said calmly, and almost mournfully, "why art thou so suddenly changed? Thou wilt tell me 'tis the loss of thy pet lamb, and the favourite shrubs, but I know thy heart too well to credit thee. Tell me, is there no living being thou regrettest more than these?"

She looked for a moment full in her father's face, as if to read his thoughts; then flinging herself at his feet, she sobbed forth—"Yes, dear father. Why should I deny it—'tis useless now—and, oh, I had intended, as thou wilt soon know, to tell thee all. My page—the Scottish boy, I have dispatched him to bring one hither. Father, father, forgive me! I am his wife—oh, say that thou wilt call me Betha once more—see, he comes."

"Betha," said the agitated but forgiving parent, "this was not well. But thou art all that is left me of my beloved wife. Rise, rise, my child! let me once again, only once fancy thee my pure—Betha, Betha, I forgive thee!" and he strained her to his lips and his bosom. "But what do I see—Duncan—the baseborn son of Malcolm? Oh, Betha, I would that thy husband had been poor—but well born. As it is so, though, I will welcome him—I will bid him use thee tenderly, as I have ever done, and then leave thee, now, indeed, for stranger lands and hearts."

But Elizabeth clung close about him, and Duncan, with a bended knee, besought him to listen. He told the agitated Valois, that many brave hearts had gathered, both Norman and Saxon, to place him on the throne.

Valois cast a bright look of pride on his weeping child: he fancied her seated on the Scottish throne—hundreds pressing around her in admiration; he raised her in his arms, and closing her hand in Duncan's, he said, "Kneel, kneel, now Betha, Duncan, and take a father's blessing. Bless you, my children, and Heaven prosper me as I love you."

In a few days Valois was commanding some few Normans, while Duncan led the English. They succeeded in driving back Donald Bane to the Hebrides, whence he had come on the death of Malcolm.

Elizabeth was sitting in her rudely-constructed tent, anxiously awaiting the decision of the contest. Occasionally she sent forth the page, before mentioned, that he might observe its progress. He had now just returned with the glad tidings that the day was Duncan's. "Now God be praised!" she exclaimed, falling on her knees; but she was interrupted by the entrance of Duncan himself; and her joy was mingled with the bitter dregs of sorrow, when he informed her that her brave parent was amongst the slain.

"But now, Elizabeth," he concluded, "thou art Queen of Scotland—a fairer and more noble there is not in Europe. Come then, dearest, even now they are asking for thee: come, and show thyself to them. See, too, hither come our prisoners!" and with a great number of others, entered Donald Bane. "Betha," continued Duncan, "Betha, I know thy disposition well—thou lookest sad and wouldst fain see these prisoners free; they are so then. Donald Bane, go, and see that thou comest no more hither;" and the prisoners retired.

"Thanks, thanks, Duncan; but yet I would not be Queen. Listen: before I loved thee, in a girlish frolic, I sought one who should tell me of my future state; and she warned me to beware the glitter of wealth and power.

"Nonsense, Betha," he continued in a vexed tone; "wouldst thou mar all we have given brave hearts, amongst others that of thy parent, for? Come, come, thou knowest Malcolm's children are all too young to guide the affairs of a kingdom: dost thou know one who could better conduct a regency than thy husband?"

"No, no, dear Duncan; but I mistook thee; I thought thou wert thinking Malcolm's children had no right to their father's kingdom. Lead me forth, then—but oh, how anxiously shall I look for the day that shall again make me thine only; alas! alas! now I feel I am wedded to a whole nation—to misery."

Duncan did not give her time to reflect; but, pressing her to him, he hurried her from the tent to partake in the heart-cheering sound of hundreds of voices mingled in triumphant shouts. She clung closely to the supporting arm, for a sickening sensation passed over her heart as she heard them hail her Queen! and even her deep sorrow was happiness, compared with what she then felt, when she found herself alone with the corpse of her parent. She flung herself wildly by its side, and resting her burning forehead on the cold hand, exclaimed—"Oh! my father, my father; was it to make me a queen thy life was forfeited? would that thou couldst now look upon me, and tell me that Duncan and thou and I were beggars, that we must fly to stranger lands. What is it presses so heavily on my soul? They tell me I am the mistress of many brave and willing hearts—that they love me—Duncan, my beloved Duncan, is here, and yet I know not what aileth me. Father, I would thou couldst pillow my head on thy bosom, and tell me I have nought to fear. But I am for-

getting myself; is there not Duncan to live for. Yes, yes, I will seek him, and I will not leave him again; for, while his arm is round me I feel I am safe, and if his voice whispers that I shall be happy, who will be able to make me believe otherwise?"

She did so; smiles again played over her mouth; and to all appearance she was completely happy: but, there were moments when she still felt the same dreadful pressure on her spirits, the same presentiment of impending ill. Donald Bane had fled to the Hebrides, and with him the second son of Malcolm Cean Mohr. The third, Edgar, cherished almost a filial love for Elizabeth, and remained, forming a part of their court. She, too, in the hours which Duncan was obliged to pass from her side, leaned wholly on the young Edgar for amusement. Thus there grew a pure and spotless affection between them. Months passed away, and she almost began to think she might, in time, feel an attachment to the name of queen. Duncan had been some days absent, yet was she happy, for the young Edgar was with her, and she knew that Duncan might not neglect the affairs of his people. On the evening of the day in which she expected his return, she was sitting in a long apartment, surrounded by young men and old, maidens and matrons. All were contributing their mite to the promotion of general hilarity, when it was announced that one well skilled in divining, waited permission to enter. Bright eyes were anxiously cast towards the Queen, and the young men, though not betraying an equal eagerness, were, nevertheless, well pleased to hear permission given for him to enter. Instantly there came in an old man with a long white beard hanging even on his breast, while his tottering steps were aided by a youth of perhaps nineteen years of age.

Soon there were peals of mirth resounding in the rudely-formed hall, as each bright-cheeked maiden, or firm-limbed youth, were told of some love frolic, whilst the diviner grew in their simple ideas to something more than mortal. But now all was silence, for the old man was kneeling before the beautiful young Queen, who, though there was a smile struggling on her lip, was pale and evidently agitated; the more, as the younger stranger fixed his piercing eye upon her. The boy Edgar had, since their entrance, become suddenly silent, for he was generally the very-soul of mirth and frolic, and occasionally he exchanged glances with the young diviner; on the part of Edgar they were glances of anxiety and surprise, the other's partook principally of warning to silence: for several times, when he found himself free from observation, he placed his forefinger on his lips.

"Lady, thou art beauteous and good," broke on the ears of the listeners, from the old man, "a long time thou mayest be Queen of a loving people, if thy own will mars it not."

The young man started hurriedly from the other's side as he pronounced these words; then recovering his self-possession, he curled his lip

in a pleased but almost scornful smile, cast another broad stare on Elizabeth, and was again by the old man's side.

The Queen's surprise seemed to equal his; she withdrew her hand, but instantly recovered her gaiety, and indeed it seemed rather to increase. She felt re-assured from her former fears, and she longed for Duncan's return that she might now indulge her affection for him, unadulterated by fear for the future; for in the superstition of the times she partook largely, and now imagined from the words of the old diviner that she should reign long and happily.

But the night wore away and Duncan came not. Elizabeth retired with spirits sadly depressed; she felt alarmed, for he was gone with many more to suppress some wild tribe that had arisen against himself. But Edgar lingered in the hall till all had left save the two strangers. "Edmund, Edmund!" he exclaimed, seizing the young stranger's hand, "thou hast left near a year, and I had almost forgotten my beloved, mild brother, in the fierce-looking young man; has so short a time so changed thee? But tell me, Edmund, they say thou art no friend of the good Duncan's, then what can bring thee hither—and yonder fierce man—our uncle Donald Bane, in that disguise?"

"What brings us hither, Edgar? why boy, what should, but to take our rights? whose hall is this, if not ours—whose are all the broad-spreading lands around us—and who is king here if I am not? Thou hast been living here in enchantment, but we will wrest the spell from thee."

"And Duncan," gasped Edgar, pale and trembling from fear, "say, Edmund, knowest thou aught of his prolonged absence? Brother, brother, I can read in thy triumphant, dreadful smile, that thou dost. Tell me—tell me all! I will not speak a word to interrupt thy tale. Tell me only that he lives—"

Edmund burst into a laugh, which to his brother's ears was as the yell of a demon. But he conquered his rising choler, and uttered in a cold, calm tone, "Then, what meant yonder deceiver by saying that our sweet Queen should reign long, if her own will marred it not?"

"Nay, ask him thyself."

"I thought," muttered the other, who had stretched his limbs on one of the benches, and half composed himself to sleep, "that your own quick apprehension could best answer that."

"Oh, Edmund, by the memory of our own dear mother, think on the helpless state of the beautiful Queen."

"Ay, Edgar, she is beautiful; I wonder not that Duncan should wish to place her on a throne, or that thou shouldst become so fond of her. But cheer up, boy, thou knowest thou mayest love thy sister still."

"My sister! Oh, Edmund, dost thou then think she can—thou knowest how she loves, alas! loved, her Duncan—dost thou think she can then ever love his—Edmund, I cannot utter the dreadful word."

"Nay, my dainty brother, thou mayest as well finish," exclaimed Edmund, angrily; "thou wert going to say murderer—but thou art deceived; I murdered him not—I do not even know that he hath ceased to exist. Besides, thou knowest he may have been murdered without our knowledge. Now, good brother, leave me, I have travelled many weary miles, since sunrise; and my mind is tired of planning for the future; go, and I will sleep, with the image of this same Elizabeth on my brain. Farewell!" and he held forth his hand; Edgar faintly touched it, and murmuring a farewell, retired—but not to rest. He sought the Queen's chamber, in which she sat mournfully pondering on the cause of Duncan's prolonged absence. She had thought till her mind seemed chaos; her face was no longer pale, but flushed, and her eyes were painfully bright—there appeared a kind of maniac wildness in them. "How is this, sweet mother," said Edgar, for such he ever called her; "I sought thee, for I thought perchance thou wert not sleeping; but thou art forgetting thy duty to thyself, to be watching here; lie down on yonder pallet, and I will sit here and watch the King's return. I promise thee my eyelids shall not close;" for he hoped she might gain a short rest; he knew, too well, she would require all her energy on the morrow.

"No, no, Edgar," she said, hurriedly, "I want not rest. Tell me, what thinkest thou of yon diviners? Perchance, thou wilt think me silly when I tell thee, the features of the elder have left a strange impression on me. I fancy I have seen them before; yet I have thought and thought, over all I have seen since they have called me Queen—the happy faces of childhood. Yes, I have thought, till the empty space around me became peopled with human heads; some recalling the happy visions of infancy, others bringing with them nothing save misery; and, above all, I could see that man's features; and the younger, Edgar, didst thou note how he fixed his gaze on me?"

"Thou art very fair, lady, and the stranger is young; we must, then, frame an excuse for him;" and Edgar smiled. It is difficult to distinguish by the smiles which often overshadow the countenance, what bitter feelings they conceal—and Edgar's was one of those ghastly lip-curves; but Elizabeth noted it not.

To return to the confederates in guilt, Donald Bane, and Duncan: the former had arisen from his recumbent posture, and was now in close consultation with the latter. "Ay, I thought," said Donald, "that the blue eyes of Elizabeth Valois had a wonderful effect on thee. By my good battle-axe, if she were the priestess of some of these convents, I should expect thou wouldst turn priest. For thy brother, too, he seemeth marvellously inclined, an' he were able, to wrest this goodly inheritance from us; but thank my good strength he is not. Elizabeth and half the kingdom shall be thine: the rest appertaineth to me. I was thinking I heard footsteps, Edmund: 'tis Mearns with his welcome burden;" and at

that moment one of Duncan's followers, in whom he had ever placed the greatest faith, entered, bearing, with two or three others, the bleeding body of Duncan. "So, 'tis well, Mearns," continued Donald—"did he struggle much?"

"Ay, I think he would have left many a proud heart on the battle field. He was well nigh making the Mearns Earless; and I was almost unnerved when he spoke beseechingly—told me of all he had done for me—of his faith in my honour; but then, he uttered a name coupled with his own, that thrilled every feeling within me: he begged for the sake of Elizabeth Valois, that I would spare his life—fiend!" and he loosed his hold on the body of the dead king—"fiend! didst thou think to bring mercy to my heart by naming one, whose love alone could warm this breast, and which thou possesst."

At that moment there rose up a deadly hatred in the bosom of Edmund towards the Earl of Mearns; but disguising his feelings, he appeared well pleased, and turning his eye from the glassy stare of the dead man, he uttered—"And now, Mearns, thou must take thy meed and begone. Seek our palace in the Hebrides: ere long we will visit thee there; and who knows but we may prevail on this same Elizabeth to accompany us—thou wilt then be enabled to press thy suit;" and, accordingly, Mearns took a purse of gold and withdrew, to all appearance well content.

"Farewell!" muttered Edmund; "but thou mayest dream long enough of her before thou settest thine eyes on her beauty. Now, Donald, to rouse the household—fellows, be firm on the tale that thou found him murdered."

The overwhelming grief of Elizabeth may be imagined—tears there were none, though her heart was charged to bursting, and her brain felt, indeed, seared. Donald Bane and Edmund revealed themselves; giving, as a reason for their disguised appearance, that they feared to be seen openly, though wishing a reconciliation with Duncan; and that they came, if possible, to learn his sentiments towards them. Elizabeth listened and believed; for the words of Edmund were honied for her ear, and the voice that uttered them was attuned to the sweetest melody. He spoke of his great sorrow, wished the murderer's blow had fallen on him in the stead of Duncan, and many other wicked wishes he uttered to soothe her grief.

Donald Bane assumed the reins of government, and his first edict was once more a sentence of banishment against all foreigners. In vain she knelt, petitioning him for her unfortunate countrymen.

"Edgar," she said one day, as the still faithful boy sat by her side, "I have again been praying thy uncle to allow the poor Normans and Saxons to remain. Alas, alas! I well remember my own feelings the day I was leaving the home of my infancy, though I bethink me I was far happier then than now."

"Listen, mother," he whispered, and taking her beautiful hand in his, "I have a project in my head, but I must leave thee to accomplish it.

Wilt thou give me that opal ring from thy finger?" She smiled mournfully as she did so, and passed it on his own. Now, then, I go; ask me not whither, for I would not for worlds listen to a word that might daunt me: all I grieve for, is that I must leave thee all unprotected as thou art; but, lady, there is one who loveth thee well, will watch over thee, and I shall soon know when the slightest danger is likely to befall thee. When thou seest this ring, know that whatever they are pressing thee to do, thou mayest do it, though thou shouldst fancy it might be thy utter ruin. Thou lookest surprised, and dost not fancy any one will press thee to any thing that liketh thee not. I cannot speak plainly, but beware of doing any thing till thou seest this ring."

"More trouble, Edgar? and above all thou going to leave me, and I may not question thee whither; come then, lay thy head on my bosom, and I will bless thee with a mother's blessing ere thou leavest me: now go, and St. Margaret protect thee, Edgar."

There was much surmising in the court when Edgar's absence was discovered; and Donald Bane and Edmund felt for a few days ill at ease; but after that period they concluded he had left because his "tender conscience could not brook the deception practised towards Elizabeth." And they guessed not much amiss in that respect; but they little thought whither the heroic boy wended his steps—it was to the court of England.

But now Edmund turned all his thoughts on Elizabeth. For a few weeks he paid her the most devoted attention, till her mind was, comparatively speaking, soothed to a perfect calm. Then he suddenly made her proposals of marriage; which she firmly rejected, but with the greatest kindness. He then avoided her presence for a few days.

At length Donald was proceeding to put the edict in execution—Elizabeth saw whole families driven penniless from the country: then she roused herself, and once more taking the way to the council-room, she threw herself at the feet of Donald, and prayed his mercy.

"Thou art fair, lady," he said roughly, but almost kindly, "and we would do aught in reason—now, an' thou wilt consent to become the bride of the King Edmund, thy people shall be free to sojourn where they list. We will not press thee now; but by the morrow's night we will expect thy answer here."

Elizabeth's head rested not on her pallet that night: the morning's dawn found her irresolute; and, besides, she called Edgar's words to mind, and she determined not to yield till she received the brave boy's token. Evening was already drawing its grey curtain over the west, when it was told her a beggar asked alms at the gate, and refused to leave without speaking with her. She was ever on the alert to relieve the needy; and throwing a mantle around her, she hurried to the place, where she found a middle aged man, who, bending on his knee, held up to her view the identical token.

"Whence bringest thou this?" she exclaimed.

"I may not say, fair lady; but I was to tell thee thou needest not fear, and that thou mightest do all they ask of thee."

"What, wed Edmund—say, does Edgar advise this?"

"Lady, I will tell thee, thou needest not fear any thing—go to the chapel—I may not say more, lest from any sudden fear thou shouldst reveal our plan: oh! if thou couldst but know how narrowly one watches over thee—if thou didst know all thou wouldst curse him.—Lady, lady," and he flung himself wildly on the earth, "tell me thou canst forgive me; but touch me not even with the hem of thy garment—it would be pollution."

"What meanest thou?" she exclaimed, "is there more sorrow in store for me? Oh! my brain burns—I sometimes fancy my senses are leaving me—speak, speak!"

"Elizabeth Valois, dost thou not know the Earl of Mearns? He who once swore to love thee so well—oh! that he had loved thine—I murdered him thou didst in thy young heart worship. Duncan fell by this hand." A mist gathered round her eyes, and she muttered she feared she could never forgive him, but he was gone; and, scarcely sane, she retraced her steps to her room. Thence she went immediately to the hall, and consented to become the wife of Edmund, though her very heart sickened with fear lest Edgar's plan should fail in its execution; and then they insisted on the ceremony being performed at midnight. Edmund led her back to her room, it might almost be said he bore her thither, for her feet refused their accustomed office. "Farewell, my own!" he exclaimed passionately, imprinting a kiss on her fevered lips. "Farewell, but only for a few short hours;" but those hours were fraught with the very depth of bitterness, though Edmund took care she should not alter her determination; he sent thither whole families, Saxon as well as Norman, that they might thank and bless her. "Leave me, leave me," she exclaimed, as they pressed around her, "I know all you would say; and God knows, I have need to be alone with him."

Midnight came; Edmund was at her side to lead her to the chapel where the priest awaited them; all the brave and noble from the Norman race were ranged in lines along the altar: Donald Bane took her cold hand, and passed it within that of Edmund. All started, for they fancied they heard a rustling without. "It was nothing," exclaimed Donald, "but we will secure the door," and he hastened towards it for that purpose. "Never! while this accursed wooing proceeds," exclaimed the voice of Edgar, as he rushed in at the entrance, followed by a whole army of English soldiers. Elizabeth flew from Edmund's hated grasp, and clung round Edgar's neck: Donald Bane, and Edmund, knew well that resistance were useless—they were instantly bound and borne away to prison. The Norman knights welcomed the English soldiers on learn-

ing they were come to make them free to live where they would. One and all hailed Edgar king; but suddenly all was silence, for the Earl of Mearns was kneeling before Elizabeth confessing his treachery towards Duncan; and telling her how he had, since, watched over her, informing Edgar of every passing event. "Yet, lady, I knew that to thy pure spirit the very knowledge that he who murdered *him* was near thee, would have marred all this brave youth hath done to save thee; and to him this confession is new, for I well know he would not have trusted Duncan's bitterest foe to watch over thee, though none would have done so more jealously."

"Mearns," murmured the statue-like Elizabeth, "God knows how much I need forgiveness—I forgive thee," and she sank to the earth: Edgar knelt and raised her head on his knee—but her spirit had flown to its haven—her soul was with her Maker. Hardy as were the frames of the Norman and English knights, they disdained not to shed tears—those glorious evidences of a softened spirit.

History tells us that Edgar displayed a cruel disposition in having the eyes of his uncle put out; and that Edmund, in token of his penitence for accelerating the murder of Duncan, ordered the fetters he had worn in his dungeon to be buried with him.

A CATEGORICAL ANSWER.

It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question; and yet it is an art which requires some trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing, is met by an enigma for an answer; and, among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the Hibernian isle:—"Is this the nearest road to Cork?" "Is it to Cork you are going?" "Yes, but my question is, as to the nearest road?" "Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill; for neither of them is any road at all." "Then which way ought I to go?" "Oh, that depends on your honor's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again?" "Certainly not. But, one word for all, my good fellow; do you know any thing about any kind of road here?" "There now, if your honor had asked that before, I could have told you at once." "Out with it then." "Why the truth is, your honor, that I am a stranger in these parts; and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all about the way." "Stupid scoundrel! why did you not say so at first?" "Stupid! that's all my thanks. But why did not your honor ask me if I belonged to the place? that would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice and stop where you are."



THE END OF THE

For the Lady's Book.

THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

"RUIN! certain, inevitable ruin!" exclaimed Charles Maxwell, his eyes rivetted in astonishment on the enormous sum total of a statement of claims against, and bonds and promissory notes due, by the large mercantile establishment of which he was the principal, which his faithful head-clerk, in the sorrow of his heart had, after "laboursome petition," wrung from his master his hard consent to inspect. "The amount almost exceeds belief! Can it be possible! Stay, perhaps I am unnecessarily alarmed; affairs may not be so bad as they appear—I may discover an error in the addition: all of us are liable to mistakes; and Ledger, correct as he always is, may this time have made a slip." Elated with the hope of detecting a blunder, the young merchant, planting his hands on his temples, resting his elbows on the table by which he was sitting, and luxuriously extending his legs to their full length, resolutely set about summing up the long list of items that lay exposed before him. While pursuing his *voyage of discovery*, we shall take occasion, in anticipation of the inquiries that the laudable curiosity of the reader may be prompted to make, relative to the person whom we have introduced to notice, to state, that Charles Maxwell was just of age; and that he had received a good education in the first place, from his father, and afterwards a very handsome allowance, by which he was enabled to keep what is called good society, whilst the old gentleman stuck close to the counting-house and the Exchange, and kept "all right." But when he died, his son, taking a wider range, neglected the business, and left the whole of his mercantile affairs to his clerks; and the consequence was, that in less than two years he was on the eve of figuring in the Gazette.

"Right, right to a fraction!" exclaimed our hero, after having, with considerable difficulty, added up the melancholy inventory of debts, "'tis plain I'm ruined beyond redemption; and that I must first see myself Gazetted, and then reduced to beggary, who have never experienced the misery of an ungratified wish. What the devil shall I do?"

"Did you call," asked a gentle voice, which seemed to proceed from the more dusky corner of the apartment.

"Who, in the name of fate, are you?" demanded the unhappy youth, looking round in search of the individual from whom the inquiry had proceeded.

"Precisely so," replied a stout short middle-aged gentleman, of a somewhat saturnine complexion, as he advanced from—we can't exactly say where—into the middle of the room. He was clad in black, had a loose Geneva cloak, as an upper garment, of the same colour, and carried a large bundle of black-edged papers, tied with

black tape, under his arm. Without the smallest ceremony, he placed a chair opposite our hero, bowed, seated himself, smiled, laid his papers on the table, rubbed his hands, and appeared altogether prepared for business. Maxwell felt somewhat embarrassed at the easy familiarity of the stranger, but returned his bow with all due civility; and, after a brief awkward pause, ventured to inquire the name of the gentleman whom he had the honour of addressing.

"It is of little moment," answered his extraordinary visitor, "you are in difficulties, and it is in my power to assist you;" and he began to untie and "sort out" his papers on the table. Poor Maxwell looked on in silence, supposing the intruder had got wind of the critical situation of his affairs, and was going to exhibit some startling claim against his establishment; and, sighing, bethought himself that if he had been as constant in his attendance at the counting-house and Exchange, as he had been at races, billiard-tables, and gambling-houses, he might have been spared the mortification and shame the stranger was preparing for him. "I may as well," thought he, "to save trouble, tell him the truth at once, that my assets will not yield more than six pence in the pound."

"You need not trouble yourself to do that, sir," said the visitor.

"To do what, sir?" interrogated Maxwell, "I did not say anything."

"I know that, my dear sir," said the Gentleman in Black, still busying himself with his papers, "but it is just the same thing."

"What is just the same thing? I don't at all comprehend you!" exclaimed the youth.

"Precisely so," continued the stranger; "there they are, all correct, I believe. So, my dear sir, as you were saying—"

"Excuse me, sir," said Maxwell, "I was not saying anything."

"Pardon me, my dear young friend," quoth the Gentleman in Black, "you talked of telling me the truth at once."

"Not I, sir; I only *thought* of doing so."

"Oh, that's all the same with us. I should be sorry to appear impolite to a gentleman of your birth and talents: the fact is, however, that my engagements are, just now, exceedingly numerous, therefore, allow me just to explain. This paper—"

"Confound this head ache," thought poor Maxwell to himself; "if I had gone to bed last night, instead of watching over that cursed faro table, and losing my—"

"Pshaw! pshaw! smell this bottle," said the stranger, politely handing a small exquisitely cut black glass bottle, which he took out of an ebony case. Maxwell did so, and felt "power fully refreshed;" his head instantly appeared

clearer, and his whole frame exhilarated. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "where, sir, did you buy that wonderful specific?"

"Hist!" ejaculated him of the restorative, "don't swear, I entreat you; it is extremely disagreeable to me."

"Well, then, I will not," said the young merchant; "but tell me where you procured that specific. I'll give you a thousand pounds for the recipe."

"Where will you find the money?" asked the stranger, coolly settling himself back in his chair, like a man who has found his vantage ground.

"Where, indeed!" groaned the bankrupt.

"Good!" observed him of the cloak. "There's no use of concealment between us: I have taken a great fancy to you; I wish to act handsomely by you. Your condition is desperate—you're over head and ears in debt—your—"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the youth.

"If you say that again, sir," said his companion, "I shall take my departure. I told you before I objected to swearing."

"The devil, then!" cried Maxwell, impatiently.

"That's better," said his visiter, "and more friendly," smiling, and taking a pinch of Irish blackguard out of a black tortoise-shell box, he handed it politely to our hero.

"No, sir," said the latter, sternly, "you and your snuff may go—"

"Precisely so," calmly observed the stranger, interrupting him; at the same time, returning the box to his pocket, but not offering to move from his chair.

"This is a little too much," cried the enraged young merchant, starting upon his legs, "tell me, sir, what you mean by intruding upon my privacy, insulting me with the repetition of my misfortunes, and your easy impudence? Who, and what the devil are you?"

"Precisely so, as I told you before," replied the unruffled stranger.

"Precisely what? I don't understand you: you may be the devil himself, for ought I know!"

"Precisely so," was the reply.

"You don't mean to say you really are the—"

"Precisely so. *We* have an objection to plain yes and no. But, pshaw! this is a waste of time. I know your troubles and difficulties, and would help you through them, if you will allow me. I have money to any amount at my disposal and immediate command, as you may satisfy yourself." And he threw a large black morocco pocket-book upon the table, which immediately burst open from the extension of an innumerable quantity of Bank of England notes, of the largest denomination; and began to draw from his breeches' pocket a black satin purse, that seemed to have no end, till, having placed it carefully on the table, the weight of the gold within rent asunder its silken prison, and an immense quantity of sovereigns, guineas, and doubloons, rolled out.

Maxwell looked first at the incalculable wealth before him, then at his visiter—again at the

gold and notes; and so on, alternately, about half a dozen times, ere he found himself capable of uttering even an exclamation of surprise. Each time his eyes rested upon the stranger's countenance, he discerned some new charm of feature and expression; and, at length, decided that he had never before seen so perfectly elegant, agreeable, interesting, well-bred, and accomplished a gentleman; and wondered how he could for an instant have considered him a *plain* man.

"It's always the way," observed the Gentleman in Black: "strangers think me any thing but handsome; yet, as we get more intimate, my society becomes more and more agreeable; so that at last my friends are ever endeavouring to imitate me in all their actions and pursuits."

Poor Maxwell had by this time made up his mind that his visiter was no other than his Infernal Majesty; and would instantly have invoked the aid of his good spirits, had it not been for the dazzling gold, which he somehow instinctively apprehended would vanish from his sight at any such application. The dark middle-aged gentleman saw the gold "enter into his soul," and let it work its way in silence for a short time, watching his victim's countenance, and ever and anon looking disconcerted, as the youth's guardian angel seemed to be whispering in his ear.

"Well, my young friend," ejaculated he at length, "perhaps the *trifle* you see on the table, may be of some little service to you."

"'Twould save me from despair," answered the unhappy youth.

"It is your own fault if it be not yours," continued the tempter, opening a paper, "you have only to sign this document, and what you see on the table is but as a drop in the bucket, compared with the riches you may command."

"And pray, sir," asked Maxwell, "what may be the contents of that document?"

"A mere bagatelle; look over it yourself. Only to sin for a *single* second this year—two seconds the next—to double it the third; and so on with each succeeding year." So saying, he threw the paper carelessly towards the young man, and betook himself to his blackguard, with due gentlemanly nonchalance.

The youth read—"Sin for a second in the first year, two seconds the second," then looked at the gold. "Let me see," said he, calculating, "that will be four seconds the third year, eight seconds the fourth, sixteen seconds the fifth, thirty-two seconds the sixth, and—"

"Exactly so," said the Gentleman in Black, interrupting him, "that is about a minute in the course of the whole six years; and, beside, you'll observe, by a clause, that all the sins you have committed will be taken into account, as well as all you may in future commit over and above the stipulated agreement."

"I must confess you are very liberal," observed Maxwell, doubtingly.

"You'll always find me liberal," said the other, handing a pen across the table.

"Stop! stop! let me read the whole paper first."

"Oh, by all means! you'll find all correctly expressed." Maxwell ascertained the manner in which he was to obtain daily supplies of money, as long as the stipulations in the contract were fulfilled; "*any* amount" was specified. He had committed sins enough already, he well knew, to wipe off the score for years to come, to say nothing of those which, in the common course of events, must of necessity ensue. The dream of unlimited riches, and unchecked and unbounded pleasure, was intoxicating; but something prompted him to hesitate. At this critical juncture, he had recourse to the miraculous smelling-bottle. The effect was instantaneous. His doubts and fears were removed; and, seizing a pen, subscribed his name to the paper.

"Good!" exclaimed the Gentleman in Black, reading the name, "Charles Maxwell! perfectly correct; and here, my friend is the counterpart, signed by myself." Our hero took the document, and while he was endeavouring to decipher the signature, his visitor disappeared, *how*, he could never conjecture.

The first thing that Maxwell did with his newly acquired wealth, was to despatch a letter to his confidential clerk, Mr. Ledger, enclosing more than a sufficiency of bank notes to discharge all claims against his establishment; stating, that as a recompense for the faithful services he had rendered his father and himself, he resigned the business of the House entirely to him; and, that he was going immediately to start for the Continent, and would not for years, if ever, return to England.

Poor Ledger's eyes and mouth opened wide at the receipt of his master's epistle, and for a time he doubted whether he was not dreaming; but the reader shall not be troubled with an attempt to describe his feelings. Suffice it to say, that he would not accept more than a small share of the large profits of the establishment—the remainder to be duly carried to the credit of his young master. Extremely perplexed, he endeavoured to account for the young man's sudden accession of wealth, by supposing that he had discovered some stock which his late father had privately invested; or that some mining shares that had been put by as worthless, had turned up trumps; or that he had got a prize in the lottery; or, in short, he could not exactly make it out. So, he dipped his pen in the inkstand, and stuck to his desk; consoling himself with the reflection, that he was preparing a haven in which his benefactor might find shelter whenever he should be driven in by the storm.

We are now about to ask the reader to repeat an action which, in all probability, he will have committed before, without any hint from us. We earnestly request him, after reading a few more lines, to throw aside our story, and to employ himself awhile in fancying himself possessed of such a black morocco pocket-book, a long black purse, and etceteras, as appertained to our hero.

We *now* suppose this task to be executed; and, if it be done fairly and honestly, and without any mental reservation, the reader will not be sur-

prised to hear that Charles Maxwell committed many egregious acts during his rambles for many years on the Continent. The Gentleman in Black appears to have been perfectly satisfied with his proceedings: at all events, he deemed his personal appearance before him unnecessary.

Maxwell returned to London, where some tons of statues, coins, vases, paintings, bronzes, and bonzes, "*bas and haut relievos*," mummies and mummeries, had arrived before him. Consequently, he walked among a crowd of envious or admiring worshippers—a complete lion, like Juno, amid the lesser goddesses: "*Incedit les*," as Doctor Panglos would say. The shipment he made was a most lucky hit, inasmuch as it introduced him to the best society of the day, and obtained for him almost as many letters at the end of his name, as there are papers on the tail of a kite; so, away he went, shining among the "*lesser stars*," like a comet, for several years; and *then*—no, fair reader, it was not *then*—but long before, that he had discovered that with all the excitement of unchecked pleasure, inexhaustible riches, and uninterrupted health, there was still a "*something*" wanting—and what? It was no less than the society, the friendship, and the love, of a virtuous woman; and he was soon made happy in the possession of a lovely female. His domestic felicity was perfect.

"Without more circumstance at all," we now bring our hero to the afternoon of his life. About this time Charles Maxwell, that is the "*old original*" Charles Maxwell, of our tale, underwent a sad and melancholy alteration. Loud fits of mental absence occupied him when in society. No more the well-turned repartee, or mirthful jest, issued from his now pale lips.

"Seldom he smiled, and then in such a sort,
As though he smiled in scorn to think
That he could e'en be moved to smile at any thing."

"*Neque vigilus neque quietibus sedari poterat*," as Sallust says of Cataline. In plain English, he was never easy sleeping or waking. He got horribly livid, ghastly about the eyes, and became a disagreeable, shuffling, unsociable, uncertain sort of a fellow; more like a poor lunatic, who fancied himself hunted by devils, than a well-bred easy-going gentleman.

The reason for this change was, that he had been calculating, and had discovered that by tenor of his engagements with the Gentleman in Black, whom, by the way, we hope our readers will take especial care not to forget, during the silent and almost unperceptible lapse of nearly eight-and-twenty years, his tribute had increased from the minute matter of a moment, to an *annual* demand of two thousand three hundred and thirty days and a fraction, calculating each day at sixteen hours in length, and *all* to be spent in sin. Such was the "*demand*" for sin in the then current year. It was true that there had been no grumbling on the part of his ally or adversary; and supplies of money, when required, were never refused. There were, doubtless, past sins to keep all square, "*as per agreement*"

hitherto; but he could not *flatter* himself that he had sufficient "on hand," to make up an amount of four thousand six hundred and sixty days for the next year, and for that which was to follow, nine thousand! All was utter darkness and desperation; yet all this arose from *agreeing* to sin for *one single moment* "per annum." Reader, take care you never make such a compact.

In the long hours which poor Charles Maxwell now habitually spent in solitude, he indulged himself in the visions and dreams of hope; and, in one, luckily, recollected an old lawyer named Bagsby, of whose shrewd exploits he had heard many a singular tale; and, he felt convinced, if there was any one who was a match for the Gentleman in Black, it was he. Accordingly, he immediately posted to the old fellow's chambers, in the Lyon's inn, where he found the civilian half buried among piles of dusky books and papers, like a lion at the bottom of his inverted cone of crumbling sand, ready to seize on any poor animal unconsciously approaching its verge. Bagsby delighted to see so respectable a client, shook Maxwell by the hand, entreated him to be seated, adjusted his wig, stirred up the four square inches of smoking cinders huddled together in one corner of the grate, bowed and grinned, rubbed his hands and spectacles, and bowed and grinned again.

At length, Mr. Maxwell did "a tale unfold," which had an effect almost as tremendous as that described by Shakspeare, in the well-known passage, the commencement of which we have just quoted; but old Bagsby had been so long accustomed to intricate cases, that, let him be thrown where he might, he always contrived, as it were, like a cat, to fall upon his legs, and find some place to cling to. So, after a long pause, he thus addressed his client:

"Hem! my dear sir, this is an ugly piece of business. Hem! I have certainly heard of this Gentleman in Black; in fact, I once remember fancying I saw him. Hem! but however, to the point. I think I understand that you could yet obtain supplies—of money, I mean, to any amount?"

"I can demand any amount," replied Mr. Maxwell, "and were it not immediately forthcoming, the contract would be broken on his part; an event of which I have very little expectation."

"Hem! ahem!" resumed Bagsby, "this is a very ugly piece of business—*very* ugly. However, we must not despair; and, as you don't mind expense, I really think we may, perhaps, contrive to pull you through."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed our hero. "My dear sir, I cannot express my gratitude. Oh! why did I not come to you before?"

"Never mind," rejoined Bagsby, "better late than never. Eh! Hem! But, to business: no, no, I hav'n't lived to my years to be frightened at a little intricacy. So, in the first place, allow me to ask if there were any witnesses to this singular contract?"

"None!" ejaculated Mr. Maxwell, gasping

the first breath of hope; "no, my friend, there was nobody but myself, and you know who."

"Excuse me, for interrupting you," said the Dark Gentleman, stepping forward from a gloomy corner of the room, with his black coat, black waistcoat, black Geneva coat, black bag, black edged papers, tied with black tape, and all the rest of his black paraphernalia. It may, perhaps, save you much trouble, if, in this early stage of business—"

"Early, indeed!" exclaimed Bagsby, somewhat irritated at the idea of so good a thing being snatched out of his hands; "why, we have not yet commenced proceedings. But I beg pardon, sir, pray take a seat."

The Gentleman in Black sat himself down at the table, and drew forth from his black bag a bundle of black-edged papers, which, in a most business-like way, he proceeded to untie and lay before them.

"You know, sir," said Mr. Maxwell, "there were no witnesses to the transaction."

"I know there were, sir," replied he of the cloak, with a malicious smile; "see," he continued, showing a paper to the lawyer, who immediately discerned two signatures as of witnesses, which, however, he could not exactly decipher.

"Hem!" said Bagsby, adjusting his spectacles, and giving his wrinkled old mouth a peculiar twist. "Ahem! allow me, sir, just to run my eye over the paper. Aye, aye! I see—Charles Maxwell.—Ahem! bless me what a cold morning it is; be so good, Mr. Maxwell, as to touch that bell. Here, Jerry, my boy," he continued, addressing a lean spider-like daddy-long-legs sort of old man, who answered the summons; "bring some coals, Jerry. Ahem! let me see—where did I leave off?"

"You may as well leave off where you are," observed the owner of the black-edged papers. "I am not so green as to suffer you to keep that writing in *your own* hands after the fire is kindled."

"What do you mean to insinuate, sir?" asked old Bagsby, waxing wroth. "Do you dare to say that a man of my standing and respectability would be guilty of so—"

"Precisely so," answered the other, coolly.

"Sir, sir!" stammered the lawyer, "I'd have you to know there is such a thing as law."

"I do know it," observed the Gentleman in Black.

"And justice," continued Bagsby.

"That's more than you know," retorted the other.

"And damages," roared the incensed lawyer.

"Your clients have long been convinced of the truth of *that* position," duly observed his uncourteous visitor.

Old Bagsby's rage was at its acme; and he swore by all the furies and devils in the infernal regions, that he would commence an action for defamation forthwith; but his antagonist relating a certain fable concerning a smoky kettle and its black neighbor, a boiling pot, the lawyer, like

a snail, drew in his horns; being assisted in the retiring movement by Mr. Maxwell, who requested that his business might not be neglected. "In mercantile matters, I remember," said he, "that when any difficulty occurred, we used to refer it to arbitration."

"Good!" observed the Gentleman in Black, "choose your own men, and I'll meet them."

To a reference they at length agreed. Mr. Ledger was appointed as umpire; and, on that day week, the Gentleman in Black was to give them the "first meeting" at Bagsby's chambers. When this matter was settled, the old lawyer hinted something about a retaining fee.

"How very thoughtless!" exclaimed Maxwell, finding that he had omitted to bring the needful with him; "however, sir, as soon as I get home, I'll send a hundred pound note or two."

"Pooh!" said the Gentleman in Black, taking out his black morocco pocket-book, "how many will you have? only say; just to save trouble, you know—it's all the same between us." So he gave Maxwell five notes of one hundred pounds each, which he immediately paid to the lawyer, who marked them with his own mark, and then the meeting broke up.

On the appointed day, Mr. Ledger, our Hero, and the Gentleman in Black, were all punctual to a minute in their attendance at old Bagsby's chambers. The wary lawyer having taken his seat, and opened the business of the day, the Gentleman in Black presented his account, with a Sardonic grin, to the individual who had expressed his inclination to settle it. Ledger cast his eye, in a hurried and agitated manner, at the amount, and, addressing himself to Maxwell, inquired if it could possibly be correct. The poor gentleman cast his dim and floating eyes up and down two or three sides of the tremendous paper, which was carried over and over with dismal tautology. He could deny nothing; and many of the items he but too well remembered. His heart sank within him.

"Give me leave," said Bagsby, stretching forth his lean arm.

"By all means," replied the Gentleman in Black.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Maxwell," continued old Bagsby, "I have no doubt we shall pull you through;" and he prozed a few minutes over the account, whilst his opponent sat smiling most contemptuously.

"You don't specify here," said old Bagsby, "in what manner these various sums were paid; whether in specie, bills, or notes."

"Pshaw!" replied the Gentleman in Black, "that is perfectly immaterial, the amount is stated explicitly enough."

"I beg your pardon, sir," rejoined the lawyer, "it makes all the difference in the world."

"Bank notes are legal tender," quoth the defendant.

"No doubt; but we have not met here to discuss rignarole theories about paper currency, which neither you nor I can make head or tail of."

"Precisely so; I confess myself bothered on that point. It is most delightfully mystical."

"Well, well, to business!" said the man of law, somewhat testily. "Do you mean to give us a clear, specific account, or not; with the dates of payment, number of notes paid, and every particular? If not, let me tell you—"

"Pooh, pooh!" replied the other, "it is not worth while for you and me to quarrel about a few sheets of paper." So saying, he dipped his hand into the huge black bag, and drew thence an immense bundle of black-edged papers, tied with black tape, which he then threw across the table, exclaiming—"There—there it is, made up to yesterday. I hope that will satisfy you."

The veteran of the law conned over some of the items, hemming and coughing as he went along; and then, without uttering a word, arose and placed the bundle in his iron chest, which he carefully locked, then put the key in his pocket, and resumed his seat at the table.

"Well, sir," said the Gentleman in Black, who had been attentively watching him, "what are we to do next?"

"We must proceed to business," replied old Bagsby; and, ringing a bell, in came Jerry.

"Jerry, my boy," said the old man's master, "show in the gentleman from the city."

"Well, Mr. Crabseye," said the lawyer, to a well-dressed young man, whom Jerry ushered into the room, and then retired, "are you as confident as ever?"

"It is impossible we should be mistaken," was the reply.

"This gentleman," continued the lawyer, laying his spectacles on the table, and looking triumphantly around him, "comes from the Bank of England, and has examined the five one hundred pound notes, which you, sir," looking at the Gentleman in Black, "paid to my client here, this day week; which he immediately paid to me, and which I immediately marked. This gentleman pronounces them to be forgeries."

"There is not a shadow of a doubt thereof," observed Mr. Crabseye.

"Show me the difference between one of them, and one of your own issuing," said he of the Cloak, which moved not a wrinkle on the present occasion.

"Pardon me, sir," replied Mr. Crabseye, "it is well we have some private mark; for, upon my word, as it is, it would sometimes puzzle the devil himself to tell the difference."

"Precisely so," said the Gentleman in Black.

"Well, sir," inquired the lawyer, "you don't mean to deny paying those five notes to Mr. Maxwell."

"Not I," was the reply. Bagsby tingled his ancient bell, then Jerry popped in his head, who exchanged a significant glance with his master, and disappeared. Soon afterwards came stalking in, a portly looking man followed by two athletic figures.

"There, gentlemen, is your prisoner," moved Mr. Crabseye, and old Bagsby seconded the mo-

tion, both pointing to the Gentleman in Black. The officers of justice proceeded to handcuff their prisoner, who smiled thereat with a most supercilious smile; and, when they had completed their operation, begged that they would do the same kind office for his friend Mr. Maxwell, who, for a series of years, as he could prove by creditable witnesses, had been in the habit of passing forged notes. His poor victim felt as though his death warrant was signed; and even Bagsby twisted about his lower lip and jaw most portentously. The latter, however, soon recovering his composure, exclaimed, "Don't be alarmed, my dear Mr. Maxwell; I told you we should be able to pull you through this business, ugly as it is." Then turning to the pinioned gentleman, he continued, "What you say, sir, may be very true, for ought I know; but we have forms of law, sir, which must be attended to."

"Precisely so; I am *feelingly* convinced of it," and he glanced at his bolted arms.

"In the first place, you must take your oath; here is a Bible."

The Gentleman in Black, hereat, drew his hands from their cuffs, as easily as from a pair of gloves, took a pinch of blackguard, and said if that were the case, he must, from a scruple of conscience respecting swearing, decline to proceed any further in the affair. He then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, swearing (notwithstanding his recent scruples) that old Bagsby was a boy after his own heart, and wishing he might live to be Lord Chancellor! Promising to attend any appointment that was made for the final arrangement of the business between him and Mr. Maxwell, he was led out of the room by the officers, followed by Mr. Crabseye.

No sooner was the door closed upon them, than Bagsby congratulated his client on their success so far. "Never fear," said he, "we shall pull you through this business, ugly as it is. I have another poser or two for old Sootikins. But, first, my dear sir, these notes you see are worth nothing; and those you have at home—"

"Shall be destroyed this instant," cried our hero, snatching his hat, and hurrying out, followed by Mr. Ledger, who, however, was too much a man of business to leave old Bagsby without presenting him with some *genuine* Bank of England notes, which were received most graciously. The forged notes were destroyed; another meeting was appointed, and, as before, the high contracting parties met at old Bagsby's office.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, addressing the Gentleman in Black, "we have been examining your account against my worthy client here; and, really, upon my honour, I must confess it all appears perfectly clear. Ahem! it's an ugly piece of business."

"It is quite correct, sir, I'll warrant," said the person addressed, rubbing his hands, and then applying himself to his black snuff-box.

"Ahem!" continued Bagsby, "Ahem! In the first place, sir, we take exception to every item

paid by you in forged notes, which form, with some trivial exceptions, the whole of what my client has received in England."

"Do you call this *fair*?" asked the other. "He might have had gold if he had chosen."

"It is *legal*—sound law," replied Bagsby, firmly, "not a penny of *that* will we pay. Bring your action, we are ready."

The Gentleman in Black employed himself for a minute in looking over his own copy of our hero's account, when he beheld sums amply sufficient, he doubted not, for his purpose, which had been advanced to the unfortunate man in Louis, sovereigns, guineas, Napoleons, florins, crowns, ducats, &c. &c., among which those paid for antiques, statues, paintings, vases, medals, &c. &c., were delightfully prominent.

"We will," said he, at length, "leave the legality of my paper money to be discussed hereafter; or, even, for the sake of argument, allow your position: what have you to say to the rest, advanced in hard cash, to the sum of some million or so of pounds, in France, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, and Italy.

"This comes," ejaculated Mr. Ledger, "of visiting popish countries."

"Let me tell you, sir," replied Bagsby, "I have strong reasons to suspect the whole were of base coinage."

"Prove it," quoth the Gentleman in Black, in a tone of calm defiance.

The lawyer sat humming over the lots of parchments before him, like a bee buzzing over and bussing a cluster of flowers, dipping his proboscis alternately into each, but settling on none. This disagreeable silence was broken by Mr. Ledger, who addressed the Gentleman in Black, in a manner which somewhat startled his dinginess. "Sir," said he, "you may consider the matter as settled. I hold myself responsible to you for half the amount; and, my word, sir, is sufficient. I am now willing to give you a check for half the sum, and the remainder shall be paid as soon as the accuracy of your account is proved."

"Upon my word, sir," replied the Gentleman in Black, while his countenance assumed a decidedly blueish tint, and for the first time he had recourse to his smelling bottle, "your way of doing business is so different from what I am accustomed to, that, really, upon my darkness, I don't exactly understand it."

"We'll pay you off, and close the account; draw a line under your name, and so cut the connexion for ever," said Mr. Ledger.

"My dearest sir, my much honoured and highly respected friend!" whispered old Bagsby, "are you serious? can you possibly raise the wind to such a sum? almost a million and a half!"

"I have said the word," replied Mr. Ledger; "write out a receipt in full of all demands."

The Gentleman in Black, hereat, waxed extremely fidgetty, and felt somewhat like a huge conger eel, which the tide has left in shallow water among rocks, and which is attempting to wiggle itself out. Mr. Maxwell's heart was

full, and so he spoke next, addressing his good friend and partner Mr. Ledger, thanking him most sincerely for the extraordinary offer he had made; but declining altogether to accept thereof, as, let the consequence be to him what it might, he was determined not to involve his friend in utter ruin.

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Ledger, "if you had attended the counting-house but once a year, just to look at the "balance sheet," you would know better; but this comes of going abroad, and travelling in Popish countries. What do you suppose I've been about with *your* share of the concern all this while? Make yourself easy, my dear sir; for, after all this is settled, we'll be found to be what old Cozey in the play calls "comfortable;" and the worthy old merchant, in the pride and joy of his heart, laughed at his own joke, and gave a careless glance towards the Gentleman in Black, who endeavoured by frequent applications to his blackguard, and smelling-bottle, to hide his disappointed malignity. At length, addressing the lawyer, he said—"You'll please to observe, sir, I have not given up my claim to the bank notes; I merely waived the discussion. Do you, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Ledger, "mean to pay for the notes?" The old merchant now, in his turn, looked somewhat confused; but old Bagsby took up the cudgels, and replied, "*We* will do nothing of the kind; and I recommend you to accede to the fair and honourable proposition of my worthy friend Mr. Ledger."

"It is neither the one, nor the other," said the Gentleman in Black; "I will never agree to it;" and he looked round with an assumed air of carelessness in his turn.

The discussion was like the game of see-saw, one up and the other down; but old Bagsby had yet, as he whispered to Mr. Ledger, his "great gun" to fire. Wherefore, "attention" being called, he pulled off his spectacles, hemmed three particularly loud hems, stiffened himself as near to a perpendicular as might be, screwed up his courage to the "sticking place," and, in a voice as stentorian as his shrivelled whistling old pipe could compass, thus spoke to the opposite party: "Then, sir, you must abide the consequences."

"With all my heart," replied the other, with a sneer; "do your worst."

"Very well, sir," said old Bagsby; "then listen! I shall immediately throw the whole into **Chancery**."

"Into where?" cried the Gentleman in Black, starting upon his legs, upsetting his black snuff-box, and letting fall his black smelling bottle, oversetting his black bag and disarranging his black-edged papers, while his black hair stood erect upon his black head, and his black Geneva cloak swelled out rigidly behind, as though thrust forth and supported by a mop stick.

"Into Chancery," repeated old Bagsby, gravely; "Mr. Ledger will pay the money into **Court**."

"Whence it will never come out in my time,"

roared the Gentleman in Black, like a lion taken in the toils. "No, no! I accept the merchant's offer."

"It is too late now," observed the lawyer, sorting out some papers; "I expect a Chancery barrister immediately."

"Then I'm off," said the other; "but remember, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Ledger, "your word is past."

"Aye, aye!" replied the wary old merchant, and you shall be paid too, that's my way; always better pay money than go to law about it. But, remember, a receipt in *full* of all demands."

"Aye, aye!" said the other, whose nervous system was dimly affected, "I'll sign anything."

Accordingly, to the surprise and gratification of our hero, Mr. Maxwell, the old merchant, produced a blank check, and filled it up for half the amount; and then, with exchequer bills, bonds, and a tolerable variety of shares in mines, rail-ways, gas-light, steam-washing, shearing, carding and shuffling companies, he made up the other moiety. A regularly verbose receipt in full of all demands, was drawn up by old Bagsby, and signed by the Gentleman in Black. The bonds of sinning were then rent asunder and committed to the flames; and, once more, Mr. Maxwell breathed freely, as a free Christian ought, and walked arm-and-arm with his partner into the city. The Gentleman in Black, pocketed his recovered treasure, (minus about five hundred pounds, which Bagsby deducted for stamps, &c. due from the receiver, and with which his conscience would not allow him to charge his clients,) and with it went upon his favourite haunt, the Stock Exchange, where report says, he laid it out *well*, by enriching some, "Sir Balaams," of the present day, and giving others the furor for becoming *suddenly* opulent.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.

THE groups of women going to fetch water, form a striking feature in the scenery of the Nile. Thirty or forty are frequently seen walking in single file, to and from the river, each with a jar on her head, and another on the palm of her hand. From the necessity of preserving their balance in this mode of carrying burdens, to which they are from their childhood habituated, they acquire a firmness and grace of step which we scarcely see excelled in the saloons of polished cities. Their erect attitudes, simple drapery, and slim figures, increased in apparent height by the pitchers on their heads, give them, at a distance, a very classical appearance; but if you approach the Naiads, you find them pale, dingy, and emaciated. This opportunity, however, very seldom occurs; for whenever a turn in the river, or any accidental circumstance, brings you suddenly upon them, they muffle up their faces in their dress, and retreat as hastily as possible.

WE MET?

A BALLAD FROM THE SONGS OF THE BOUDOIR.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

THOMAS H. BAYLEY, ESQ.

Andante Expressions.



SECOND VERSE.

And once again we met, and a fair girl was near him;
He smil'd and whisper'd low, as once I used to hear him:
She leant upon his arm—once 'twas mine and mine only;
I wept, for I deserv'd to feel wretched and lonely:
And she will be his bride! at the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure, for a heartless deceiver;
The world may think me gay, for my feelings I smother,
Oh! thou hast been the cause of this anguish, my Mother.

THE BIRD AND CHILD.

A LADY with an eye most mild,
And lips as beautiful as closing flowers,
Was the young mother of a child,
Whose prattle made the pastime of her hours.

She in a cottage dwelt, whose thatch
Was oft the perch of a melodious bird,
Which seem'd that infant's glee to watch,
And piped sweet songs whene'er its voice was heard.

Death touch'd the child, that it was dying,
And by it its pale mother mourning lay ;
And the bird ever had been flying
Around the thatch, but voiceless all the day.

And when the gentle infant died,
Ere scarce the breath from his blue lip was gone,
The bird thrill'd one brief song in pride—
Flew far, and never to return was known.

The mother sorrow'd, and went mad—
And often in her phrenzy thus would say :—
" It is the bird that makes me sad,
For with my sweet child's soul it flew away."

T. W.

MEMORY.

Come, Memory, come, let me ponder awhile,
Though the dream be too blissful to last ;
For oh ! 'tis so sweet a lorn hour to beguile—
To brighten the wreath of one's woe with a smile,
Newly called from the joys that are past.

Those joys they are past, but they leave no regret,
In the fair mould of innocence cast ;
And though the bright sun of their glory is set,
In life's dim horizon their memory yet
Sheds a beam on the days that are past.

They are gone—they are fled like the wild flash of light,
Ere the thunder howls grim through the waste ;
But the traveller still on that pitiless night,
'Mid the tempest and storm's irresistible might,
Will remember the gleam that has past.

And still in life's wane, ere my care-stricken heart
Shall return to its long home at last,
Will Memory ever its pleasure impart,
By pointing, as Time's rapid moments depart,
To the joys of the days that are past.

J. S. C.

THE GATHERER.

" A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware : whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more of the same kind to make it good.

Penance is the only punishment inflicted ; not penitence, which is the right word : a man comes not to do penance, because he repents him of his sin, but because he is compelled to do it—curses him, and would kill him that sends him thither. The old canons wisely enjoin three years' penance, sometimes more, because in that time a man got a habit of virtue, and so committed that sin no more, for which he did penance.—*Selden.*

The fair Quakers are certainly the most dangerous sect. There is more peril to be encountered beneath one of their coal-box drab bonnets, than in all the eyes that ever shone through artificial flowers. The coquettish simplicity of dress, its perfect neatness, so emblematical of purity : that latent smile just sufficient to dimple the cheek, without uttering a sound : and above all, the snow white stocking fitted exactly to the foot that cannot be concealed, have a witchery about them, which we are sure never entered into the contemplation of the good honest Penn.

One would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety

of thoughts and subjects would be started into discourse ; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straightened and confined as in numerous assemblies.—*Addison.*

What is there in man so worthy of honour and reverence as this—that he is capable of contemplating something higher than his own reason ; more sublime than the whole universe ; that Spirit which alone is self-subsistent—from which all truth proceeds—without which is no truth.

Perhaps the Romans were of opinion that ill language and brutal violence reflected only on those who were guilty of them ; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's throat who had reflected upon it ; but the custom of those times had fixed the scandal in the action, whereas now it lies in the reproach.—*Tatler.*

That quaint old moralist Quarles, in his *Enchiridion*, gives us the following advice :—Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee ; nor too near, lest it burn thee ; if thou love it, it disturbs thee ; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee ; if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise ; if vice associates with it, it is the soul's purgatory ; it is the wise man's bon-fire, and the fool's furnace.

Among our industrious forefathers, it was a fixed maxim that a young lady should never be permitted to marry until she had spun for herself a set of body, bed, and table linen. From

this custom all unmarried women are called spinsters in legal proceeding. What a scene of busy industry Philadelphia would present, if all the young ladies who long to be married were obliged to cast away the Waverly novels, and abandon all their fashionable amusements, in order to approach the goal of matrimonial felicity by that path of preparation which their great-grandmothers pursued.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

MISFORTUNE.—

If misfortune comes, she brings along
The bravest virtues. And so many great
Illustrious spirits have conversed with you,
Have in her schools been taught, as are enough
To consecrate distress, and make ambition
E'en wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.

Thompson.

Men of gallantry are always loud in declaiming against the fair sex as deficient in those virtues it is their profligate ambition to deprive them of. They corrupt their victims first, and calumniate them afterwards.

It is allowed, from experiment, that the stem of a lightning-rod effectually defends a circle, of which it is the centre, and whose radius is twice its own weight.

No sensible man ever thought a beautiful wife was worth as much as one that could make a good pudding. I wish the girls all knew this, for I feel a great interest in their welfare.

Socrates called beauty a short lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom; Domitian said, that nothing was more grateful; Aristotle affirmed that beauty was better than all the recommendations of the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid, alluding to it, calls it a favour bestowed by the gods.

We should never tell a man that he has been slandered, without informing him what those slanders are.

SCANDAL.—

"Yet she, so fair, so good, so pure of heart
Foul scandal murdered! Hints, sly and dark;
Suspicion murmured—looks, disjointed words,
Keen inuendoes—loud reports at last,
Gave out that she was false and hypocrite—
Her noblest actions but the cloak for crime;
This wound was deep—the poison slow and sure."

The great slight the men of sense, who have nothing but sense; the men of sense despise the great, who have nothing but greatness; the honest man pities them both, if having greatness or sense only, they have not virtue.

Gaffarel mentions a person who was born with the figure of a fish on his leg, drawn with such perfection as to resemble the work of a master. This fish, whenever the person ate any of his species, put him in terrible pain.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no crime can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism enslave. At home a friend—abroad, an introduction—in solitude, a solace—and in society, an ornament. It chastens vice, it guides virtue—it gives at once grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man?—a splendid slave, a reasoning savage.

FLOWERS.—Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
Rememb'rance to the violet clings;
Peace brightens in the olive green,
Hope from the half-closed Iris springs,
And vict'ry on the laurel grows,
But woman blushes in the rose.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Potatoes were first carried to England from America in the year 1610.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

If we are in love, we deceive ourselves; we ascribe to the favoured she the most unparalleled and superhuman excellencies. But if we enter into engagements deliberately and in cool blood, we well know that it is a compromise. The creature that our exalted imagination has figured to us, does not exist on the face of the earth. Of those that do exist, only a small number are accessible to us, or are such as we have the smallest chance to win to favour our addresses. We contentedly give up some of the qualifications we should have desired in the partner of our life, and accept of such as are within our reach.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but there are none so useful as discretion; it is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence, virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.—*Spectator*.

Pins were first brought from France into England in the year 1543. Previous to that invention, they used ribbons, loopholes, laces, hooks and eyes of brass, silver, and gold.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contact; and the public stock of honest manly principle will daily accumulate. We are not too nicely to scrutinize motives as long as action is irreproachable. It is enough (and for a worthy man perhaps, too much) to deal out its infamy to convicted guilt and declared apostasy.—*Burke*.

One of the most beautiful descriptions of retirement is in an ode of Charles Cotton, the friend of old Isaac Walton, the famous piscator.

How calm and quiet a delight
It is alone
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none;
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep, at one's own ease,
And pleasing a man's self, none other to displeas.

Virtue is certainly the most noble and sure possession that a man can have. Beauty is worn out by time or impaired by sickness; riches lead youth rather to destruction than welfare; and without prudence is soon lavished away: while virtue alone, the only good that is ever durable, always remains with the person that has once entertained her. She is preferable both to wealth and a noble extraction.—*Savage*.

The Abbe Mariti in his travels through Egypt, Palestine, and Cyprus, gives us the origin of the phœnix. He says, the palm tree, from its superior beauty and usefulness, is called the phœnix, and that when they cut down one of these they burn the stump, from the ashes of which arises a vigorous young shoot.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say, but from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least. ✓

When ambition fastens on a heart naturally vicious, or is not checked in its dangerous suggestions by correct moral principles, or directed to honorable purposes by a virtuous attachment to our country, to our kindred and our friends, or to mankind, it becomes a passion of the most fell and desperate intent, and dangerous to the peace, the well being, and harmony of society.

HONOUR.—Honour, my Lord, is much too proud to catch
At every stender twig of nice distinctions.
These, for the unfeeling vulgar may do well;
But those, who are by the nicer rule
Of virtuous delicacy only swayed,
Stand at another bar than that of Laws!

The way in which vanity displays itself in little things is often amusing. Every body has heard of the *warm* farmer, who complained of the heat of wearing silver buttons, when he found those he sported unnoticed; in like manner, Dr. Johnson related an anecdote of a man who was so fond of displaying on his sideboard all the plate he possessed, that he actually added his *spurs* to the shining heap.

Ceremonies are different in every country, but true politeness is every where the same. Ceremonies, which take up so much of our attention, are only artificial helps, which ignorance assumes in order to imitate politeness, which is the result of good sense and good nature. A person possessed of these qualities, though he had never seen a court, is truly agreeable; and, if without them, would continue a clown, though he had been all his life a gentleman usher.—*Goldsmith*.

It baulks the minds of children, to punish them for crimes they have not really committed, or to be severe with them for light offences; they know exactly, and better than any one, what they deserve, and deserve seldom but what they fear; they know when they are chastised, if it is with or without reason, and indiscreet punishments do them more harm than impunity.

THE DEPARTURE.—

"May came at length—sweet dewy May,
The loveliest month of all;
—And then the foreign guest prepared
To seek his father's hall.
The maid, whose love was hid till then
Within her throbbing breast,
Gazed fondly on the face and form
Of that departing guest.
With torch and cup in either hand,
She strove to cheer his parting;
But still, with every draught she filled,
Rebellious tears were starting."

Songs of Greece.

MANNERS.

I make it a point of morality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic, I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantages of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and good sense, and not upon these artificial regulations. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same congealing of the body and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition, and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—"How are you my old friend!"

SELF-RESPECT.

ONE of the strongest and most prevalent incentives to virtue, is the desire of the world's esteem. We act right, rather than our actions may be applauded by others, than to have the approbation of our own conscience—we refrain from doing wrong not so much from principle, as from the fear of incurring the censure of the world. A due regard ought, indeed, to be paid to public opinion, but there is a regard we owe ourselves, of far greater importance—a regard which keeps us from committing a wrong action when withdrawn from the observation of the world, as much as when exposed to its broad glare. If we are as good as others—and it is our own fault if we are not so—why stand in more fear of others than of ourselves? What is there in other men that makes us desire their approbation and fear their censure more than our own? In other respects we are apt to overrate ourselves, but surely when we pay such blind and servile respect to the opinions of others, we forget our own dignity and undervalue ourselves in our own esteem. I admire the sentiment of Cassius when speaking of the Imperial Cæsar, he exclaims,

"I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself."

ANALYSIS OF A LADY'S TEAR.

THIS was really effected by the celebrated Smithson, one of the Fellows of the London Royal Society. Nothing, it seems, eluded the grasp of this inquiring man, who, not content with operating on the common subjects which nature had placed before him, presumed to approach the fount of beauty itself, wherein to satisfy his curiosity. He had analysed more than a dew-drop—a lady's tear! He caught the pearly treasure as it fell from its source, and, on submitting it to his tests, discovered that it contained two separate salts.

RECIPES.**PREPARED OX-GALL FOR TAKING OUT SPOTS.**

BOIL together one quart of ox-gall, and four ounces of pulverised alum. After several boilings, add four ounces of common salt. Let the liquor settle, and then decant and preserve it in well-stopped bottles. It may be rendered aromatic, by adding a little of the distilled essence of lemon, which also augments the properties of the preparation.

BLACKBERRY SYRUP.

Take the fruit before it is very ripe, extract the juice, and to each quart add one pound of white sugar, skim and boil it about half an hour; when cool enough to bottle, add a small tea-cup full of brandy. From one to four table-spoonfuls may be taken frequently, as age and circumstances require.

TO PRESERVE GOOSEBERRIES.

In dry weather, pick the gooseberries that are full grown, but not ripe: top and tail them, and put them into open-mouthed bottles. Gently cork them with new velvet corks; put them in the oven when the bread is drawn, and let them stand until shrunk a quarter part; take them out of the oven, and immediately beat the corks in tight; cut off the tops and rosin down close: set them in a dry place; and if well secured from air, they will keep the year round. If gathered in the damp, or the gooseberries' skins are the least cut in taking off the stocks and buds, they will mould.—Currants and damsons may be done the same way.

RIPE TOMATO PICKLE.

Take ripe tomatos, and pick them with a fork or pointed stick, put them into any kind of vessel, salt each layer thickly; let them remain in the salt about eight days; at the expiration of the eight days, put them for one night in a vessel of vinegar and water; then to a peck of tomatos

and a bottle of good mustard, put half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of pepper, and a dozen large onions sliced, pack them in a jar, placing a layer of onions and spices between the layers of tomatos. In ten days the pickles will be in good eating order.

GRATING NUTMEGS.

It is a fact well known to most house-keepers, that in grating a nutmeg, if we begin at the end next the stem, it will generally be hollow all the way through, and is very liable to break; whereas, if we begin at the other end it will continue sound to the last. The editor of the Springfield Republican, seeing this fact noticed in some paper, asks an explanation, and says it exceeds his comprehension how the mere beginning at one end or the other of the nutmeg, should make it hollow or sound. We think we can enlighten him on this subject. The centre of a nutmeg is composed chiefly of a mass of fibres united and held together at the stem end. If grated first at that end, they are cut off at the point of union and thus liberated so that they come out and make the nutmeg hollow; but if grated at the other end, they continue to be held firmly in their place, and the nutmeg consequently remains sound.—*Worcester Spy.*

For the Lady's Book.**REMEMBER ME!**

AFAR, to woo in distant lands
The smiles that Fate denies me here,
I fly, and burst the silken bands
That absence will but more endear:
But though no more at ev'ning's close,
We sit beneath th' accustom'd tree,
To watch the twilight shut the rose—
At that calm hour—remember me!

And when the twilight dim is o'er,
And the bright moon rides high in heaven—
When, through the blue aerial floor,
Sparkle the silver lights of even—
Then, while the placid radiance beams,
On marble brow and snowy hand—
There, in the light of rosy dreams,
Let thine adorer's image stand.

And when again returning day,
Fraught with new bliss to thee and thine,
Wakes thee from visions bright and gay,
To bend at Heaven's eternal shrine—
There, while thy grateful thoughts arise,
And God, propitious smiles on thee—
Before the Great Supreme, all-wise,
In holy pray'r—remember me!

Thus would I live in ev'ry thought,
Blended with all of dear and bright—
Be near thee in each favour'd spot.
A thing of happiness and light!
Thus think of him who loves thee well—
Would the pale moon my page might be,
On her clear disc each hour would tell
How fondly I remember thee.

[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

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PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.



WALKING DRESS

EVENING DRESS

Published for the LADY'S BOOK for April 1831, by L.A.GODEY & CO. 112 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1831.

PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1831.

FIRST FIGURE.—A walking dress of changeable gros de Naples, trimmed down the front with leaves of the same, somewhat increasing in size as they descend. The pelerine trimmed with four rows of small piping, and a deep frill, either of worked muslin or blond lace.

Bonnet of apple green satin, ornamented with lilac flowers and lilac gauze ribbon.

SECOND FIGURE.—An evening dress of gros des Indes. The corsage fluted in front, and finished at the top with narrow blond edging and white satin. The skirt trimmed round the bottom with bias folds of the same material as the dress, edged with narrow blond, and finished with bows of gauze ribbon. Short beret sleeves, over which are loose full sleeves of blond.

Hair in large bows and plaits on the top, and in loose full curls on the temples. Flowers blue and silver.

LYRICAL WRITING.

You are so obliging as to offer to accept a song of mine, if I have one by me. Dear sir, I have no more talent for writing a song than for writing an ode-like Dryden's or Gray's. It is a talent *per se*, and given, like every other branch of genius, by nature alone. Poor Shenstone was labouring through his whole life to write a perfect song, and in my opinion, at least, never succeeded; not better than Pope did in a St. Cecilia ode. I doubt whether we have not gone a long, long way beyond the possibility of writing a good song. All the words in the language have been so often employed on simple images, (without which a song cannot be good,) and such reams of bad verses have been produced in that kind, that I question whether true simplicity itself could please now; at least we are not likely to have any such thing. Our present choir of poetic virgins write in the other extreme. They colour their compositions so highly with choice and dainty phrases, that their own dresses are not more fantastic and romantic. Their nightingales make as many divisions as Italian singers. But this is wandering from the subject; and, while I only meant to tell you what I could not do myself, I am telling you what others do ill. I will yet hazard one other opinion, though relative to composition in general. There are two periods favourable to poets; a rude age, when a genius may hazard any thing, and when nothing has been forestalled; the other is, when, after ages of barbarism and incorrection, a master or two produces models formed by purity and taste: Virgil, Horace, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, and Pope, exploded the licentiousness that reigned before them. What happened? Nobody dared to write in contradiction to the severity established; and very few had abilities to rival their masters. Inspidity ensues, novelty is dangerous, and bombast usurps the throne which had been debased by a race of *faineans*.—*Walpole's Letters.*

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

EPICURETUS, the celebrated ~~sculptor~~ philosopher, was born a slave, and spent many years of his life in servitude. This was the fact also with Æsop, Publius, Syrus, and Terence.

The Abby Haüy, who died in Paris, a few years since, celebrated for his writings and discoveries in *Crystallography*, attained his distinguished elevation in spite of every disadvantage of birth.

Winckleman, one of the most distinguished writers on classic antiquities and the fine arts, that modern times have produced, was the son of a shoemaker. He contrived to keep himself at college, chiefly by teaching some of his younger fellow students, while at the same time he, in part, supported his poor father at a hospital.

Arnigio, an Italian poet, of the sixteenth century, of considerable genius and learning, followed his father's trade, that of a shoemaker; and in the course of his life published a very elaborate work on the "Shoemaking of the Ancients."

The celebrated Italian writer Gelli, when holding the high dignity of Council of the Florentine Academy, still continued to work at his original profession of a tailor.

Metastasia was the son of a common mechanic, and used when a little boy to sing his extemporaneous verses about the streets.

The father of Haydn, the great musical composer, was a wheelright, and filled also the humble occupation of a sexton; while his mother was at the same time a servant in the establishment of a neighbouring nobleman.

The father of John Opie, the great English portrait painter, was a working carpenter in Cornwall. Opie was raised from the bottom of a saw-pit, where he was employed in cutting wood, to the Professorship of Painting, in the Royal Academy.

The parents of Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, were poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphny.

From the Winter's Wreath.

THE SKY LEAPERS.

MUCH of the strong excitement, felt on beholding a chain of lofty mountains, arises from the conviction, borne upon our hearts by annals of all tongues and people, that on lands such as these, the foot of the invader has seldom rested, and has never long tarried. We view these gigantic ramparts over all the known world, as limits placed by the Creator, to the unruly ambition of man. Wherever they rear their ancient heads, they are proud in the recorded defeats of leaders, whose fame "hath filled the ends of the earth," often by a mere handful of peasantry dwelling amongst them.

And on hearing of the subjugation of a mountainous country, we feel as though the warders of God's forts had been unfaithful. So often, from the pass of Thermopylæ to the heights of Morgarten, have the brave proved their own hills to be impregnable, that no tale of overwhelming numbers will counteract the feeling that a mountain-land, so won, has been betrayed by the cowardice of the inhabitants. Of this cowardice, history unfortunately gives us some proofs. But these few instances of weakness and treachery only serve to give the force of strong contrast to "the bright examples" of multitudes of higher and nobler spirits. These reflections apply more especially to Norway (or in the old writing Norrway) the scene of the tradition which now awakens them; and which often rouses the warm Norse blood, when told by some of the older peasants to the crowders round a cottage hearth, on a long winter's evening.

In 1612, there was a war between Norrway and Sweden, distinguished from a mass of the forgotten conflicts, almost perpetually raging between these rival and neighbouring countries, by the tragic fate of Sinclair's body of Scottish allies—celebrated, as many of our readers will remember, in a fine Norwegian ballad. It is well known that the Scots landed on the west coast of Norway to join their allies the Swedes, went along the only valley-pass leading to Sweden, and were annihilated in the deep defile of Gulbrandsdale by the peasantry. At the time when they should have arrived at Sweden, a small body of Swedes, encamped in Jemptland, resolved to meet their allies, of whose movements they had intelligence; and escort them over the frontier, crossing by the hill passes, and uniting with the Scots on the other side. This band, to whose fortunes we attach ourselves, numbered but three hundred warriors; but they were the very flower of Sweden. They resolved to penetrate the barrier at the most inaccessible point; believing that the Norse would collect in the southern country where they were opposed by a Swedish army, and rest secure in the deep snows, which rendered the hills impassable for the defence of their mountain frontier.

So they came, says the legendary story, to the foot of the wild pass of Ruden; a spot fated to be dangerous to the Swedes, and since sewn with the frozen corpses of the hosts of Labarre and Zoega, who perished there. Their company filled the few cottages of the small hamlet on the Swedish sides of the barrier; where they arrived early in the day. They were eager in their inquiries for a guide, being resolved to pass the hills ere night, lest tidings should reach the Norsemen of their approaching foes. But all their search proved fruitless. Many of the Swedes of the village had been over these mountains; but none were on the spot possessing that firm confidence derived from certainty of knowledge, and from conscious intrepidity, which could alone make them secure or willing guides in an expedition of so much peril and importance. At last, old Sweyne Kopling, the keeper of the little inn which was the Swedes' head-quarters, shouted with the joy of him who has at once hit upon the happy solution of a difficulty. "By the bear!" cried he, "could none of you think of the only man in Jemptland fit for this enterprise; and he, here on the spot all the while? Where is Jerl Lidens?"

A hundred voices echoed the eager question; and the leaders were told, to their regret, that they must wait perforce, till the morrow, for the only man able or willing to guide them. Lidens had gone forth upon a journey, and would not return that day.

"Well," said Eric Von Dalin, the chief of the Swedish detachment, "there is no help for it. To-day we must depend upon the kind entertainment of our hosts; but beware, my brave men all, beware of deep horns of ale or mead. Remember," pointing to the rugged peaks glittering in the snow—"remember, that all who would sleep beyond those to-morrow, will need firm hands and true eyes. And, good Sweyne," (addressing the innkeeper, who was the chief person of the hamlet,) "look well that no sound of our coming reach these Norse sluggards. There may be some here, who for their country's safety, would cross the hills this night with warning."

"Thou art right, by Manhem's freedom!" cried the host, "here sits Alf Stavenger: he knows these hills better than his own hunting-pouch, and would think little of carrying the news to his countrymen. I am sorry," he continued, turning to Alf, "verily I grieve to make an old friend a prisoner; but you must abide here in some keeping, till our men are well forward."

"I care not if I stay here to-night and for ever," replied the Norseman. Eric now looked for the first time upon the speaker, and confessed that he had never beheld a finer looking man. In the prime of the beauty of northern youth,

Alf Stavenger was remarkable for a cast of features bearing traces of a higher mind than can often be discerned in the cheerful lusty faces of his countrymen.

"Does the valley marksman speak thus?" said the host. "Aye," answered the youth, "when you are thrust forth from the fireside, you can but seek another roof. If your own land casts you out, you are fain to cling to the stranger—the enemy."

"Has Emlen's father been rough?" inquired Sweyne.

"Name him not!" replied the young peasant angrily. "They have heaped refusal and insult upon me, let them look for their return! Aye, Skialm Harder may one day wish that I had wed his daughter—my name shall yet be fearfully known throughout Norrway. Swede, I will myself guide your troop this night over the Tydel. Trust me fully, and you shall be placed to-morrow beyond those white peaks."

"He will have a fearful passage first," said an old peasant, "there is no moon now; and it will be pitch dark long ere you cross the Naeroe."

"The night is to us as the noon day," cried a spirited young soldier; "for your crags we fear them not, were they high as the blue heavens. Our life has been amongst rocks, and in our own land we are called the Sky leapers!" "I will trust the young Norseman," continued their chief, "wounded pride, and slighted love, may well make a man hate the land that has spurned him, were it his own a hundred times."

As the day was fast wearing over, small time was lost in preparation. Each man carried with him his fir skates, to be used when, after climbing the rough ascent, they wound along those narrow and difficult parts which skirt the face of the cliffs, crossing the mountains. Their guide told them that he should lead them when it grew dark, by lighted torches, procured and used as he should afterwards show them.

During their slippery and rugged journey, Alf and his followers could not help alternately admiring the spirit, coolness, and activity shown by each party in scaling the dangerous rocks; and they felt insensibly drawn one to another, by that natural, though unuttered friendship, which binds together the brave and high-souled. Still few words passed between them, though many of the Swedes spoke Norse well, and Alf knew Swedish as thoroughly as his own tongue. On both sides were hosts of feelings which led them to commune with their own thoughts in silence.

After some hours of hard and successful climbing, they halted, at the close of day, for a few moments, on the snowy summit of a ridge which they had just ascended, to fasten on their skates. They had now to traverse the long slippery defiles so peculiar to Norway, where the path runs upon narrow ledges of rock, at an awful height, winding abruptly in and out along the rugged face of the hills. Here they formed in single file; and their guide taking the lead of the column, kindled by rapid friction, one of the pine branches, of which each had, by his orders, ga-

thered in abundance on their way. He said, in a few brief and energetic words, "that here must they tempt the fate of all who would conquer Norway—unless they chose to return: now were they really to win their proud name of the Sky Leapers." He bade them move along rapidly and steadily, following close the light of his torch. Every man was to bear a blazing pine, kindled from his; and thus, each pressing close on the light before him, the track would not be lost in the abrupt turns and windings. He placed the coolest and most active in the rear; that they might pass lightly and skilfully over the snow, roughened by the track of their leaders; and keep the line of lights, which was their only hope of safety, compact and unsevered.

What a change from toilsome climbing which had wearied the most elastic limbs, and tried the most enduring spirit. They flew over the narrow slippery paths, now in a long straight arrow-course of fires, now lost, and then emerging, in the sharp turnings of the cliffs. The dangers of the Naeroe, which make even the natives shudder at the giddy narrow path and awful depths, were half unseen in the darkness, and all unfeared by these brave men, who darted exultingly, like winged Gods, through the keen bracing night-breeze of the hills.

At every step the windings became more abrupt; and it seemed to his nearest follower, that even the guide looked anxious and afraid: when almost coming close to him at a turning, he saw, by the joining light of their torches, the countenance of Alf turned back towards the long line of flying snow with a troubled and sorrowful look. To encourage him, he cried in a bold and cheerful tone, "No fear! no danger! On, brave Stavenger! The Sky Leapers follow thee!" "On!" shouted back the guide, with a cry that echoed through the whole band, and quickened their lightsome speed. Their torches now flew along in one straight unbroken gleam of fire, till a wild death-scream arose, marking the spot where light after light dropped in the dark silence. The depth was so terrible that all sound of fall was unheard. But that cry reached the last of the sinking line, and their hearts died within them: there was no stopping their arrow-flight—no turning aside, without leaping into the sheer air!

Alf Stavenger shuddered at the death-leap of these brave men over the edge of the rock. His soul had been bound to them in their brief journeying together, and had they not come as his country's invaders, he would have loved them as brothers for their frank courage. But Alf was at heart a true son of Norrway; it is true he had resolved, in the desperation of his sorrow, to leave his father-land for ever: still, when he saw this band coming to lay waste the valleys which he knew to be undefended, his anger was in a moment forgotten, and all his hot Norse blood was stirred within him. He was detained, as we have seen, from crossing the hills to warn his countrymen; and he knew that when Jerl returned, he would be well able and willing to

guide the Swedes over the pass. He soon planned his daring scheme. "Aye," thought he, while the waving train followed his leading torch, "I told them that *here* they should earn their proud name of Sky-Leapers!—that here those who warred with Norroway should brave their fate! I said that Skialm Harder should wish he had given me his fair daughter—that my name should be known over my land for a deed of fear and wonder! I promised they should sleep to-night on *our* side of the hills! Now will I well keep all that I have sworn! 'Tis pity for them too, so brave, so young, so unsuspecting; but two words have made my heart iron—Emlen and Norroway!"

Alf well remembered one point, where a long straight path ended suddenly in a peak of rock, jutting far into the empty air. The road was continued round so sharp a re-entering angle, that much caution and nerve were needed, even by one well aware of all the danger, to wheel rapidly and steadily round the face of the abrupt precipice; and avoid shooting straight on over the ledge of rock. He fixed upon this spot for the death-leap; indeed, the Swedes never could have passed it in safety, without having been fully warned of the peril, and afterwards cautioned at its approach.

When he looked back—as he led the line rapidly to their unseen and dreadful fate; he shuddered to think on what a death the brave and light-hearted men who followed him were rushing. A word from the nearest follower roused him; he shouted to hasten their rapid flight, and darted boldly on, throwing his leading torch far over the point where they should have taken the sudden turn. He had nearly fallen into the ruin of his followers; with the sounding speed of the flyers pressing hard upon his footsteps, all his nerve was barely sufficient, after flinging his blazing pine straight forwards as a lure, to check his own course, and bear him round the point which severed life from death.

His speed was slackened by turning; and, for a second, he fell giddy and senseless: every nerve had been strung for the decisive moment, and his brain reeled with the struggle. He awakened to consciousness, to see the last of the line of torches dart into the empty space—then sink for ever; and he listened, with a cold thrill of awe and terror, to the echoes of the death-scream of the last of the Sky-Leapers!

A PASTORAL SOVEREIGNTY.

At times resting near the margin of some limpid stream, and, as appetite prompted, joining fellowship with some simple mountaineer at his humble board, we pursued our downward course from Anzeindaz, trudging lustily for at least twelve hours. Our walk was no longer beguiled by the varying scenery of the day before. In proportion as we left the majestic loftiness of the mountains behind us, the immense masses of granite, which had hitherto crossed our path

through mead and forest, gradually disappeared; the vallies glowed luxuriantly in their gay attire of green, and the highlands frowned with their forested crests. We climbed a mountain, which our guide called the *Liouson*,* he told us that down its spacious acclivity ran a beautiful extent of pasture land, which the *commune* to which it appertained were in the habit of farming out to the Ruler of a Pastoral Confederacy of owners of flocks, each of whom contributed his proportionate yearly tribute for the grazing of his sheep. The ruler's office is no sinecure, for he is the only party who directs the movements of the flocks and holds sway over their custodians. "They proceed in a very curious way," continued our informant, "when they make choice of their warders; and I must tell you something about the deliberations that attend the solemn occasion of an election. It occurs on the fifteenth of June, when the head-man or sovereign, making use of the trunk of some tree by way of a pulpit, collects his contrymen around him, and calls over the names of those to whom he is disposed to give the preference. The proprietors of this joint flock severally exercise the right of assigning, without the smallest reserve—nay, with a most sonorous independence of tone—the reasons which may chance to sway them in rejecting any particular individuals among the candidates. One is pronounced a sleepy hind; another falls under the lash because he is more intent upon filling his own stomach than that of his flock; a third is of a choleric complexion of soul, and would be apt to give it vent on their backs; and a fourth has too great a relish for the pleasures of the chace to wait upon their whims and wants.

The debate being closed and the election finally adjusted, they proceed with no less gravity of purpose to the appointment of certain counsellors, on whom devolves the duty of advising the sovereign in cases of emergency, as well as the choice of a knot of representatives, without whose votes no new law can be added to their rural code. These three classes of deputies do not take any remuneration for their labours, until the autumn comes on, and their flocks are safely housed under the covert of the chalet; and even then, their wages are paid not in coin, but in cheeses, of which they carry a stipulated number away with them.

By the time the man had completed his picture of primitive manners, my imagination was wandering with the patriarch, "rich in flocks, and herds, and tents," and as we sauntered on, the sight of a lonely chalet still more endeared me to scenes

"Where content

Dwells with the mountain boy, whose alpine note,
So wild, so sweet, at twilight heard to float
Where the free herd wind, pasturing, to and fro,
Thro' ice-crowned vales, the wanderer recalls,
Home-carolling the way 'mid crystal waterfalls."

* In the Pays d'En-haut Romand; canton de Vaud, Switzerland.

DECAY OF THE MAGNIFICENT.

It seems a mysterious anomaly in modern manners and customs, that while we are startled on all sides by the increase of wealth, luxury, elegance, and refinement, the magnificence which was formerly regarded as an adjunct to these endowments has gradually disappeared from the land. Statelyness is now regarded as a most superfluous pretension, even in the courts of our kings; and throughout the noble mansions of England, commodiousness, and even puerile frippery, is preferred before the solid grandeur of our ancestors. Objects of luxury are fraught with merely superficial splendour; and

“Barbaric gold and pearl”

are replaced with hollow tinsel and glass beads. It would appear that all taste for the sublime and magnificent had departed. Our avenues are cut down to make way for little fiddle-faddle plantations of larch; our castles are forsaken for picturesque cottages, constructed after the model of a fashionable pastille-burner; the majestic alley is torn up from our gardens, the holly-hock from our parterres; the blood-hound and the stag-hound are dismissed from the court-yard to make way for a yelping Scotch terrier; the peacock's neck is wrung off, and the ponderous granite fountain, whereon he was wont to suspend his glorious plumage, cast aside, to be replaced by a squirting *jet d'eau*; the stately Flanders mares are assigned to the cart, and the family coach is inflicted on two rat-tailed bits of blood; the running footman is at rest—the link extinguished; my lady's chamber is garnished with Worcestershire match-pots instead of the agate chalice and the embossed missal stand;—all the pomp and circumstance of glorious wealth has subsided into a few conveniences of patent furniture—a few trumperies of unmeaning glitter:—the Magnificent, alas! has passed away.

Look at our cathedral churches:—is there an architect of the present day presumptuous enough even to dream a plan of such stupendous vastness as those specimens of the infancy of art? Is there a monarch who would not be reviled upon his throne for projecting such a monument of national magnificence as St. Paul's? Waterloo Bridge, the only piece of granite grandeur of the present century, is a bitterly repented instance of expenditure; the beauty of our bridges has been proportioned to their tolls—the architecture of our churches to the revenue of their pews.

But if a necessary economy of the popular purse has limited the altitude of columns, and the extent of porticos, in the vast mass of public edifices recently arisen in the metropolis, the private dwellings of the aristocracy are subjected to no such restrictions. And where are the Burghleys—the Warwick Castles—the Kedleston—the Longleats—the Moor Parks of the present century? Can Lowther, or Eaton, or Ashbridge, compare with their stately dignity?

Can even modern Belvoir, with its melodramatic men in tinsel armour guarding the entrance, vie with the rude grandeur of the ancient structure? How would the Baron of beef and the massy flagon appear in the modern eating-room, with its patent dining tables?

But, say the lovers of modern effeminacy, the days of the baronial joint and the tankard are at an end; and cutlets and needle-stemmed claret glasses have usurped the field:—nor do we deny the fact: we only contend that modern refinement is incompatible with real magnificence. We admit that satin-wood may be a more graceful material than oak—or molu than pewter—aerophane silk than brocade; that a miniature may be a more commodious family memento than one of Vandyke's stately groups; a diamond edition a more portable instructor than a musky folio:—that a shrubbery may afford a more varying lounge than an avenue—a *ferme ornee* than a deer-park—a conservatory than a pleasance;—but we assert, that all the sublimity of patrician life has vanished with the obsolete solidity of the olden time! The Earl of Chesterfield, attired in a frock coat and Wellington boots, in a tilbury, is probably a much happier individual than the Earl of Chesterfield with a peruque, a velvet coat, a sword and buckles, in his chariot-and-six; but he does not one half so well assume in the vulgar eye the abstract dignity of the peerage. Lady Grace in a blouse and a mob cap may be far more at her ease than Lady Grace in her brocaded stomacher and feathers; but she must not flatter herself that she is an object half so glorious in the estimation of the multitude.

This self-resignation of the higher classes—who seem to have disencumbered themselves of a cumbrous appanage, rather from weariness of the labour of representation than a preference for graceful simplicity—received its stamp of authenticity in the first French revolution; although it has been invariably admitted on all hands, that one of the principal causes of that national convulsion was the banishment of etiquette from the court—of dignity and self-respect from the habits of its courtiers. In England, we feel persuaded that the change is irrevocable; that magnificence is a lost Pleiad to our times and country—driven, by rail-roads, steam carriages, and Bernasconi's cement, from the skies of Britain. It remains to be proved whether the general enlightenment supplying its place, and equalizing high and low, in seeming, if not in truth, will afford a permanent advantage to the classes thus heterogeneously huddled together.—
London Court Journal.•

We always fancy there is something ridiculous about those sentiments which we ourselves have never felt—still more about those which we have ceased to feel.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

A young lady in acquiring an education, should strive to cultivate those faculties, and obtain those accomplishments, which the character of the times demand. Hence, you will observe, that the greater advance of refinement, and the improved spirit of the times, demand more exertions in order to go the whole round of the sciences. Once it was sufficient in our country for a young lady to know how to read and write; but these two acquisitions would not now entitle her to that standing which she would covet. The truth is, all of us, male and female, have double the quantity to learn that our parents had; and when I see the vast amount of necessary knowledge, and a prolific press, I am almost tempted to give up in despair. But experience teaches one, that no person is capable of judging of his abilities to obtain a given amount of knowledge till he has made an attempt.

I apprehend every young lady who lays claim to any ambition, will feel desirous of a general acquaintance with the literature of the day. A love of reading of course should be cultivated. A thousand reasons I might suggest for creating a love of books. They pass off evenings agreeably; they beguile the idle hours that every young lady has; they destroy a relish for scandal, by giving nobler purposes to the thoughts; they make home pleasant, and keep young ladies from the street; and often they furnish topics for conversation, comparison of thoughts, reviews of others' opinions, and materials for further improvement. But I need not stop to bestow a eulogy on books. I should only labour to prove what every body would grant without any proof. There is, however, great danger that a young lady may not read the right kind of books. There is danger of pedantry, of affectation, of elevation above the duties of life, of engrossing too much upon the time due to other occupations; and, above all, of feeding the imagination with a sickly food that unfits it for society or domestic enjoyment. I know not *how* or *why* it happens, but novels are the order of the day. In our public and private libraries they are in great demand. In all our libraries it will be found that novels are used, worn, and thumbed, while works of greater value, and oftener of far deeper interest, are totally neglected. There is no reason in all this. Novels are useful in their place; but a well regulated taste will find more fascination in the discovery of some truth heretofore unknown, or more delight in the history of real life, than in any romance. Besides, I question much whether such nourishment for the mind does not enfeeble it: I doubt whether the intellect that is fed upon fiction, has that nerve which will qualify it for any useful purpose: I doubt whether the imagination is not too much enkindled, so that the consequences are exhibited in an increased sensibility that deranges the system, and excites the nerves. Too much

horror cannot be expressed against that system of education, which allows young ladies to devote whole nights to the perusal of some new novel; or which, during the day keeps them in an alarming excitement, and leaves their nerves when retired to bed in so much agitation as to take away all sleep. In our fashionable boarding schools, it is too often the practice with young ladies to sit a great part of many nights in alarming proximity to some highly heated fire, or to take some favourite novel to their beds, and to read it through there. I have seen beautiful and once intellectual girls, whose minds were wholly disordered by such practices as these. Reason had deserted its throne, and a sickly sensibility reigned in its stead. Domestic life, domestic occupations, or historical facts, were too common-place for their attention. They were like the opium eaters, and could not be wrought upon but by extraordinary excitement.

But there is romance in history. There is a charm mingled with profit. Tell me where there is more interest than in the history of Asia, or in the history of Greece and Rome, or in the history of the Crusades, or in the settlement of our own country, or in the wars that have agitated Europe for centuries past? There is Roman chivalry, patriotism—whatever you wish—of deeper and more stirring interest than the best wrought tale that ever carried over its front the stamp of probability. In sciences there are other motives of equal interest. Every thing is full of interest: the air we breathe, the earth we trample over, the food we eat, the construction of our bodies, the sea about us, and the sky over our heads. A well regulated taste will find enough to read and to think of *here*, without resorting to artificial stories.

I am, however, not so much of a puritan as to condemn all novels; I advise you to read some of them, but to make your selection with great care. Among the superabundant productions of the press, which throws one or more novels into the market every week, it is often very difficult to make a selection. Perhaps the better course is to take the advice of some friend, whose superior acquaintance with books gives him the ability to judge of their merits. By adopting such advice, you will save the trouble and expense of much useless reading; and not incur the burden of your mind with matter of no earthly use. And remember here, that it is not the *quantity* you read, which is to give you instruction, but the *manner*—a remark which is more applicable to historical and scientific works than to novels. Think, think, think, and do not be the mere receptacle of others' thoughts, for it is thought that ennobles the mind, and gives power to the reader. Yet have none of that ostentation, and oddity of mind, which many so foolishly affect, merely to distinguish themselves from others—a distinction

which they covet, but which they are unable to attain by any pre-eminent excellence, and hence they resort to extraordinary means, the common essay of a vulgar soul.

SENSE OF HONOUR.

SELF-RESPECT is the most powerful, and one of the most useful of our mental habits; it is the principle to which the noblest actions of our nature may be most frequently traced—the nurse of every splendid and every useful quality. How far it may be occasionally abused, or how far it may be itself consistent with the principles of our holy religion, are questions which have long been disputed with violent and fanatical acrimony. The first objection I am neither prepared nor inclined to deny. To imperfection every human invention is liable; nor can it be considered as a subject of blame, that even our best institutions are only a chance of evils. But that a sense of honour is contrary to the spirit of religion, though Mandeville (perhaps insidiously) admits the charge, appears, to say no more of it, a hard and hazardous assertion. It will, indeed, be readily allowed, that there is only one motive which can deserve the name of virtue; but to condemn as illegal or impious every other desire or principle, would be in opposition to all the wants and feelings of mankind; and would by an inevitable inference, lay the axe to the root of civil government itself. Like every other law, the laws of honour are occasioned by the wants and vices of the world: like them, too, they must derive their influence from the weakness of our nature. The perfectly virtuous man, if any such there be, needs no such stimulus or restriction; but for our sake, for his own, let him not withdraw from us, who are not so fortunate, those salutary restraints and penalties which fence our virtues by our passions, and unite in the case of human happiness the powers of this world and the next. For a politician neither must nor can destroy the propensities he attempts to guide. He must take mankind as he finds them—a compound of violence and frailty; he must oppose vice to vice, and interest to interest; and, like the fabled Argonaut, accomplish his glorious purpose by the labour of those very monsters who were armed for his destruction.—
Bishop Reginald Heber.

EPITAPHS AND CHURCH-YARDS.

Who does not love to wander among the habitations of the dead, and read their varied inscriptions? Volumes of instruction and of curious information may be gleaned from grave-stones; but it is melancholy to observe the little care that is taken in our own country to preserve these, perchance the only memorials of the deceased. Our church-yards are, indeed, enclosed by ornamental and substantial palings—the grass waves green and luxuriant above the ground, unprofaned by the footstep of the brute creation; but where is the pious hand to protect the tomb

itself from the ravages of time, the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the dilapidations by accident? Where do we behold any of those simple, yet touching tributes of affection, which, in other countries, are paid at the shrine of departed genius or worth? It is a cold, cold philosophy that teaches to neglect such acts as useless and unavailing—that demonstrates that the body is but the prison-house of the soul—the soul only immortal—that when she quits this curious workmanship, and life no longer animates it, that then should cease all those feelings of veneration and respect with which before we were wont to regard it. If such be the effect—and we fear it is so—of modern philosophy—then may we well question our boasted superiority over the ancients—for they thought it not unworthy of the departed soul to embalm the body in which had dwelt that soul, and to preserve it in splendid mausoleums as the once sacred deposit of a precious treasure.

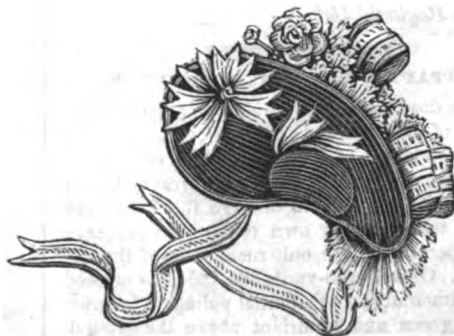
For the Lady's Book.

THE BEAUTIFUL STREAM.

Beautiful stream!
Thou comest from thy mountain home of snow,
And passest by grey rocks with silent flow,
Not yet awakened from the quiet dream
Thou had'st below
In caverns deep in earth!
And in low sounding fountains, and gushing springs,
Where with unawakened mirth,
The water to all winds, a low peal rings,
Chanting its birth.
Then, thou dost leap
Away from borders of down-trailing grass,
And so far sounding, wide-awake, dost pass
Into dim caverns and great gullies deep;
Then thro' a mass
Of mighty forests whirled,
Comest upon, and rollest thro' the plains
Like southern winds unfurled,
Or like the rushing noise of summer rains
On leaves, sun-curl'd.
With mighty gush,
Then comest thou upon the abundant sea;
High-tossing ocean throws, oh, stream! around thee
His foam-crowned myriads, with a whelming rush:
Thou shalt be
Unknown amid the waves,
Yet shalt thou rise beneath the full-eyed sun,
And, when the dim night leaves
The hill-peaks, shalt come lightly there, and run
Into the caves.
How much like life!
All peace, and joy, and dreams, at early days;
Then leaping into dark unhallowed ways,
Of care, and discontent, and woe, and strife,
Till, where the gaze
Of the dull death sea, keeps
Freezing the blessed light that falls from heaven
Upon its brow, it leaps
Into great whirlpits, and so, horror-driven,
Sinks in the deeps.
But as the mist
Goes from the sea, to ride upon the sky,
So shall the soul float up, to dwell on high;
And as the ancient streams, by sunlight kissed,
Doth ever fly
Unto the hills again,
So shall the dry and worthless cerement change,
And, like a risen rain,
Assume new forms, most wonderful and strange,
Of life again.

A. P.

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS—CAPS AND BONNETS.



TO LAURA.

LAURA bids me tell my love,
That I may her beauty flatter;
But its warmth words cannot prove—
Words that every wind may scatter:
'Tis in deeds that I would show
How my warm affections glow.

Should I call her loveliest,
Say her charms like brilliants glisten,
Swear she is my dearest, best—
Language that might make her listen—
I should swear what I before
Oft have sworn to many more!

Lovers' vows are only air,
Forgotten with the ease they're spoken;
Chains of flowers, light as fair,
Easy to be made and broken:
Leave such things to girls and boys—
Only children play with toys!

But a heart that loves her well,
With a warm and lasting fire,
Though it have no songs to tell
How it pants in soft desire,
By my deeds shall brightly show
How my warm affections glow!

LA BASTIE.

THE KNIGHT WITH A SNOWY PLUME.

THERE came from the wars on a jet black steed,
A knight with a snowy plume;
He fled o'er the heath, like a captive freed
From a dungeon's dreary gloom.

And gaily he rode to his lordly home—
But the tow'rs were dark and dim;
And he heard no reply, when he called for some
Who were dearer than life to him.

The gate, which was hurl'd from the ancient place,
Lay mouldering on the ground:
And the knight rush'd in—but saw not a trace
Of a friend, as he gaz'd around.

He flew to the grove, where his mistress' lute
Had charm'd him with love's sweet tune—
But 'twas desolate now, and the strings were mute,
And she he ador'd was gone.

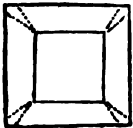
The wreaths were all dead in Rosalie's bower,
And Rosalie's dove was lost,
And the wintry wind had wither'd each flower
On the myrtle she valued most.

But a cypress grew where the myrtle's bloom
Once scented the morning air,
And under its shade was a marble tomb,
And Rosalie's name was there.

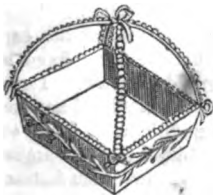
THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

PASTEBOARD baskets, in a variety of forms, may be constructed on the same plan as the boxes. One of the best shapes is that of an inverted pyramid: this merely requires considerably less of the corners to be removed than in making a rectangular box. Cut the corners as shown by the dotted lines, fig. 7; fasten the sides in the same manner as those of the boxes. The handles may be either single or double, and made to spring from the corners, or the middle of the sides; if only one be preferred, it should always spring from the middle: they are generally made of a narrow slip of card board, covered either with gold paper or narrow riband, gathered very full on each side of it; the same kind of riband should be gathered equally full round the upper part of the basket, and small bows should be added to each of the corners. The basket may be lined and covered with coloured paper or silk, or its sides decorated by drawings, embossed gold ornaments, or otherwise, according to the taste and fancy of the artist (Fig. 8, pasteboard basket).

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8



Chinese painting.

A variety of articles, such as work-boxes and

CHINESE PAINTING.

A variety of articles, such as work-boxes and

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baskets, screens, and small ornamental tables, may be procured at the fancy shops, made of a beautiful white wood, quite plain, for the purpose of being ornamented, by ladies, in the Chinese style. The subjects generally represented are Chinese figures and landscapes, Indian flowers, or grotesque ornaments. Patterns on paper, and the colour, which is black, used in the operation, are also supplied at the same places.

Tracing paper is to be laid over the pattern, and the outline drawn with a pencil. The tracing is then placed with the pencilled side downwards on the wood, and the pattern, which will plainly appear through, is rubbed with the handle of an ivory folder, or of a penknife, so as to transfer the pencil lines to the wood. This outline must then be sketched in with a pen dipped in the black colour to be used for the ground. All the shades and lines in the design should be correctly finished by the pen, after the manner of line engraving; and the whole of the ground, or space surrounding the outline of the figures, must be covered with the black colour, laid on with a camel's-hair pencil. When the painting is dry, the whole article should be finished with a transparent varnish; to perform which, however, it should be observed, that a thin coat of isinglass size is to be passed over the wood previously to the tracing. The varnish to be used is white mastich. The general effect is very pleasing, and resembles ebony inlaid with ivory. It is also an art very easy of attainment, and requiring but little proficiency in drawing.

ALFRED AND ETHELWITHA.

THE character of the great and favourite King Alfred, M. D'Arnaud, the Richardson of France, contemplates with a degree of enthusiasm, which bespeaks the goodness of his own heart. The following anecdote, which is mentioned by some of the more ancient English historians, he has given in a manner peculiar to himself; but which, while it diffuses a sweeter charm over the whole composition renders it almost untranslatable:—

“In Alfred, the most renowned of the Saxon dynasty in England, with what delight do we contemplate the benevolent and equitable man! He was the worthiest monarch that ever swayed a sceptre, and nothing was wanting to his glory but to be born in a more enlightened age, and to have an historian of genius. He was at once the conqueror, the legislator, and the great man. He scattered in England the first seeds of talent, virtue, love of order, and patriotism.”

This prince so effectually established the government by justice and salutary laws, that if, in the night time, a vessel of gold had been left in the highway, the proprietor would have found it again the next day. Hume, in a few words, gives this rare panegyric of him, that “he seems indeed to be the model of that perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in the hope of ever seeing it really existing.”

A single act of justice, however, which we now proceed to relate, has secured him immortal fame;—better far than all his feats of arms, which, ages ago, have been forgotten.

The reign of Alfred was in that period (the ninth century) when sovereigns were only the first men in their courts. The great lords that surrounded them enjoyed those privileges which were derived from the feudal system. A private nobleman was admitted into the company of his master, and lived with him in the most intimate familiarity. He would even invite him to his country retreat, which he called a castle, and entertain him with all the hospitality of the times.

Alfred was making a tour through his dominions, accompanied by Ethelbert, one of his general officers, when, the day declining, he determined to take up his abode for the night at the castle of a nobleman, named Albanac;—one of those incorruptible men, who can preserve their integrity in the midst of all the seductions of opulence and grandeur. He had followed Alfred in numberless battles, and had retired, covered with wounds and with glory, into the bosom of a family that adored him. This family was composed of a wife, who was never mentioned but as an example of virtue; of two sons, who promised never to disgrace their father's name; and of three daughters of exquisite beauty and uncommon merit.

Earl Albanac received his royal master with

every demonstration of joy. He ran to his consort and children, and hastened to present them to his sovereign. Alfred was instantly smitten with their charms; but it was to Ethelwitha that he surrendered his heart.—Beautiful as they were, she eclipsed her sisters, as the radiant ruler of the day eclipses every other star. She appeared like the young flower that blows in the earliest rays of the morning sun; and modestly painted her cheeks with a rosy hue, that was heightened in proportion as the king seemed to notice her.

The supper was prepared, and Albanac was desirous that the three enchantresses should participate in the honour of waiting upon Alfred, who never ceased to contemplate their charms. Albanac, still flattered with the remembrance of his military exploits, was impatient to remind his sovereign of the glorious victories by which the Danes were driven out of England; but the king's attention incessantly returned to Ethelwitha. He was continually extolling her delicate and easy shape, her rosy mouth, her fair tresses, flowing gracefully down her shoulders, her alabaster forehead, and the elegant roundness of her swan-like neck. Albanac spoke with kindling ardour of Hastings and Lef—two famous Danish Chiefs, whom they had often defeated in battle; but the monarch found no pleasure in any subject in which the name of Ethelwitha was left out.

On rising from the table, Ethelwitha was charged to conduct the king to his apartment; and from her charming hands he received the cup of repose.* When Albanac, however, retired to his consort's apartment, she could not refrain from observing his pensive and gloomy air. “What distresses you, my dear Lord?” said she. “Your face is overspread with melancholy, while we are enjoying an honour we ought to be proud of! The king is dear to us on many accounts!”

Albanac continued silent.

“You do not speak my Lord!” continued the countess. “And will you refuse to open your heart to me?—you seem greatly agitated!”

“I have reason to be so,” replied the earl. “Did you not observe that the king fixed his eyes continually upon our daughters? I may err in my apprehensions—but, if Alfred has conceived a design to bring dishonour upon our house! Should he come hither to seek amusement in our infamy! My honour—I am distracted at the idea—I would rather suffer an hundred deaths—my whole family should perish with me!”

* *Vin du coucher*, a composition of wine and honey, a kind of hippocras, or medicated wine. In that age, when they were desirous of rendering every honour to the strangers admitted into the castle, a beverage called *le vin du coucher*, was brought in the evening to them; and this office was generally performed by the lady or her daughter. This custom is one of the remains of the most remote antiquity.

The eyes of a vigilant father were not deceived—Alfred indeed loved—most passionately loved one of his daughters. Ethelwitha was the enchanting object that had inspired the prince with the most violent passion.

“Ethelbert, my friend,” said he to his companion, “it is not a mortal—it is an angel of beauty, innocence, and modesty, that we have seen! Did you not observe her? What joy—what intoxicating transports must be his who can obtain the first sigh from this young and ingenuous heart! Speak, my dear Ethelbert, speak: I am consumed by the flames of love—whatever it cost me, I must, I will be happy. Could she but love me!”

“Can you doubt, my lord,” replied Ethelbert, “whether she will meet your tenderness? King, as well as lover, a hero crowned with laurels, of an age formed to inspire a mutual ardour; in a thousand respects you may be certain of success.”

Early in the morning a servant attended at the king's apartment, and requested to know whether he could be seen.

“Who would enter at this hour?” answered the monarch with some peevishness.

“I, my lord,” exclaimed a voice, which Alfred soon recollected; and he was instantly surprised by the appearance of Albanac, holding a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other leading in his three daughters, who were in deep mourning, and in an attitude of the most poignant grief.

“What do I see,” exclaimed the king. “A father whose honour is dearer to him than life itself,” replied the earl. “My motive for this intrusion I can soon explain. You are a king, and I am your subject, but not your slave. You must be sensible from how illustrious a house I am descended; and it now becomes me to speak my sentiments freely even to you. I may possibly be deceived: but I thought, last night, that I saw, on your grace's part, a particular attention to my daughters. If you have conceived the idea of dishonouring my family, this sword shall instantly prevent my shame! I will plunge it into the bosoms of these unfortunate, but willing victims. But, if a pure and honourable flame be kindled in your breast; if an alliance with my house be not deemed unworthy of royalty, choose, name her whom you would wish to honour.”

Alfred was for a moment thunder-struck and silent, but soon recovering himself, addressed Albanac with a magnanimity that displayed his exalted soul. “Noble Albanac,” said he, “you recal Alfred to himself. I might have gone astray; but you teach me my duty, and I will obey its dictates. My choice is fixed. Beautiful Ethelwitha, here is my hand. Can you accept it? With pleasure I place my crown upon your head. I seat virtue and beauty upon my throne.”

Ethelwitha threw herself at the king's feet: he raised her and embraced her with transport. He then embraced Albanac. “Your virtuous courage,” said he, “well deserved a recompense. I glory in having the noblest man in my dominions for my father-in-law.”

Ethelwitha was soon afterwards publicly proclaimed queen; nor did she wait till the nuptial ceremony was over, to confess to the enraptured monarch, that she had given her heart to him the very moment he had entered her father's castle.

The happy pair long participated in the glory of one of the noblest reigns of which England can be proud.*

* This is that Ethelwitha, who accompanied Alfred to his retreat in the Isle of Athelney, when he had taken refuge there, till he could again make war against the Danes.

Alfred had, by his wife, three sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Edmund, died without issue in his father's life time. The third, Ethelward, inherited his father's passion for letters, and lived a private life. The second, Edward, succeeded him in his power, and passes by the appellation of Edward the Elder, being the first of that name who sat on the English throne.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

To the credit of the kindly and amiable feelings of the French, they bear the palm from all other nations in the extent and costliness of their New Year's Gifts. It has been estimated that the amount expended upon *bon-bons* and sweetmeats alone, for presents on New Year's Day in Paris, exceeds £20,000 sterling; while the sale of jewellery and fancy articles in the first week in the year is computed at one fourth of the sale during the twelve months. It is by no means uncommon for a Parisian of 8,000 or 10,000 frs. a year to make presents on New Year's Day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. At an early hour of the morning this interchange of visits and *bon-bons* is already in full activity, the nearest relations being first visited, until the furthest in blood and their friends and acquaintance have all had their calls. A dinner is given by some member of the family to all the rest, and the evening concludes, like Christmas Day, with cards, dancing, or other amusements. In London, New Year's Day is not observed by any public festivity; the only open demonstration of joy is the ringing of merry peals from the bellfries of the numerous steeples late on the eve of the old year, until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour. We may have done well to drop what Prynne, in his *Histrio Mastix*, calls “a mere relique of paganisme and idolatry, derived from the heathen Romans' feast of two-faced Janus, which was spent in mummeries, stage-plays, dancing, and such like enterludes, wherein fiddlers and others, acted lascivious effeminate parts, and went about the towns and cities in women's apparel;” but, however the celebration of New Year's Day may have been disfigured in the earlier ages by pagan associations and superstitious rites, nothing can be more truly Christian than to usher it in with every cheerful observance that may express gratitude towards Heaven, and promote a kindly and a social feeling among our friends and fellow-creatures.

A DREAM.

*Brachlaque intendens, prendique et prendere certans
Nil nil cedentes infelix arripit auras.*

As I sat musing upon the fame which many great characters had acquired, and which they so well deserved, I fell into a deep slumber. My thoughts, however, flowed on in the same channel, but became more fanciful as they found themselves no longer awed by reason, nor restrained by truth.

I dreamed that I was seated in a gallery, above a long table, upon which was to be given a feast to all the great men of genius and learning whom Time, in his career, had exhibited to the view of a grateful and admiring world.

The hall, which was spacious and lofty, was supported by pillars moulded in the varying architecture of different ages, their bases ornamented with the full-sized statues of far-famed sages and of heroes. Below me I saw the statues of Brutus and Cassius, their faces fronting towards the top of the table, their right hands extended towards each other, and firmly united together. Opposite to them I recognised, by his mutilated right arm, and the enthusiastic spirit of defiance with which he seemed to threaten a warlike group which surrounded him, the spirited and youthful figure of Mutius Scævola, one of the devoted band of three hundred Romans. Next followed a figure of gigantic height: his dress seemed nearly Roman, but, by the great length of his basket-hilted sword, and the rampant lion on his shield, I knew him to be the famous Scottish chief, Sir William Wallace. His undaunted look suited well with those around him, and his frame seemed formed for endless hardships and fatigues. Near him, and as if contemplating the latter, stood erect the figures of Hampden and Sydney. The expressive energy of a statue, in white marble, of the great Spartan chief, Leonidas, was strongly contrasted with the milder air and more placid dignity of Euclid, of Archimedes, and of Plato, whose countenances, in succession, seemed to gaze with awe and reverence upon a long line of aged Egyptian philosophers, whose colossal statues appeared to rise in magnitude towards the end of the hall.

Scarcely had I time to gaze in silent wonder upon these time-worn monuments of Egyptian grandeur, when, suddenly, dinner being announced, I thought I beheld Homer and Shakspeare advance towards the head of the table. Homer seemed at first at a loss whether to take possession of the highest seat; but, when laying his cap and mantle aside, when Shakspeare beheld his silver beard and reverend appearance, he at once assisted him into the chair; at which the old bard seemed more flattered than by the tumultuous acclamations of all the rest. Shakspeare then seated himself opposite to him. Sir Isaac Newton next entered, composed and benignant;

then Pope, who placed himself behind Homer's chair, until the reverend ancient, who was looking for him round the table, seated him, with the greatest attention, next to himself. Thompson next entered, leading in Milton. Horace, Anacreon, Le Sage, Cervantes, Swift, Ovid, Addison, Prior, Dryden, Virgil, Burns, Ferguson, Ramsay, Goldsmith, and Gay, had found each other out in the ante-chamber, and entered altogether in a lively and rather noisy manner; but, upon seeing Homer and Shakspeare, they were much embarrassed. Horace first recovered himself, and, having made himself known, in a graceful and polite manner introduced each of them individually. Homer received them with the greatest respect, and an arch nod of recognition from Shakspeare put them again entirely at their ease. Next followed a long train of historians, headed by Hume, Gibbon, Buchanan, and Robertson, each carrying a pencil and memorandum book, by which I understood, that they came rather to listen than to speak. Although silent themselves, they were treated with the greatest respect by the rest of the company. I was surprised to see that each historian, as he sat down, inclined his head in salutation to Shakspeare, as if for some benefit or favour received. After these entered Smollet and Sterne; and next a few dramatic writers, Otway, Home, Moliere, Farquhar, Garrick, and Sheridan. These, upon their entrance, were saluted by a loud cheer from the windows of the hall, which, upon inspection, were found to contain a great number of starving comedians, amongst whom the veteran Macklin was so busy in his plaudits that he attracted the attention of Shakspeare, who requested he might be brought down amongst them. This so enraged a few of the more eminently seated among the rest that a slight hiss was heard; at which awful and well-known sound the knights of the burning lamps were seen to disappear in the greatest consternation. Le Sage first perceived it, and, having explained the phenomenon to the rest, a loud laugh was heard from every one at table, excepting Homer and Sir Isaac Newton; for, just at that moment, Sir Isaac had pushed a skewer through the centre of an orange, to represent the motion of the earth round its own axis, and also round the sun, at which discovery Homer seemed much astonished, and was going to describe it in suitable verse, when a hint from Pope, that it would require translation, prevented him.

The feast was composed of a variety of dishes from various parts of the earth, and of various ages and nations; and the scene that now lay stretched before my wondering imagination was beyond measure fanciful and imposing. The

splendour of the banquet, the brilliancy of the lights, the dignity of the guests, the astonishment and silent attention of the spectators, conspired to fill my mind with delight, mixed with a kind of fearful expectation.

Scarcely had I time to contemplate it, when suddenly I beheld Homer rise up, supported by Pope. A solemn silence ensued, when the hoary poet, whilst the laurel trembled on his brow, toasted "Liberty." A general burst of admiration resounded from every corner of the room. A tear which had long trembled in Burns's eye, now ran rapidly down his cheek. The conversation became spirited and particular. Pope and Homer, Horace and Burns, Shakspeare and Le Sage, Ferguson, Goldsmith and Gay, Thompson, Ramsay, and Milton, Anacreon and Ovid, now retired into social converse. Wit and humour flowed freely. Shakspeare was wild, Horace gay, Milton sublime, Virgil descriptive, Pope polite and easy, Burns fanciful, Le Sage keen. The goblets were quickly passed. Shakspeare toasted "Genius," Horace "Taste," Sterne "Sensibility," and Burns, although Ferguson pulled him by the sleeve, could not be restrained from toasting "his native land;" upon which Homer shook him by the hand, and swore that poetry and patriotism ought never to be divided.

The joy and happiness of the party were complete; when I thought I beheld two sweet female figures arrayed in loose white robes, enter the hall. A wreath of ever-living laurel was bound round the brows of the one, the other carried in her right hand a slender branch of the green olive tree. By these symbols I recognised the forms of Fame and of Peace. Having advanced, hand in hand, into the middle of the hall, the former, smiling graciously upon Pope, exclaimed,

"Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Th' immortal heirs of universal praise,
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud, which must not yet be found."

The hum of admiration which followed these words roused me gently from my slumber, and gradually before my awakened senses the vision melted away.

HISTORY OF A DIAMOND.

There is a diamond at present, we believe, forming part of the Crown Jewels of England, which has a singular history appertaining to it. It formerly belonged to Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, who wore it in his cap at the battle of Nancy, where his army was totally routed and he himself killed. This was in the year 1477. The diamond was found among the spoils of battle by a Swiss soldier, and by him sold to a French gentleman named Sancy. The family of this gentleman preserved the diamond for nearly a century, and till the period when Henry III. of France, after having lost his throne, employed a descendant of this family, who was

commander of the Swiss troops in his service, to proceed to Switzerland for the purpose of recruiting his forces from that country; and, having no immediate pecuniary resources at command, he persuaded the same gentleman to borrow of his family the Sancy diamond, in order to deposit with the Swiss government as security for the payment of the troops. Accordingly, the diamond was dispatched for this purpose by a confidential domestic, who disappeared and could no where be heard of for a great length of time. At last, however, it was ascertained that he had been stopped by robbers and assassinated, and his body buried in a forest. And such confidence had his master in the prudence and probity of his servant, that he searched and at last discovered the place of his burial, and had the corpse disinterred, when the diamond was found in his stomach, he having swallowed it when attacked by the robbers.

INCREASE OF THE NUMBERS OF MANKIND.

ON the supposition that the human race has a power to double its numbers four times in a century, or once in each succeeding period of twenty-five years, as some philosophers have computed, and that nothing prevented the exercise of this power of increase, the descendants of Noah and his family would have now increased to the following number:—1,496,577,676,626, 844,588,240,573,268,701,473,812,127,674,924,007, 424.

The surface of the earth } contains, of square } miles }	196,663,355
Mercury, and all the } other planets, contain } about }	46,790,511,000
The sun contains }	2,442,900,000,000
	<hr/> 2,489,887,174,355

Hence, upon the supposition of such a rate of increase of mankind as has been assumed, the number of human beings now living would be equal to the following number for each square mile upon the surface of the earth, the sun, and all the planets, 61,062,000,000,000,000,000,000, 000,000,000,000; or, to the following number for each square inch—149,720,000,000,000,000,000, 000,000,000. This last number alone is infinite with relation to human conception. Merely to count it would require an incredible period. Supposing the whole inhabitants now upon the surface of the globe to be one thousand millions, which is believed somewhat to exceed the actual number, and supposing that this multitude, infants and adults, were to be employed in nothing else but counting, that each were to work 365 days in the year, and 10 hours in the day, and to count 100 per minute, it would require, in order to count the number in question, 6,536, 500 millions of years.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

THE BRIDE.

BY THEODORE HOOK.

"BRIDE! upon thy marriage-day,
When thy gems, in rich array,
Made the glistening mirror seem
As a star-reflecting stream;
When the clustering pearls lay fair
Midst thy braids of sunny hair;
And the white veil o'er thee streaming,
Like a silvery halo gleaming,

Mellow'd all that pomp and light
Into something meekly bright;
Did the fluttering of thy breath
Speak of joy or woe beneath?
And the hue that went and came
O'er thy cheek, like wavering flame,
Flow'd that crimson from th' unrest,
Or the gladness of thy breast?"

Blackwood's Magazine.

FROM the greatest bard of England to the last and least, all have sung the uncertainties of the lover's life; the vicissitudes of feeling which he is doomed to experience, and the inevitable sorrow and anxiety which attend the progress of passion, however pure, and however eventually successful. That this must be always so, *he* well knew who denied the smoothness of true love's course; for' if fate and fortune happily abstain from raising obstacles and obstructions in his path, the ingenious sensitiveness of the lover himself most surely conjures up strange chimeras and fancied miseries, even in the midst of bliss and sunshine.

What then must be *his* happiness, who, devotedly attached to a lovely girl, through a long period of years, has been separated from her by the vast waters of the deep; and who, month after month, and summer after summer, has lived upon the recollections of hours in which their mutual faith was plighted! What must be *his* happiness, when returning triumphant from the field of honour, enriched by the course of events, and ennobled by his valour and his conquests, he is received with exultation in the house of his beloved, whence, in earlier days, his want of fortune had excluded him! How great must be his joy, his pride, his rapture, in finding himself thus welcomed to the bosom of that family, into which, of all that exist in his native land, he most ardently and anxiously desires to be admitted! Such a moment repays whole years of sorrow, care, and toil: the grief of the past is forgotten in the joy of the present, and all that is to be seen is bright and gay for the future.—Such were the feelings of Sir Frederick Ryland, as he was met and welcomed at the door of Dorrington Hall by the owner of that noble mansion.

Frederick Ryland was born the third son of a baronet, with whose honourable descent the nicest genealogist alive could not have found fault; but, at a period when two brothers stood between him and the title and estates of his father, Sir George Dorrington did not conceive him to be an eligible husband for his only daughter Maria, in whom were centered all the beauty of the female branches of the family, and all the worth and wealth of the males.

Long had the young soldier and the beautiful girl loved in secret; and the continued inter-

course between the families gave constant opportunities for that association which, between two such beings, could not fail to produce a mutual affection. At length, encouraged by some friendly remark made after dinner by the father of his beloved, Frederick confessed his passion, sought permission to address Miss Dorrington formally, and was the next day, in due form excluded (for ever, as it was thought) from Dorrington Hall—as if, old and knowing in the world's ways as *he* was, Sir George fancied, that separating two such hearts would weaken the feelings which possessed them; or that the arbitrary measure, of thus suddenly terminating an intercourse, which had so long subsisted under his own sanction, would obliterate a passion, to the birth of which he himself, by his tacit concurrence in their constant association, had been negatively if not actually, at all events, a party.

Frederick Ryland, after this dismissal, left the country, and joined the regiment in which he had recently been placed by his father, who, quite agreeing in the policy of his neighbour, Sir George, sent him forth to the field, as he told him, to cut his way to fame and fortune with his sword. These parting instructions, however, the worthy baronet did not long survive, for in less than a month after his son's departure, in the ardour and anxiety of pursuing an unhappy fox, and in the full hope of riding home with the tail of the said fox stuck in his hat (according to his custom whenever he got the brush), he attempted a leap, wider than was convenient, or agreeable, to his half-tired horse, and coming off, head foremost, gave up the ghost in the middle of a muddy ditch, sincerely lamented by the whole of his sporting friends, who contended then, and do contend to this minute, that the horse was to blame and not the rider—a matter, the debating of which must be much more interesting to themselves than any part of the respectable family which was thus suddenly deprived of its very "head and front."

The natural and sometimes the most important result of a baronet's death is the consequent succession of his heir apparent to his title; and accordingly the family dignity descended upon the young Sir William, who did, I believe, live long enough to receive the announcement of his misfortune and honour, and to receive the addresses

of mingled condolence and congratulation from his friends. He was in the south of France at the time of his father's death, and survived the event only long enough to send for his next brother Henry, to close his eyes, and receive at his hands his affectionate adieu. Sir Henry, immediately after the funeral of Sir William, returned to England, and proceeded to install himself in the ancient house of his fathers—he, like his venerable parent, having what is called a passion for the sports of the field, and being, like the old gentleman, somewhat insensible to any of those softer allurements, which minds of gentler mould discover in the society of those by whom we are soothed, exalted, and refined.

During the progress of these changes in the Ryland family, Maria Dorrington would sit and listen to the recapitulation, in hopes that some change might bring her Frederick back, or at least place him in such a situation that his want of wealth might no longer be objected against him. News had arrived of his having distinguished himself in action—his name was mentioned in the despatches. Why was he not the bearer of them? A thousand times did she read over the lines in which his personal bravery and intrepid conduct were described, and her eye lingered on the one loved name, which seemed to blaze in letters of fire amongst the list of gallant heroes who, as well as himself, had so performed their duty as to merit the honour of being particularised in the narrative of the day's fight. Except, however, a courteous remark on the part of Sir George Dorrington, that "poor Fred. Ryland seemed to be doing very well in the army," Maria heard nothing of him; and her heart revolted at the pity of her obdurate parent, which was indeed no kin to love.

At this juncture the lovely girl was doomed to severer trials; the sufferance of quiet sorrow and unmolested grief was soon denied her, and a suitor, armed with her father's patronage and recommendation, came forward with an apparent determination not to be repulsed. Pride, arrogance, and self-love, seemed to be the chief ingredients of this nobleman's character—for noble he was, and gentle he was not. In temper hasty, in manner petulant, in conversation dictatorial, Lord Pavonden approached the timid Maria Dorrington, as if he were conferring a favour upon her and her whole race by the association; and the supercilious, sensual manner in which he cast his unquiet eyes over her lovely person, bespoke too plainly the character of the feeling by which his notice had been attracted to her; and although his affection for her, if it deserved the name, was ardent and all-engrossing, still it was impossible not to perceive in his handsome yet fiendlike countenance, the ceaseless struggle between his animal desire and his worldly prudence, the continued conflict between his passion and his pride.

Before he had taken the ordinary pains to discover Maria's sentiments—and it must be admitted she took very little trouble to conceal them—he had arranged, not only in his own mind, but

in interviews with her father, the programme of the whole affair; they had even descended to particulars, and sums were actually named as settlements and jointures: his lordship believing that her declaration was a mere piece of formality, as necessary, it is true, for the completion of the match, as a *congé d'elire* to the making of a bishop, and about as certain in its result as the king's recommendation which accompanies that liberal document. Lord Pavonden, amongst his other intellectual qualities, happened not to possess that nice distinctive faculty which can properly appreciate the hidden feelings of a woman by her external conduct; and he construed the ease and familiarity of Maria's manner, when with him, as expressive of pleasure in his society. To one more versed in human nature, and less blinded by vanity and conceit, these symptoms would have infallibly declared her indifference. Had Frederick Ryland appeared, were his name even mentioned, were an allusion to any event which had occurred in his presence, a remark on his family, or the part of the world in which he was, on the army in which he served, or the cause in which that army was engaged, Maria's heart beat, her cheeks flushed, and her hands trembled. None of these signs were present when Lord Pavonden was near her: a restless good humour, an affected gaiety, to avoid if possible any serious avowal of the feelings which she was informed by her officious and envious female friends, that his lordship entertained for her, characterized the sweet girl's conduct; and upon such harmless encouragement as this the noble baron built the hopes which a few days were doomed to dissipate.

"What an unfortunate family are the Rylands!" said Sir George Dorrington, as he entered the drawing-room where the few visitors were waiting the announcement of dinner; "it seems as if a fatality hung over them."

Inquiries burst from every tongue, except Maria's, who sat like a statue motionless.

"Sir Henry is dead——"

"Dead!" exclaimed the astonished auditors.

Thank God it was not Frederick—Maria burst into tears—the attention of every body was directed to her; and she was led into the ante-room, where the air and restoratives soon revived her.

"Poor girl," said Sir George, "she is too sensitive for this world. Yes," continued he, returning to the circle, "he was shooting this morning, and in passing through or over a hedge, the trigger of his gun got entangled with the briars, and he was dead in an instant."

"How rapidly that baronetcy changes owners," said Lord Pavonden: "this is the third death in the family in less than eighteen months: who gets it now?"

Maria had just sufficiently recovered to return to the room as the question was asked, and heard her father answer, as indeed she knew, that Frederick, the third son, was now the head of the family.

"A forward sort of person, I think," said Lord

Pavonden; "I scarcely recollect him: I know he had got the character of a lady killer, in the Eighteenth—I suppose, this event will bring him to England."

Maria felt all her agitations renewed, and felt that a few more remarks would again drive her out of the room; when the announcement of dinner cut short the conversation, terminated the lamentations of Sir George Dorrington and his friends, released his daughter, and put an end to the sympathy which some more ancient ladies on the sofa were about to exhibit.

All that passed at table was lost to the heiress of the house, and although in accordance with her father's desire she actually presided, she was guilty of the most flagrant inattentions, committed the most glaring solecisms, and withdrew the female division before Miss Angelica Amadou had half finished her quantum of dried cherries.

The drawing-room afforded her little more relief; and she flew to her boudoir, to indulge in a flood of tears, which were ready to burst from her eyes. "I am conscious," murmured the agitated girl, "that the feeling of joy at what has happened is sinful, is criminal; but, God forgive me! no circumstance, no accident could have presented a hope to my distracted mind, of extrication from a destiny worse than death itself, but this; now no obstacle is opposed to the completion of that scheme of happiness which my beloved Frederick and I have marked out:—wealth and rank are his—at least rank equal to my own, and wealth superior to my father's. Admired and esteemed by all who know him, even by my parent himself, whose rejection of him was founded solely on his want of fortune, and whose decided exclusion of him from our house was caused by the apprehension of his winning qualities, what objection can be raised to the fulfilment of all my hopes on earth?"

Thus did the elated happy Maria give utterance to the generous sentiments of her heart; and having in some degree composed herself, she rejoined her friends; their conversation had taken a totally different turn, and Miss Dorrington, still thinking of but one subject, continued to talk upon others, until the arrival of the gentlemen from the dinner-rooms. And, oh! who shall describe the repugnance, the horror, with which she now received the abrupt, supercilious, yet ardent advances of Lord Pavonden? Who, but a girl devoted to one, and assiduously assailed by another, can understand the feeling? It baffles my power to describe it—it was not quite unperceived by his lordship, who found the free and artless manner of the young lady, upon which he had founded his certainty of success, and which she had in her helplessness adopted, in order to convince him of the contrary, changed into a more distant reserve; for now, confident as she was in Frederick's fidelity, and satisfied that his claim upon her hand in right of her heart would now be acceded to, by her father, she saw no reason for affecting a manner towards Lord Pavonden, who, if repulsed, would be suffered to depart by Sir George, and who, if piqued by the

alteration of her conduct to make her a direct offer, might be repulsed at once, and, according to the established rules of society, expelled from the house altogether.

By one of those singular coincidences, which in works of fiction appear improbable and overstrained, but which in real life are occurring every day, the object of all Maria's affections was brought to the scene of action much sooner than could have been expected. Another victory had graced the triumphant arms of the illustrious Wellington, under whose command the youthful soldier fought; again had Ryland distinguished himself: he was now selected as the bearer of the details of the conflict in which he had borne so honourable a part; and actually reached London within little more than four-and-twenty hours after the occurrence of that fatal accident, which bereaved him of a brother, and bestowed upon him the baronetcy.

To the house of mourning did the promoted officer speed as soon as his official duty was transacted; and in the midst of his grief for the loss of his near and dear relation, is it unnatural to suppose that he wrote to his Maria? Whether natural or not, I cannot say, but that he did so is most true, and not clandestinely or diguisedly, he wrote to his beloved, and inclosed her letter in another, addressed to Sir George, evincing in the hour of trial and sorrow that devotion to the object of all his earthly hopes which neither time nor space could alter or deteriorate. His visiting them was at the instant impossible, but he could not allow a moment to escape without claiming the promise which Sir George had given, at least by implication, and making the first step of his new life, that, which was to ensure his life's happiness.

But as the great Bard and every little bard has said in different ways, what are not fond hearts doomed to suffer! Without consulting his daughter, Sir George Dorrington had actually pledged himself to Lord Pavonden. He had never cast a thought towards the extraordinary advancement of Frederick Ryland, nor had he imagined the possibility of a refusal on the part of Maria to comply with his commands. Lord Pavonden had already made arrangements connected with the marriage. Lawyers were already employed on the drafts and deeds of settlement, and every thing in short was in a forward state of preparation, except the BRIDE.

The question now with Sir George was, whether he should open all the circumstances to his daughter, delivering Henry's letter to her, and stating exactly how he was situated, or send the letter to his daughter back to Ryland, inclosed in an explanatory letter to *him*. The doubt was easily solved: he admired Frederick's character and qualities; he knew the extent of his fortune, the amiability of his disposition, and the proximity of their property, his future influence in the county, his daughter's avowed affection for him, his approved constancy to *her*. All these weighed heavily against the pretensions of Lord Pavonden, whom Maria hated, whose title was

Irish, whose estates were, for the most part, situated and lying in the "Green Isle," and whose funded property was insignificant compared with Ryland's (for Sir George had not been idle in acquainting himself with the contents of the late baronet's last will and testament), and whose manner even to himself was arrogant and overbearing: but then he had gone so far in the preliminaries of the treaty, or rather so far beyond preliminaries, that he did not at all see the possibility of breaking off; indeed, unless Lord Pavonden's heart could be touched, and his generous spirit roused, the thing appeared impossible. At all events, Sir George, who truly loved his daughter, made up his mind to be the bearer of the letter from her lover, and thus sanction openly, what he must, under the unexpected change of circumstances, always secretly have approved.

The sight of Henry's well known writing in the hand of her father produced a sudden revulsion of nature in Maria, and she fell senseless at the feet of her parent, who raising and soothing her, eventually restored her to something like serenity: he then gave her the letter, spoke candidly and unreservedly of his feeling towards Ryland, explaining to her at the same time the difficulties in which he had involved himself with his rival.

"But I have not involved myself in any difficulty," said Maria; "I, sir, am no party to this treaty, which, even if Frederick had died on the field of battle, never could, and never should have been ratified by me. The accidental acquisition of wealth and title may, by rendering Frederick Ryland worthy in your eyes, afford me the happiness of uniting my fate with one, who is all excellence and kindness; but no reverse of fortune, however severe, no poverty, however abject, no distress, however humiliating, could have compelled me to link myself to a man whose manners I dislike, whose temper I dread, whose conversation even I do not comprehend, and whose character I never can respect: tell him this, sir, and surely he will not persevere in claiming my hand from you, when he never can receive a heart from me."

"What I fear," said Sir George, "is, that Lord Pavonden will attribute the change in your determination to the change in Ryland's circumstances, for rumour is not so idle but that he is aware of his attachment to you."

"He cannot attribute the change in my determination," said Maria, "to any extrinsic events; in fact I never was consulted, I never was asked to make a decision; if I had——"

"But I, my dear Maria," said Sir George, "have in *your* name expressed a readiness, by a desire for the union and——"

"Forgive me, sir," said Maria, catching her father's hand; "why, why do *this*, without consulting the child you love, the daughter who lives but in your affection?"

"I thought by your manner," said Sir George, "that Pavonden was not so disagreeable to you."

"Oh, sir!" cried Maria, "do you know so

little of my heart and feelings as to believe that I could marry with a negative affection for my husband? Did you think that I would consent to share my existence with one, while there was another ranking yet higher in my esteem? You know I loved Frederick; you merely postponed our union till a period, which, through the dispensations of an all-wise Providence, has arrived."

"Maria," said Sir George, folding his weeping daughter to his bosom, "Frederick Ryland *shall be your husband*—I HAVE SAID IT.—How to disentangle myself from the *embarras* with Lord Pavonden I do not yet exactly see, but your happiness is paramount—it must be done."

"Be *that my task*," cried the half frantic girl. "I will appeal to his generosity, to his pride, to his feelings—if he have any—you must not risk an altercation with such a man: on *me* let his vengeance fall, if vengeance *is* to fall: with *you* a disagreement might be fatal; his well-earned reputation in what is called the field of honour renders him a dangerous adversary: on *me* these chivalrous qualities have no effect. I will be candid with him, take all upon myself, and rescue you, I hope and think, from difficulties in which, had I been previously consulted, you never would have been involved."

"I trust more to his pride than his generosity, I confess," said Sir George; "however, take your own course, Maria; I feel that I, personally, am too deeply pledged to stir in this matter further."

The permission was enough. The certainty Maria felt that an appeal, as her father said, to his pride, if not to his generosity, would release her from the claim of Lord Pavonden, inspired her; and having hastily acknowledged the welcome letter of Frederick, she proceeded to address the noble baron in the following terms:—

Dorrington Hall, ——— 18—

"MY LORD,

"For the first time since I have had the honour of your lordship's acquaintance, my father, this morning, has informed me of the ulterior object of your lordship's constant association with our family, and your unremitting attention to myself.

"Not vain enough to imagine that I could be the object of attraction here, I have hitherto remained in ignorance, not only of the motives, which induced your lordship to devote so much of your time to our very limited domestic circle, but of the steps which I now find have been taken towards the completion of that measure, upon which, however important it may be thought to *me*, I have only this day been consulted.

"Aware, my lord, of the apparent delicacy of venturing to address your lordship upon such a subject, I considered before I took the step. But I have resolved to do so, and to risk all the censure or ridicule which my conduct may incur, for the sake of checking in the present stage those pretensions to my hand, which I am now authoritatively informed it is your intention to

prefer: it is to avoid the pain of giving pain I do this; and it is in the hope of remaining upon amicable terms with your lordship, that I entreat you not to assume a character, which, while it terminates our *friendship*, must most unpleasantly end our acquaintance.

"When I candidly tell you that, however pleased I may be to see you amongst my father's guests at Dorrington, and however anxious I may have appeared to contribute my trifling efforts to make your residence amongst us as a friend of his, agreeable, my heart has been long, long engaged, I am quite sure I shall not vainly appeal to your generosity, nor uselessly seek to prevent a refusal on my part, which, however painful it may be to *me*, cannot be less irksome to your lordship.

"My father tells me candidly, that he has had several conversations with you on the subject of an alliance between us; his implied certainty of my consent, I fear, has deceived you; and I cannot but deeply regret that I was not earlier apprised of the subject of your deliberations; since it would have been more agreeable to my feelings, *for many, many reasons*, to have put a stop to them much sooner, by convincing my father of their total uselessness, and my determination never to bestow my hand where my heart could not accompany it.

"Forgive me, my lord, this distinct declaration; receive it in the spirit in which I make it; see in it, the effort of a being, whose affections have been for years devoted to one object; anxious to prevent a proposal which *must be rejected*, and which could only have the effect of destroying her peace of mind, and wounding the pride and sensibility of another.

"Your lordship will forgive me for adding, that, although this letter has not been seen by my father, he is aware of my resolution of writing it, and that I have no desire that its contents should be concealed from him. In the hope that you will feel for me, pity me, and continue to regard me as your friend, I remain, my lord,

"Yours most truly,

"MARIA DORRINGTON."

Two days elapsed after the despatch of this letter, and on the third (the day of Sir Henry Ryland's funeral), Miss Dorrington received the following lines from her noble correspondent.

"Lord Pavonden presents his compliments to Miss Dorrington, in acknowledging her letter on Tuesday; he cannot but express his deep regret at her *anticipated* refusal of his proposal. Lord Pavonden trusts that he possesses sufficient *discrimination* as well as delicacy, to prevent his forcing his attentions where they *cease to be agreeable*. Yet he cannot but regret, that the negotiations between himself and Sir George Dorrington should have been carried so far as they have been, if that gentleman was *then* aware of the state of his daughter's affections.

"Lord Pavonden has made a communication to Sir George Dorrington, which will terminate their negotiations; and in the hope that Miss

Dorrington will not suffer the circumstances which have occurred to agitate or annoy her, he has, he thinks, best consulted both *her feelings* and his own, by quitting the neighbourhood of Dorrington, and proceeding to London; when, at some future period, he hopes to have the honour of finding himself included in the list of Miss Dorrington's sincere friends."

"There, Maria!" said Sir George, when he had read this note: "what is your opinion of Lord Pavonden *now*?"

"I think," said Maria, "that one ought never to judge by appearances, or, at least, not to ascribe to natural causes, manners and habits which, after all, may be adopted under the absolute dominion of fashion, even at the sacrifice of natural feelings. I rejoice in his decision, I admire his generosity, and I promise him my friendship, for he has deserved it."

A few words will suffice to detail the proceedings of the family party, after this occurrence. Sir Frederick Ryland, having been warmly and affectionately received by Sir George, as soon as all the mournful ceremonies connected with his brother's death had terminated, became the constant inmate of his future father-in-law's residence. And if it were possible for human beings to enjoy perfect happiness on earth, Frederick and Maria, in the constant enjoyment of each other's society, looking back with interest upon the past, and picturing increasing joy for the future, were in the full possession of it: every day developed some new trait of excellence in the character of the lover, every day produced some new evidence of Maria's excellence of disposition, purity of mind, and goodness of heart; when, to crown all their hopes, the wedding-day was fixed—that day which was to terminate all the little anxieties which "love is heir to," and out of which spring half its delights; that day which was to change the character of their affection, hallow the passion which possessed both their hearts, and join them in that sacred bond of union, whence flows all earthly happiness, all worldly comfort.

Then came the discussion about bridemaids, and lace; and carriages, and favours, and who should be at the wedding, and who should marry them, and where they should be married, and the thousand little delicate points which are so very, very important, upon such occasions; in all of which, Maria was constantly supported by her two female cousins; while Frederick generally contrived to inlist Sir George on *his* side; until at length it was arranged, that the marriage should take place in London, and that the young couple should, according to the established routine of the Morning Post, "immediately after the ceremony quit town in a new travelling carriage and four, to spend the honeymoon." It was absolutely essential that a journey to London should be undertaken, to purchase such necessaries of life as country milliners and provincial dress-makers could not contrive to invent or even construct; and therefore with good reason they came

unanimously to the conclusion, to marry in the metropolis, and return to the shady groves and sylvan scenes to reap the rich harvest of their constant love.

It would be impossible to describe the happiness which these devoted beings enjoyed, during the month or six weeks preparatory to the ceremony; indeed, the attempt to do so would be absurd, since, besides the inadequacy of language to do justice to their feelings, such details are as little interesting to general readers, as the practice of love-making itself is to the indifferent spectator; suffice it to say, that time, which never stops, seemed to fly, and in the midst of joy, gaiety, hope, anxiety, and agitation, the evening arrived which was to be the last of her "single blessedness." It seemed to Frederick like a bright vision—he was on the brink of happiness which for years he had been taught to think never might be his.

He pressed his beloved to his heart, and printed a glowing kiss upon her flushing cheek.—"Good night!" was whispered by the fond lover, and echoed by the trembling maid; but oh! parting is such sweet sorrow, that they lingered on, in their dream of happiness; and when they separated, the magic word "To-morrow!" hung on their lips and sunk deep into their hearts.

That Maria slept much, or tranquilly, I cannot affirm; certain it is that Frederick did not. The night, however, wore away, and the sun rose in all its brightness to greet the blooming bride. The establishment was seen hurrying to and fro, and making preparations for the banquet, which was to regale the guests invited, and astonish those in the newspapers who were not. The bridemaids arrived, and Maria came forth from her chamber, bright and sweet as the morning, pure in her mind as the white robe in which she was decked, her blue eyes melting with love and modesty. In her fair hair, parted on her snowy forehead, there were pearls which Frederick had given her, and the veil thrown over her (as the sweet poet says, whose lines are taken as the motto for this tale,) seemed like a halo mellowing

all the pomp and light
Into something meekly bright.

With pride and exultation did her father lead her into the room, where already had assembled the numerous friends who were to grace the ceremony.

The carriages were drawn up to the door, the clock had struck the appointed hour, yet one was absent whose presence was most essential, and who began to be most anxiously expected. Sir Frederick Ryland, the ardent, happy bridegroom, had not yet arrived. Maria inquired for him, and heard with wonder, and not without some little displeasure, that he had not yet made his appearance. Even strict punctuality seems negligence in love; and here, on the auspicious day, when all his doubts and fears were to end, and his sum of earthly happiness was to be completed, to find her lover lingering on his way wounded her deeply. Another quarter of an hour elapsed—no Frederick; another had nearly

passed, when a carriage was driven to the door, and from it sprang hastily one not bidden as a guest, nor dressed as if he were coming to join the festive party—it was not Frederick—it was a stranger muffled up in a cloak, who had apparently just arrived from the country. In a few moments Sir George was summoned from the party; then the stranger was seen to depart, and then one or two of the visitors were called from the drawing-room. The prelate who was there to sanctify the happiness of the young couple was summoned from the side of the now trembling bride: her colour came and went, she shook from head to foot, she saw horror painted on the countenance of one who had returned from her father: a scream from one of her bridemaids announced some horrible communication: the light vanished from her eyes, and without knowing the cause of her dread and agitation, or even that it was well founded, she fell senseless into the arms of those near her.

Well was it for her that Nature at that moment robbed her of her senses. Frederick, after he had quitted her the night before, had proceeded to one of the Clubs, of which he was a member, to write some notes of business, necessary to be despatched before he quitted town in the morning; there he encountered Lord Pavonden. Excited by wine, the angry feelings of offended pride, which, under the mask of dignified submission to Maria, had smouldered for months in his lordship's breast, burst forth at the sight of his triumphant happy rival. Premeditated insult, and a blow, were the fruits of this hateful explosion of rage and mortification. There was no alternative—no question as to the result. A meeting was arranged at daylight at Wimbledon: they met—they fired—and Frederick Ryland fell:—he lived in agony for two hours, and then expired.

This sad history was poor Maria doomed to hear, so soon as reason returned to her. When she recovered sufficiently to comprehend any thing, she found the scene of gaiety changed, the guests departed, and her father kneeling at her side: in a moment she understood the worst:—Frederick was dead—she knew—she felt that nothing but death could have kept him from her—he was gone for ever—and the bright star of her existence had set eternally.

DR. SELDEN,

THE renowned author of "*Titles of Honour*," was once in an assembly of divines, who were discussing, with all the force of oritical acumen, the distance between Jerusalem and Jericho; when one said it was twenty miles, another ten, and at last a profound theologian concluded it was only seven, for this solid reason, that fish was brought from Jericho to Jerusalem market. Upon which Selden gravely observed, "that probably the fish in question was *salted*," and so silenced these learned doctors of scriptural research.

STANZAS.

O come, fair maid, at this evening hour,
The dews are fallen on tree and flower;
And calm and bright as the stars above,
Are the eyes below which beam with love!
But flowers may bloom—stars beam on high,
Yet stars will set and flowers will die:
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom!

O come, fair maid, for the pale moon beam
Is light on earth, and chaste on stream;
But far more light is that radiant eye,
And far more chaste that virgin sigh!
For moons, alas! will set with night
And eyes grow dim which once were bright!
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom.

O come, my love, 'tis thy love calls,
The form he adores, from the banquet halls,
To the bower of roses, the silent grove,
To the bosom of peace and the arms of love!
For banquets cloy, which once were gay,
And bowers which flourish will soon decay;
But woman's love to the silent tomb,
Is beyond all light, and beyond all bloom!

THE SKYLARK.

FROM "SONGS BY THE STRICK SHEPHERD."

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth,
Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and mountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then when the gloaming comes
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

CONJUGATING A VERB.

DICK ORROD and his brother Giles were fine specimens of the bumpkin boys of the West of England: their father, who was a flourishing farmer, sent them to pick up a little learning at an expensive academy, in a large town about twenty miles from the village where he lived. The master had but recently purchased the school from his predecessor; and, stranger as he was to the dialect of that part of the country, he could scarcely understand above one half of what Dick and Giles Orrod, and a few more of his pupils, meant when they spoke. "I *knowed*, I *rinned*, and I *hut*," were barbarisms, to which his ear had never been accustomed; and it was only by degrees he discovered that they were translations, into the rural tongue, of "I *knew*, I *run*, and I *hit*." But there were few so rude of speech as Dick and Giles Orrod.

Fraternal affection was a virtue that did not flourish in the bosoms of either of these young gentlemen. Dick's greatest enemy on earth was Giles; and if honest Giles hated any human being except the master, it was Dick. They were excellent spies on each other's conduct: Giles never missed an opportunity of procuring Dick a castigation; and Dick was equally active in making the master acquainted with every punishable peccadillo that his brother committed.

One day an accusation was preferred against Master Richard, by one of the monitors, of having cut down a small tree in the shrubbery; but there was not sufficient evidence to bring the offence home to the supposed culprit.

"Does no young gentleman happen to know

any thing more of this matter?" inquired the master.

Giles immediately walked from his seat, and, taking a place by the side of his brother, looked as though he had something relevant to communicate.

"Well, sir," said the master, "what do you know about the tree?"

"If you please, sir," growled Giles, "if you please, sir, I sawed un."

"Oh! you 'sawed un,' did you?"

"Iss, I did:—Dick seed I saw un."

"Is this true, master Richard?"

"Iss," said Dick; and Giles much to his astonishment, was immediately flogged.

At the termination of the ceremony, it occurred to the master to ask Giles, how he had obtained the saw. "About your saw, young gentleman," said he, "where do you get a saw when you want one?"

Giles had some faint notions of grammar floating in his brain, and thinking that the master meant the verb, and not the substantive, blubbered out—"From *see*."

"*Sea*!—so you go on board the vessels in the dock, do you, out of school hours, and expend your pocket-money, in purchasing implements to cut down my shrubbery?"

"Noa, sir," said Giles, "I doant goa aboard no ships, nor cut down noa shrubberies."

"What, sirrah! did you not confess it?"

"Noa, sir; I said I sawed brother Dick cut down the tree, and he seed I sawed un, and a' couldn't deny it."

"I didn't deny it," said Dick.

"Then possibly you are the real delinquent, after all, Master Richard," exclaimed the master.

Dick confessed that he was, but he hoped the master would not beat him, after having flogged his brother for the same offence: in his way, he humbly submitted that one punishment, no matter who received it—but especially as it had been bestowed on one of the same family as the delinquent—was to all intents and purposes, enough for one crime.

The master, however, did not coincide with Dick on this grave point, and the young gentleman was duly horsed.

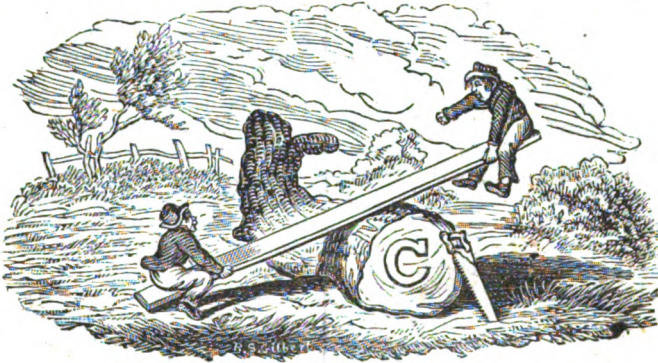
"As for Master Giles," said the master, as he laid down the birch, "he well merited a flogging for his astonishing—his wilful stupidity. If boys positively will not profit by my instructions, I am bound, in duty to their parents, to try the effect of castigation. No man grieves more sin-

cerely than I do, at the necessity which exists for using the birch and cane as instruments of liberal education; and yet, unfortunately, no man I verily believe, is compelled to use them more frequently than myself. I was occupied for full half an hour, in drumming this identical verb into Giles Orrod, only yesterday morning: and you, sir," added he, turning to Dick, "you, I suppose, are quite as great a blockhead as your brother. Now attend to me, both of you:—what's the past of *see*!"

Neither of the young gentlemen replied.

"I thought as much," quoth the master. "The perfect of *see* is the present of *saw*—SEE, SAW."

"SEE, SAW," shouted the boys; but that unfortunate verb was the stumbling-block to their advancement. They never could comprehend how the perfect of *see*, could be the present of *saw*; and days, weeks, months—nay, years after—they were still at their endless, and, to them, incomprehensible game of SEE-SAW.



FOLLOW ME!

A SUMMER morning, with its calm, glad light,
Was on the fallen castle: other days
Were here remembered vividly; the past
Was even as the present, nay, perhaps more—
For that we do not pause to think upon.
First, o'er the arching gateway was a shield,
The sculptured arms defaced, but visible
Was the bold motto, "Follow me:" again
I saw it scrolled around the lofty crest
Which, mouldering, decked the ruined banquet-room:
A third time did I trace these characters—
On the worn pavement of an ancient grave
Was written "Follow me!"

Follow me!—'tis to the battle-field—
No eye must turn, and no step must yield;
In the thick of the battle look ye to be:
On!—'tis my banner ye follow, and me.

Follow me!—'tis to the festal ring,
Where the maidens smile and the minstrels sing;
Hark! to our name is the bright wine poured:
Follow me on to the banquet-board!

Follow me!—'tis where the yew-tree bends,
When the strength and the pride of the victor ends;
Pale in the thick grass the wild flowers bloom:
Follow me on to the silent tomb!

A MOORISH ENCAMPMENT.

FROM AIRD'S "CAPTIVE OF FEZ."

— It was a goodly sight
To see those tents beneath the setting light,
Encircling round with deep pavilioned pale,
A little hill in middle of the vale.
Fair trees, with golden sunlight in their tops,
In leafy tiers grew up its beauteous slopes.
Green was its open summit, and thereon
O'er battle plains the mighty captains shone;
West, through the vale, delicious lay unrolled
The lapse of rivers in their evening gold;
And far along their sun-illuminated banks,
Broke the quick restless gleam of warlike ranks.
North, where the hills arose by soft degrees,
Stood stately warriors in the myrtle trees,
And fed their beauteous steeds. From east to south,
Armed files stood onward to the valley's mouth.
From out the tents, the while, and round the plain,
Bold music burst defiance to maintain,
And hope against the morrow's dawning hour;
Nor the gay camp belied th' inspiring power:
From white toothed tribes, that loitered on the grass,
Loth laughter burst—fierce jests were heard to pass;
Around the tents were poured the gorgeous throngs
Of nations, blent with shouts and warlike songs:
Nor ceased the din as o'er the encampment wide,
Fell softly dark that eve of summertime.

MIRROR OF THE GRACES.

ADVOCATE as I am for a fine complexion, you must perceive that it is for the *real* and not the *spurious*. The foundation of my argument, *the skin's power, of expression*, would be entirely lost, were I to tolerate that fictitious, that dead beauty, which is composed of white paints and enamelling. In the first place, as all applications of this kind are as a mask on the skin, they can never, but at a distant glance, impose for a moment on a discerning eye. But why should I say a *discerning eye*? No eye that is of the commonest apprehension can look on a face bedaubed with white paint, pearl powder, or enamel, and be deceived for a minute into a belief that so inanimate a "whited wall" is the human skin. No flush of pleasure, no shudder of pain, no thrilling of hope, can be descried beneath the encrusted mould; all that passes within is concealed behind the mummy surface. Perhaps the painted creature may be admired by an artist as a well-executed picture; but no man will seriously consider her as a handsome woman.

White painting is, therefore, an ineffectual, as well as dangerous practice. The proposed end is not obtained; as poison lurks under every layer, the constitution weans in alarming proportion as the supposed charms increase.

What is said against white paint, does not oppose, with the same force, the use of red.

A little vegetable rouge tinging the cheek of a delicate woman, who, from ill health or an anxious mind, loses her roses, may be excusable; and so transparent is the texture of such rouge, (when unadulterated with lead,) that when the blood does mount to the face, it speaks through the slight covering, and enhances the fading bloom. But, though the occasional use of rouge may be tolerated, yet my fair friends must understand that it is only *tolerated*. Good sense must so preside over its application, that its tint on the cheek may always be fainter than what nature's pallet would have painted. A violently rouged woman is one of the most disgusting objects to the eye. The excessive red on the face gives a coarseness to every feature, and a general fierceness to the countenance, which transforms the elegant lady of fashion into a vulgar harridan.

While I recommend that the rouge we sparingly permit should be laid on with delicacy, my readers must not suppose that I intend such advice as a means of making the art a deception. It seems to me so slight and so innocent an apparel of the face, (a kind of decent veil thrown over the cheek, rendered too eloquent of grief by the pallidness of secret sorrow,) that I cannot see any shame in the most ingenuous female acknowledging that she occasionally rouges. It is often, like a cheerful smile on the face of an invalid, put on to give comfort to an anxious friend.

There are various ways of putting on rouge. French women in general, and those who imitate them, daub it on from the bottom of the side of the face up to the very eye, even till it meets the lower eye-lash, and creeps all over the temples. This is a hideous practice. It is obvious that it must produce deformity instead of beauty; and, as I said before, would metamorphose the gentlest looking fair Hebe into a fierce Medusa.

For brunettes, a slight touch of simple carmine on the cheek, in its dry powder state, is amply sufficient. Taste will teach the hand to soften the colour by due degrees, till it almost imperceptibly blends with the natural hue of the skin. For fairer, complexions, letting down the vivid red of the carmine with a mixture of fine hair powder, till it suits the general appearance of the skin, will have the desired effect.

The article of rouge, on the grounds I have mentioned, is the only species of positive art a woman of integrity or of delicacy can permit herself to use with her face. Her motives for imitating the bloom of health may be of the most honourable nature, and she can with candour avow them. On the reverse, nothing but selfish vanity, and falsehood of mind, could prevail on a woman to enamel her skin with white paints, to lacker her lips with vermilion, to draw the meandering vein through the fictitious alabaster with as fictitious a dye.

Pencilling eye-brows, staining them, &c., are too clumsy tricks of attempted deception, for any other emotion to be excited in the mind of the beholder, than contempt for the bad taste and wilful blindness which could ever deem them passable for a moment. There is a lovely harmony in nature's tints, which we seldom attain by our added chromatics. The exquisitely fair complexion is generally accompanied with blue eyes, light hair, and light eye-brows and lashes. So far all is right. The delicacy of one feature is preserved in effect and beauty by the corresponding softness of the other. A young creature, so formed, appears to the eye of taste like the azure heavens, seen through the fleecy clouds on which the brightness of day delights to dwell. But take this fair image of the celestial regions, draw a black line over her softly-tinctured eyes, stain their beamy fringes with a sombre hue, and what do you produce? Certainly a fair face with *dark* eye-brows! But that feature, which is an embellishment to a brunette, when seen on the forehead of the fair beauty, becomes, if not an absolute deformity, so great a drawback from her perfections, that the harmony is gone; and, as a proof, a painter would immediately turn from the change with disgust.

Nature, in almost every case, is our best guide. Hence the native colour of our own hair is, in general, better adapted to our own complexions than a wig of a contrary hue. A thing may be beautiful in itself, which, with cer-

tain combinations, may be rendered hideous. For instance, a golden-tressed wig on the head of a brown woman, makes both ridiculous. By the same rule all fantastic tricks played with the mouth or eyes, or motions of the head, are absurd and ruinous to beauty. They are solecisms in the work of nature.

In Turkey, it happened to be the taste of one of its great monarchs to esteem large and dark-lashed eyes as the most lovely. From that time, all the fair slaves of that voluptuous region, when nature has not bestowed "the wild stag eye in sable ringlets rolling," supply the deficiency with circles of antimony; and so, instead of a real charm, they impart a strange artificial ghastliness to their appearance.

Our country-women, in like manner, when a celebrated *belle* came under the pencil of a favourite painter, who exhibited to her emulative rivals the sweet peculiarities of her long and languishing eye, they must needs all have the same; and, not a lady could appear in public, be her visual orbs large or small, bright or dull, but she must affect the soft sleepiness, the tender and slowly-moving roll of her subduing exemplar. But, though the painter's gallant pencil deigned to compliment his numerous sitters by drowning their strained aspects after the model of the peerless *belle*; yet, in place of the nature-stamped look of modest languishment, he could not but often recognise the disgraceful leer and hideous squint. Let every woman be content to leave her eyes as she found them, and to make that use of them which was their design. They were intended to see with, and artlessly express the feelings of a chaste and benevolent heart. Let them speak this unsophisticated language, and beauty will beam from the orb which affection would have rendered odious.

Analogy of reasoning will bring forward similar remarks with regard to the movements of the mouth, which many ladies use, not to speak with or to admit food, but to show dimples and display white teeth. Wherever a desire for exhibition is discovered, a disposition to disapprove and ridicule arises in the spectator. The pretensions of the vain are a sort of assumption over others, which arms the whole world against them. But, after all, "What are the honours of a painted skin?" I hope it will be distinctly understood by my fair friends, that I do not, by any means, give a general license to painting; on the contrary, that even rouge should only be resorted to in cases of absolute necessity.

A woman of principle and prudence must be consistent in the style and quality of her attire; she must be careful that her expenditure does not exceed the limits of her allowance; she must be aware, that it is not the girl who lavishes the most money on her apparel that is the best arrayed. Frequent instances have I known, where young women, with a little good taste, ingenuity, and economy, have maintained a much better appearance than ladies of three times their fortune. No treasury is large enough to supply indiscriminate profusion; and scarcely any purse

is too scanty for the uses of life, when managed by a careful hand. Few are the situations in which a woman can be placed, whether she be married or single, where some attention to thrift is not expected. High rank requires adequate means to support its consequence; ostentatious wealth, a superabundance to maintain its domineering pretensions; and the middle class, when virtue is its companion, looks to economy to allow it to throw its mite into the lap of charity.

Hence we see, that hardly any woman, however related, can have a right to independent, uncontrolled expenditure; and that, to do her duty in every sense of the word, she must learn to understand and exercise the graces of economy. This quality will be a gem in her husband's eyes; for, though most of the money-getting sex like to see their wives well dressed, yet, trust me, my fair friends, they would rather owe that pleasure to your taste than to their pockets!

Costliness being, then, no essential principle in real elegance, I shall proceed to give you a few hints on what are the distinguishing circumstances of a well-ordered toilet.

As the beauty of form and complexion is different in different women, and is still more varied, according to the ages of the fair subjects of investigation; so the styles in dress, while simplicity is the soul of all, must assume a character corresponding with the wearer.

The seasons of life should be arrayed like those of the year. In the spring of youth, when all is lovely and gay, then, as the soft green, sparkling in freshness, bedecks the earth, so, light and transparent robes of tender colours should adorn the limbs of the young beauty. If she be of the Hebe form, warm weather should find her veiled in fine muslin, lawn, gauzes, and other lucid materials. To suit the character of her figure, and to accord with the prevailing mode and just taste together, her morning robes should be of a length sufficiently circumscribed as not to impede her walking; but on no account must they be too short; for, when any design is betrayed of showing the foot or ankle, the idea of beauty is lost in that of the wearer's odious indelicacy. On the reverse, when no show of vanity is apparent in the dress—when the lightly-flowing drapery, by unsought accident, discovers the pretty buskined foot or taper ankle, a sense of virgin timidity, and of exquisite loveliness together, strikes upon the senses; and Admiration, with a tender sigh, softly whispers, "The most resistless charm is modesty."

GREAT men, like comets, are eccentric in their courses, and formed to do extensive good by modes unintelligible to vulgar minds. Hence, like those erratic orbs in the firmament, it is their fate to be miscomprehended by fools, and misrepresented by knaves; to be abused for all the good they actually do, and to be accused of ills with which they have nothing to do, neither in design nor execution.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

OUR attention has been directed to this subject by a correspondent, who is desirous of knowing how the hair may be prevented from growing on those parts of the face which are ordinarily free from it. Though we confess ourselves unable to give any satisfactory reply to this question, we are persuaded that the following remarks will be interesting to the individual alluded to, in common with the generality of our readers.

The surface of the body would appear to be liberally supplied with bulbs or roots, which, when excited into action, are capable of producing a growth of hair over the whole of the skin, with the exception, perhaps, of that covering the inner surface of the limbs, the palms of the hands, and soles of the feet. Of the particular circumstances, however, which render these roots, over a great part of the body, ordinarily inert, or which cause them, in some individuals, to produce hair, in situations where it does not usually appear, we are entirely ignorant.

It is seldom that what is termed superfluous hair, is met with in young persons, or during the prime of life; it is usually not until after the middle period of life that it occurs. This circumstance has been attempted to be accounted for, from the two constituent parts of the hair, phosphate of lime and albumen, being, also, the principal substances which enter into the formation of the bones; hence it is supposed that when the latter have completed their growth and firmness of structure, the albumen and phosphate of lime contained in the blood, are prevented from accumulating in excess, by being appropriated to the production of an increased amount of hair. This explanation, however, though plausible, is entirely hypothetical, and does not account for the fact, of the almost infinite variety in the amount and extent of the hair on the surface of different individuals. With our present knowledge of the human economy we are, in fact, unable to trace satisfactorily, the causes of the hair being in some cases, from birth, too low on the forehead, or so irregularly covering the face as to be in the highest degree detrimental to beauty. We are unable, also, to explain the reason why in one the eye-brows should present merely a curved line, while in another they are thick, coarse, and over-hanging; nor why, in some instances, they should be separated by a considerable space from each other, and in others be united into one; which latter, though now looked upon as a defect, was esteemed by the ancient Romans a mark of beauty.

One of the most unsightly and disagreeable forms under which superfluous hair makes its appearance on the face and neck, is in the form of large hairy moles † large tawny blotches, also, thickly studded with a coarse hair, are frequently met with upon the cheeks, forehead, or chin.

These are most generally present at birth, though occasionally they make their appearance subsequently.

Various methods have been proposed and practised from the earliest ages, with the view of removing superfluous hair. The female Jews, by whom a high forehead, free from hair, is considered indispensable to beauty, use, we are informed, as a depilatory,* a bandage round the forehead, of scarlet cloth. How far the means has been found successful, we cannot say.

Numerous depilatories are in common use among the natives of the East; while the toilet of the European is likewise plentifully supplied with them. They consist, in general, of a preparation of quicklime, or of some other alkaline or corrosive substance. In some, even arsenic enters as an ingredient, as in the *rusma* of the Turks, and the Egyptians. All such articles, though no doubt many of them effectually destroy the hair, should, we conceive, be carefully avoided; the injury which their use occasions to the skin, being often very considerable. They give rise occasionally to troublesome, and even dangerous sores, and cause at times a scar, still more unsightly than the defect they were employed to remedy. Those which contain arsenic, can never be resorted to without the utmost risk to health, if not to life.

At first sight, one of the most effectual means of getting rid of the offending hair, would appear to be to pluck it out by the roots. By this procedure, however, which is productive of not a little pain, besides irritating and inflaming the skin, and endangering the production of pimples, and sores, the growth of the hair, is but in a very few instances prevented. Thousands of roots, always ready to produce a new crop of hair, still exist in the skin, and they appear (in fact) to be roused into action by the rooting out of the hair already existing.

With respect to the hairy moles, and blotches, which have been alluded to, these may frequently be removed, in early life, by the knife of the surgeon, with but little pain, and without the least danger being incurred. But, at a more advanced age, too much caution cannot be observed, in avoiding every means capable of irritating or inflaming them. They ought never to be meddled with. Ulcers of a most unmanageable character, productive of deformity, and even death, are liable to result in certain constitutions, from the slightest injury inflicted upon them.

Under all circumstances, therefore, we believe it to be far better to put up with the deformity arising from the superfluous hair, than to endanger the occurrence of a greater evil by attempting its eradication.—*Journal of Health*.

* Depilatory, is a term applied to any means calculated to eradicate the hair.

TO THE EARTH.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

My mother! from whose fostering breast
This weak and fleeting substance came,
And where these limbs are doomed to rest
When thou reclaim'st the dying frame;
Within thy regions lone and deep
What wild and sullen horror dwells,
And how doth shapeless Mystery keep
His watch beside those viewless cells!

There slumber they, the sons of might—
Titanic forms—thine earliest mould,
Who dared the vullied thunder's flight,
And cleft the towering hills of old;
And chiefs who marked the battle bleed
When Time his infant course began;
And they, the Assyrian Hunter's seed,
The shielded kings, whose prey was man.

There in its tideless fury shed
For ever on those steadfast shores,
Bituminous and darkly spread,
The eye enduring ocean roars;
And mutters, bound and fettered fast,
The earthquake in its sullen ire;
And lurks the power whose sulph'rous blast
Enrobes the rending mount with fire.

Thou hast thy treasures—jewelled caves,
With sanguine rubies richly dight,
And emeralds green as ocean's waves,
And diamond rocks like veins of light,
And sapphires whose unshaded blue
Seems drank from summer's cloudless skies,
And opals, as the iris hue,
Where morn's deep tintured glances rise.

Thou hast thy beauties—realms unknown,
Where murmuring music soft and low,
O'er onyx, and the sardine stone,
The cold petrific waters flow;
And sparry chambers dimly lit,
And shining groves and fretted bowers,
Where dreamy Silence loves to sit,
And Fancy proves her myriad powers.

Thou hast thine habitants—the horde
Of swarthy gnomes in vesture bright,
And elves who forge the mystic sword
And ebon panoply of night;
And black-winged dreams whose legion sweep
Embattled through the realm of rest;
And Phantasy, dim child of Sleep,
The Proteus of the slumbering breast.

Yet not for these thy sacred name
I breathe, and on thy presence call,
For thou dost boast a higher claim,
Time hallowed aid and home of all!
Thou pourest forth thy golden birth,
As heaven's own quickening influence free,
And bleasest, in thy bounteous mirth,
The meanest hand that waits on thee.

The shades which mark this fleeting lot,
Man's trust or pride, with thee are vain;
The weak, the low, the scorned not,
The feeble limb and captives chain:
Thou callest, and our feverish woes,
Scared at thy parent voice, depart,
And bushest in thy deep repose
The weary and the worn in heart.

And who shall view thee, even as now,
While fraught with life thy features lie,
With verdure on that sunny brow,
And gladness as a veil on high;
Nor think of what must briefly be,
In that stern hour of good or ill,
When Thou shalt urge the dread decree,
And whisper to the breast—be still!

B 2

SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILLIAN."

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas, the huge drum makes reply:
Ere this has Lucas march'd with his gallant Cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on our ears:
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas, white Guy is at the door;
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor!

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow turret-stair;

Oh! many were the tears those radiant eyes had shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;

And mournful was the smile that o'er those beauteous features ran,

As he said, "It is your Lady's gift, unfurl it in the van!"

It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride—
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon, and the black dragon of Pride;

The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my Lady's gew-gaw flaunt bravely on their wing,

And hear her loyal soldier's shout—for God and for the King.

'Tis noon—the ranks are broken along the Royal line;
They fly—the braggards of the Court, the bullies of the Rhine!

Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,

And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown;

And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,

"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night!"

The Knight is all alone, his steel-cap cleft in twain—
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
But still, he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout
"For Church and King—fair gentlemen, spur on, and fight it out!"

And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,

And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are here
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial—down with him to the dust!"

"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword

This day were doing battle for the saints and for the Lord."

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;

The grey-haired warden watches on the castle's highest tower—

"What news, what news, old Anthony?"—"The field is lost and won;

The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath the sun;
And a wounded man speeds hither—I am old and cannot see,
Or, sure I am that sturdy step, my master's step should be."

"I bring thee back the standard from as rude and red a fray,
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for minstrel's lay:

Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor quantum suff—
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot and buff;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing out his life,

And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife.

"Sweet, we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France;

And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's mischance:
Or, if the worst betide me, why better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthall for a King, and Peters for a Pope!

Alas, alas, my gallant Guy! out on the crop-eared boor,
That sent me with thy standard on foot from Marston Moor!"

THE GOLD CROSS.

It was late one cold and stormy evening in Autumn that a traveller, plainly dressed, and of middle age, entered a little village of Flanders. It was not sufficiently wealthy to be possessed of a comfortable inn, and after reconnoitering the miserable auberge, the pedestrian, who had left his carriage to explore the interesting scenery, resolved to seek in some one of the cottages the blessings of neatness and quiet. He passed several whose noisy children or smoking men did not coincide with his wishes, till the appearance of a small abode struck him with an aspect of comfort superior to any he had beheld. The little garden was kept in neat order, and looking through the casement, he contemplated, unobserved, a scene which charmed a lover of nature. The wood fire blazed brightly, and cast its strong glare on the features of an old woman occupied in knitting. On the other side of the fire-place its light fell with a softer lustre on the profile of a young girl, who appeared to be making lace. She was dressed in the costume of the country, and one of its most becoming ones. The crown of her cap, whose material was of a snowy whiteness, was moderately high, and the front, placed rather far back, revealed her lovely brow, and the dark chesnut locks parted simply on it. Her features were regular and soft; her long black eye-lashes, deep eye-lids, and the pale pure expression of her face, might have formed a model for a Madonna, till she raised her bright blue eyes, speaking the simplicity and hilarity of her age; and her lips parted in a sweet and lively smile. Her form, laced in the picturesque corset, and shaded by her lawn handkerchief, had all the graces of youth, and more than are generally found in a peasant. The unseen spectator resolved here to seek hospitality. He knocked gently at the door, and the young maiden, with the fearlessness which marks the primitive manners of a retired place, came and opened it. "Will you ask your mother," said the Count de Larive, to admit a strange gentleman to a night's lodging if she has a spare bed? I am much fatigued, and should prefer your quiet cottage to the bustle of an inn."—"Willingly," said the girl; and having mentioned to the old woman this request, she arose and advanced towards him, when he perceived she was not so old as he had thought before; and after a few courteous inquiries frankly admitted the Count, who had no motive to conceal his name, to the hospitality he needed. Having divested himself of his travelling pelisse, he appeared to Madame Surville, who was not quite a stranger to the aspect of genteel persons, what he really was, a high-bred gentleman, and, as such, very easy and affable. "I fear Sir," said she, "we have not a supper to offer fit for you—some dried fish, fresh eggs, and bread, are all our cottage can afford, but my daughter will prepare them neatly and expeditiously."—"Good fare, madame, for a tired traveller," said the Count, who was surprised at her

civilized manners, "and I shall be glad to partake of any thing prepared by so charming a child as your daughter!" The Count's age and that of the young girl, scarcely seventeen, rendered this compliment excusable, and the mother took it in good part. "Yes," said she, "Rosalie is worthy of praise, for she is a good girl, and, since my poor husband died, my only consolation."—"You are a widow then?" observed the Count.—"Yes, Sir, several years; but I endeavour to be resigned to the will of Providence, for her affection supports me; for," added she, observing Rosalie was busy in hospitable arrangements at the other end of the apartment, "she will not marry, though she has a very good offer from a respectable man, the bailie here: who has been very kind to us, out of pure friendship, as we thought at first, though it seems he wished to gain her for a wife; but he has not sufficient means to maintain me too, and Rosalie declares she will not leave me, as, from a paralytic weakness in my hands, I am unfit for much work."

The Count was interested by this little narrative; and sat down to supper which was prepared by the white hands of Rosalie (for they were white and small), with a neatness delightful even to a fastidious eye, and as he gazed on her delicate and peculiar style of beauty, he thought her the pearl of cottage maidens. He had cares of his own which rendered his cheek pale and his eye thoughtful, but his rustic companions were struck with his fine and gentle countenance. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Madame Surville, "for looking at you so attentively, but I surely have seen one who strongly resembled you, though I cannot recal where." Then after a pause, she suddenly, and as if involuntarily, added—"Ah! now I remember!" But she stopped suddenly, and changed colour. The Count deemed that she recalled some painful recollections, and sought to divert the conversation, while he partook cheerfully of his simple repast—"Who plays on that instrument?" inquired he, pointing to a guitar which hung near."—"My daughter," answered Madame de Surville; "and if you please, Sir, she shall sing you the Evening Hymn as you finish your supper."—"I should be gratified indeed." The obliging Rosalie, who had scarcely spoken, instantly fetched her guitar; and though a faint blush streaked her fair cheek, sang, in a sweet but untaught voice, this

EVENING HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

"See! Evening sinks o'er hill and bower,
Ave Maria! hear our pray'r,
Pure as the dew-drop on the flower—
As free from guilt, as free from care,
May we thy guardian influence share.

"See! Winter's Evening sets serene,
Ave Maria! hear our pray'r;
The snows that shine so dazzling seen,
May not with Virtue's robe compare—
This spotless vesture let us wear!"

As Rosalie concluded, the Count observed her take what he thought a small cross from her bosom, and kiss it with much devotion. She then rose, and, hanging up her guitar, approached her mother, and tenderly embracing her, said she would go and prepare the gentleman's apartment, and afterwards retire to rest. Her manner in saying this, and the modest curtsey with which she departed, delighted the Count. How superior, thought he, is this simple maiden to most of our Paris Demoiselles. How soon a dancing-master and affectation would spoil that native elegance—yet how rare to find it in a cottage. "You are then Catholics?" said he, turning to Madame de Surville.—"My dear Rosalie is, Sir, but I myself am a Protestant."—"That is rather surprising!" said the Count, almost unconsciously.—"His hostess sighed. "Yes!" said she, "there is a good deal extraordinary in the events of my life, though they have been few and drawing to a close: for I am weakened by sorrow more than by age, and all that grieves me is to think I must leave my poor girl unprovided for."—"Have you no friends here?" asked her pitying auditor.—"Scarcely any, Sir; for I have not been in this place many years. The baillie, indeed, professes love for Rosalie, but he is a widower, with children, and it is said he was not kind to his first wife. I should be loth to leave one so gentle to such protection."—"True, indeed," said the Count, "she is a most interesting girl, and, from your account, very amiable. I wish I could befriend her. I have a wife, a most excellent woman, who will arrive here probably to-morrow in our carriage. I think she will be extremely pleased with your Rosalie."—"Any one might be pleased with her, though I say it who ought not, yet who has more right? She works day and night for my support, delicate as she has always been, and will work for the poor too, when she can do nothing else for them; but I must trust to Providence, who knows her virtues, to reward them!"—"All you have said," replied the Count, "has excited in me much interest, and a desire to be of service to you both. I am rich, and have, alas! little else to do with my wealth than to make others happy. If you would confide to me, although a stranger, something of your situation, and, if you feel free to do so, those peculiar circumstances to which you alluded, if my power and good-will could assist you I should be inclined to offer both."—"You are very kind, Sir; and there is something in your features," added she, with a sigh, "which almost makes me think I ought to confide in you, for in this lone place such an opportunity may never occur again of making a friend for my poor Rosalie. I am sure I may trust to your honour never to reveal those parts of my story I wish to remain secret, and which will still further affect your feelings for this excellent girl."—"Believe me," said the Count, "as no idle curiosity, but a sincere wish to serve you, prompts my request, so with me your confidence will be sacred." The good woman mused a little, wiped away some tears, and drawing her chair close to the fire,

without further circumlocution, began her narrative in these terms:—

"I will commence my tale at that period of my life which found me happy in the possession of all the moderate comforts of life, and still more so in the affection of an excellent husband, who owned a small competence, which, with his own industry and mine, sufficed our moderate wishes. We dwelt in a town of France, the name of which I need not mention. My husband was engaged abroad most of the day by his occupations, and my time was fully employed in superintending a school of young girls, the children of respectable, though not opulent parents, whom I instructed in the first rudiments of education. I may say with truth no couple bore a better character than ourselves, and my few scholars, (for I would not increase the number) were reckoned the best behaved, the healthiest, and most happy of all the daughters of our neighbours. It happened one evening, when they were all departed, and I was quite alone, my husband being detained later than usual, a sudden ring at the bell startled me, for my visitors were few and rare. Having but one servant I went to the door myself, and was not a little surprised to see a lady of most noble appearance, well dressed, and leading a little girl, who appeared about three years old." At this part of the narrative her auditor suddenly started. The good woman observed him not, but continued absorbed in recollection. "You may guess I made my best curtsey, not being used to see such fine ladies in our town, and civilly inquired what business she would honour me with.—'Allow me,' said she, 'to speak to you a few moments alone in your parlour.'—Though surprised, I of course assented, and led the way to an apartment I kept to see any one who might call and wish to speak with me apart from my scholars. When I had offered the lady a chair she sat down, indeed she seemed scarcely able to stand, and, to my wonderment, began to be much agitated, and wept bitterly: for, though her veil covered her countenance, I could hear her violent sobs. At last she spoke.—'Excuse me, Madam,' said she; 'I am a mother, and my object here is to part with my little girl. Is the number of your scholars full?'—Quite struck at the question from a lady of her consequence, I replied it was; and though honoured by her commands, I felt myself quite unequal to the task of bringing up a young lady who appeared of such high birth. At this my mysterious visitor seemed more distressed. At length, raising her veil, she discovered to my view a countenance—all my life will its surpassing beauty and sweetness be as it were imprinted on my very heart.—'Madam!' said she, 'this is not what I meant to say; I have heard, from those who know you, of your extreme goodness of heart, your gentleness, your humanity to children. Unhappy circumstances, which I cannot explain, force me to join my husband, and leave our only child behind me. I have, alas! no friends to confide her to—but the good are all friends; those who act on the divine precepts of Christianity never can be strangers.

I have the means amply, liberally to recompense your care of her; but to the kindness, the uprightness of your character, I trust, and do not wish to penetrate the mystery which must, alas! envelope an unfortunate wife forced to choose between the father and the child. Oh, Madam,' she exclaimed, 'I am sure you feel for a distracted mother; do not refuse my request! let me have the only consolation I can know in quitting this innocent—tender from her age and her sex—of leaving her with a worthy woman, one who fears God, and who will therefore perform her duty to my child. I care not for accomplishments—teach her to be good and happy like yourself; judge by these tears whether I can covet external advantages for her when they have rendered her mother so unhappy.'—Seeing, by my silence, at once my emotion and indecision, the lady placed on the table a heavy purse of gold.—'This,' said she, 'is to pay the first year of your charge—a similar sum annually shall be transmitted till the happy period when I may hope to claim her again.'—'Madam,' said I, 'suffer me to inform my husband.'—'No,' replied she, 'hesitate not, pause not to do a good action—your heart tells you it is right. I swear before the awful Power, to whose protection I confide my child, I have told you the truth—more I cannot add. You shall hear from me. Accept this precious deposit,' said she, looking at her lovely little girl, who smiled unconscious in her face; 'by so doing, you will save a mother from despair—you will perform a deed which will sweeten your last moments, and no possible harm, but great benefit, may accrue to you and yours.'—Then, before I could prevent her, she threw herself on her knees before me—she seized my hand, put into it the trembling one of the little girl, and was gone ere I had recovered from the stupor of surprise." The good woman paused, much affected by her interesting account: for so it seemed by the sympathy of her auditor, whose deep-drawn sighs and pale cheeks now drew her attention. "Proceed, I entreat you, Madam!" said he in a faint but eager voice, "I have been a father, and your relation affects me." Madame Surville bowed, and continued. "I will not dwell on my astonishment, or that of my husband, who was somewhat displeased at the transaction, as, he said, no good could come from such mystery; but the sweet countenance of the little girl, and her grief for the absence of her mother, endeared her to me, and I tried every means to console her. She had a little basket in her hand, containing a few plain but costly articles of clothing. We were most perplexed as to what religion we should bring her up in, being ourselves Protestants, though in a Catholic country. We had also some difficulty in accounting to our neighbours for this sudden increase of our family. As for making inquiries in the hope to discover more of the child's parents, we thought it both right and prudent to abstain. The little dear had received a severe and effectual caution herself against answering my questions; nor did there seem much to tell, but that she lived very

retired in a small cottage, with her mother and an old lady, who was now dead. However, some of our doubts were ended in a few weeks, by the arrival of a packet containing more money, a letter, and some presents for the child. The letter was short—it thanked us in the name of two unfortunate parents for undertaking so important a charge; committing her, with the strongest entreaties, to our tender care, and assuring us we should be remunerated beyond our utmost expectations. One of the presents was a gold cross, which, by her mother's desire, has never since quitted Rosalie's neck; she kisses it night and morning, and it is doubly the object of her devotion. We were told in the letter, 'her family's religion was Catholic, and earnestly requested to bring her up in the same,' which injunction we have conscientiously followed. The other present was a miniature picture of a gentleman in uniform, whom we supposed to be her father: but this we were enjoined not to show her yet, as likely to raise too strong emotions in her young mind of wonder and regret, but to endeavour to reconcile her to her situation, and bring her up at once with care and simplicity. Many a tear have I shed over the letter which breathed a mother's love in every line—and the picture, so noble, so manly. Excuse me, Sir, but I thought just now at supper it had some resemblance to yourself."—"Have you still that picture, and will you let me see it?" asked the stranger, in a hollow voice.—"Why, yes, Sir; it is so long ago, no harm can, I hope, come from showing it to a gentleman like you." The good woman rose, unlocked a small closet near the fire-place, took out a little casket, and applying her finger to the spring, opened it, and discovered a miniature and a letter. She gave the Count both. He seized, and eagerly looked at the writing of the letter, and it dropped from his nerveless hand; then throwing himself into a chair, he covered his eyes, as though too much agitated to contemplate the portrait.—"Dear Sir," said the widow, "what moves you thus? Did you know our dear Rosalie's parents? Can you tell me where they are?"—The Count raised his face, and bringing the picture nearer the light, "Excellent woman!" said he, "in this behold the image of what I was fourteen years ago, ere the sorrow of parting from an only child withered my youthful bosom." Struck to the heart, Madame de Surville first turned deadly pale, then directing her looks to heaven—"The Author of all Good be praised!" said she. "If I must lose my dear adopted daughter, I shall at least place her in the arms of her parents."—"Lose her!" exclaimed the Count, seizing her hand:—"No; you have been to her a mother too long to be less than a sister to me and my wife. With us and your dear Rosalie shall you end your life."

Let us pass over, however, these emotions of the first moments of surprise. When both parties had a little recovered composure, the Count declared his resolution to restrain his impatience, and defer declaring his affinity to his new found treasure until the arrival of her mother, by which

time Madame de Surville might have prepared Rosalie for the change. This worthy being could not repress her anxiety to be informed of the circumstances which had thus thrown his child on the protection of strangers. And as the Count felt it impossible for him to rest that night, he determined to satisfy her solicitude, though the relation would prove a severe trial to his own feelings.

"In me, my dear Madam!" said he, "you behold one of the sad examples of the misery arising from ungoverned passions acting on an originally good heart, unregulated by principle. I was born to all the advantages of rank and luxury, the only and adored son of my father (for my poor mother died in my infancy, or her tender care might have softened my defects.) Indulged, flattered, caressed, I became headstrong and impatient of control. My father, accustomed to gratify my boyish wishes, never reflected that a day might arrive when they would interfere with his own sentiments. With the same want of foresight he had brought up with me a female orphan, rather younger than myself, a distant relation of our family, and who being without fortune, was indebted to my father for an honourable education. Emelie de la Tour was—alas! I need not say what, for you beheld her—the unfortunate mother of Rosalie—when in the prime of her beauty, matchless as it was, ere grief had tarnished its splendour. To her extraordinary charms she joined sweetness, wit, and accomplishments. Yet my father never appeared to suspect it was impossible for me daily to behold without loving her. Her education, like my own, had been imperfect, and her feelings were strong though amiable. Neither of us seemed sensible that we had no right to dispose of our hearts and hands without consulting those who had a claim to our confidence. To shorten my painful tale, our mutual but innocent attachment was discovered by my father. Never shall I forget his displeasure—the thought of his son, the heir of all his honours, marrying a portionless orphan, seemed almost to drive him to madness. My poor Emilie was hurried away without my knowledge to a distant part of France, to stay with an old aunt previous to being immured in a convent. By extraordinary exertions I discovered her retreat, and managed secretly to correspond with the idol of my soul. My father was pacified by her absence, and all might yet have been well, had not he unhappily proposed to me an immediate and illustrious marriage with another. Distracted at the bare idea, I however dissembled, but it was only to execute a plan which would render it for ever impossible for me to marry any one but Emilie. By the plausible excuse of joining my regiment, I hurried to her, and thought myself the happiest of human beings when I had, by entreaties, and almost threats of ending my existence, prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage, which I procured to be solemnized. I afterwards returned to my father, while she continued with her aunt. What was my remorse for this hasty step, when, on my return,

some disagreement between the two families had for ever broken off the dreaded match! Yet was Emily mine. We had won over her aunt to conceal our imprudence, and, through her contrivance, we enjoyed many stolen hours of each other's society, though poisoned by conscious duplicity and disobedience to a parent. But when I became the father of a sweet little girl, my sensations were the most poignant—every smile of her's was a dagger to my heart, and seemed to reproach me with my deceit towards the author of my days. But my earthly punishment was to come. I adored my wife and child. In their caresses I tasted the only alleviation of my misery, when a sudden order of my regiment to a foreign and most unhealthy climate imposed on me the dreadful necessity of parting with all I loved—for to ask my wife to leave her Rosalie, or to take her to those pestilential shores, was impossible. My aged, my injured father, too, I was forced to abandon, and this seemed to my repentant heart the severest stroke of all—for never might I again behold him—never make reparation for the days my unhappy passion had embittered. Thank Heaven! for his own peace, he knew not all my guilt—as for mine it seemed gone for ever. One consolation remained, I left my beloved and her child in the care of her excellent aunt, and this a little reconciled me to my hurried departure, not even allowing me to breathe a painful adieu! What then were my feelings on learning by a letter that Emilie's aunt lay a corse! Deprived of her only friend in her own country, she was determined to seek her sole protection in my arms, to share my dangers, and at least die together. Yet to expose her child's tender age to the same dangers, was more than the heart of a mother could resolve. She happened to be well acquainted with one of your little pupils; had heard of your extreme kindness—the good character of your husband—and knowing no one else in whom she could confide, and the town where you lived being not more than ten miles from her abode, she formed the wild plan of trusting her Rosalie to a good and benevolent stranger. Heaven has blessed her intention, and it will reward your fidelity. Let me briefly pass over the long, sad years we spent abroad. My regiment was ordered home, and I returned with the resolution of throwing myself at my father's feet, and confessing all, and entreating forgiveness. Alas! I found him no more. With his dying breath he blessed my filial duty; and, at that awful moment, remembering the virtues of my Emilie, and believing her yet single, he left his consent to our union. My sorrow, and the deep repentance that accompanied it, I cannot describe—my health, impaired by the climate, quite gave way. On my recovery from a severe fever, my first proposal was to set out immediately to claim that beloved child, who was the only tie we now possessed in our country. Alas! how inestimably dear. Think then of the feelings of her doating mother, already faded by premature cares and regret—think of the anguish, of the remorse that rent my heart

when on reaching the little town you had inhabited, our utmost endeavours could find no trace of you. Three tedious years have been consumed in almost hopeless travelling through France and the neighbouring countries, in search of our lost treasure. And now, when my Emilie's pale cheek and sunken eye tells the tale of hope deferred; when my spirits are so worn down by disappointment as scarcely to be able to cheer hers, Heaven, which has doubtless chastised us in its mercy, relents, and permits two erring, but sincerely penitent beings, to clasp to their bosom the pledge of early, sad, but misguided affection." The Count ceased, much affected, and evidently unable to continue.—"It is for me, dearest Sir," said Madame de Surville, "to fill up the blank in your narration, and account for the mysterious disappearance of my little family.

"During a period of ten years we regularly received your munificent allowance for the care of Rosalie. The last year of our remaining at F—, whether in consequence of the approaching removal of your regiment, or what other cause, you may perhaps explain, none reached us. It was indeed a year of calamity. I have mentioned our being Protestants, and we were now to find that to live in our own country and profess that religion was impossible. My scholars first dropped off; my husband's employment was taken from him: we underwent numerous persecutions; and at last had cause to think our liberty, if not our lives, in imminent danger. It was then we reaped the benefit of your generosity—the sums you had transmitted we had partly saved, intending them as a little resource for the dear girl in case of our death. Necessity was urgent. We had, thanks to this store, the means of flight, but to do so with safety, it was necessary to leave no trace of our steps. This we felt very distressing on your account, but less so as not having heard for nearly two years, we feared you were no more. Our place of retreat was this village, where we should have lived comfortably but for the villainy of an agent who robbed us of most of our treasure. My poor husband is gone, and I had no consolation left but the goodness of my adopted child, and the sweet thought, that should you ever claim her, she would be found in beauty, innocence, and virtue, worthy of any rank."

The evening following that which witnessed the arrival of the Count as a solitary traveller to ask the hospitality of Madame de Surville's hearth, that hearth again blazed as brightly, but no longer were two figures alone seated beside it.

Next to his adored daughter sat the Count de Larive: she still wore the peasant's cap, and simple bodice, but her cheek was bright with a joy it had never known before, and her eyes sparkled with an almost heavenly radiance as she leaned on her fond father's shoulder, and playfully held up to him to kiss, the gold cross, which had never been absent from her bosom since in childhood he had placed it there; and it had every

day and night received the kisses of filial affection when the dear donors were unknown. Opposite them was the beautiful though faded form of the enraptured Emilie, as she gazed on the beloved pair, showing Madame de Surville the well-known picture of her husband, now changed, but more endeared by time and sorrow.

Imagination carried her back to former years, and though the remembrance of past errors and trials, caused a tear to dim the lustre of her eye, yet a smile beamed around her lip which told of hopes of Heaven's forgiveness; and she felt its cheering influence confirmed as she saw her husband reverentially kiss, the symbol of the GOLD CROSS.

THE WONDERS OF PHYSICS.

WHAT mere assertion will make any man believe, that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would, therefore, perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us, that a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth, by its attraction, in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? or, that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies, laid close together, would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us, that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring, at equal intervals, no less than 500 millions of millions of times in a single second! that it is by such movements, communicated to the nerves of the eyes, that we see; nay, more, that it is the difference, in the frequency of their recurrence, which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour; that, for instance, in acquiring the sensation of redness, our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times; of yellowness, 542 millions of millions of times; and of violet, 707 millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen than the sober conclusions of men in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.—*Herschel's Discourse on Natural Philosophy, in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopaedia, Vol. XIV.*

THE DEAD ENGINEER.

THE following anecdote, strongly illustrative of eastern superstition and eastern tyranny, is related in the MS. of Bishop Heber's Journal. Some circumstances induced the editor to omit its publication, the principal of which was, that, as the king of Oude was then living, and was in the habit of making his aides-de-camp translate English books into Hindostanee for his information, she apprehended that the engineer, whose history it relates, might again fall under the power of the favourite. That fear having been removed by the king's death and the immediate dismissal from power of Hukeem Mendee, the prime minister, she no longer hesitates to relate it. "Many whimsical stories are current in Lucknow respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor king, and the rascality of his favourite. His fondness for mechanics was very great. In trying some experiments of this nature, he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable though unimproved genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word, 'if he were wise to leave Lucknow.' The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on inquiring after his humble friend was told that he was dead of cholera; ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children—and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood: he was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing—made his men draw into shore—and to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands, to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board—returned in high anger to Lucknow—and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. 'Undoubtedly!' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada,' said the king, bursting into a fury—'look there, and never see my face more!' The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then, turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of, 'God be merciful! Satan is strong! In the name of God, keep the devil from me!' he said—'I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?'—'Touch him!' said the king, 'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.' 'Istufirullah!' said the favourite; 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass!' The king still stormed; but his voice fal-

tered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain, refuge of the world!' resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom be peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it, that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened he may enter it again peaceably. The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that, 'if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning, if ever he trod the earth again, it should be as a vampire indeed!'

This is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses."

TRUE BEAUTY.

It is a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them on a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of innocence, piety, good humour and truth; virtues which add a new softness to sex, and even beautify beauty! That agreeableness which must have otherwise appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvass, may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of the person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When Adam is introduced by Milton describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them the power of charming:

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love.

Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

CROWN PATTERN.



SIDE PATTERN.



STANZAS.

BY E. M. FITZGERALD.

You ask me, gentle maiden,
For a rhyme, as friendship's boon,
But my spirit is o'er laden,
My heart is out of tune;
I may not breathe a poet's vow,
My music is a name,
And it seldom breaks its slumber now,
For beauty or for fame.

Yet there are some who still can break
The spell that round it clings,
And gleams of thought, that yet awake
Sweet murmurings from the strings;
But then, with something of its old
And long-forgotten art,
Oh! there mingle tones that fall as cold
As midnight on the heart.

I hung it on a blighted tree
In a dream-remembered land,
Where the waters ripple peacefully
In their beauty to the strand;
Beside my own lanthe's bower,
Where I had traced her name,
But from that most ill-omen'd hour,
It never was the same.

Yet, though its gayer notes be flown,
My spirit doth rejoice,
When I deem that visionary tone
The echo of her voice;
For, like the voice of the evening breeze,
When the autumn leaf it stirs,
And a murmuring music is on the trees,
Oh! just such a voice was her's.
Silent and sad, her tomb is there,
And my early visions too;
But her spirit is lingering in the air,
And her tears are in the dew:
And the light of her maidenly mournful eyes
On her bower hath never set,
For it dwells in the stars, and it gleams from the skies,
On a lonely bosom yet.

THE APPEAL.

By that power which in man
The might of intellectual mind,
Which all height and depth can scan,
Still waves o'er that in woman shrined:
The sky-aspiring sympathies
That spurn this world's realities,
And from eager soul to soul
Fly in fire without control—
Thee I summon to surrender
To the hopes which in me burn,
And drink feelings deep and tender
Heart from heart, as from an urn!

I listen to thy bird-like singing
As to the music of some sphere,
For in the depths of azure winging
A hymning flight, which souls may hear
That at midnight muse alone
In a thought-world of their own;
'Tis laden with a mystery deep,
That falls like shadow on me—and I weep!

I look into thy deep blue eyes,
And see thy soul reposing there,
Like a rainbow in the skies;
The creature of a smile and tear,
Arching o'er each azure sphere;
Oh! when shall love be closing there,
Wearied with intense delight,
As a blue flower in twilight;
Or star-fires when the moon doth peer?
I gaze upon them, till I sleep
In an inebriate dream, and through my brain doth leap.

A mighty torrent of imaginings,
Full starr'd with eyes and clothed with wings,
All-seeing all-pervading—
Excess of light my soul is shading!
And unless thy heart accorde
That which love ne'er asks in words,
My heart, even as my lyre, will lose its strings,
And in dumb anguish die, like winter-stricken birds.
T. W.

For the Lady's Book.

ALPHONSINE.

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED, WITH CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS, FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

This story is the narrative of Diana, the mother of Alphonsine.

I WAS born at Madrid, of an ancient and noble family, and was left an orphan and an heiress at the age of eighteen. In my twentieth year I married Don Pedro d'Almedor, with whom I lived in the most perfect felicity for near sixteen months; at which time my husband (who was an officer in the army) received orders to join his regiment in Flanders.

Nothing could dissuade me from accompanying him on his campaign, though I had an infant daughter but three months old. A battle took place immediately after our arrival at the seat of war. I remained with my child and servants at a village within view of the fatal field, trembling, and praying for the safety of my husband, who had taken leave of me in the morning, and before

noon was brought in mortally wounded. He was unable to speak, and expired in less than an hour, leaving me in an agony of affliction which can be better imagined than described.

As soon as I was able to think, with anything like coherence, I resolved upon retiring to a castle that I possessed in the province of Catalonia, and which had been left to me by my maternal grandfather; and in this retreat (which I had never yet visited) I purposed to devote my life to the care of my darling daughter, for whom my affection seemed redoubled since I had lost my husband.

I had a cousin, the Count de Moncalde, a young nobleman whose extravagance had so impaired his fortune, that he had little left except his title. He was heir to the estate of Montalvan, in Catalonia, and to the principal part of my

property, in case of surviving myself and my daughter.

Shortly before our departure for Flanders, the Count de Moncalde had given some offence to the king, for which he was exiled from court; and he requested us to allow him to live during our absence at the castle of Montalvan, which we intended to make our chief residence after our return, and he proposed to superintend the repairs that were necessary for that purpose.

When I could compose my thoughts sufficiently to write, I sent a letter to the Count de Moncalde, requesting him to meet me at Brussels, and escort me on my melancholy journey back to Spain. He came; and by his persuasion I was induced to consent to return by sea, as he had heard of a vessel about to sail from Dieppe to Bilbao, from which port we could soon reach the castle in Catalonia. I was determined to go thither at once, as I could not then bear the idea of revisiting my house in Madrid, and seeing again the place where I had enjoyed so much happiness with my lamented husband.

We arrived safely at Bilbao, after a short passage, in which, however, we encountered a violent storm, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. I brought with me from Flanders, as servants, a young man and his wife, neither of whom could speak Spanish; but I was obliged to hire them, as I could get no others to accompany me, the women I had taken from Spain having chosen to remain, in consequence of marrying two Flemish farmers; and my husband's valet had, soon after his master's death, robbed me of some valuable jewels and ran away.

When we landed at Bilbao, the Count de Moncalde proposed that I should rest there a few days, to recover from the fatigue of the voyage, and till he had written to Leonora, the housekeeper at the castle of Montalvan, to have every thing in readiness for my reception. This Leonora had been placed there at the recommendation of the Count. She had been his nurse, and had always lived among his relations.

I thought this delay unnecessary; but I was so dejected and dispirited, that I had not energy to offer any objection; and, during the few days of our stay at Bilbao, I never went out of the inn at which we lodged.

At length we proceeded on our journey in a carriage purchased at Bilbao—the Flemish manservant following behind on horseback. We travelled slowly, and, passing through the northern part of Navarre, and Arragon, we entered Catalonia, which is bounded on the east by the Mediterranean, not far from which is situated the castle of Montalvan.

On the last evening of our journey, we stopped to rest at a village which the Count told me was twelve miles from Montalvan. I was much fatigued, and very desirous of remaining at the inn till the next day; but the Count, to my great surprise, said that he had made his arrangements to reach the castle that night; and there was something in his tone and look that awed me too much to offer any further objection. The Count

had that day, at the place where we stopped to dine, quarrelled with the coachman whom he had hired at Bilboa, and dismissed him upon the spot; determining to drive the carriage himself, rather than to run the risk of employing a stranger. The inn at which we took our supper, was a solitary wild looking place amid tremendous mountains, and the people about it seemed sunk in ignorance and stupidity; still, I felt so wretched, that I would gladly have remained there till morning.

We travelled on, and, as we approached the castle, my dejection increased. My child had long since gone to sleep in the arms of her nurse, the Flemish woman.

About midnight we perceived by the light of the stars, the battlements of the castle; but, instead of entering at the great front gate, we drove round to the back of the building, and stopped at a little door scarcely perceptible in the wall. The Count alighted, and first assisted Katrina to get out of the carriage, with the child in her arms. He told me to sit still, and he would come back for me in a few moments; and then desiring Martin, the man-servant, to follow, they all entered the castle—the Count having first shut the door of the carriage upon me. I sat there, bewildered, trembling, and dreading I knew not what.

At last the Count returned, and lifted me from the coach. I inquired eagerly for my child. "She is safe," replied he. "Katrina is preparing to put her to bed." I begged to be taken to her immediately. He led me into a dark narrow passage, where a tall masculine woman, apparently about fifty, stood waiting with a lantern. "This," said the Count, "is Leonora, my faithful nurse, and now your house-keeper." He took the lantern from her, and conducted me to a chamber, where I found a handsome bed and a cot. I again asked for my child. "I tell you once more," said he, "that she is safe, and with Katrina." "But I must see her," said I. "You cannot," he replied. "She is by this time asleep, and in another part of the castle. Content yourself without her till morning." I implored him to have my infant brought to me, or to allow me to go to her. He was inexorable—exhorting me to compose myself, and endeavour to obtain a good night's rest; and promising me that I should certainly see my child in the morning.

He went away, and I threw myself on the bed, drowned in tears, and unable to taste any of the refreshments that Leonora had brought me. I entreated this woman to show me where my child was, and to take me to her. She replied, that she had orders not to allow me to leave the chamber. In vain I pressed her to tell me the reason. She refused to answer my enquiries, but told me that she herself was to sleep in my room.

I remarked at the other end of the chamber a door, that I tried to open, but could not. "That door," said Leonora, "leads to a cavern that has an outlet into the garden. There are under the castle vast vaults, which were constructed ages ago as places of refuge in time of war. Do you

wish to see them? they are very curious. That door opens into a gallery, which will conduct us to a staircase, by which we can descend into these caverns."

At these words, she drew from her pocket a large key, tied with a blue ribbon, and advanced towards the door, as if to open it. I stopped her, for I was overcome with grief and fatigue, and had no desire to explore the vaults at that late hour. I again threw myself on the bed, and, in an agony of tears, implored Leonora to let me see my child. At last she said—"You cannot see her. If I must tell the truth, the Count has already conveyed Katrina, with the child, and Martin, to a little cottage which has been prepared for them in the forest beyond the castle, where they will live with the infant, (which is to pass for theirs,) and you must be satisfied to remain in confinement. The Count has brought you here in secret, but he wishes every one to suppose that you and your infant perished in the storm on your voyage to Bilboa. Do you not understand, that at your death (whether real or supposed) your cousin, the Count, inherits this estate, and nearly all your other property? Is it then surprising that he should wish to put you out of the way?"

I scarcely heard to the end of this dreadful communication, before my senses deserted me, and I sank into a fainting fit. When I recovered, I found that Leonora, who was standing beside the bed, had undrest me; and, in a peremptory tone, she ordered me to cease my complaints, and let her go to sleep, or that I should have cause to repent it. She then drew the curtains of my bed, and prepared to retire to her own. I lay gazing at her through the curtains, but not conscious of any thing I saw, so much was I absorbed in my own grief, till I observed her take out of her pocket the key with the blue ribbon, and put it in the drawer of a small table that stood near her cot. I was suddenly struck with the thought, that if I could possess myself of this key, I might unlock with it the door that led to the vault, which I recollected her telling me had an outlet to the garden. Through these caverns I hoped to be able to make my escape; intending to seek the cottage to which my child had been sent, and to endeavour to engage Martin and Katrina to assist me in flying with my infant to some place of refuge, where we should be safe from the power of the Count.

This plan once conceived, I revolved it in my mind till I had arranged it so that I could not but hope it would be successful. I saw Leonora light the night lamp, sit it in the chimney, and afterwards go to bed. In about a quarter of an hour I knew by her breathing that she was in a sound sleep. I then rose and drest myself as softly as possible, and opening one of my trunks, I took from it my money and a few jewels, and concealed them about my clothes. My large jewel-box had been seized by Leonora, almost as soon as I arrived, and she had carried it out of the room on pretence of locking it up. I had with me a little dog, which had been given me

by my husband, and which I now loved next to my child; and I could not think of leaving Azor behind. I awoke him by my caresses, and made signs that he must be perfectly quiet. The faithful animal understood me, and lay with his head upon his forepaws, watching me intently, but not presuming to move.

I approached on tiptoe the table that stood by Leonora's bed; my heart throbbing so violently that I could scarcely breathe. I opened the drawer, and took out the key. I went to the door that communicated with the gallery: I put the key into the lock, which opened easily, and without the least noise. I took a lighted taper in my hand, and my dog under my arm, and passed through the door, which I closed after me, and it made no sound whatever.

After going down a flight of stairs, I found myself in a long narrow gallery, at the end of which I saw another door that was fastened only by a hook and a loop of iron. I opened it without difficulty, and saw a long staircase, which I cautiously descended. It had more than two hundred steps; and when I reached the bottom, I found myself in a vault or cavern of prodigious extent, in which I hoped to discover the outlet into the garden.

I wandered a long time about the lower part of the cavern, but finding no opening, I directed my steps towards the other extremity, which gradually ascended. I walked slowly, and looked round attentively on every side, when suddenly I heard the murmur of falling water. This sound made me start with joy, for I doubted not that it came from the garden, and that the outlet of the cavern was near. I turned to the right, and I entered a recess formed by walls of rugged rock. Here I found a cascade or fountain descending from an immense height near the top of the cave, and falling behind an enormous mass of broken rocks, where the water probably precipitating itself down a slope, opened a passage through the stones, and trickled out into the garden.

All my search for an aperture through which I might escape, proving ineffectual, I left the recess and found my way to the fourth of these vast vaults. After walking some distance, I was surprised to find under my feet a straw matting, and to see that not only the floor was covered with it, but also the walls. I advanced, but my surprise was redoubled when I found a carpet spread over the matting. I hastened to the extremity of the vault, and stood motionless with amazement on perceiving a bed, an easy-chair, (but no other seat,) a foot-stool, and a table, on which was placed a decanter of water, a goblet, a cup, a knife, fork, and spoon, a pile of plates, and a large basket filled with fruit and other refreshments. At the foot of the bed was an enormous chest half open; I cast my eyes into it, and saw that it was full of clothes and linen.

I was seized with a fit of trembling, and with a shaking hand I set my taper on the table. I fell into the chair, exclaiming—"Oh! for whom has this gloomy dwelling been prepared? and I see no opening to get out of the cavern—there is

surely none!" This conviction made me shudder. "But," I said, "I will search again." I rose, and looking towards the table, I perceived a paper placed near the basket. My hair stood on end with horror as I fell back in the seat and read these words, written in the hand of the Count de Moncalde, and addressed to me:—

"This cavern has but one single entrance, which is now closed, and will never open again for you. You will every day find your food at the foot of the stair-case, in a basket attached to a rope, by which it will be let down through a wicket made in the door at the top of the stairs. By this means the Count de Moncalde will become the possessor of nearly all your wealth."

I sat petrified with astonishment and horror. At this moment my taper burnt out, and the deep gloom that surrounded me added to my despair. I felt as if my blood no longer circulated in my veins, and as if all my faculties were suspended. I had but one thought, and that was fixed on these terrible words—"The door of this cavern will never open again for you!"

An intense thirst roused me from this state of stupor. I felt for the decanter of water, and drank with avidity; but in a moment I found myself so ill that I feared the water had been poisoned. However, I grew better after awhile, and my apprehensions of death subsided. I pressed the spring of my repeating-watch, and found that it was six o'clock in the morning. "Alas!" I exclaimed, "day-light has long since appeared, but I shall see it no more. The sun has risen, but never again will it shine on me!" As I said these words, my dog, who had been asleep at my feet, awoke, and rising on his hind legs, began to lick my hands. I melted into tears when I thought that this poor animal was the only living creature from whom I could in future receive any tokens of affection, for I had no hope of ever seeing my child again. Still I believed, that wicked as the Count was, he could not have the heart to injure my innocent infant. I wept long and bitterly, and in consequence felt a little relieved, for hitherto the excess of my anguish had made me unable to shed a tear.

At eight o'clock I again caused my watch to strike. A moment afterwards my dog, who was running about the cavern, began to bark. I trembled, and suddenly a loud voice resounded through the vaults. It was Leonora, who, with the aid of a speaking-trumpet, called me to the wicket. I comprehended that she had brought me food; but, in this profound darkness I was a long time finding the door, though I was guided by my dog, who ran before me, and by the voice which several times repeated my name.

Before I arrived at the wicket, I perceived with joy a faint light, and I began to flatter myself that the door was open, and that perhaps I was about to be restored to liberty; but all was secured fast, and Leonora, on hearing me approach, immediately hastened away. I found a basket fastened to a thick cord, and containing some food and a lighted lamp. Anxiously as I had wished for a light, this lamp at first redou-

bled my horror, as it showed me my gloomy habitation; and casting my eyes around me, I saw at one view the whole of my fatal destiny. However, I took up the basket and carried it to the end of the cavern that contained my bed, and which I afterwards called my chamber.

On examining the basket, I found a note from Leonora, in which she said not a word of my child; but desired me to tie, every evening, the empty basket to the cord. She informed me, also, that in future she would not call me; but, that every two days, at five o'clock in the morning, the basket, filled with provisions, would be deposited at the foot of the stair-case.

The style of this billet convinced me that my fate was irrevocably fixed. Indeed I could scarcely doubt it when I saw with what deliberate care the cavern had been prepared, and the various arrangements that had been made for my residence there. This idea froze me with horror; and I sat motionless in my chair, looking with fixed eyes and a heart chilled with consternation on the bed where I was to sleep till my last hour. "Oh!" I exclaimed, "is it on this dreadful bed that I am in future to pass all my nights? How can I hope to sleep, and if I forget myself for awhile in slumber, how miserable will be my awaking! And my child, my Alphonsine, shall I never see her more? Shall I never again hold her in my arms, and press her to my heart? Must she pass her life in ignorance and obscurity as the child of two menials? or, rather, will she be allowed to live at all? And if she should be permitted to exist, she will grow up without knowing her unfortunate mother, unconscious of my sufferings and my fate. Far from my child I shall breathe my last sigh in this melancholy solitude. No friendly hand will close my eyes; and, perhaps, even my lifeless remains will moulder here, forgotten!" and at this thought a cold perspiration covered my forehead.

Thus passed my first miserable day. Towards evening I felt so much exhausted that I was obliged to lie down. I shed a torrent of tears as I placed myself on the bed: I felt as if I was taking possession of my tomb. I laid my dog Azor at my feet, and after a long time I sunk into a disturbed and feverish slumber.

I did not rise till nine the next morning, for to me there was no longer any distinction between day and night. My lamp was still burning, as before I went to bed I had replenished it; for I had found in a sort of closet near my bed, several sorts of provisions that I had not discovered before, with two large bottles of oil, and several pounds of wax candles.

Though I had been informed that I should receive my supply of fresh food only every other day, I could not help going to the wicket, and I saw that the basket had not yet been drawn up. I had no reason to expect any thing, and I had more than sufficient food for that day; nevertheless, the sight of the empty basket filled me with consternation, and brought frightful thoughts into my mind. I trembled when I reflected that my existence depended on the will of an atrocious

man, or on the neglect of a mercenary woman who was devoted to him.

I passed the day in thinking of my child, in lamenting my hard fate, and in anxiously examining every part of the cavern. I lifted up a piece of the matting that covered the wall, and I felt a sensation like joy on discovering a vault which I had not yet seen. Again I hoped to find an outlet. I had to descend about thirty steps to reach the bottom of this cavern; and before I could resolve to venture down, I went back to my chamber, where I procured from the closet a tinder-box, with a flint and steel, and two wax tapers. Then I returned to the entrance of this new vault; and, as I looked down into its depth, it seemed so gloomy, and its walls were so black, that a feeling of terror made me stop on the first step of the staircase. But I summoned courage, and, on descending the steps, I found nothing in this vault but a deep well, which appeared to be now dry.

I returned to my chamber, where I examined all the furniture, and discovered another closet containing drawing materials, books, music, and a guitar. To offer me a musical instrument in this dismal dungeon, seemed like a cruel mockery; however, this guitar became most precious to me in the sequel. But I was agreeably surprised to find writing implements in the drawer of the table. I determined immediately to address a letter to the Count de Moncalde, and place it in the basket that was to be drawn up next day.

In effect I wrote to my persecutor a long letter, in which I implored him to give me my liberty, and restore to me my child; and to send us under a feigned name to France or Italy, pledging myself never to disclose the cause I had to complain of him. In this epistle I exerted all my eloquence; and I hoped so much from it, that after it was written I became more tranquil. I went to bed early; I slept quietly, and was awakened at five o'clock in the morning by the barking of Azor, which announced to me that Leonora was at the wicket. I rose hastily, threw on a wrapper, and ran to the foot of the stairs, where I saw the basket already let down and full of provisions. I emptied it, and put in the letter; but I expected to wait several days for an answer, and I allowed myself to hope that the door of the cavern would be opened for me about the end of the week.

As the time approached when I anticipated a reply, I felt my hopes diminish. At last I saw the basket descend, and a letter in it inclosed in an envelope, which I tore open, and found my own letter to the Count still sealed, and a billet from Leonora containing these words:—

“My lord, the Count, is at Madrid. He has forbidden me to send him any letter or communication from you, *not* even the smallest message. He has ordered me to declare to you, if you make any attempt of this kind, that your fate is immovably fixed, and that nothing in the universe can change it. He has gone too far to recede. He will not give up your property, of

which he is now in possession; nor will he run the risk of setting you at liberty, lest you should disclose what has already passed. It is now believed that you and your infant perished at sea, and that Alphonsine is the child of the Flemish servants. She is well, and is still with them in the cottage. Consider her as dead to you, for you will never see her more.”

Indignation and resentment for awhile suspended my anguish on reading this cruel billet; I called to mind with more bitterness than ever, the artifice which had allured me into entering the dungeon that had been prepared for me, and which was destined to be my tomb. I shuddered on reflecting how much I was in the power of Leonora. However, it was some consolation to me to recollect that I had money with me, and some valuable jewels; and I hoped that I might bribe her to write to the Count, and tell him what I had urged in my letter. I resolved to speak to Leonora, through the wicket; and the day after the next, I waited there at five in the morning.

As soon as the basket descended, I called Leonora, and she answered me. The sound of her voice made me start. Still, after being a prisoner for a week, and confined in this dreary solitude, I heard with pleasure the tones of a human being. Leonora told me that she had been ordered not to speak to me, and that in future she would return no answer when I called her. I implored her at least to tell me something of my child, and she made no reply, and departed precipitately. I remained almost annihilated. How could I offer jewels or money to this pitiless goaler?

I passed my days most wretchedly in thinking of my captivity, and in weeping for my separation from my child. I tried to read, but I found it impossible. The books were all romances; and how could I be interested in the woes of fictitious characters, when my own sufferings were so real and so great. Once I summoned courage to take the guitar, for which there was a supply of strings and music; and placing before me a book of songs, I began to sing one; but as soon as I heard my voice resound through these dark and lonely vaults, I started and stopped. I felt as if it were sinful in my mistress to sing any thing but sacred music. I commenced a hymn, but my tears soon choked my voice.

I walked about these vast caverns, carrying a small lantern that I had found in the closet. When I became tired of carrying this lantern, I set it on the ground and walked in the space it lighted. Insensibly my walk extended farther; and thus, without intending it, I acquired the habit of walking in darkness.

I went every evening to offer up my prayers in the cave of the fountain. The motion and murmur of the water rendered this the most agreeable place in my dungeon; and, independent of the cascade, the form of the rocks around it was striking and picturesque.

I wrote to Leonora to send me some religious books, and to tell me if my child was well. Both these requests were granted; and I was happy to

hear that my unconscious babe did not suffer from being separated from her unhappy mother. Then I ventured to put in the basket five pieces of gold, with a billet in which I thanked Leonora, and gave her to understand that I had the means of rewarding still better, any kindness she might be disposed to show me. My present was very well received, and Leonora sent me a civil answer; in which, however, she repeated that she would always remain faithful to what she called her duty.

But I pined incessantly to see my child, and in a few days, feeling myself extremely ill and feverish, I wrote to Leonora, entreating her to come down to me, and I accompanied this request with a pearl-ring. I was lying on my bed when the barking of my dog announced her arrival at the wicket. I quieted him and listened, and in the deep silence of the cavern, I heard afar the steps of Leonora. The sound made my heart beat violently, for in a few minutes I should again see a human being. She appeared at last, and I was affected to tears, and held out my arms to her. She carried in one hand a lantern, and in the other a basket filled with biscuits, bottles of wine and syrups. Her coarse and masculine face looked more forbidding than ever; no ray of pity, no trace of feeling softened its cold and harsh expression. She seated herself by my bedside, and in a severe tone enquired about my illness. I could not answer her; my voice was suffocated with sobs. Leonora felt my pulse, and then said I had no fever. She rose to leave me, and I seized her gown to detain her. I then protested that I could not live in this dungeon, deprived of my child, and shut out from the light of day and the air of heaven. I besought her to take pity on me, and to give me my liberty and restore to me my infant, for which I would most amply reward her.

At these words, Leonora fiercely interrupted me, as if I had proposed to her a crime. I still persevered in my entreaties, and promised to settle on her, when I resumed my property, a much larger pension than the Count would ever grant her, and to present her besides with an immense sum of money. "But," said Leonora, "how shall I be sure you will do all this?" "My gratitude," replied I, "shall guarantee the certainty of your reward." "But even," resumed Leonora, "if it was possible for you to forget what you have already suffered, and that it was I that betrayed you into this dungeon, (in obedience, however, to the orders of the Count,) how will you shield me from the indignation of the world. I cannot restore you now to liberty without risking the loss of my own, and without betraying the Count my master, and subjecting him to the punishment of the laws. Therefore, cease to cherish this foolish hope, and never again speak to me on the subject, or I shall be obliged to inform the Count, and then you will be treated with far more rigour than heretofore."

So saying, Leonora rose to depart. She left me petrified with grief and disappointment.

Suddenly an extravagant thought restored to me all my energy. I conceived the design of running after my jailer, and escaping through the door by which she was to pass. I flew from my chamber; I heard the heavy step of Leonora, and I followed the sound. My dog, who ran after me barking, prevented Leonora from hearing me behind her, and my feet being bare, they made but little noise.

I soon perceived the light of the lantern that Leonora carried, and speedily overtaking her, I arrived at the first door of the cavern at the same time that she did, being just behind her. With a palpitating heart I saw her take the key, apply it to the lock and open the door; then at the moment she passed through, I sprung out with her, so impetuously that I threw her down on the stairs. Emboldened by this first success, I darted up the staircase with the rapidity of lightning, and in a moment I reached the door at the top. Alas! it was fast.

In vain did I shake the lock; my feeble hands had not strength to force it open. Leonora, furious at my attempting to escape and enraged at her fall, ran up in a moment, and threw herself upon me like a lioness seizing her prey. I made a desperate struggle which increased her anger. She held me in her strong muscular arms, and tearing my handkerchief from my neck, she used it to tie my hands behind my back. I made the vaults resound with my shrieks, and overcome with despair I fainted on the shoulder of my cruel enemy. She carried me to my bed, untied my hands and left me to recover my senses as I could.

On opening my eyes I found myself again in my frightful solitude. The profound silence of the cavern made me shudder. My dog slept tranquilly beside me. I was in such a deplorable state of nervous depression, that his sleeping while I suffered so much, seemed to add to my grief, and I awoke him. I felt myself bruised all over, and my hands bore the marks of Leonora's brutality; I showed them to my dog; he licked the bruises, and while this poor animal caressed me and seemed to share my sorrows, I wept sadly but not vehemently; for I was now so weak and so overcome with fatigue that I could do nothing with energy. My mind seemed enfeebled with my body, and for several days I lay on the bed in a state of apathy. I had fruit, water, and lemon-syrup on the table, and during all that time I did not go to the wicket. When I visited it again, I found two baskets instead of one, but neither of them contained any thing but bread. In each was a note from Leonora. In the first, she said, that to punish me for abusing her condescension, she would give me nothing but bread for two weeks, and that no pretence of sickness on my part, should induce her to visit me again. In the second, she told me that the Count had returned from Madrid, and was so incensed when she informed him of my attempt to escape, that he was going to have the door that led to the cavern walled up, on pretence of its furnishing a retreat for thieves.

She said nothing of my Alphonsine, and I crept back to my bed overwhelmed with despair.

Next day, I heard my dog barking violently, and on going towards the stair-case, how was I shocked to hear the sound of workmen walling up the door. I now felt, indeed, as if I was to be buried alive. I had no longer any hope, and I sunk into a most deplorable state of melancholy for several days passing nearly my whole time on my bed.

The basket was now let down through a trap-door, and at the end of a fortnight I received again a supply of my former food, and a bottle of oil. I bribed Leonora with a second sum of money to tell me how my daughter was, and to furnish me with a crucifix and some more books, among which were the lives of the most noted hermits; and in reading of the piety and tranquillity of these holy men, secluded from the world in the solitude of the wilderness, I felt my mind somewhat calmed. But alas! they were not like me, deprived of an only and beloved child, and shut out from the light of day, and from the enjoyment of contemplating the lovely face of nature.

I made an oratory of the grotto in which was the cascade. I placed there my crucifix, affixing it to the rock beside the fountain. I spread a straw mat on the ground before it, and there I knelt in prayer every morning and evening. I obtained from Leonora a large quantity of moss, with which I covered a low rock that formed a convenient seat; and there I sat and tried to read, but too generally my thoughts wandered from my book and dwelt only on my Alphonsine, and on my sad captivity. Yet I felt that if my child could be with me, all the evils of my imprisonment might be borne with patience; and it was my daily and hourly prayer that she might by some means be restored to me. At last, that prayer was granted.

What was my rapture on receiving one morning from Leonora, a billet, with these words. "It is difficult to know how to dispose of the child, as her increasing likeness to you and to her father, must eventually betray her origin. Some of the servants at the castle have frequently seen you and your late husband, when they accompanied your grandfather on his visits to Madrid, and there are several families in the neighbourhood, who knew you in that city. Beside which, there are in the saloon, portraits of yourself and Don Pedro, painted for your grandfather shortly before his death. Alphonsine already resembles both these portraits, and the resemblance has been remarked by persons who have happened to see her at the cottage in the forest."

"Her death would remove much uneasiness from the mind of the Count; and I will not disguise from you, that he thinks that event may be accelerated, by immuring her in the vaults that form your prison. She is now too healthy. He has determined to restore her to you, and this evening at eight o'clock, you will find her in the basket. The Count leaves the castle to-night, and returns to Madrid; but he will first go to the

nearest sea-port, taking with him Martin and Katrina, for whose services he has no farther occasion, and whom he will ship immediately for their native country."

So great was my transport on finding that I was again to see my child and to have her with me, that I could scarcely read to the end of the note. Still, how bitter was my indignation at the cruelty of the motive that had at last induced the Count to make my infant the partner of my captivity. "But she shall not die," I exclaimed, "I will watch her too carefully; and the blessing of Heaven will aid my efforts to preserve her existence in this dreary dungeon. We will be the whole world to each other; and even in this dismal solitude we may be happy."

How did I long for the approach of evening. The day passed in one continual thought of my child; and two hours before the appointed time, I was waiting in the outer cavern with my eyes steadily fixed on the trap-door. At length I saw it open—the basket began to descend—I heard the cry of my Alphonsine—I saw her little hands extended—I flew to her—I held her again in my arms, and I was once more the happiest of women. I thought not then of the sad privations this unfortunate child must endure, in these gloomy and lonely vaults—I thought only of the felicity of having her with me; and I kissed her a thousand times and bathed her innocent face with tears of joy. I found her considerably grown, and plump and rosy beyond my most sanguine hopes. I carried her to my chamber, and laid her on the bed, while I prepared some bread and milk for her; but I turned my head every moment to look at her as she gazed around in infant wonder, at the new and strange place in which she found herself. Her eyes were frequently fixed on me, and it grieved me to think that she was unconscious of my being her mother. "But she will soon know me," said I, "and she will know only me." I fed her, and was delighted to find that she ate with an excellent appetite, and then, after I had a long time indulged myself in caressing her, I undressed her and put her to bed. I had found a supply of her clothes in the bottom of the basket. That happy night I had no desire to sleep—I had too much pleasure in looking at her as she slumbered by my side.

No words can express my felicity after my daughter was restored to me. I had now something to attach me to life and to make every moment interesting. I anticipated the delight of seeing her walk and play, and of hearing her innocent little talk. I already formed plans for her education, and for teaching her accomplishments that would diversify the monotony of her lonely and secluded life. At present I could only caress her, and devote my whole attention to her health and comfort. I held her on my lap as I ate; I walked with her in my arms; and if she was awake, I carried her to the oratory when I went there to pray. Having to leave her on the bed when I went to the outer cavern to get the basket of food, I hastened back immediately lest she should cry in my absence.

Devoted entirely to the care of my Alphonsine I had but little time to read or to draw; and I determined not to play again on the guitar till she was old enough to take pleasure in the sound of music.

I made one day in the cave of the fountain a discovery which transported me with joy. Being in my oratory, I wished to wipe off from the crucifix some stains caused by the vapour of the water. I held my handkerchief in one hand and my taper in the other, when I perceived the flame of the taper begin to waver, and I felt on my hand a blast of fresh air which came through the crevices of the rock. I was transported with joy at even this little symptom of communication with the upper world. My first thought was to run for my child whom I had left asleep on the bed, and to bring her to breathe this fresh air, which I supposed came from the fields or gardens, and passed over flowers and verdure.

I was holding Alphonsine near the rock when Azor began to bark. I was much surprised, as it was not the hour of Leonora's visit to the trap-door. I ran thither as soon as I had laid my child on the bed. I found the basket as usual, and it contained a billet from Leonora. I opened it trembling, and read the following words.

"I have received positive orders from my lord the Count to allow you no more light. You have still some oil and wax remaining of your former supply. Manage it well, for it is the last you will ever have."

This terrible decree fell on me like a thunder-bolt. I supposed that the Count tired of the existence of myself and my infant, and not being able to bring his mind or Leonora's to the resolution of destroying us at once, had devised this mode of adding an insupportable privation to the misery of our captivity; in the hope that our sufferings from the want of light would slowly, but surely, put an end to our unhappy lives.

At first, I could not conceive the possibility of living in total darkness; and supposing, even, that it was possible, what would such a life be for my unfortunate child. Without light how could I take care of Alphonsine? how could I bring her through the term of her infancy? what would become of her if she should be sick! These thoughts seemed to tear me to pieces. However I recollected that the existence of my daughter depended on my fortitude and ingenuity, and I tried to sustain myself under this last dreadful blow. Instead of dwelling only on the horror of this new situation, I endeavoured to think of seeking the means to ameliorate it.

I had only remaining six pounds of wax tapers and one bottle of oil. How bitterly I regretted that my child would in future be like a blind person, and that her eyes would never open but on total darkness. To prevent her from grieving after a blessing she could not hope to enjoy, I thought it would be best to let her know nothing about the light she was never to see, and the world she was never to visit. How few then would be her ideas. And now that I could not have the happiness of teaching her to read, to

write, to sew or to draw, I should have but scanty means of instructing or amusing her.

Nothing calms the feelings like the necessity of active employment, and I was obliged immediately to commence making preparations for a life of darkness. I arranged my chamber, my closets, and my chest in such a manner that without a light I could find whatever I wanted. I could already go to the oratory in the dark, and I had counted the number of steps that descended to the cavern of the well. I placed my table and my other furniture in such a way as not to impede my progress when I walked. I set aside in one of the closets the six pounds of wax-candles, determined to reserve them carefully for unforeseen emergencies when I should have indispensable occasion for them; and I proposed to use the oil to light me while I was making clothes for my Alphonsine; intending to cut them out of different sizes so as to last till she was four or five years old; and I made little shoes for her out of my own. Leonora had some time since refused to supply me with any articles of clothing for my child, as she said she could not get them made without exciting suspicion; and for the same reason she would not allow me to send up Alphonsine's things in the basket to be washed. My own clothes were washed with Leonora's, and passed for hers.

That night after I went to bed, my tears prevented me from sleeping when I thought that the infant who slumbered quietly and unconsciously beside me, was destined to pass her whole life in the cavern, and never again to see the light. With what anguish I reflected that in the morning her eyes would open only on darkness, that when she began to walk I must guide her first steps trembling and in terror with no light to direct them; that she must receive my caresses without seeing me bestow them; and that she would listen to my voice without perceiving the tenderness and affection that would fill my eyes.

In dwelling on these melancholy thoughts I shed a torrent of tears, and my heart seemed to break when I extinguished the lamp which was never more to be lighted for my child. The morrow was a dreadful day to me; Alphonsine cried almost continually, and her cries pierced my heart, for I supposed they must be caused by the darkness. I walked with her in my arms for hours. From this sad day my unfortunate child, till she was old enough to begin to speak, fretted almost incessantly; having no exterior objects to attract her attention and nothing to amuse her. However, her health was good; she was fat, and fed and slept perfectly well. Leonora always put a bottle of milk in the basket.

For my part, I soon learned to wash and dress her nearly as well in the dark as in the light. To make my oil last as long as possible, I only lighted my lamp for about two hours every evening, after I had put Alphonsine to bed; and I then occupied myself most industriously in sewing for her or in washing her clothes. I had obtained from Leonora some soap which I used very economically; I did all these things in the cavern of

the fountain, that I might have the convenience of the water. Before I extinguished the lamp, I arranged in a basket, whatever things I should want for the next day, and then I returned in the dark to my chamber and my sleeping child, and went to bed for the night; having placed my basket on the table by the bedside.

Time passed sadly on, and it was now four months since I had seen my daughter. I could not look at her while she slept, lest the light of the lamp should awaken her. My desire to see her was so great, that I determined one night when I put her to bed, to tie a bandage over her eyes. When she had been asleep for some time, I lighted my lamp, and trembling with joy and tenderness I approached the bed, and fell on my knees beside it. I placed the light on the table, and I fixed my eyes on the only object of my affection. The bandage concealed too much of her dear little face: her eyes, her eye-brows, part of her forehead, and part of her nose, were hidden. But all that I saw was beautiful. I could gaze on her cheeks fresh as roses, her sweet mouth, her white neck, and her plump and dimpled hands and feet. I continued to look at her for more than an hour, and then extinguished the lamp with a sigh.

How happy I was when she cut her first teeth (which she did with unusual ease) and when she began to return my kisses and caresses. She attempted to speak very early, for there was nothing to distract her attention, when I took pains to teach her the words I wished her to say. How can I describe what I felt when one morning as I held her in my arms, I heard her articulate distinctly, the words "My God." It seemed to me the voice of a cherub. She was but ten months old. She spoke, and her first words were addressed to her Creator. I clasped her closely to my bosom; I fell on my knees, and I prayed mentally, but I could not then join my voice to that of this innocent child. Twice she repeated the words; and it seemed as if this pure and spotless infant was invoking for her mother and herself, the compassion of the Almighty.

After she had rendered to her Maker the homage of her first accents, I taught her to call me mother; and in a few days she pronounced the word distinctly.

She now seldom cried; she showed much intelligence, and I contrived various means of amusing her. I knew always when she was weary, for then she gave a gentle sigh and let her head fall on my bosom; but a kiss was sufficient to revive her.

She was eleven months old, and I had never heard her laugh. Perhaps she often smiled, but alas! I could not know it. Azor having broken his collar, which was of silver and had three bells attached to it, I made a plaything of it for Alphonsine, fixing it so that it could not hurt her. This little contrivance procured me the pleasure of hearing her laugh for the first time. But great as was my joy, I started and wept, to think how strange was the sound of laughter in this dismal place. Next day I asked Leonora for a

dozen little bells, which I arranged around ~~an ivory pencil-case~~, and this little plaything made my poor Alphonsine very happy.

I found it difficult to teach her to walk in utter darkness. She was very timid, and it was long before she ventured to take a step without holding my hand, and if her foot faltered she would start and catch by my dress.

When her first birth-day arrived, I passed as much of it as I could spare from my daughter, in prayer, in the oratory. In the morning I had given Alphonsine a little fan, which seemed to charm her. She was delighted when I fanned her face; having never before felt any fresh air, but the little that came through the crevices of the rock, at the fountain. She kissed and embraced me a hundred times; I then put the fan into her own hands and showed her how to use it, and for a long while it was her favourite amusement.

That night I intended to indulge myself with a sight of my Alphonsine. But when I was tying on the bandage before I put her to bed, I heard her cry. I thought it barbarous to draw a single tear from her, to procure myself any gratification, however great, and I took off the bandage and laid her down in the bed; but she still cried, and I found it difficult to pacify her. At last she fell asleep, and I seated myself by the bed-side holding one of her little hands. In about a quarter of an hour I twice felt that hand start, and it was soon burning with fever. I knew that she had a large tooth ready to pierce the gum, and I feared that she would have convulsions. I knew not what to do, and I prayed to be inspired with some idea that would benefit my suffering child. She awoke and cried. I recollected having once read in a medical book, that when young children are threatened with fits, they should be immediately exposed to the air by opening a window.

Alas! I had no window to open; but lighting the lantern I ran with her to the cave of the fountain, and held her near the largest crevice of the rock. She was motionless; her face was deadly pale, and her pulse was almost gone; her lips had become blue, and her mouth was half open. I expected every moment to see her expire in my arms, and I would have taken off the bandage that I had tied over her eyes before I lighted the lantern, only I feared that the sudden glare would hasten her last moments.

No words can describe my agony. At last she moved and stretched out her arms; I started, thinking it the struggle of death. I could utter but one word of prayer, and that word was heard. I saw on her cheeks a faint tinge of their natural red, and her pulse became stronger. I clasped her to my bosom and burst into tears. Before I took her from the cave, she put her arms round my neck: she kissed me, and she even smiled. Oh! how charming was this first smile after the terrors I had just endured.

I carried my daughter to her bed, and she soon fell into a quiet slumber; I lay down beside her, but I was too happy to sleep. When I examined

her mouth next day, I found that the large tooth had come through, and in a short time my Alphonsine was as well as usual.

At twenty months old, my daughter talked and walked, and comprehended every thing I said to her. She was not gay, (alas! how could she be so,) but she showed already an extreme sensibility. She caressed me in the most affecting manner; her hand was almost always in mine; and if she did not feel me or hear me speak, she feared that I had left her. I could not induce her to play unless I held her on my lap. She frequently amused herself with Azor, whom she already loved, and I often heard her kiss him; but she seldom laughed, and her laugh seemed always followed by a sensation of sadness, for she would sigh and lay her head on my shoulder.

One of her greatest pleasures was to hear me talk. I invented for her little stories adapted to her comprehension, and she listened to them with wrapt attention. And I taught her to repeat little verses, which she learned with surprising facility.

Most fortunately her health continued good, and on her second birth-day I made her very happy by giving her some fruit, which she had never before tasted, and some new play-things that I had constructed for her.

I accustomed my daughter to having a bandage frequently tied over her eyes, that in case I should find it necessary to light the lamp while she was awake, I might do it without fear of its distressing her.

That winter was less mild than the winters of Spain usually are, and we felt it even in our cavern. My child caught a cold which afflicted me exceedingly, and as soon as she got well, I became myself indisposed with the same complaint; and the necessity of going every other day to the cave of the trap-door, much retarded my recovery. I implored Leonora to give me food, not only for two days, but, to furnish me with provisions that might last several months; and I accompanied this request with a bribe of ten ducats. Leonora consented with a tolerable grace; and for several weeks she came every day to the trap-door, and instead of one basket she brought two. She gave me a large quantity of gingerbread, biscuit, dried fruit, sweetmeats, chocolate, sugar, wine, syrups, and a small apparatus for boiling, heated with spirits of wine.

In this manner a large stock of provisions was laid in; but no entreaties could prevail on her to allow me light sufficient to burn all day. Now and then I had bribed Leonora to give me a little oil or a few wax-tapers, but she yielded with the greatest reluctance; telling me every time to use them only in case of absolute necessity, as they were the last I should ever have. And the fear that Leonora would become inexorable on this subject, induced me to persevere in keeping my unfortunate child ignorant of the existence of light.

When Alphonsine had attained her third year, she was in many respects much more forward than children usually are at that age. Her ex-

treme affection for me seemed to give her a degree of intelligence, superior to that which results only from quickness of capacity. All children love their mothers, but my daughter could love no one else. She had never received any caresses but mine; mine was the only voice she had ever heard, and I was indeed the whole world to her. Fearful of afflicting me, she never now cried aloud; and when she wept, it was so softly, that I only knew it by feeling her tears. Often when I was a few minutes without speaking, she supposed that I also was crying in silence. She would then pass her little hand over my face, and if she felt any traces of tears, she would throw herself on my bosom, and exclaim, "Oh! my dear mother, never cry again."

I had now inhabited the cavern four years. Heaven still blest my Alphonsine with excellent health, and such was the sweetness of her disposition, that I never had occasion to inflict on her the slightest punishment. She never cried without a cause; but an expression from me less tender than usual, was to her a severe reprimand. I had accustomed her from her infancy to the most perfect obedience, and she could not conceive the possibility of doing any thing contrary to my desire. She never followed me to the trap-door. Before I went thither, I always placed her on one of the large cushions in my chamber, and I was sure of finding her there when I returned. But if I stayed longer than usual, she always shed tears. As soon as she heard my returning footsteps, she began to call me by the tenderest names, and evinced the most animated and touching delight.

One morning Leonora announced to me that she felt herself ill and feverish, and that it would probably be several days before she brought me any more food. I had plenty of provisions, but I was terrified at the idea that her illness might be long, that perhaps she might die, and that my child and myself must then perish, forgotten, in a dungeon; the Count having left Catalonia and gone to reside at Madrid, where, as Leonora informed me, he had married a widow of large fortune.

After I had left the trap-door, Leonora called me back. "What do you wish to say to me?" said I. She hesitated for a few moments and then said—"Can you forgive me for all the sufferings I have caused you, and for still refusing to betray my master's trust?"—"I have long since tried to do so," I replied, "and I now forgive you as a Christian should."—"Well, then," said Leonora, "promise to offer up a prayer expressly for me, as I feel myself very ill."—"I will indeed pray for you," I replied. She thanked me, and hastily departed.

Her illness continued three weeks. I had hoped that it would be over in a few days, like several former attacks. We had still plenty of provisions, but at the end of a fortnight, I began to fear that Leonora was dead, and that we should never be able to obtain any more food. From that moment I restricted myself to the smallest quantity that could support life; and when I

gave my daughter hers, I thought with bitter tears, that perhaps, in a short time, she would ask me for it in vain. If before her meals, she said to me, "dear mother, I am hungry," I felt my heart sink within me, and I pictured to myself the dreadful moment when she might address to me those distressing words, and I should have nothing to give her. How ardently did I pray for the recovery of the woman whom I had such just cause to dislike; how precious had the life of Leonora become to me!

At last, the happy day arrived, when on going to the trap-door, I found a basket full of fresh bread, newly-gathered fruit, and a bottle of sweet milk. With what transport, when I had carried this basket to my chamber, did I embrace Alphonsine, with what eagerness did I prepare her breakfast. Never in my life had I thought a repast so delicious.

My daughter was now five years old, and how did it grieve me that I could not teach her to read; and that I was even obliged to refrain from describing to her (except in general terms,) that world which she was never to see. But I told her of God, of Heaven, and of the Angels, and she was never tired of listening to me. Like those of blind people, her touch and hearing were exquisitely acute. We walked together for a long time every day, and I also gave her exercise by taking her hands and jumping her up and down.

One evening when I was trying to form an idea of her features, by passing my hand over her face, she asked me "what was the use of eyes."—I could not immediately answer, and she exclaimed, "Ah! yes, I know now—they are to weep with." Alas! she had never used hers for any other purpose. My tears flowed fast, and to compose my feelings by occupation, I hastened to undress her and put her to bed.

That night, I was awakened by the sound of Leonora's speaking trumpet, and, rising hastily, I ran to the trap-door, where she told me that the Count had arrived from Madrid, but would depart again the next day. "He himself," said she, "will bring you your food to-morrow morning." Here Leonora stopped, and her voice trembled. "Well then," said I. "Well," resumed Leonora, "eat nothing that you find in the Count's basket. He is out of patience at you and your child continuing to live so long. I have now brought you bread and milk for to-morrow. Pray to Heaven for me. I hope that the efforts I am now making to save your lives, will atone for all my sins against you." "Oh Leonora, my dear Leonora," I exclaimed, "do not abandon me."—"No, no, I will not, most unfortunate of women," she replied; "this time you shall not die."—I thanked her on my knees—"The Count may remain here several days," continued Leonora, "and that he may ensure your fate, it is probable that he will make another attempt, and again bring poisoned food in the basket. After he is gone, and I bring your provisions as usual, you may know the basket to be prepared by me, if it has in it a bunch of

grapes tied with blue riband. Whatever you find in the Count's basket, you must throw away or destroy." "Oh! Leonora," I exclaimed, "what do I not owe you?"—"Were it not for me," said she, "you and your child would be poisoned to-morrow."—With these words, she left me, almost stupified with horror.

I was too much agitated to think of sleeping again that night, and I remained till morning, seated, with the lantern beside me, on the stairs of the outer cavern. I trembled, when, about five o'clock, I saw the fatal basket descend. I shuddered as I looked at the poisoned food, and I resolved to throw it down the well of the deep cave, to which I immediately hastened. My dog followed me.

I trembled so that the bottle of milk fell out of my hand, and, as it broke, the milk flowed out on the ground. I then threw the bread and fruit into the well, and when I turned, what was my horror on seeing my dog lapping some of the milk, out of a piece of the broken bottle. I snatched him up in my arms and ran with him to my chamber; but I had nothing to give him as an antidote to the poison.

I extinguished my light before I entered the chamber, as I heard Alphonsine calling to me. I took her up, and as I finished dressing her, I heard the poor dog whine faintly. He came to us and howled two or three times. Alphonsine, who was standing at my knees, took him up and laid him on my lap. In a few moments he was dead. What did I feel at this proof of the poison when I thought, that had it not been for Leonora, I should have given that milk to my child.

Alphonsine was astonished that Azor did not move, and she asked me the reason. I answered in a voice broken by sobs, and tried to give her some idea of death. She listened to me with great attention, and then wept bitterly. I carried poor Azor into the lower cavern, and threw him into the well. This was a melancholy day to me, and at night I found it impossible to sleep.

Two days after, I saw a basket descend with the bunch of grapes and blue riband in it, and I knew it to be Leonora's. I begged her to speak to me, and she told me, that the Count had returned to Madrid. She said she had informed him that his attempt to poison his captives had not succeeded, and she had declared to him, that if he took any other means to destroy us, she would denounce him before a magistrate and expose the whole extent of his crimes; but, that if he would permit us to live, she would pledge herself to continue to keep the secret, and to stay constantly at the castle, and also to obey all his commands, unless they tended to make our imprisonment more miserable than it was already. The Count was as cowardly as cruel; and the firmness of this woman had so much influence over him, that he departed for Madrid without any farther attempt on our lives.

The day that Alphonsine was six years old, I determined that for the first time she should hear me sing and play on the guitar. After she had finished her morning prayer, I took her to my

oratory, and she fell on her knees before the crucifix as I had taught her. I then began to sing a hymn, accompanying myself on the guitar. She uttered a cry of surprize and delight; and after listening a few moments, she burst into tears of rapture and threw herself into my arms. I made her touch the guitar, and I explained to her from whence the sound came. She begged me to sing again. I did so, and finished the hymn.

When I had concluded, Alphonsine embraced my knees in transport, and caressed the guitar, for she could scarcely believe that it was not a living being. She asked me to sing again, and I did so for more than an hour. She entreated me to teach her to sing and play, and that day I began to instruct her in music; and we went every morning to sing a hymn in the oratory.

I obtained from Leonora, a second guitar, smaller than the one I had, and a little tambourine. Alphonsine soon learned to play on both these instruments. She had an excellent ear, and evinced an extraordinary fondness and taste for music. This amusement which she so much delighted in, inspired her with a vivacity she had never felt before. When we concluded our little concerts, she would kiss me and tell me she was happy. Poor child! how limited were her ideas of happiness.

I taught her to count; I told her stories, and I devised little plays for her; I accustomed her to walk without me, and I sometimes sent her on little errands, to bring me things that I wanted, and at length, she was able to go alone to the cave of the fountain. When she returned, she always threw herself into my arms, and we were both as much rejoiced, as if we had just met after a long separation.

By the time Alphonsine was eight years old, I had taught her to speak French extremely well, and to repeat a number of verses and hymns in that language, as well as in her own. In the monotony of our dark and lonely life, instruction was an amusement both to her and to me. I had an incessant desire to look at her, but I refrained from indulging it, except once in two or three months, when she was asleep. How did I long to see her eyes; I supposed them to be still blue from the golden colour of her hair, and the alabaster fairness of her complexion, on which the sun had never shone, since her earliest infancy. I did not allow her hair to grow, for I had heard that long hair weakens the constitutions of children; but I had great difficulty in cutting it while she slept, with the bandage over her eyes. One of her beautiful curls I always carried in my bosom, and when at night I sewed for her in the oratory, I laid on a stone before me this beloved ringlet, that I might look at it from time to time, and feel as if something of Alphonsine was still with me. One of her pleasures was to comb and plait my hair, which she did with great dexterity, and I let it grow that it might afford her this amusement.

Alphonsine had never inhaled any sort of perfume except the scent of the oranges, lemons, apples, peaches, and other fruits, that came in

the basket. The smell of these things gave her extraordinary pleasure. She rubbed them on her hands, and after she had eaten, she always kept a portion of some of the fruit, to regale herself with its odour.

I asked Leonora to give me a little flower-pot with a rose-bush growing in it. I had often told my daughter of flowers, and that they were among the most beautiful works of God; that they grew in the earth, and bloomed at certain seasons. I had particularly described to her the rose, the most lovely of flowers, and I told her also of its thorns, which were sharp as the points of pins. Alphonsine was very sorry that we had no flowers. I consoled her with the assurance that if we were very good, and submitted without murmuring to the will of God, he would in time send us some. Alphonsine earnestly desired them; often would she stoop down and search with her little hands about the ground in our dark and dreary cavern, hoping that she might find and gather a flower.

The evening that I received the rose-bush from Leonora, I took it to the oratory, and making a hole in the ground, not far from the fountain, I sunk the flower-pot down in it, covering the edges with earth. I then took the time and trouble carefully to pull off all the thorns, and while I admired the freshness and beauty of five full-blown roses, I sighed to think that my Alphonsine would not see them. But I went to bed happy, for I knew the delight that was in store for her the next morning.

I awoke earlier than usual. When my daughter called me, I took her up and drest her, and filled with the sweetest emotion, I led her to the oratory. She had scarcely entered the cave of the fountain when she perceived the scent of the roses. As this grotto was our church, we seldom spoke when in it, except to pray; but now Alphonsine pressed my hand, and said in a low voice,—“Dear mother, do you smell this delicious odour?”—“Yes,” I replied, “it is the scent of roses.”—“Of roses!—Is it possible!—Then roses have come here at last?”—“They have,” answered I, “but let us first say our prayers, and then we will seek for these charming flowers.”—At these words Alphonsine almost began to run, and as we approached the bush the perfume became more powerful. Alphonsine pressed my hand again, and I said to her in a low voice—“I am certain we shall find roses.” I felt her little hand tremble with joy.—“Ah!” said she, “God is very kind to us; how much I will thank him for having sent us roses.” She fell on her knees, and having said her prayers, and sung her hymn with great fervour, she rose and took me by the hand.

I conducted her to the rose-bush; I guided her hand to the flowers, and I made her touch them as well as the buds and green leaves. She trembled with delight.—“You may gather the charming flowers,” said I, “and enjoy them all day in our chamber.”—“Dear mother, I am afraid of the thorns you described to me.”—“The thorns are all gone.”—“Ah! dearest mother,” she ex-

claimed, "I am sure you have pulled them off." And forgetting the rose-bush, she threw herself into my arms, and seizing my hands, she examined my fingers all over to feel if they had not been wounded. Finding by the extraordinary delicacy of her touch, a few punctures, she kissed these dear scratches, as she called them, and bathed them with her affectionate tears. I told her that the pain of my fingers was trifling, and would be amply repaid by the pleasure I should have in knowing that she could gather the roses without wounding her own hands. "Well then," said she, "I have counted five roses: I will gather three; I will place one at the foot of the crucifix near our altar, the other shall be for my dear mother, and the third for myself. We will leave the other two on the bush, to make a sweet smell through the church.

I added to the happiness of Alphonsine, by making her touch the buds that remained on the bush; and I explained to her that in a few days they would be roses. When we returned to our chamber, I placed my rose in the hair of Alphonsine, and she kept hers in her hand to feel and smell it. "Now we are in no want of flowers," said she; "we have even more than we can use. Oh! how kind God is to us! How many delightful things he sends us! How very great is our happiness!"

While this innocent child thus gave vent to the fullness of her grateful heart, I thought how many people there were in the world, who, though loaded with every thing that fortune could give them, still murmured and complained that their wants were not gratified.

Alphonsine ceased speaking to smell her rose. She felt its smooth soft leaves, she held it to her lips, and she inhaled its perfume with rapture. After a long silence, I asked her of what she was thinking; and, contrary to her usual habit, she hesitated to answer. I pressed her to tell me, and with something of embarrassment she confessed to me that she wished to eat her rose. This desire, which at first surprised me, afterwards seemed perfectly natural, for she had always eaten the only things whose smell had pleased her; for instance, different sorts of fruit. I told her to try the experiment of eating the rose. She did so, and said that she did not find it very good. She then concluded that roses were only made for the touch and smell; but she assured me that she would not love them any the less, because they were not agreeable to the taste like oranges and peaches.

The next day Alphonsine found on the rose-bush four new flowers, and I allowed her the pleasure of watering them. The following week I procured for her from Leonora, a pot of mignonette; and when that was faded, it was replaced by others containing pinks and lilies. Alphonsine was delighted with what she called such a wonderful variety of odours. When the flowers were over, I obtained from Leonora some large bunches of lavender, thyme, and bergamot. Alphonsine amused herself with breaking off the buds and seeds, and tying them up in little

bags which she made out of bits of muslin, secured with strings of narrow ribbon.

Time passed on, and my daughter at last was thirteen years old. I had long since resigned myself to the probability of wasting our whole lives in the cavern; but as Alphonsine grew up, I lamented her hard fate with more bitterness than ever. Still I was thankful to heaven for having given her health in this dreary abode, shut out from the light of day, and from the fresh air of upper earth. But I shuddered when I thought of the possibility of my own illness or death; and I trembled to reflect on what would then be the fate of my unfortunate child.

For several months I had been unusually restless and nervous; and I had constantly an undefinable feeling that something was going to happen.

One day I heard the voice of Leonora calling me at an unusual hour. I went to the cave of the trap-door, and she let down the basket, which held, as usual, fruit, bread, and a bottle. "That bottle," said Leonora, "does not contain milk; it is a bottle of wine." "Why," said I, "do you bring me wine to day?" "It will give you strength," she replied; "drink some, I entreat you, for you will have need of it to support you." "Have you any thing dreadful to tell me," I exclaimed in a faint voice. "No," answered Leonora, "quite the contrary; but take some of the wine before I proceed."

I drank a little of the wine, trembling with a mixture of hope and terror. Then I heard a strange voice, which said to me—"This wine is sent to you by a friend." I started, and repeated, "A friend!" "Yes," replied the voice, "I am the Countess de Moncalde, once well known to you as Isabella de Valdez, and now the widow of your cruel persecutor." "Is he then dead?" I exclaimed. "He is," said Leonora, "and you are free."

What words can describe my feelings at this moment! How rapturous were the thoughts that crowded instantly on my mind! In a few minutes I was to recover my liberty: I should see again the sun, the heavens, the earth! My child was to share this felicity—she who had never known it before; and we were now to be recompensed for thirteen years of suffering.

I flew to my daughter; I caught her in my arms, and tried to explain to her that our captivity was over; but my sobs prevented me from speaking articulately, and she was too much surprised and bewildered to understand what I said. I ran with her towards the outer cavern, exclaiming "Oh! my Alphonsine, we are now going to be happy! You will enjoy a felicity of which you have never yet had any idea!" "What," said she, "are we both going to die—and shall we go to heaven together?" I could not answer; my tears suffocated my voice, and, notwithstanding the darkness, I seemed to fly rather than to run. I felt Alphonsine tremble in my arms, and my tears dropped on her face.

We approached the stair-case, and I heard the sound of the axes demolishing the wall of my

prison-door. "Oh! my child," I exclaimed, "let us thank God." I stopped, and we fell on our knees. Alphonsine was confirmed in the idea that we were going to die. The noise of the axes redoubled, and then suddenly it ceased. My daughter threw her arms round my neck, and clasped me closely. The wall fell, the door flew open, and I saw a group of people beyond. I looked at my child. The light of numerous torches shone in at the entrance; and, flashing on the wonder-struck Alphonsine, she shrieked, covered her eyes with her hands, and fell fainting on my bosom. The Countess de Moncalde, and a priest who stood beside her, ran immediately towards us, followed by her nephew Don Alvar de Sancello. I lost all consciousness, and sunk into their arms in a state of insensibility.

When I revived, I found myself on a bed in one of the splendid chambers of the castle, and my Alphonsine lying beside me; but she was still insensible, and I trembled lest her consciousness should never return. The Countess stood by the bed-side with a physician, anxiously watching us. At last Alphonsine opened her eyes, and I gazed on her with rapture. "My love," said I, "look at your mother." "Oh! my dearest mother," she exclaimed, "are we now in heaven?" I found it difficult to divest her of this idea. She thought when she saw the first flash of the torches that she had received the stroke of a knife in her eyes, and that she had died of it. She could not at first comprehend the nature of sight. "How is it," said she, "that even when I do not touch you I know that you are beside me? But are you indeed my mother? Let me touch you, and I shall be convinced." She kissed my hand, and was so overcome that she nearly fainted again.

The physician who, when my daughter began to revive, had withdrawn with the Countess to the other end of the room, now returned to the bedside, and gave Alphonsine some drops to compose her. He then requested the Countess to retire, and leave us to repose after our recent agitation. He closed the curtains of the bed, that the light might not injure the eyes of Alphonsine, as they had nearly her whole life opened only in darkness. He had the windows shut, and ordered that the glasses, pictures, and all the brilliant objects in the chamber should be covered with green gauze as soon as possible. The apartment was lighted only by a single lamp, covered with a shade and placed behind a screen. Inis, the niece of the Countess, insisted on watching all night in our room.

Alphonsine was excessively agitated, and slept but little. Sometimes she sat up in the bed and gazed on me with delight; sometimes she opened the curtains to look round at the chamber, and the light of the lamp, dim as it was, appeared to her dazzling. Several times she clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh! how happy I am!" Early in the morning when the physician came in, she seemed afraid of him, and hid her face on my shoulder; but she caressed Inis, and asked her if she was not an angel.

The questions of Alphonsine were innumerable, and her admiration was unbounded. As soon as she was up and dressed, she went about the room examining every thing in it, and all was considered beautiful. When our dinner was brought to us, it was a long time before she began to eat it, so much was she occupied in admiring every thing that was on the table—the china, the glass, the silver; and she said in her simplicity, "What can there be in heaven that is more beautiful than these things?" I explained to her that what she now saw was the work only of man, but that the works of God, and the beauties of nature, which she was yet to see, were far superior to all the wonders of art.

Her idea of distance was so imperfect, that she extended her hands to reach objects that were at the farthest end of the room; and she could not recognize at sight the same things that had always been familiar to her touch. She showed a great desire to pass through the doors whenever they were opened, but a word from me always checked her curiosity.

Next day the Countess informed me of the particulars of the sudden death of her unworthy husband, who had made her extremely unhappy from the time she married him. He died in Madrid; and, shortly after, the Countess, with her niece and nephew came to the castle of Montalvan, to pass there the period of their mourning. They found the housekeeper Leonora sick; and the physician said she seemed to have something on her mind. The confessor of the Countess went to visit her, and exhorted Leonora to unburthen her conscience.

She then with much agitation confessed that she had yielded to the bribes and persuasions of the Count de Moncalde, and had consented to join in his plan of immuring me and my child in the vaults of the castle, and reporting us to have perished at sea, that by this means he might enjoy our estates. But as Leonora possessed some sense of religion, she could not prevail upon herself to treat us with all the rigour exacted by the Count, who hoped to shorten our existence by adding to our sufferings; for which reason he interdicted the use of light, thinking it impossible we could live long in total darkness. He also forbade Leonora to visit us in our dungeon, or to see us at all; lest the sight of our misery should induce her to relent. For this reason, as much as to preclude the possibility of our escape, he had the door at the top of the stairs walled up; and the trap-door through which the basket passed, was at a distance from the stair-case, and every way inaccessible from below.

Several years had elapsed, and the Count finding on one of his visits to the castle that his captives still lived, told Leonora that he would the next day prepare the Countess Diana's food, and carry it himself to the trap-door. Leonora's suspicions were immediately roused; and in the manner I have related, she saved my life, by previously warning me not to taste any thing that came in the Count's basket: and the justice

of her apprehensions was proved, by the fate of the poor little dog, that died from lapping the poisoned milk.

The Count was much disappointed when he found that his atrocious design had failed; and Leonora, knowing the cowardice of guilt, deterred him from any farther attempt, by threatening to make a public disclosure of all that he had already done, and delivering him up to the punishment of the law.

This was the substance of Leonora's confession to the priest. She professed great penitence for having so long concealed and abetted the villainy of the Count; and begged that the confessor would immediately take measures to effect the release of the prisoners. After having made this disclosure, Leonora, whose illness had been caused by the remorseful goadings of an evil conscience, said she felt herself so much better that she could leave her bed and guide the deliverers of the Countess Diana to her dungeon.

The priest then went directly to the Countess de Moncalde, and acquainted her with this surprising discovery. The amazement of that amiable lady could only be equalled by her eagerness to release the captives. She summoned all her servants, and said to them, "My friends, let us hasten to the deliverance of the unfortunate Countess Diana, the widow of Don Pedro d'Almedor, and the rightful owner of this estate, who, with her child, has languished for thirteen years in the caverns beneath the castle."

At these words there was a general cry, and two of the domestics who had known me in Madrid, burst into tears. The priest proposed that the family physician should accompany them in case the sudden revolution of our fate should so overcome us as to need his assistance. All the men carried torches and axes, and the procession was guided by Leonora, who conducted them through a long corridor which led to the lower story of one of the four antique turrets of the castle. On entering this tower, the physician desired the troop to be as silent, and tread as lightly as possible. They descended a stair-case and found themselves in a chamber, of which Leonora unlocked the second door, and on going down another flight of steps, they perceived at the end of a gallery the walled door which was at the head of the stairs that led to the cavern. There they stopped; and the Countess, overcome with the evidence of her late husband's cruelty, sunk into the arms of her nephew and niece.

It had been planned that they were to proceed with great caution, lest my enfeebled spirits should not be able to bear the sudden surprise of my deliverance. They had brought a basket of provisions which Leonora let down as usual, and importuned me to take the wine. When I had done so, the voice of the Countess announced to me that I was free; and the walled door was demolished by the axes of the men; Don Alvar striking the first blow, and working earnestly till the last. After my daughter and I had fainted, we were carried to the chamber

where we awoke to happiness and to the sight of each other.

The servants were so incensed at Leonora, that she was obliged to take refuge in the apartments of the Countess, to screen herself from their vengeance. But I remembered that she had saved my life, and that of my child, and I forgave her. The Count had allowed her a pension for keeping his secret, and to this I added an annuity which secured her from indigence for the rest of her life. I felt too much emotion to see her; and she sent me a message requesting my pardon, which I freely granted her. Next morning she departed from the castle, to take up her residence in her native province of Galicia.

At the end of a week the lamp was removed, and the light of day was permitted to enter our chamber through blinds of green silk, so fixed in frames that they filled up the whole of the windows. The physician thought that in another week Alphonsine might be permitted to go out for the first time, and breathe the fresh air. I determined to consecrate that day by the ceremony of my daughter's confirmation in the neighbouring church, and the priest prepared her mind for the sacred rite.

In the interval she was allowed to walk in a long gallery which joined our chamber, and one evening she was taken for the first time into the saloon. What was her amazement at the sight of this splendid apartment! its walls and ceilings covered with gilding and fine paintings, and its windows with rich damask curtains—the whole illuminated by a brilliant chandelier of crystal.

Alphonsine stood for some moments motionless in silent admiration; then she advanced, till she perceived her whole figure reflected in one of the large mirrors. She had never yet seen a looking-glass uncovered, and she knew not its use. She stopped before it and exclaimed, "Oh! how beautiful is that person: how much she resembles my mother, only that she is smaller." I went to her and embraced her before the glass, and her astonishment was extreme on seeing the reflection of the two figures, till I explained to her this new wonder.

Alphonsine was indeed beautiful; more so even than my fondest imagination had conceived, till I saw her with her lovely countenance animated by the most charming blue eyes shaded with long dark lashes. The next day the glass in our chamber was uncovered.

At length the morning arrived when Alphonsine was to go out for the first time, and to be confirmed a Christian according to the forms of the Catholic church. I dressed her in white crape, and enwreathed her beautiful head with a string of pearls. I threw over her a long veil of white crape, and covered my own face with another of the same material. I had hitherto refrained from going out, that I might enjoy the first sight of the world at the same time with my daughter.

It was early in the morning. We went down stairs and got into the carriage, the blinds of

which were closed. When the vehicle drove off, the noise and the novelty of the motion frightened Alphonsine, though I had prepared her for it.

When the carriage arrived at the top of the hill—"Now, my child," I exclaimed, and she threw herself into my arms, her heart beating with such violence that I waited a few minutes till I had calmed her feelings, before I had the door opened. We got out, and telling the servants to drive on to the church gate, I seated Alphonsine on a bank of turf, and after a pause of deep emotion, I raised her veil and my own.

She shrieked with joy and admiration at the prospect that met her eyes. At the foot of the hill lay the extensive gardens of the castle filled with statues, vases, fountains, flowers, and orange groves, and terminated by the lofty and noble edifice itself, with the banner of my ancestors streaming from the central tower. Next I showed Alphonsine the church to which we were going—a venerable gothic pile, whose arched windows were overgrown with ivy, and shaded by ancient trees. I directed her attention to a fine river, whose clear smooth waters reflected the villages that rose on its shore, and the boats that glided over its glassy surface, till far in the east they reached the blue waves of the Mediterranean. From the other side of the hill we saw a wild rocky country, darkened by thick forests of cork and chesnut trees, with a back ground of mountains, from one of the nearest of which a most picturesque cataract directed its foaming course towards the river. The whole scene was lighted up by the rays of the rising sun, gilding the crimson and purple clouds that floated in a sky of the purest blue.

Alphonsine, dazzled, transported, enraptured, fell on her knees. Her first look was turned to the sun just emerging from the eastern horizon, and then her eyes wandered round in every direction; too much delighted with all to fix on any thing.

For my part I looked only at my daughter. To me the sight of nature itself was at that moment only interesting, as it affected this sole and darling object of my tenderness. "Oh! my dear mother," she exclaimed, as soon as she had power to speak, "am I to see such beautiful things every day?"

I indulged her in allowing her to walk to the church. How delightful was this her first walk in the open air. She stopped every few minutes to admire the wild flowers that grew on the side of the road. She saw, for the first time, the brilliant butterflies that flew round them, and she mistook them for living flowers that had escaped from their stems. The birds, the sheep, the cattle, all delighted and surprised her.

The pastor received us at the door of the church; he was followed by his assistant priests magnificently drest in rich habits which I had caused to be sent to them. The church was ornamented with wreaths of flowers suspended from pillar to pillar, and interspersed with lighted lamps; and the altar, superbly decorated, was

lighted with a multitude of tall wax candles. Twenty-four children drest in white, with scarfs of blue and silver, waved their censers on each side of the altar.

At the moment I entered the church with Alphonsine, the organ struck up, and the voices of the children rose into a beautiful hymn. Alphonsine thought she heard a concert of angels. The Countess de Moncalde, with her niece and nephew, and her attendants, were already in their places; and after mass was performed, the ceremony of Alphonsine's confirmation immediately commenced. Every eye was fixed on my daughter, so long an inhabitant of a gloomy dungeon, and now restored to the world, and offering up to her Creator her first act of public adoration, bathed in tears of tenderness and piety.

After the ceremony was over, we were invited by the pastor to his house near the church, where a collation was served up to us; but Alphonsine could not eat—she could only look out of a window which opened upon the village.

When we returned to the castle, perceiving that the eyes of my daughter looked somewhat inflamed from having been used so much that day, I had the windows closed, and we dined by the light of a shaded lamp.

The following night, before she went to bed, I took her into a balcony, and showed her, for the first time, the heavens glittering with stars, and the moon rising behind a bank of clouds, whose dark sides were edged with silver by her rays. How delighted was Alphonsine! how filled with wonder and admiration! I stayed with her in the balcony till the moon had risen so high as to tinge with her light the orange trees that grew round a fountain, whose falling waters sparkled in its beams like drops of liquid silver.

Every day was now a day of happiness for Alphonsine, for to her every thing had a charm. Even the rain, the hail, the lightning, the thunder, excited in her the greatest admiration. With what rapidity she learned to read, to write, and to draw! How anxiously did she strive to make up for the years she had passed in darkness! Her talent for music was extraordinary, and she delighted in cultivating it; and she soon danced with the utmost grace and elegance.

The Countess de Moncalde, at my earnest request, passed with me the term of her mourning; and she then returned to Madrid. But it was not till Alphonsine had attained her eighteenth year, at which time she became the wife of the amiable Don Alvar, that I could prevail on myself to accompany her to the city where the first years of my life had been passed, and where every thing reminded me of her lamented father.

To converse well is of more importance in every-day life than to write well. But they are both talents or acquirements of inestimable value, the possession of one of which need in no instance exclude that of the other. On the contrary, if properly cultivated, they are mutual promoters.

THE NUPTIALS.

“————— Come, sweetest, come!
The holy vow shall tremble on thy lip,
And at God's blessed altar shalt thou kneel
So meek and beautiful, that men will deem
Some angel there doth pray.”

It was the eve of May, the eve too that was to celebrate the bridal of an only sister to wealth, nobility, and virtue. All, to the eye of the superficial observer, wore the aspect of happiness unalloyed, of joy, and earnest congratulation; but to me, who had read that sister's heart, perhaps, ere she had read her own, it was alike indifferent that I beheld the coronet in perspective, or reflected on the distinguished alliance which would elevate my Georgiana to a station she was so well calculated to adorn.

The morning at length dawned; the sun rose splendidly, and was soaring in a sky unchequered by a cloud; the birds were singing cheerfully, as sporting gracefully amidst the clustering foliage of ivy, jessamine, and woodbine, that shaded the window of our apartment, they seemed in chorus to hail the bride elect, with blessings the most auspicious; while beneath, earth's surface presented a scene at once animated and beautiful; flowers of variegated hue, and the richest tints, adorned the *parterre*, shedding a fragrance alike sweet and refreshing. At any other period, I should have regarded a scene so radiant in grace and beauty, with sensations of delight; but the thought of her who was on the point of sacrificing her felicity at the shrine of filial duty and affection intervened, and occupied my mind with ideas equally painful and anxious in their nature.

That Georgiana was on the point of resigning her hand, while her heart was in possession of another, I could not doubt; for often had I noted the glistening eye, the deep suffusion, and tremulous tone of her voice, when the name of Arthur Clanronald was announced;—of him, who had been the playmate of our childhood, the friend and intellectual companion of our riper years. I knew, too, she was dear, far dearer to the heart of Clanronald; but the smallness of his patrimony forbade the disclosure of his affection, and apprehensive lest his love should overcome the dictates of prudence, he retired suddenly to a distant part of the country, there to live on the wreck of a once noble fortune, bequeathed by a generous but too prodigal sire. Forsaken by her once-valued friend, left in doubt as to the reality of his sentiments, Georgiana's pride took alarm; she avoided not only the mention of his name, but all subjects that in the slightest degree had reference to it.

While my sister, with the native delicacy of her character, was thus shrinking from the contemplation of her own pure heart, burying in its inmost recesses her heaven-born affection, our father received a visit from Lord Clanronald, a

distant relative of Arthur's, whose heir he was, on the event of the death of an only son of very precarious health.

Evil was the hour that welcomed Lord Clanronald to the roof of my father, who having engaged in a variety of speculations, hazardous in their nature, found himself, when least expected, involved in difficulties, and reduced from the most affluent circumstances, to a state of comparative insignificance and want. In an agony of mind not to be described, he sought the confidence of his friend. That nobleman, with all the generosity of his nature, instantly offered such security as my revered parent might require to sustain his falling credit; and to relieve his mind from the weight of obligation conferred, demanded the hand of his fair Georgiana, as the noblest acknowledgment he could receive. It was not in the heart of my sister to refuse the tender of a hand that had snatched her father, the being she loved and venerated, from inevitable ruin. Her tears and silence were construed into an expression of grateful consent; and though she felt her anticipated marriage must seal her own wretchedness, she endeavoured to conceal the emotions of her suffering spirit under the assumed guise of a smiling and cheerful exterior.

Than on that morning, never had I observed Georgiana in more fervent prayer to Him, from whom alone she could derive consolation and support. Rising, she threw her arms around me, saying, “The society of Amy, my sister, was ever wont to afford me pleasure, but forbear to question as to the splendid misery that now awaits, to some, the envied Georgiana. I would be happy, calm, and collected; and shall I not be so,” she added, the tears rushing into her eyes, as she spoke, “when my trust is in God?”

Reckless of the splendid paraphernalia in which she was arrayed, I conducted her to our father, who prayed Heaven's choicest blessings might be showered on the head of his duteous child, and whispered, as he regarded her pale countenance, that even at the last, she must make no painful sacrifices on his account. Georgiana replied not. Her heart was too full, but her look convinced him she was resolved on becoming what in gratitude and duty she owed to him who was about to become her husband.

My thoughts and gloomy apprehensions were shortly arrested by the arrival of the carriages destined to convey the bride and her attendants to the village church. There we were met by Lord Clanronald, who received his trembling bride from the hands of her father. Leading her

to the feet of the altar he cast a lingering glance towards the vestry door; it opened, and to my extreme surprise, Arthur Clanronald himself stepped forth. It seemed an illusion; yet I could not doubt his personal identity, as my gaze was riveted on his noble, his happy countenance. What could this mean? Was he about to become the bridegroom of the unconscious Georgiana, who saw him not? He was, indeed! Already had he changed places with his Lordship, whose hand he appeared to press with grateful emotion; and now that the sacred ceremony was on the point of commencing, I could no longer withhold the sentiments of joy, of curiosity, that transported me for the moment beyond all sense of decorum, as grasping the parental arm, I required an explanation of what to me appeared a visionary scene of passing bliss.

"Hereafter, my child, you shall know more," replied my father, in an under-tone; "suffice it to add, I had read the heart of our Georgiana, had extorted in part her long-cherished secret; and, apprehensive lest her gratitude and filial piety would not hesitate to sacrifice her best affections, Lord Clanronald and I have preconcerted this scheme to render the dear girl happy in our own way; and you now behold that deserving young man sole heir of his Lordship's large possessions, Lord Clanronald having sustained a severe domestic affliction in the loss of his only son; and it was only to witness the happiness of my child, that he has now quitted the house of mourning."

Delightful were the sensations that now thrilled in my heart; and ardently did I long, as the faint responses of poor Georgiana smote on my ear, for the conclusion of a ceremony that was to restore her to happiness, joy, and love.

It was over; and Arthur, with gentle hand, had raised the veil of his sweet bride—had whispered, what to Georgiana alone was heard. Wild was the glance that darted momentarily on the face of Clanronald, as, giving one scream of joyful recognition, she sank into arms open to receive her. But the surprise, which had been intended as her sweetest reward, had nearly proved fatal in its consequences. Her delicate frame, and anguished spirit, were ill able to cope with feelings equally violent and opposite in their nature; and long, very long was it, ere our united efforts could awaken the unconscious bride to a sense of the happiness that awaited her.

HORN MUSIC AND ITS ORIGIN.

THE delightful island of Krestowsky, in Russia, from its romantic site and prospects, its beautiful scenery, and the varied recreation which it affords to the higher classes of society, as well as to their humbler brethren, is a place of public resort that more than rivals the gayest scenes in which the votary of pleasure can mix in the more refined capitals of England, France, or Austria. Few Sundays elapsed without our joining its motley and animated thousands; and it was, whilst roaming amongst them, that our ears were first sa-

luted by the far-famed melodies of the hundred horns. On the other side of the Newka stands a villa belonging to the Narishkins, who were the original patrons, or I should say, parents, of this singular species of music. Now, on all festive occasions, a large galley, containing the band of horn-players, slowly winds its way backwards and forwards in front of the villa, diffusing its harmonies over either bank of the stream. They resemble the tones of a small church organ, and when heard for the first time, produce an agreeable effect; but they are most impressive when borne from a distance, and at an hour when man and nature are at rest. For myself, I must confess, that their charm subsided after the first impression; on repetition, and particularly when we came close upon them, there appeared to me to be a monotony and technicality of cadence in this species of wind-music, which no other kind of harmony possesses. It was invented about sixty years ago, and as soon as Count Narishkin had got his band in proper trim, Catherine the Second formed a similar corps of several hundred musicians, and they continued attached to the imperial household, until the late Emperor Alexander, tired of their mechanical craft, dismissed them from his service. In honour, however, of their ancestor, the prime inventor, the Narishkins still maintain a private band, who take their turn with vocalists and instrumental performers in amusing their guests at home, and are of use in adding variety to the numberless amusements which Sunday brings with it amidst the pleasure-fraught shades of the islet of Krestowsky.—*London Court Journal*.

THE CRUSADES.

THE king—Renault de Chatillon, Count of Karoc, who had so often broken faith with the Moslems—and the Grand Master of the Temple, whose whole order was in abhorrence among the Mussulmans—were taken alive and carried prisoners to the tent of Saladin. That monarch remained for some time on the field, giving orders, that the knights of St. John and those of the Temple, who had been captured, should instantly embrace Islamism, or undergo the fate of the scimeter. A thousand acts of cruelty and aggression on their part had given cause to such deadly hatred; but at the hour of death not one knight could be brought to renounce his creed; and they died with that calm resolution which is in itself a glory. After this bloody consummation of his victory, Saladin entered the tent where Lusignan and his companions expected a similar fate; but Saladin, thirsty himself, called for iced sherbert, and having drunk, handed the cup to the fallen monarch—a sure pledge that his life was secure. Lusignan in turn passed it to Renault of Chatillon: but the sultan starting up, exclaimed, "No hospitality for the breaker of all engagements!" and before Chatillon could drink, with one blow of his scimeter Saladin severed his head from his body.—*James's History of Chivalry*.

A CHAPTER ON SHAWLS.

ARE our fair readers acquainted with the palm-tree of the shawl? If not, they must not confound it with the palm of the desert, for it possesses no one point of resemblance to it. In fact the palm of the shawl is neither more nor less than that object of eastern adoration, the cypress, which droops its crest in the sculptured glories of the palace at Persepolis, and is woven after a similar fashion into the rich borders of the shawl. In truth, the cypress of this elegant appurtenance of the boudoir has no more kindred with the stiff gigantic palm, than the twigs of willow which enact the parts of proxy for the palace of its own sacred festival. The bordering of the shawl is shaded, like the banks of a stream, with the cypress; this tree, among oriental nations, is an emblem of moral and religious liberty; and hence Saadi's strain,

Live fruitful as the palm; or be,
As reigns the cypress, proud and free.

Now the cypress is a favourite image for beauty of stature, and loveliness of deportment, for a fair and noble presence, and seductive flow of manners; it is regarded under eastern skies as the symbol of social and intellectual freedom, because its branches do not bend towards the earth, but shoot upward towards the firmament.

The votaries of taste and fashion have not, in all human probability, the slightest conception of the origin and import of the circle of flowers which is worked into the centre of the square formed shawl; it is totally a distinct species from every other, and by Persian, as well as Turk, is called the "*Boghdscha*." This word is synonymous with our "*heap*" (*a mas*), and is likewise given to the collection of stuffs and shawls which is presented by the Asiatic to his friends; yet the origin of the word is neither Persian nor Turkish, but derives from the Indian "*puḍsha*," which implies an offering of flowers. Whenever, from the time of year, or the nature of the soil, the Hindu is deprived of the means of honouring his divinities with gifts of flowers, the fair Indian spreads out her shawl, and kneels down to recite her prayer on its centre, where the textured bouquet forms a substitute for her favourite offering. These diminutive shawls are used in many of our European capitals as ornamental coverlets for ottomans and couches. We have assigned to this species the first rank in our catalogue, merely on account of the primacy of rank they enjoy in their native country; not because of their intrinsic value, for in this respect they must generally yield the palm to the "long shawl." The plain one, with a smooth surface, is called *Dshar*, and that with a flowered ground, *Dshid-shekli*; but the striped shawls, as well as such as have their surface richly decorated, are termed *Fermaish*; and the longest and narrowest, which are used as girdles or ceintures, *Baeldar*. We recollect that when the Persian envoy, some ten years since, presented one of these *Fermaishes*, together with a half-starved Persian courser, to his Imperial Majesty's court interpreter, it was

observed by a wag, "*Que l'ambassadeur avait regale d'un cheval maigre et d'un schal gras*."—The third class of shawl are those without palms or borders, which are used for the attire of the richer classes, particularly females, and are usually worked up into those elegant trowserings, which form no unattractive adornment to the person, when the caftan is thrown open: to this species the Turks attach the general name of *Tonlik*, or cloth for trowsering. In conformity with the place where they are manufactured, shawls receive the generic appellation of *Kashmirs* or *Lahoris*, from Kashmir and Lahore; whilst those which are imitations, whether made at Bagdad or Aleppo, in France or in England, are called *Tuklid*, or copies. In more recent times, the manufacturers of Cashmir have produced large supplies of gala shawls, into which the word *Newtarh*, or "of modern fashion" is always woven. These are ornamented with ensigns, foil, chains, peacock's feathers, &c., and are thence named by the Persians *Alembar*, "containing ensigns," *Kumkered ar*, "containing foil," *Sifilatar*, "containing chains," and so forth. These denominations are frequently worked into the shawls with a needle in coloured silk; but the characters usually found on them compose the name of the manufacturer or first vendor; and very often the words signifying "*O Preserver!*" "*O Defender!*" "*May blessings attend me!*" or the names of Achmed or Mahomet: or else words of Talismanic import; to which are added, "*Aala—Aala*," implying the highest, that is of the best quality. We may glean still further information from the following nomenclature, which the Persian Ambassadors, Mirza Abul, presented with twelve shawls, in the name of the Shah, to her Imperial Majesty, the Empress of Austria.

1. A Kashmir shawl, *Tirmeh*, arrow of the noon.
2. White, with a broad border—*Risaji*—chain fashioned, from the loom of the dervish, Mohomed.
3. A linen-liked sort of *Tirmeh*, with apricot border.
4. A white *Risaji*, with chain border:
5. A muscle-coloured *Risaji*, with leaves and chain.
6. A *Risaji* of the colour of heavenly water, with a chain border.
7. and 8. Emerald *Risajis*, with corners of roses.
9. A white ditto, ditto.
10. A garlick coloured *Risaji*, with a border.
11. A white shawl—*Abreh*, or water canal.
12. The same, with sprigs of willow.

I shall close these details with the derivation of the word *shawl* itself, for which I am indebted to Ferheng Shuueri, a Persian dictionary, which illustrates every word with a Persian verse. "Shawl is that well known portion of attire so called; or any other stuff woven from wool, such as carpets and ada (in contra-distinction to gold tissue or other splendid cloths.)"

"For riche stuffs and atlas, my wonted thirst is gone;
Guerdon enough for me are cloth and shawl alone."

SHE WEEPS O'er THE TRINKETS HE GAVE HER.

A Popular Ballad.

THE POETRY BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

COMPOSED BY ALEXANDER LEE.

Andantino.

Her eyes with her pale hand are sha - ded, The bloom of her

beau - ty is fa - - ded, And loose hung the dark locks that aid - - ed,

By con - trast the snow of her brow! Her dream of en - joy -

ment is o - ver, She seeks the fond smile of her lov - er.

A las! he as - - - - - sumed it to co - - - - - ver, The

cold frown re - - pul - - sing her now, the cold frown, the

cold frown, the cold frown, Re - pul - sing her now.

SECOND VERSE.

She weeps o'er the trinkets he gave her,
Bright lures that made innocence waver,
The golden chains meant to enslave her,
Are broken, she throws them aside;
She thinks of her home and its bowers,
Where spring strew'd the earliest flowers,
Too late for youth's happier hours,
She mourns in her palace of pride,
She mourns, she mourns, she mourns,
In her palace of pride.

THE TARTAR DRUM.

A Popular Ballad.

THE POETRY BY E. F. BALL.

COMPOSED BY G. HERBERT RODWELL.

Allarghetto Moderato e con Espressioni.



Row thy Bark my gal - - lant Lo - ver, Pen - sive o'er the rip - - - pling



sea, And while moonlight ga - - thers round thee, Sad - - - - - ly sighing,



think on me: 'Neath the Tu - - lip trees to meet thee, Ne'er



a - - - gain thy love shall come, Where soft e - - cho's voice re - spond - ing,



Tune - ful mocks the Tar - - tar drum; Where soft e - - - cho's voice re - spond - - - ing,



Tune - - - ful mocks the Tar - tar drum, So - - - - - ful mocks



the Tar - tar drum.

SECOND VERSE.

Bending o'er thy gallant vessel,
Thee no more shall I behold;
Like a spirit in the sunbeams,
Borne on waves of liquid gold:
To the rustic dance at evening,
Never more thy love shall come,
Where the mirthful cymbals jingle,
Joyous with the Tartar drum,
Where the mirthful cymbals jingle,
Joyous with the Tartar drum,
So joyous with the Tartar drum:

WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PELHAM."

"O WOMAN! day-star of our doom,
Thy dawn our birth, thy close our tomb,
Or if the mother or the bride,
Our fondest friend and surest guide;
And yet our folly and our fever,
The dream, the meteor, the deceiver;
Still, spite of sorrow, wisdom, years,
And those, Fate's sternest warners, tears,
Still clings my yearning heart unto thee,
Still knows no wish like those which woo thee,
Still in some living form essays
To clasp the bright cloud it portrays;
And still as one who waits beside,
But may not ford, the faithless tide,
It wears its own brief life away,
It marks the shining waters stray,
Counts every change that glads the river,
And finds *that* change it pines for, never."

A MATIN SONG.

FROM THE ATHENÆUM.

Good morrow to the hills again,—
Good morrow to the sea;
Good morrow to the hollow glen,
And to the greenwood tree!
The ringdove leaves her ivy bower,
The seamew quits the sea;
The skylark in his sun-bright tower
Is chanting merrilie!

Good morrow to the dappled skies,
Good morrow to the lake;
Good morrow to the melodies
The praiseful torrents make!
The river blue—the waterfall—
The small brook on the sea,—
Good morrow to them, one and all,
The beautiful—the free!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakspeare.

HOPE is a prodigal young heir, and experience is his banker; but his drafts are seldom honoured, since there is often a heavy balance against him, because he draws largely upon a small capital, is not yet in possession, and if he were, would die.

The Poet should cull from the garden of nature only those sweet flowers that diffuse a healthful fragrance. No poisonous weed, however brilliant its hue, however delicious its perfume, should mingle in the wreath he wears.

Women by assuming the literary character lose much of that softness and delicacy of manner which are their recommendations to the love of the other sex. When birds are kept in cages and taught a variety of notes, their power over sounds is indeed much increased; they are more noisy, but the natural sweetness of their voices is lost.

There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head dress. Within my own memory, I have known it to rise and fall within thirty degrees.

The difference between what is called *ordinary* company and *good* company, is only hearing the same thing in a little room or a large saloon, at small tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty sconces.

The great Sir William Jones was a most astonishing example of application to study in spite of all difficulties. His maxim was, never to neglect any opportunity of improvement which presented itself. It was a fixed principle with

him never to neglect prosecuting to a successful termination what he had once deliberately undertaken.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Let the first action of manhood be to govern your passions, for he who knows how to govern himself always becomes a favourite with society.

He who has opportunity to inspect the sacred moments of elevated minds, and seizes none, is a son of dullness; but he who turns those moments into ridicule will betray with a kiss, and in embracing, murder.—*Lavater.*

The proverb ought to run, "A fool and his words are soon parted; a man of genius and his money."—*Shenstone.*

An excellent rule for living happy in society is, never to concern one's self with the affairs of others unless they wish for, or desire it. Under pretence of being useful, people often show more curiosity than affection.

LONG SPEECHES.—In the year of Rome 702 a law was passed, called *de ambitu*, limiting the pleadings in criminal cases to one day, allowing two hours to the prosecutor and three to the accused. There was some sense in this, independently of the saving of time. There can be no greater absurdity than to suppose a good cause can be benefited by pleadings, the beginning of which must be quite forgotten before they come to an end.

The man who is in pain to know what alteration time and age have made in him, needs only to consult the eyes of the fair one he addresses, and by the tone of her voice as she talks with him, he will learn what he fears to know. But, O! how hard a lesson!

There is a charm in private talent which, from the very nature of the thing, can never be imparted by any public exhibition. In the theatre or in the concert room, we can never sufficiently abstract our minds from the performer. The performance may be, and in many instances, is, perfection. Science and taste are completely satisfied. But sentiment vanishes away before the idea that the whole is an exhibition.

LOVE LETTER.—I downa bide to see the moon
Blink o'er the hill sae dearly,
Late on a bonny face she shone,
A face that I loe dearly.
An' when down by the water clear
At e'en I'm lonely roaming,
I sigh, an' think if ane were here,
How sweet wad fa' the gloaming."

Virtue in an intelligent and free creature, of whatever rank in the scale of being, is nothing less than a conformity of disposition and practice to the necessary, eternal and unchangeable rectitude of the Divine nature.

Sweetness of temper is not an acquired but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than advice.

There are two kinds of people which we ought never to contradict, those who are far above us, and those who are far below us.

Zeno, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine, one day, while being beaten for a theft, by exclaiming—"Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

I have learned that nothing can constitute good breeding, that has not good nature for its foundation.—*Bulwer*.

LAFAYETTE was offered by the First Consul a place in the Senate, when that body was created: but as is well known, he declined, and resisted all advances towards arbitrary establishments, and has lived to enjoy his noble consistency, after the emperor and empire have crumbled into dust.

Where the sympathies of the heart have not been encouraged to expand, no cultivation of the understanding will have power to render the character eminently great or good.—*Hamilton*.

Distaff spinning was first introduced into England, in 1505.

Ell, or yard measure, was fixed by the length of Henry the First's arm, in 1101.

Persons who assume reserve, gravity and silence, often practise this trick to gain credit of the world for that sense and information which they are conscious they do not possess. When

I see a grave fool put on this pompous disguise, he reminds me of a poor and vain man who places strong padlocks on his trunks, so that the visiter may suppose that they contain valuable articles, though he knows himself that they are quite empty.

A TEAR.—

No radiant pearl which crested fortune wears,
Nor gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that breaks
For others wo, down virtue's manly cheeks.

The famous Ben Johnson worked for some time as a brick-layer or mason, "and let them not blush," says the historian Fuller, "that have, but those that have not a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."

A PHILANTHROPIST is a busy body, who is always meddling in the affairs of other people and neglecting his own.

The strength of the church consists not in the number of its members, but in the maturity and vigour of their piety.

Choose thy friend with care, and confide in him, that the bonds of your mutual love may be strong as the ties which unite brothers.

Be not familiar with the vulgar man; he is contagious; the scabby camel derives no benefit from the touch of the sound one, but the healthy camel becomes contaminated by communication with the sick.

Poverty is accounted disgraceful; but how notable the defect in him who boasts of high descent.

The rich man is honoured by all; they who stand in his presence aspire to nothing but his bounty; he rules the world by his wealth, his word is obeyed, and his sayings are approved of; the people smile at his approach, they stand before his divan, and seek to come near him.

One can live well without a brother, but not without a friend.

He that would not experience the vain regret of misemployed days, must learn, therefore, to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground. Whoever pursues a contrary plan, will forever find something to break that continuity of exertion, in looking forward to which, he solaces himself for his present supineness; and the expiration of the period allotted for the completion at his legal apprenticeship, will generally find a mighty waste of time to have proceeded from the trivial value he attached to its fragments.

EPITAPH ON A STONE IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT LANGTOWN,
IN CUMBERLAND, ENGLAND.

Life's like an inn where travellers stay:
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed—
The oldest only sup and go to bed;
Long is the bill who lingers out the day;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

RECIPES.

FOR DYEING AND CLEANING FEATHERS.

FEATHERS, to be dyed, must first be cleaned, by passing them through, or between the hands, in warm soap and water, and by giving them fresh liquors of soap and water, and at last rinsing them in warm water. Previously to their being dyed, it is necessary that they should be soaked in warm water for several hours. The same degree of heat should be kept up, but the water must be but little more than blood warm. If for yellows or reds, they must be alumed in cold alum liquor for a day or two, according to the body of colour you require the feathers to imbibe; then immerse them in your dye liquor.

For some drab colours, it will be necessary to use the alum water at a blood heat: its being too hot would injure the feathers. For dyeing browns, archil, &c. are used instead of woods, barks, &c.; cudbear is also used. After a feather has been dyed any dark brown or other dark colour, its nature is lost, and consequently its texture. It is unprofitable for the wearer to redye them, and difficult even for a dyer to perform. A feather by being beaten across the hand soon dries; by this means feathers are as easily dyed as silk or woollen, and there is a greater certainty of obtaining the desired shade. The only difficulty in dyeing feathers is in compounding the dyeing materials, and making a homogeneous liquor of them, so as to produce the desired shade, after being saddened or made of a darker colour by means of green copperas, which is generally used to darken brown greys, blacks, slate colours, &c. Sumach and fustic, or sumach alone, is the general ground of browns; the red, as I have before observed, is obtained by archil; and the black hue by green copperas, in warm water; after the feather has been put into the copperas water, it may be returned again into the dye water, and back again into the copperas; but care should be taken each time that the feather is rinsed from the copperas water, before it is again returned into the dye liquor, otherwise the copperas would spoil it. Care also should be taken not to use too much copperas in saddening colours, as it injures the texture, and prevents the colour from appearing bright; and if the ground colour be not of a sufficient body, the saddening or copperas will make it uneven.

The same preparation as would dye silk of the same colour, will dye feathers; in short, feathers as well as silk, being animal substances, are more alike in nature than any other two bodies, either animal or vegetable. You must remember, that in dyeing silks the water is used hot, or on the simmer, for most colours; but feathers must be always dyed in cold liquors, except for black, the dyeing materials being first boiled, and then let to cool; your feathers must then be put in, and when this liquor is exhausted add a fresh one, pouring off the old liquor. For dyeing feathers black, the same liquor as for silk must also be used, but with this difference, that for the feathers, the dyeing materials must be boiled for

two hours, and then used as warm as the feathers will bear, heating the liquor four or five times. It often happens that a feather is four or five days dyeing black; but violets, pansies, carnations, light purples, light blues, greys, &c. are dyed in ten minutes. Light blues are dyed in chemic blues; the greys, in galls and green copperas; the violets in warm archil and water; the greens with ebony wood, in warm water and chemic blue. These are to be finished by being gently beaten out over the hand, and this will dry them: just before they are dry it is requisite to curl them, which is done with a round edged knife.

TO CLEAN BLACK FEATHERS.

Pour a pennyworth of bullock's gall into a wash-hand basin; pour warm water on this, and run your feathers through it; rinse in cold water, and finish them as you would other feathers.

For the Lady's Book.

Long had the rosy god of day,
Beneath th' horizon's western verge,
Sunk in old Ocean's snowy spray,
And couch'd him in the sounding surge.

Up rose the silver queen of night,
And beauteous in the cloudless blue,
Bath'd rock and stream in gentle light,
And kiss'd each pearl of evening dew.

When, 'neath a window twin'd with flow'rs
Born in the Eastern Ind afar,
A lover blest those moonlight hours,
And thus he swept his light guitar.

Wake, lady wake! for the balmy breeze
Scarcely ruffles the placid lake,
And the waving leaf of the murm'ring trees
Calls thee to rise for thy lover's sake.

Wake! for the sparkling eyes of night
Rival the liquid beam of thine,
And the rivulets' waves, as they dance in light
Lend their soft music to blend with mine.

Wake! for the crescent bark above,
Rides through its ocean of spotless blue,
Like a fairy isle for the souls that love,
A haven of bliss for the fond and true.

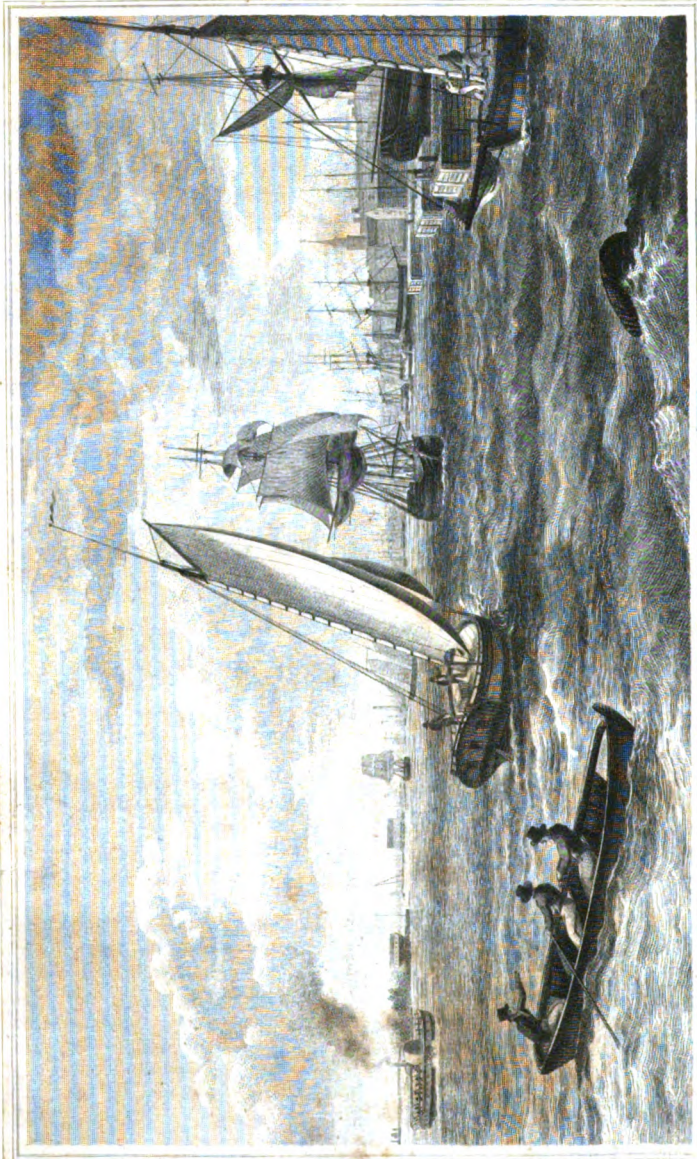
High and alone in that silver car,
Above the cares of this lower sphere,
'Mid the bright throng of the worlds afar,
Glide the young spirits that lov'd while here.

Wake! and list to the fairy note
That steals from my harp's awaken'd string—
The gentle sounds on the night breeze float,
And echo repeats the strain I sing.

Wake! 'tis the noon of night, when roam
The sheeted forms of the wand'ring dead;
Fear not! for the spirits that guard thy home,
Are angels of mercy around thy bed.

Thus rang the lover's glowing lay,
Till the pale moon's bright reign was o'er;
From the red East broke forth the day,
And the gentle strain was heard no more.

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FULLY
ASPER...ANG
TILLEN...ANG



Engraved by J. Cane.

PHILADELPHIA AND WASHINGTON.
FROM NEWINGTON.

Published for the LADY'S BOOK for May 1851, by L. A. GODEY & CO., 112 Chestnut Street,
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THE LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1831.

PICTURE OF PHILADELPHIA.

Few positions afford a more pleasing or picturesque view of the eastern front of Philadelphia, than that chosen by Mr. BIRCH, for the drawing, from which the accompanying engraving is made. Including the whole space on the Delaware, between the northern extremity of the city and the Navy Yard, this view introduces the most prominent wharves, with the shipping attached, as well as the busy and animated scene transacted on the mighty river, which forms one of the most important and desirable advantages.

The observer at Kensington has, indeed, a rich prospect before him. The noble Delaware covered with vessels of all sizes and descriptions, from the smallest river craft up to the loftiest merchantman, flowing on in its peaceful serenity, scarcely disturbed by a single ripple, except where one of the many steam-boats which ply upon its waters has occasioned a temporary agitation; the little islands which gem its bosom—the windings which terminate the view—and added to these the cheerful hum of the seaman, and the jovial song of the fisherman, as he skims along in his light skiff or draws in his heavy laden lines, form a picture at once striking, animated, and agreeable. On shore the objects are no less attractive or interesting. In the distance may be seen the Navy Yard, with its immense pile of frame buildings—the Shot-tower in Southwark—and closer at hand Christ Church steeple, and the other spires in that section of the city. Along the wharves the varied employments of those connected with the shipping, dimly and indistinctly seen, are softened down into an agreeable addition, and tend to make the whole scene more complete and diversified.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

From *La Belle Assemblée*.

BALL DRESS.—A gown of blue Adelaide gaze orientale; the corsage low, arranged round the upper part in folds, and crossed in front. Very short beret sleeves, covered with a mancheron, composed of three rows of blond lace. The dress is trimmed round the border, up the front of the skirt and across the corsage, with a wreath composed of three rows of white gauze riband, cut to resemble foliage, and united at regular distances by an ornament of riband resembling a flower, with its foliage. The head-dress is a blue crape toque, mounted on a gold net, and trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich feathers, falling in different directions. Necklace and pearls.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of rose-coloured mousseline de Soie: the corsage sitting close to the shape, and trimmed round the bust with a row of palmettes composed of rose-coloured riband, with a nœud formed of cut ends on each shoulder. Beret sleeves very full, and with the plaits reversed. The skirt is trimmed with white and rose-coloured gauze riband, draped a la Leontine; these ornaments are finished by a small knot of the two ribands at the bottom of each, and by another of the aigrette form at the top. The head dress is a beret composed of crimson and green gauze. Ear-rings, bandeau, and bracelets of dead gold; the latter have pearl clasps.

From the *Ladies' Magazine*.

COURT DRESS.—Toque of pink crape, ornamented with a bird of paradise; dress of white satin. The corsage is made tight to the shape; short full sleeves, terminated by a deep blonde. A broad striped gauze riband is fastened on the right shoulder, and descends to the left side of the belt with a bow and long ends. This kind of ornament is both novel and extremely graceful. The skirt is trimmed at the height of the knees with bouffans of pink crape, and bows of striped gauze riband. Trimmings of every description are becoming more general. The female leaders of ton seem tired of the excessive simplicity which has for some time prevailed throughout the empire of the mode. Diamond ear-rings and necklace; belt embroidered with pearls; shoes made of the chryseon gold, and also silver, now present an elegant addition to the decorative department of costume. The precious metals are now, indeed, in the fashionable circles, things of necessary use as ornaments of dress.

WALKING DRESS.—Hat of pea-green gros de Naples, lined with black satin; dress of gray silk, trimmed above the hem with a band laid on in alternate waves, collar and pelisse; scarf of black gauze to imitate blonde; these scarfs are much worn at present, and are made of different colours; but white and black are preferred by our elegantes; scarfs of these colours so minutely

resembling blonde as to be mistaken for it; bro-dequins of prunella.

MORNING DRESS.—Cap of Brussels lace, ornamented with pink gauze riband, cut in vandykes. Bows are at present quite out of fashion; and the trimmings, such as we have described, will be found much more becoming to the face, as well as lighter, than the bows formerly worn; dress of green gros de Naples; over the corsage is worn an elegantly worked muslin canezou, with double joke, falling very low over the sleeves; on each shoulder is placed a bow of gauze riband, similar in colour and pattern to that which trims the cap; gold bracelets, worked in the oriental style.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—The hat, which is ornamented with two white esprit plumes, is of buff watered silk, nearly lined with vandyke blonde, and is trimmed with striped gauze ribands of the same colour. The pelisse is of satin; the colour, violet of the woods. Full upper sleeves; the lower sleeve is ornamented with bands of velvet to match the dress. The skirt slightly sloped, and the plaits thrown farther back than of late. The corsage is tight to the shape, and very low on the shoulders; it is trimmed with pieces of velvet, vandyked at each end, and gathered in the middle under a gold buckle; these gradually diminish to the belt, and are continued down the front of the skirt, increasing in size to the feet. The hem of the dress is finished by a pipe of velvet; the collerette is of crimson velvet, confined with a gold brooch. Gold bracelets, clasped with large uncut garnets; reticule, the colour of the bonnet; belt, of figured velvet.

EXECUTION OF A FEMALE IN PERSIA.

(BY AN EYE WITNESS.)

A CONSIDERABLE crowd had assembled before I arrived at the place of execution. In the centre was a brazen mortar placed on a small piece of rising ground; a match communicating with the interior of the mortar, was at some distance, and not far from it was a firebrand ready lighted. I took my place with a heavy heart in the midst of the crowd, and I chose it at that distance which placed me out of all probability of danger.

Scarce had I stopped, when I saw the officers of justice approach, for whom the guards opened a passage, with difficulty, and not without dealing some blows amongst the throng. Between two of them advanced the condemned person.

From her head to her feet she was covered with a thick black veil, to hide her face. Her step was firm, and her countenance seemed unmoved. She often spoke to an eunuch who accompanied her, but the noise around prevented my hearing a word she uttered.

However, she drew near to the place of punishment; the spectators became profoundly silent; and when she arrived at the mortar not a breath was heard. She took advantage of this silence to raise her voice and address the multi-

tude with a precision and clearness which excited universal astonishment.

But the officers, perceiving the impression that she produced on the standers by, soon interrupted her. She made no effort to continue, and suffered herself to be taken close to the mortar; her step was firm; she did not pray, she did not speak, but appeared more resigned than many men would be in the same situation. She did not even shed a tear.

She was told to kneel down, and lean her breast against the mouth of the mortar. She obeyed. Her wrists were bound with cord, and they were firmly tied to some pickets that had been purposely placed there. In the meantime she did not discover the least emotion. She leaned her head on the mortar, and awaited her fate with that calmness that the bravest soldier might envy.

At length the signal was given. A man armed with the firebrand, bent it slowly to the match, and, just as it was about to take fire, an universal shudder took place among the crowd. The match was lighted: one moment only had past; a deep groan issued from every bosom; the smoke disappeared; there was no explosion; and the unhappy creature raised her head to see what had happened. A rapid beam of hope shot across my breast; I thought it was meant that she should be saved.

Scarce had this idea entered my mind, when another brand was lighted. The victim raised her head a second time, gave a deep sigh as if her soul had just taken its flight; this long, this dreadful sigh, was scarce finished, when the explosion took place, and the smoke of the powder hid every object from my sight.

The fatal cloud, however, was soon dispersed; the explosion had finished all, all was annihilated, except a few shreds of her garments, and the bones of her arms. Two women rushed forward at the fatal moment towards the scene of punishment, seized these remnants, and hiding them with their veils, hastily returned to their harem, carrying off those dreadful testimonies of the fulfilment of justice.

ST. PAUL'S PERSON.

How little stress is to be laid on external appearance! This prince of apostles seems to hint, concerning himself, that his bodily presence was not calculated to command respect: 2 Cor. i. 10. St. Chrysostom terms him "a little man, about three cubits (or four feet and a half) in height." But of all other writers, Neciphorus has given us the most circumstantial account of St. Paul's person: "St. Paul was of small stature, stooping and rather inclinable to crookedness; pale-faced, of an elderly look, bald on the head. His eyes lively, keen, and cheerful; shaded in part by his eye-brows, which hung a little over. His nose rather long and not ungracefully bent. His head pretty thick with hair, and of a sufficient length, and, like his locks, interspersed with grey."

THE BACHELOR'S FAREWELL.

FELLOW-WANDERERS—I am resolved to marry! confirmed—doubly confirmed in my resolution. To all bachelors, old, young and middle-aged, therefore I say, in the words of Burke, when he left the opposition—"Gentlemen, I quit the camp!" I cannot, however, take leave of my "half-brother bachelors" without expressing my regret—for what? not for leaving now, but for not having left before this, the society of a set of fellows hardly to be tolerated in any civilized country; but I have been duped, deluded, imposed upon beyond measure of compass. I would not have remained longer in the camp with such a craven-hearted corps—such an undisciplined, weak, irregular, dull soldiery; fellows who are bankrupts in purse, in wit, in reputation. But what could be expected from a class of beings—"stale, flat, and unprofitable" as old bachelors generally are?

Fellow-wanderers, you may call my sudden metamorphosis a new or old light—a reformation, a conversion, a whim, or what you please, for I am resolved to wed; and if it be not the march of mind, I believe it will, to me, be the march of comfort.

I am resolved to retire from the noise and confusion—from the folly and profligacy of bachelorship to the peaceful haven of matrimony. I shall dissolve partnership with the late "extensive firm," which I joined unsolicited, and leave without regret. The ladies will applaud the defection, for this *expose* will strengthen their artillery against the already proscribed race of old bachelors. Mothers will read these observations to their daughters, and the daughters for themselves. Nay, every old maid in the country will, "with greedy ear, devour up my discourse," it will strengthen their weakness against their opponents, the bachelors. Thus, having secured the ladies, I care not what becomes of the gentlemen, more especially the bachelor part of them. It may be inquired, what evil have you done me, brother bachelors? What good have you ever done me, by chance or design? Have you not taught me to smoke, to take snuff, to drink wine? All which I henceforth renounce, because I am to get married. Have you not enticed me to make bets, play cards, and keep late hours? All which I shall now forswear, because I have resolved to wed. Have you not solicited me to join club after club, attend routs, balls, taverns; to jaunt here and there, dissipate my time, money and mind to no purpose? All which I resolutely give up from this day, and for this simple reason—because I have resolved to get married.

Over and above these weighty charges, have I not been literally pestered by your acquaintance for the last thirty years? Are not the generality of old musty bachelors a parcel of scare-crows, calling themselves one's friends, while they are

the greatest enemies to his repose and happiness? One bachelor borrows money of me which he never intends to pay; another solicits to be introduced to my tailor, who measures him, and leaves me measureless in regret, for I have to pay the bill; another pretends to be an excellent judge in wines, and tastes away an occasional bottle of my best! Then comes in a horde of bachelors on a Sunday, and, as I am famed for having good legs—of mutton—they soon leave for me not a leg to stand upon! Roast and boiled disappear with greater celerity than the locomotive engines on the Railway! They are a flock of devouring locusts. Egypt was never more plagued than I have been; but it is over: the swallows of summer will soon disappear in winter: not one of those old bachelors shall enter my threshold when I am married. Prince Henry never left his dissolute companions with more satisfaction than I leave you; for you have Bardsolphins, Pims, and many a Poins among you. Indeed, I may say with that royal penitent—

"Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For you all must know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that keep me company."

You tell me all nations are struggling hard for liberty, and that I should retain mine; but I say again, that I am struggling to lose my liberty, for I have found it to be the most galling chain of the most galling servitude! You tell me "the cap of liberty is the only coronet;" but I tell you again, I have not found it "a golden diadem." The cap of liberty has imprisoned me too long—confined me among you in a moral Bastille, incarcerated, cramped, checked worse than Sterne's starling in the cage—"I can't get out, I can't get out!" But I shall get out of your clutches, fellow-wanderers! What are the fruits of this liberty? An aching head, a sunken eye, haggard, overhanging eyebrows, feverish pulse, pale cheeks, are some of the "glorious advantages" of a bachelor's liberty. Delusive bauble! whole nations have been destroyed by thy syren voice: no wonder individuals should listen to your decoying blandishments. I am glad I have "screwed up my courage to the sticking point," and resolved, at all hazards, to get married. I will be a Benedict: let thorns come, if they will, "that is part of a wife's dowry," as Shakspeare has it. I could even then laugh at my quondam companions, for their ears are longer than those of Bottom in the play.

Take a single figure from yonder group of miserable old bachelors; see the niggard creature infuse his tea, counting every leaf, lest he should make it too strong for his shattered nerves: but all the sugar of the West Indies will not sweeten the cup socially: it wants the fair hand of woman to mix it, and her bright eye to beam upon our souls when we drink it. Her smile

enhances every meal, and her soft voice sweetens every draught; but the cold, phlegmatic bachelor, the lonely, stinging, snarling, drivelling, revelling, wandering bachelor, lives without aim, and dies unregretted. He cannot sweeten the social meal, cherish the drooping heart, or be soothed with children's innocent prattle. For he is "full of noise and fury, signifying nothing."

I may mention here, that, since my "Defence of Widows," in the last volume of the *Lady's Book*, I have been favoured with several communications from that class of fair readers; and I take this opportunity of acknowledging their kindness. One lady sent me a Christmas cake; another thanked me and said, "that one who so ardently defended the widows would be able to protect our orphans,"—but "upon this hint I spake" not; a third invited me to her house, where I was introduced to half a dozen more lively, lovely, interesting widows—creatures whose smiles would chase away the gloom of care from the brow of the most ascetic anchorite; and a fourth sent me a cheese from her own dairy. Bless their little hearts! Yet this very defence roused the anger of a fair correspondent, Maria, whose neat and pithy defence of the old sisterhood did her much credit. If this meets her pretty eye, I hope she will again trace the fair paper with her fairer hand.

And now, ye hoary-headed bachelors—ye horde of jocumb triflers—ye insufferable band of self-deceiving, procrastinating sophists, who must not aspire even to the withered hand of an old maid, nor approach the presence of a buxom widow, much less pretend to a blooming maiden, your cases are desperate, and must be given over to a special commission of the ladies, by whom you will indubitably be found guilty of every count in the indictment. As for me, I have found that "it is not good for man to be alone," and have resolved to marry; to have my own domicile, ring my own bell, command my own servant; and thus escape the neglects of lodgings and the inconvenience of a boarding-house. Farewell!

Farewell the noisy song, the midnight bell,
The ear-piercing rattle of the nightly watch,
Farewell—the bachelor's noisy hall—
'The pomp and circumstance of glorious celibacy—
The ills and miseries of a bachelor's life—farewell!
For now my occupation's gone!

A BACHELOR.

THE NIGHT-MARE.

THE modifications which night-mare assumes are infinite; but one passion is never absent—that of utter and incomprehensible dread.—Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation. Sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid alimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and

whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Lerna. Every thing horrible, disgusting, or terrible, in the physical or moral world is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and cold touch of apparitions. A mighty stone is laid on his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony; and bulls and tigers pursue his palsied footsteps; the unearthly shrieks and gibberish of hags, witches and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed he feels superlatively wretched; he is rolling his eternal stone; he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes; he is prostrated by inevitable destiny, beneath the approaching car of Juggernaut. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side; then to shun the sight of so appalling an object, he will close his eyes, but still the fearful being makes his presence known; for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage, and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend. Then if he looks up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring upon him, and an aspect of hell grinning at him with more than hellish malice. Or he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted on his breast: mute, motionless and malignant; an incarnation of the evil spirit, whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly and incessant stare, petrifies him with horror, and makes his very existence insufferable. In every instance there is a sense of oppression and helplessness; and the extent to which these are carried varies according to the violence of the paroxysm. The individual never feels himself a free agent; on the contrary he is spell-bound by some enchantment, and remains an unresisting victim for malice to work its will upon. He can neither breathe, nor walk, nor run with wonted facility. If pursued by any imminent danger, he can hardly drag one limb after another; if engaged in combat, his blows are utterly ineffective; if involved in the fangs of any animal or in the grasp of an enemy, extrication is impossible; he struggles, he pants, he toils, but it is all in vain; his muscles are rebels to the will, and refuse to obey its calls. In no case is there a sense of any freedom; the benumbing stupor never departs from him; and his whole being is locked up in one mighty spasm. Sometimes he is forcing himself through an aperture too small for the reception of his body, and is there arrested and tortured by the pangs of suffocation, produced by the pressure to which he is exposed; or he loses his way in a narrow labyrinth, and gets involved in its constructed and inextricable mazes; or he is entombed alive in a sepulchre, beside the mouldering dead. There is, in most cases, an intense reality in all that he sees, or hears, or feels. The aspect of the hideous phantoms which harass his imagination is bold and defined; the sounds which greet his ear appallingly distinct; and when any dimness or confusion of imagery does prevail, it is of the most fearful kind, leaving nothing but dreary and miserable impressions behind it.—*Mackintosh on Sleep.*

ON LETTERS.

WHAT has there been left unsaid on the benefits resulting from an agreeable correspondence? What a charm do we find in those communications which reach us from an immense distance: which rekindle affection, and console two united hearts in absence, however far apart, which time or place have not succeeded in dividing, but who can still understand each other, in spite of distance.

The renown of men who have enriched the world by some valuable discoveries, has been preserved with their names; a poet, who knew how to diffuse a charm and an interest to pastoral poetry, a style too often flat and insipid, sang the praises of the first man who braved the dangers of the ocean, and who found out, in the ingenious necessities of love, the secret of navigation: what gratitude, then, do we not owe to the genius of him who first thought of writing a letter! he, who confided to the pen the visionary emotions of his heart. The regrets inspired by it, the desires augmented thereby! He might be reckoned as one of the benefactors of human kind; he has not only conferred an obligation on material interests, but he has rendered service to every tender and feeling heart; he has given to friendship and to love one of their most valued possessions; he has heaped favours on the separation which may take place between two friends, and doubled the enjoyments of life, in delivering them from its most bitter afflictions.

What a marvellous power is attached to a letter! I beheld, one day, a gentleman of the name of Underwood, in the midst of a party of friends; his conversation was gay and full of animation; his repartees, excited by the provocation of the lively chat of his companions, highly amused his guests; and carried away by the converse of his amiable society, he forgot those who were far away. How came it that all on a sudden his countenance became clouded, tears gushed from his eyes, and all his gaiety fled? A message was delivered to him, acquainting him that his father was dangerously ill. Adieu to happiness, adieu to the mind's quiet; his lips could not utter a single word; he pressed the hands of his friends, and disappeared, a prey to the most poignant sorrow. In the mean time, every thing which surrounded him was unchanged; the companions of his youthful pleasures were the same, their dispositions still amiable and amusing; but we do not live only in the place where we dwell—in every other, almost, there is some being who is dear to our souls, and who is, in a manner, present with us, and whose letters are the intermediaries of every emotion which we receive, of every feeling whereby our hearts are penetrated.

On the contrary, let us fancy we behold a young lady, whom we will designate by the name of Olivia; all the evening she has appeared pouting, gloomy, and discontented; not all the pretty things which her fashionable admirers have whis-

pered in her ear, as they have pressed around her, with unwearied attention, nor the gay tumult of the splendid entertainment she was present at, have had power to awaken her from her reverie. Only for one moment has she seemed to lend an ear to any thing. An old banker had been praising the regularity with which the business of the post office is conducted. "Mr. Freeling," said he, "is invaluable as he is indefatigable; not a newspaper nor a letter escapes his vigilance; all are delivered with equal regularity, daily." "Daily!" echoed she, in a faint voice, and a sigh, half-stifled, betrayed the cause of her uneasiness and regret. In the mean time, letters had just been distributed in the little town at which Olivia resided, a short distance from the city. She was informed that on a table in another apartment a letter was deposited, directed to her, which her servant had brought with her carriage. Oh! how rapidly did she quit the drawing-room! But, scarce had the company found time to remark her absence, before she re-appeared among them. Her countenance was lighted up with pleasure, her eyes had recovered all their usual brilliancy, her conversation all its accustomed vivacity, and the obliging language she made use of to all, proved that she wished to diffuse around her the happiness she herself experienced.

Sweet are the sensations which the heart preserves at such recollections; though age may press upon us his icy hand, yet years cannot make us forget or forego the charms of friendly communications by letters; conversation is fugitive; it is animated by being to the purpose, it may charm and dissipate *ennui*, but it often wears and becomes prosing; and, even when agreeable by profundity of sentiment, among superior individuals, its impressions often vanish with its conclusion; or, at best, leave only a faint recollection of pleasure. In time, the presence of the being most dear to us, loses every charm, by a thousand little trifles, which are a restraint upon us; by the narrow rules of politeness, by ridiculous defects, which it is impossible for us to be blind to, these things creep in, in spite of the impressions we may have received, and bring on coldness and neglect; for the heart is tormented by littleness of mind.

When at a distance, the imagination becomes exalted, friendship is more refined; love more dignified; our souls delight in clothing the image of a beloved object in the most lively colours; we cherish the recollection of all that evinced goodness of heart, generosity of sentiment, or tenderness of affection. We find in the letters of such an one the lively expressions of thought which peculiarly pleases us, of an attachment which charms us, and we embellish all that is sweet and touching in the reminiscences of the mind. We can renew our pleasure by reading over again the lines in which we found them,

those lines which are ever near us, which are not condemned to the devouring flame; for they are archives of tenderness, and are at once its food and gratification.

What may not be said of letters? What curious subjects for observation may be found in those literary curiosities which the learned have rescued from oblivion.

Suppose, for one moment, that every pen was destroyed, that the faculty of writing was no more, into what a state of desertion should we be thrown! What would become of the confidences of friendship, or of family communication? What an immense interval would be placed between those who are separated, if only at a very short distance. Absence would then be a species of death; then, indeed, tears would flow at parting from those we loved. May heaven avert from us such a misfortune, and preserve to us the delight and comfort of a correspondence by letters.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

THE practical results of the progress of physics, chemistry, and mechanics, are of the most marvellous kind, and to make them all distinct would require a comparison of ancient and modern dates; ships that were moved by human labour in the ancient world are transported by the winds; and a piece of steel, touched by the magnet, points to the mariner his unerring course from the old to the new world; and by the exertions of one man of genius, aided by the resources of chemistry, a power which, by the old philosophers could hardly have been imagined, has been generated and applied to almost all the machinery of active life; the steam engine performs not only the labour of horses, but of man, by combinations which appear almost possessed of intelligence; wagons are moved by it, constructions made, vessels caused to perform voyages in opposition to wind and tide, and a power placed in human hands which seems almost unlimited. To these novel and still extending improvements may be added others, which, though of a secondary kind, yet materially affect the comforts of life—the collection from fossil materials of the elements of combustion, and applying them so as to illuminate, by a single operation, houses, streets, and even cities. If you look to the results of chemical arts, you will find new substances of the most extraordinary nature applied to various novel purposes; you will find a few experiments in electricity leading to the marvellous results of disarming the thunder cloud of its terrors, and you will see new instruments created by human ingenuity, possessing the same powers of the electrical organs of living animals. To whatever part of the vision of modern times you cast your eyes, you will find marks of superiority and improvement, and I wish to impress upon you the conviction, that the results of intellectual labour, or scientific genius, are permanent and incapable of being

lost. Monarchs change their plans, governments their objects, a fleet or an army effect their purposes, and then pass away; but a piece of steel touched by the magnet preserves its character for ever, and secures to man the dominion of the trackless ocean. A new period of society may send armies from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Euxine, and the empire of the followers of Mahomet may be broken in pieces by a northern people, and the dominion of the Britons in Asia may share the fate of that of Tamerlane or Zengiskhan; but the steamboat which ascends the Delaware or the St. Lawrence will be continued to be used, and will carry the civilization of an improved people into the deserts of North America and into the wilds of Canada.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THAT momentous era, when men bent the knee before the shadow, and forgot the substance; when, through an excess of freedom, they fell into that vilest of slavery, the thralldom of passion; when they worshipped license under the fair name of liberty—was effected by the onward rush of high and holy hopes, and, above all, by the accumulative power of human sympathy, that strong bond which knits together the oppressed in one common union of hatred against the oppressor. But the government consequent on the revolution, was soon threatened by force from without, and assailed by wild tyranny within. Napoleon collected the scattered remnants of peace and order, and led the armies of the republic on to victory. He flung a bridle over the neck, and placed a bit in the mouth of the revolution, and it became wholly subservient in his hand. He saw that a throne was vacant, and he vaulted into the empty seat. He put on the crown of France and Italy, and, on the ruins of royalty and the yet smoking embers of republicanism, he established a monarchy, of which he was the imperial chief.—*Athenæum*.

TRANSPARENT WATCH.

A WATCH has been presented to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, constructed of very peculiar materials, the parts being formed of crystal. It was made by M. Rebellier, and is small in size. The internal works are all visible; the two toothed wheels are of metal, to prevent accidents by the breaking of the spring. All the screws are fixed in crystals, and all the axes turn in rubies. The escapement is of sapphire, the balance-wheel of rock-crystal, and its spring of gold. The regularity of this watch as a time-keeper, is attributed by the maker to the feeble expansion of the rock-crystal in the balance-wheel, &c. The execution of the whole shows to what a state of perfection the art of cutting precious stones has been carried in modern times.

THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

THE family name of Madame de Genlis, was St. Aubin, and she was born near Autun, in 1746. She inherited no fortune; but as she grew up, she was distinguished for her general talents and accomplishments, (especially that of music,) and a handsome person. These qualifications soon obtained her admission into the best company. She had also many admirers; but chance decided her lot so far as related to marriage. A letter which she had written to one of her acquaintances fell into the hands of the Count de Genlis, a young nobleman of considerable fortune, and a good family, who was so charmed with the style, that he aspired to the acquaintance, and afterwards became the husband of the fair writer. By means of this union, Madame de Genlis had access to the family of the Duke of Orleans, whose son, then Duke de Chartres, had a rising family, which he determined to place under the care of Madame de Genlis for their instruction; and this scheme was put in practice in 1782. Meantime the Count de Genlis had accompanied General Lafayette to assist the Americans in their war against England; and shortly afterwards reports became prevalent relative to an alleged *liason* between Madame de Genlis and the Duke de Chartres, which were subsequently strengthened into a general belief by the mysterious appearance of an adopted daughter, afterwards known by the name of Pamela. This foundling was educated with the children of the Duke, and experienced all the care of the most affectionate mother from the Countess de Genlis.

It was during her engagement as preceptress of the Duke de Chartres' children that Madame de Genlis began her career as a writer, by her works on education, which were soon found in the hands of all the fashionable mothers of families. "The Theatre of Education," "Adela and Theodore," "The Evenings of the Castle," and the "Annals of Virtue," of the Countess de Genlis, were the most popular, and certainly among the most excellent works ever produced of their kind. But Madame de Genlis' ambition was not to be satisfied by the production of works on education merely, and the good people of Paris were soon astonished to see a religious work proceed from the Palais Royal, the object of which was to prove that religion is the basis of all happiness and of all philosophy. It was soon discovered, however, that this work was a sort of compilation. The works of the Abbe Gauchat on religion had furnished materials, the Abbe Lamourette had arranged them, and the Countess had added the notes merely. She soon afterwards wrote another religious work, and began a controversy with the philosophers; but the conduct of this lady when the revolution began, gives great reason to doubt whether she was ever either sincere or serious.

The part that the Orleans faction played at

the beginning of the revolution, is well known; and Madame de Genlis is charged, perhaps most unjustly, with having been an active agent, if not one of the contrivers of the plots of that faction. It is certain that she was particularly intimate with Petion and Barrere; the one, the principal instrument in the attack on the Palace of Louis XVI.; and the other, one of the most intimate friends of Robespierre.

In 1791 she resigned the situation of governess of the Duke of Orleans' children; but she shortly after resumed it in consequence of Mademoiselle d'Orleans being dangerously ill. She, however, stipulated that she should immediately depart for England with her pupil. Accordingly, in October, 1791, she visited that country, and resided three months at Bath, nine months at Bury St. Edmunds, and made a tour through various parts of the kingdom.

In September, 1792, Madame de Genlis was desired to return to Paris without delay, a decree against emigrants having been passed by the Convention, to which decree the absence of the Duke's daughter would render her amenable. Madame de Genlis accordingly returned, and resigned her charge; but, on the following day, she and her pupil were declared to be emigrants, and were ordered to quit Paris within forty-eight hours, and France without delay. Madame de Genlis now determined to reside in England, but was entreated by the Duke of Orleans to accompany his daughter to Tournay, and stay till he could engage a proper person to take the place of governess. To this Madame de Genlis consented. It was at Tournay that Pamela, her adopted daughter, was married to the unfortunate brother of the Duke of Leinster, who afterwards lost his life in the Irish rebellion. Circumstances prevented the Duke of Orleans from procuring another governess for his daughter, and she therefore remained under the care of Madame de Genlis. When the Austrians reconquered Flanders, Madame de Genlis withdrew with her pupil to Switzerland, and wished to settle at Zug, where they were joined by the Duke de Chartres; but the magistrates of the town would not permit their stay; and General Montesquion, who had emigrated to Bremgarten, provided for these exiled and wandering females an asylum in the convent of St. Clair. The Princess of Orleans shortly afterwards quitted Madame de Genlis, and went to reside under the care of her aunt, the Princess of Conti, who at that period resided at Friburgh.

Madame de Genlis herself quitted the Convent of St. Clair, in May, 1794, and went to Altona, whence she removed to Hamburg, where there were great numbers of emigrants, many of them persons whom she had formerly known, but who avoided her company. She might therefore have remained there solitary amidst crowds of her compatriots, had she not drawn down

upon herself the anger of Monsieur Rivarol, an emigrant, well known for his wit and sarcastic humour. She next retired to a farm-house at Silk, in Holstein, where she wrote her works entitled "The Knights of the Swan," "Rash Vows," "The Rival Mothers," and "The Little Emigrants." She also published "A Refutation of the Calumnies which had been heaped upon her for her conduct during the Revolution."

In the year 1800, Madame de Genlis obtained leave to return to France, and Napoleon gave her apartments in the arsenal, and a pension. Since that period her pen has been constantly active. Her works are as numerous as those of Voltaire. The "Theatre of Education," is considered much the best of them. All, however, are written in a very graceful style, with much ingenuity, and display an active mind and an elegant fancy.

Ever since the return of Louis Philippe of Orleans (the present king) to France, after the restoration of the Bourbons, great kindness had been shown to this accomplished writer by his family, up to the last moment of her life. She died at Paris, on the 31st of December, 1830, at the age of 84 years.

THE TUNNEL OF SEMIRAMIS.

THE great Semiramis, nearly 3894 years ago, accomplished a work of art, on an immense scale, under the Euphrates, which Philostratus mentions in general terms, but of which Diodorus, of Sicily, gives a minute description, which we trust our readers will find interesting.

After the fortunate and highly-talented woman and queen of the Assyrian empire had, by the foundation of Babylon, in the year 2064 B. C., rendered her name more immortal than that of her husband, Ninus, who founded the well-known city of Nineveh, she caused two magnificent palaces to be erected on the most elevated spots of either shore of the Euphrates, which flowed through the midst of Babylon, from which she enjoyed a splendid view over the largest city of antiquity. An arched stone bridge, 400 toises in length, built with all the perfection of hydraulic architecture of the present day, formed the communication between these two palaces. But not satisfied with this open passage, the queen wished to be able to pass unseen from one shore to the other. The plan of a subterranean gallery was soon formed; but Semiramis constructed an infinitely more expensive, but much more secure tunnel than Mr. Brunel. One of the lowest parts of Babylon was chosen, and a reservoir excavated three hundred stradium (thirty-seven and a half miles) square, and thirty-five feet deep, into which the river was conducted, when the erection of the tunnel commenced on dry ground, and in open day. The length of it was something about four hundred toises; its inner width fifteen; and its height, not reckoning the arch of the vault, twelve feet. The arch and side walls were formed of burnt bricks,

which being twenty bricks thick, made at least twelve feet, as these bricks by all accounts were larger than ours. After the completion of the work, the whole tunnel on both sides was smeared with boiled bitumen, till it acquired a coating five feet in thickness, (four Babylonian ells.) The river was then conducted into its former channel, and the two outlets of the tunnel enclosed with brazen gates, which still existed in the time of Cyrus, 551 years B. C., or 1506 years after their erection. Diodorus concludes thus:—"The whole work was completed in seven days." According, therefore, to simple calculation, at least fifty thousand skilful workmen must have been employed during those seven days. But as regards the excavation of the reservoir, the dispositions must have been much more gigantic, it being easy to calculate that with the employment of two millions of workmen, it would not be completed in less than ten years.

SCENIC REPRESENTATIONS

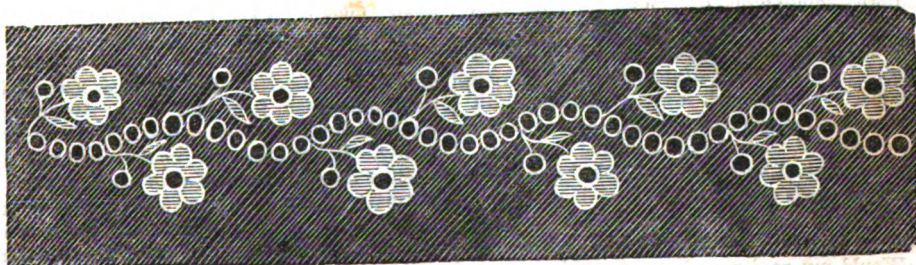
WERE first introduced into the city of Rome, on occasion of a pestilence, by way of expiation. The performers came from Etruria, and were called *histriones*, from *hister*, which, in the Tuscan language, signifies a player. Hence the denomination of "the histrionic art." These performances were at first mere medleys, composed of a variety of parts, and it was not until the year of the city 522, that Livius Andronicus, a freedman, produced the first regular drama on the Roman stage. It was then the practice for the author to perform his own piece; but Livius having broken his voice by too much exertion, obtained leave from the audience to make use of a boy as a chanter. The boy, standing in front of the music, and keeping time with it, recited the compositions of the poet, who accompanied him with corresponding gesticulations. This practice obtained afterwards at Rome, until at length the passion of that people for gesticulation, produced the pantomime, which consisted wholly of action. Neither the Romans, nor their successors, the Italians, ever excelled in the dramatic art. Roscius, of whom so much is said, and so little known, is the only actor on record of distinguished fame. Cicero has immortalized him. Of the Roman tragedies, little can be said; and the comedies of Plautus and Terence are far below those of Aristophanes. There are but three or four good comedies in modern Italian literature; the best is by the famous Machiavel, one of the finest geniuses Italy ever produced. Goldoni, a Venetian, has written many popular pieces, which, however, would not suit the taste of a refined and intellectual audience. Music has swallowed up every thing in Italy, and opera and pantomime superseded the manly legitimate drama. Alfieri has written worthy of antiquity; but his tragedies are read, not acted. The Italians would rather listen to fiddlers, and sopranos, and see opera-dancers. Can such a people expect to be free?

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

CROWN PATTERN.



SIDE PATTERN.



IL CAVALIERE PITTORE.

ABOUT the time of the celebrated Pacification of Ghent, two gentlemen of the Imperial army were parting upon the steps of an inn in High-street at Bruges. The younger of these, as he mounted his steed, gaily exclaimed to his companion—

“A soldier's farewell, friend Antonio, and mirthful days to you, until our next meeting in fair Italy.”

“Amen, Polidore, and soon may that meeting be—I am nigh sick of such wars.”

“Then leave in peace these hard-handed Netherlanders, whom I shrewdly suspect to be in the right, notwithstanding their stubborn visages, and latitudinarian *culottes*—make your bow to his Highness of Parma, and ride with me—I have a choice adventure toward.”

“Polidore! Polidore! is all your experience—are all my counsels then unheeded?”

“Prythee truce to that eternal theme! In one word, will you be my companion—yes or no?”

“You know that I cannot at present—but what mad enterprise are you now bent upon?”

“So you go not with me?—*addio* then!—as to my schemes, you shall hear of them when next we meet—in the mean time be not over curious—and ere long I will convince you that one light-hearted day is better than a whole year of frowns, were they those of Wisdom herself—Heaven rest you merry!” So saying, he spurred his horse, and was soon out of sight.

* * * * *

Not long after this time there was an unusual stir in the drowsy city of Modena. All the idlers, and they formed nearly seven-eighths of the population, were busily canvassing the probable merits of a young painter, who had recently arrived. No one seemed to know whence the Signor Da Torre came; but all agreed that he was a man of great talents, as he had taken a *studio* in the widest street in the city;—and it was surprising to observe how sudden all classes were smitten with the desire of figuring upon his canvass. The Signor's dwelling was soon thronged with visitors. Burghers and magistrates, three captains of *condottieri*, two marquises, and twenty-three ladies of condition, had offered themselves to his pencil; and all, strange to say, received the same answer. The Signor was highly flattered—quite proud of such liberal patronage,—but was at present unable to undertake any new subjects, being already devoted to one of considerable importance (presumed sacred, from the mystery with which it was concealed). All this created much observation;—the middle-aged beauties, whom he had declined to portray, said that he had bold eyes, and looked like a heretic—the girls peeped at him from behind their fans, and pronounced him to be a well-made youth, with a brow and bearing like a nobleman.

Would my readers believe that this was no

other than our friend Polidore, lately leader of the forlorn hope at the siege of Leyden?—A gay, thoughtless fellow, and poor, though of noble birth—this was not the first metamorphosis in his life of vicissitude and adventure. In passing through Modena to join the imperial army in the Low Countries, he had seen a face, the image of which had ever since haunted him; and upon the first suspension of warfare, he determined to behold the fair vision once more. On his return to Modena, he discovered her, after some search, to be an orphan of rank, who lived in seclusion during the absence of an only brother. A second glimpse of this lovely creature increased his romantic desire to approach her; but all his efforts had terminated in disappointment. At length he learned that the Lady Isidora was a great admirer of painting. His resolution, though a strange one, was instantly formed; he immediately hired a *studio*, and caused it to be rumoured about that a great artist had arrived; saving his conscience by the fact of having formerly studied under Parmigiano, with no contemptible success. After nearly exhausting his slender purse in the secret purchase of pictures and other artist-like *etceteras*, he committed his fate to the genius of female curiosity, and awaited the operation of his scheme. Long did he wait, in vain, to the great detriment of his purse and his patience;—while the number of his unwelcome visitors almost induced him to convert the frolic into a means of replenishing the former. But at last, one sunny morning, a fair *dilletante* visited his dwelling, and all his plans were adjoined *sine die*. How he induced the Lady Isidora to sit to him for her portrait has never been clearly discovered;—his arguments, however, if he used any, seemed to have succeeded, and the work was begun.

At length the fact transpired, that Signor Da Torre was painting some lady of distinction; and those whom he had refused were as loud in their indignation as they were eager to learn who the lady might be. It is difficult to say why the fair Isidora cared not to let the world know that she was suffering her beauties to be portrayed on canvass—certain, however, it is, that she appeared unwilling to enlighten the public mind as to the fact; and that, although the work proceeded very slowly, she did not evince any *extraordinary* impatience for its completion.

Our painter, in the meanwhile, seemed in a fair way to be convinced of the folly of *playing artist*. It was evident that the pursuit was injurious to his health; for long before the portrait was half finished, he became pale, irritable, and moody. It was clear that confinement and the smell of colours disagreed with his idiosyncrasy, and that his fondness for his assumed profession was rapidly waning. The work at last drew near its conclusion, just as his powers of endurance were nearly exhausted; as may be gathered from the

following soliloquy, uttered on the morning of the last sitting. During its delivery he paced to and fro in his chamber, with lips pale as those of a criminal before execution, and a brow as dark as thunder-clouds; while his eyes shot forth such glances as almost terrified poor Julio, who was waiting his orders, in the capacity of pupil, lacquey, steward, and groom of the chambers. We omit the expletives wherewith it was garnished, having a special regard to the morality of the rising generation.

"So! I have reaped a precious harvest for my pains.—A dear friend, forsooth, whose arrival she sighs for—Unfeeling girl! she might have spared me the recital of her fond anxiety. If I meet this minion, may the furies—yet why? the fault is mine—I might have earlier seen the madness of cherishing such a delusion.—And this is my reward for prospects abandoned, and difficulties embraced—the recompense for the entire devotion of my soul, the exercise of my talents, the unwearied attempt to please this proud beauty!—I will think of it no longer—the folly has already cost me too dear—Julio," addressing the boy, "how many crowns are in the *exchequer*?"

"Five, master, and three small coins."

"St. Antony! it is indeed time to break off.—Haste thee to the piazza, and inquire—yet stay,—I shall need thy attendance at home—I will set forth myself anon. Wait in the anti-chamber, and should any one seek me, say that I cannot be seen—that I am grievously sick."

"And if the Lady!"—"Silence!" exclaimed the impatient artist, stamping with his foot, "dost thou pretend to prate to me?—I will see no one—Begone!"

Alas! for resolutions—prudent ones, most especially!—They are like the vaults of cowards at the beginning of a fray—pillars of snow, as permanent as they are pretending—bubbles, which the mind is ever sedulously blowing, and which the slightest breath of circumstance scatters to the winds. But most of all, for endurance, commend us to those doughty resolves whereof *woman* is the subject. Produce one which can resist a smile—a soft word—or even a sigh, from the loved one, and we will, in return, impart the long-sought-for secret of the Chrysopeosis. But to the illustration. The boy had hardly left the room, before the door gave warning of an arrival; and our framer of resolutions heard him reply, as he had been ordered, to a soft inquiry for the Signor Da Torre. The voice was known to him but too well; he started up—his firmness was fast evaporating—and on the repetition of the word "Sick! how long?" in the same gentle tone, it fairly exhaled! He rushed down stairs—angrily chid Julio for his stupidity (Heaven bless the mark!) and apologizing in an awkward manner for the *mistake*, ushered in the fair querist, followed by an aged attendant. We must not too harshly accuse our friend Polidore of weakness—for verily it would have required the concentrated acerbity of a full dozen of cynics to refuse admission to so sweet and self-willed a visitant as the young Lady Isidora.

There was a slight embarrassment in her reception of Polidore's confused and stammering attempts at explanation; and her respiration was somewhat quicker than ordinary. The latter circumstance may probably be accounted for by the length of the painter's staircase. After a pause to recover breath, she said in a slightly tremulous voice—"I believe, Signor, that your boy was right in wishing to send me away—you do not appear well—I had better excuse your confining yourself to the painting room to-day."

"You are kind, Lady Isidora," replied Polidore, "but I am not more sick or sad than has been my wont of late. We will proceed to the *studio*, if it please you—the portrait is nearly finished, and I would fain complete it before my departure."

"You leave Modena, then?" the lady hastily inquired.

"To-morrow, Lady, if possible; this life suits me not—I have paid," he said, looking earnestly at Isidora, "rather too dear for my painting."

She coloured slightly, and said, as if to change the subject, "See, I have brought a rose for you to copy—you must use all your skill, for it is my favourite flower, and my friend (oh, woman, woman! why could she not say *brother*?)—my friend will like the picture better for seeing it there."

"He is a happy man, Lady Isidora, whom you think worthy of such a possession!"

"It may be so," she replied with her usual archness—"at all events, I shall expect he will prize it for my sake." This grated most unpleasantly on Polidore's ear—it was the most natural speech in the world, and yet he felt cruelly galled by the significant manner in which it was uttered. He bit his lips—looked as dignified as possible, and silently led the fair offender into the *studio*.

Now, considering that Polidore was, after all, merely pseudo-artist, the arrangement of his painting room was highly creditable to his taste and *savoir faire*. It was well provided with all appliances of the art, grotesque, mechanical, and elegant. There were *bustos* of all sorts, some with staring Medusa eyes, such as glare upon us in fever-dreams; casts of hands, feet, and noses, together with two or three unexceptionable skulls. On the floor, as if by accident, lay Da Vinci's celebrated treatise;—a very business-like box of colours stood ready for use, while, from a sort of recess, one of those monstrous images, technically called a *lay figure*, spread abroad its misshapen arms, like the personification of some Ogre of a nursery tale. The room was decorated with flowers, and some imposing paintings (copies) reclined at intervals against the walls; upon a cabinet, in one corner, stood a beautifully carved group, representing the well-known subject of Cupid bestriding the lion; at the feet of which, by a judicious arrangement, lay a copy of amatory verses, the offspring of Polidore's muse. But of all the ornaments of the chamber, the most attractive, was the nearly-finished portrait of Isidora, which laughed and

blushed from the easel like the genius of spring come down to hold carnival in the midst of this strange assemblage of objects. As Polidore gazed upon his performance, whilst the beautiful original was removing her hat and mantle, the face seemed to smile upon him with an air of cruel mockery. He thought on the disappointment of his romantic hopes, sighed, and applied himself despondingly to his task.

Sad work, indeed, did he make of it;—but who could have done better in his place? Directly before him sat Isidora in a most bewitchingly graceful attitude; her little satin-covered feet crossed over each other, and her round white arm and delicate hand, peeping from the folds of her silken sleeve, betrayed their exquisite proportions, while employed in raising to her lips the flower, not half so red or fragrant as they. Her blue eyes were more pensive than usual, and a slight air of languor rested on her features. She had never looked so lovely before; and Polidore soon became unable to paint for gazing. All his consciousness of the folly of his hopes—his doubts and his determinations—all his late half-angry, half-jealous feeling, melted away in one headlong torrent of admiration. For some time the lady endured in silence this formidable battery of glances;—at length it became too animated, and she exclaimed, with an offended air, “I fear, Signor, that the work will hardly be finished to-day, if you proceed so tardily with your pencil.”

Polidore started—“I crave pardon,” he said, —“I had forgotten myself, and was dreaming that I was in heaven!”

Isidora blushed deeply, and almost unconsciously taking from the cabinet the copy of verses, she rather unwisely began to read them. They were addressed in no very equivocal manner, to herself, and contained more than the usual proportion of melting and profound expressions of attachment. As this was their only merit, we shall be excused from transcribing them. The author, however, who naturally thought them pithy and moving, watched their effect with the utmost anxiety. The lady changed colour repeatedly during their perusal;—then, hastily laying them down, began very assiduously to pull in pieces the poor rose, which she had entreated the painter to copy with so much care. Leaf after leaf did she tear off and cast on the floor, while, under Polidore's glances, the eloquent blood wandered over her face and bosom, like the reflection of April clouds upon water. This could not last long; the affair was evidently approaching what the doctors call a *crisis*. Our artist tried to recover himself; applied his pencil, with an unsteady hand to the lips of the portrait, and turned to contemplate their delicious originals. They were quivering, and the soft breath was hurrying from between them with rapid murmurs. Isidora's eye met his—they sunk in an instant—but one such look is fatal. Polidore threw down brush and palette, and overturning a harmless stool in the haste of his amatory progress, knelt incontinently at the lady's feet.

“Isidora!—nay—do not turn from me in disdain—I *must*, for the first and only time, declare how fondly, how madly I love you. That it is vain, I know but too well—the bitterness of this thought is surely punishment enough for my temerity.—You know not yet its full extent: I have loved you ever since a random chance allowed me to behold you for an instant; it was to see you once more, to hear your voice, to breathe the same air with you, that I have assumed this disguise, though a soldier and a gentleman. I have suffered for my folly—do not overwhelm me with your scorn—say, at least, sweet Isidora, that you pardon me.”

She turned her head timidly round; she was very pale, and her eyes streaming with tears; but a smile of ineffable sweetness trembled on her lips.

—In another instant, (my readers must remember that the scene is laid in Italy.) Polidore held her in his arms.— * * * * *

Paullo minor a canemus, that is, we will return to the antechamber, where the boy Julio was seated with Isidora's venerable nurse Teresa. Their conversation was ere long interrupted by a loud knocking at the gate, which was followed by the entrance of a grave-looking cavalier (the same, by the by, whom we have already seen at Bruges). He inquired for the Signor Da Torre, and said that he would abide his leisure. After waiting, however, a few moments, he gave strong signs of impatience, and broke forth into a *sostenuto* strain of dissatisfaction, as he paced to and fro in the apartment. “Why, in the name of all the saints” (he muttered to himself), “did Polidoro address me to this painter?—some new folly of his I warrant—and yet I would fain hear news from him after so long a separation.” Then, after a pause in which his anger seemed to have gathered strength, he resumed: “How long am I to dance attendance upon this tardy painter? I must back, ere long, to see if Isidora be returned. Vexatious! to find her from home, and gone no one can inform me where.” Here he was interrupted by the ancient dame, who, after gazing upon him for some minutes in a state of uneasy suspicion, at length started up, exclaiming—“Santa Maria! it is our noble Count come back from the wars!”

“What! Teresa,” (said the Count, opening his eyes very wide,) “is that your worthy self? Truly, I am glad to see one well-known face upon my return. But what seek you here? and where is your lady, my sister?”

“Ah! how glad she will be! she is in the next chamber, sitting”—

“Per Giove! and I have been so near her all this time!” He rushed into the *studio*, where he was unpleasantly surprised by the sight of his sister, reclining on the arm of the painter, who had his back towards the door. On perceiving her brother, she uttered a faint scream, and disengaging herself from her lover's embrace, tremblingly advanced to meet him.

“How is this, Isidora? (said the Count sternly) “it was not thus that I expected to meet you

on my return home—but of that anon. As for this”—

The painter had turned furiously round, and fronted the unwelcome intruder—a mutual exclamation of surprise and pleasure burst from their lips: “Polidore!” “My dear friend Antonio! you have come in a happy moment.”

Isidora, covered with blushes, hid her face in her brother's bosom. The latter, after a pause, exclaimed, “Polidore, you have not used me well: why keep this secret from me?” and his brow grew dark again.

“Do not blame me too hastily; I have only now learned that you were the brother of this angel. I had prepared a surprise for you in directing you to the painter Da Torre; but how could I speak to you of my love, when I despaired of its success until this moment? And now I throw myself upon your friendship—I have been a sad fool, but I will promise the most undeviating wisdom for the future,

The Count shook his head, with the serio-comic air of one who is at some loss to decide whether he shall assume the furious or the clement, but who leans to the latter. There was a pause—a struggle—but Polidore's star predominated, and his friend spoke at last:

“Well, you have left me, very kindly, no voice in the matter; I see that any counsel or interference of mine would be useless. What says Isidora?”

She looked up into Antonio's face with a most bewitching air of entreaty, and whispered, “My dear brother!”

As they left the house together, the Count was heard to say, “You shall finish the portrait for me at your leisure, Signor Da Torre; in the mean time we shall be glad of your society, only, I pray you no more masquerading.”

COMPLIMENTS TO THE LADIES.

QUIN, the celebrated English comedian, was distinguished for his attachment to the society of females; though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities may have led the reader to the contrary supposition. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. Quin remained silent. One of the party (remarkable for the whiteness of her neck) asked Quin his opinion—“Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Quin?” “Oh, yes, madam!” “And pray may I inquire what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?” “A fly's, madam.” “A fly!” “Yes, that I might have the pleasure, at some future day, of resting on your ladyship's neck.” There was infinite delicacy in the following:—Being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied, “It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam: we always see more of heaven than earth!”

FICTITIOUS NARRATIVE.

THERE has been considerable difference of opinion in regard to the effects produced upon the mind by fictitious narrative. Without entering minutely upon the merits of this controversy, I think it may be contended, that two evils are likely to arise from much indulgence in works of fiction. The one is a tendency to give way to the wild play of the imagination—a practice most deleterious both to the intellectual and moral habits. The other is a description of the harmony which ought to exist between the moral emotions and the conduct—a principle of extensive and important influence. In the healthy state of the moral feelings, for example, the emotion of sympathy, excited by a tale of sorrow, ought to be followed by some efforts for the relief of the sufferer. When such relations in real life are listened to from time to time, without any such efforts, the emotion gradually becomes weakened, and that moral condition is produced without the corresponding conduct; and when this habit has been much indulged, the result seems to be, that a cold and barren sentimentalism is produced, instead of the habit of active benevolence.—*Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers, by John Abercrombie.*

LOVE.

THE true key of the universe is love. That levels all inequalities, “makes low the mountain and exalts the valley,” and brings human beings of every age and every station into a state of brotherhood. “The lion and the lamb lie down together; the leopard dwells with the kid, and a little child shall lead them.” What unprejudiced man can look abroad in the world and not see this? The splendid sun, the cerulean sky, the majestic trees, the green earth, the thousand colours that enamel the mead, the silver stream, in beauty composed and serene, living in the endless flow of its waters, all talk of what softens the heart, and inspires kindness and affection to our dispositions and feelings. Has not God made man the crown of his works, and stamped all his limbs with majesty and grace; and shall we treat with harshness and with indignity what God has chosen for his living temple? No: the man that is austere to his brother mortal, is the true, the practical atheist. The true system for governing the world, for fashioning the tender spirits of youth, for smoothing the pillow of age, is Love. The one thing which most exalts and illustrates man is disinterested affection. We are never so truly what we are capable of being, as when we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for others, and immolate our self-love on the altar of beneficence. There is no joy like the joy of a generous sentiment, to go about doing good. To make it our meat and drink to promote the happiness of others, and diffuse confidence and love to every one within the reach of our influence. *Cloudsley.*

THE MIND, AND ITS IMMORTALITY.

WE have, in truth, the same kind of evidence for the existence of mind, that we have for the existence of matter; namely, from its properties—and of the two, the former appears to be the least liable to deception. “Of all the truths we know,” says Mr. Stewart, “the existence of mind is the most certain. Even the system of Berkely concerning the non-existence of matter, is far more conceivable than that nothing but matter exists in the universe.” A similar mode of reasoning may be applied to the modification of materialism more prevalent in modern times, by which mind is considered as a result of organization, in other words, a function of the brain; and upon which has been founded the conclusion, that, like our bodily senses, it will cease to be, when the bodily frame is dissolved. The brain, it is true, is the centre of that influence on which depend sensation and motion. There is a remarkable connexion between this organ and the manifestations of mind; and, by various diseases of the brain, these manifestations are often modified, impaired, or suspended. We shall afterwards see that these results are very far from being uniform; but, even if they were uniform, the facts would warrant no other conclusion than that the brain is the organ of communication between the mind and the external world. When the materialist advances a single step beyond this, he plunges at once into conclusions which are entirely gratuitous and unwarranted. We rest nothing more upon this argument, than that these conclusions are unwarranted; but we might go further than this, and contend, that the presumption is clearly on the other side, when we consider the broad and obvious distinction which exists between the peculiar phenomena of mind, and those functions which are exercised through the means of bodily organization. They do not admit of being brought into comparison, and have nothing in common. The most exquisite of our bodily senses are entirely dependent for their exercise upon impressions from external things. We see not without the presence both of light and a body reflecting it: and, if we could suppose light to be annihilated, though the eye were to retain its perfect condition, sight would be extinguished. But mind owns no such dependance on external things, except in the origin of its knowledge in regard to them. When this knowledge has once been acquired, it is retained and recalled at pleasure; and mind exercises its various functions without any dependance upon impressions from the external world.—That which has long ceased to exist is still distinctly before it; or is recalled, after having been long forgotten, in a manner even still more wonderful; and scenes, deeds, or beings, which never existed, are called up in long and harmonious succession, invested with all the characters of truth, and all the vividness of present existence. The mind remembers, conceives,

combines and reasons; it loves, and fears, and hopes, in the total absence of any impression from without that can influence, in the smallest degree these emotions; and we have the fullest conviction that it would continue to exercise the same functions in undiminished activity, though all material things were at once annihilated. This argument, indeed, may be considered as only negative; but this is all that the subject admits of. For, when we endeavour to speculate directly on the essence of mind, we are immediately lost in perplexity, in consequence of our total ignorance of the subject, and the use of terms borrowed from analogies with material things. Hence the unsatisfactory nature of every physiological or metaphysical argument, respecting the essence of mind, arising entirely from the attempt to reason the subject in a manner of which it is not susceptible. It admits not of any ordinary process of logic; for the facts on which it rests are the objects of consciousness only; and the argument must consist in an appeal to the consciousness of every man, that he feels a power within totally distinct from any function of the body. What other conception than this can he form of that power by which he recalls the past, and provides for the future—by which he ranges uncontrolled from world to world, and from system to system—surveys the works of all-creating power, and rises to the contemplation of the eternal cause. To what function of matter shall he liken that principle, by which he loves and fears, and joys and sorrows—by which he is elevated with hope, excited by enthusiasm, or sunk in the horrors of despair? These changes also he feels, in many instances, to be equally independent of impressions without and of the condition of his bodily frame. In the most peaceful state of every corporeal function, passion, remorse, or anguish, may rage within; and, while the body is racked by the most frightful diseases, the mind may repose in tranquillity and hope. He is taught by physiology that every part of his body is in a constant state of change, and that, within a certain period, every particle of it is renewed. But, amid these changes, he feels that the being whom he calls himself remains the same. In particular, his remembrance of the occurrences of his early days, he feels to be totally inconsistent with the idea of an impression made upon a material organ, except he has recourse to the absurdity of supposing that one series of particles, as they departed, transferred the picture to those which came to occupy their room. If the being, then, which we call mind or soul, be, to the utmost extent of our knowledge, thus dissimilar to, and distinct from, any thing that we know to be a result of bodily organization, what reason have we to believe that it should be affected by any change in the arrangement of material organs, except in so far as relates to its intercourse with

this external world. The effects of that change which we call the death of an animal body, are nothing more than a change in the arrangement of its constituent elements; for it can be demonstrated, on the strictest principles of chemistry, that not one particle of these elements cease to exist. We have, in fact, no conception of annihilation; and our whole experience is opposed to the belief of one atom that ever existed having ceased to exist. There is, therefore, as Dr. Brown has well remarked, in the very decay of the body, an analogy which would seem to indicate the continued existence of the thinking principles, since that which we term decay is itself only another name for continued existence. To conceive, then, that any thing mortal ceases to exist after death, when we know that every thing corporeal continues to exist, is a gratuitous assumption, contrary to every rule of philosophical inquiry, and in direct opposition, not only to all the facts relating to mind, itself, but even to the analogy which is furnished by the dissolution of the bodily frame.

DREAMS.

A MAN who is the least inclined to superstition, may be excused, if, at times, he gives some credence to either the brilliant or the gloomy dreams which sometimes assail him. Modern philosophy, armed with its hopeless scepticism, has vainly sought to banish among a crowd of fables, those features which prove the intellectual existence of man, during his sleep; on the other hand, there were many respectable personages of antiquity, philosophers, as well as commanders of armies, with the most eminent writers of Greece and Rome, who thought it their duty to have faith in dreams, on which might depend the safety of a people, a city, or an army; so that, without blushing, we may become credulous after the manner of Xenophon, Simonides, Cassius, Cæsar, or Plato. But, without wading back so far through the flood of time, to search for celebrated dreams, we need only cite a few, which approach nearer to the present period.

Maldonat, a Jesuit, had formed a design of undertaking a commentary on the four Gospels; for several nights he thought he beheld a man who exhorted him to go on speedily with his work, and assured him that he would complete it, but that he would not live long after it was finished. This man, at the same time, pointed out to him a certain part of his stomach, in which Maldonat experienced violent pangs, and of which he died, very soon after his work was concluded.

A man, who did not know one word of Greek, went to seek out Saumaise, and shewed him some certain words, which he had heard in the night in a dream, and which he had written in French characters. He asked him if he knew what those words expressed? Saumaise told him that, in Greek, they signified, "Go thy ways, dost thou not see that death threateth thee!"

The dreamer returned to his house, which fell down the following night.

A learned man of Dijon, being fatigued all day with studying one particular passage in a Greek poet, without being able to comprehend it, went at length to bed, and fell asleep. He fancied himself transported in a dream to the palace of Christiana, at Stockholm, where he visited the Queen of Sweden's library, and perceived a small volume; he opened it and read ten Greek verses, which solved all the difficulty he had laboured under. His joy awakened him: he rose, noted down what he had just read, and, finding the adventure of so extraordinary a nature, he wrote to Descartes, who was then with the Queen in Sweden, and described to him all the particulars of his dream. Descartes replied to him, telling him that the most skilful engineer could not have drawn the plan of the palace better, nor the library, than he had done in his letter; that he had found the book in question on the tablet he had pointed out; that he had therein read the verses mentioned by him, and that he would send him the work at the first opportunity.

Marshal Villars, at the age of sixteen, was a cornet in a cavalry regiment. One night he was on the advanced guard in camp, and was warming himself before a wretched fire, when he heard a loud voice calling to him to join and mount his horse with his escort. The youthful warrior paid but little attention to this order; but still he heard the voice, and an invisible hand seized him by his cloak. Villars then obeyed, and scarce he was advanced a few paces distant with his men, than the place he had left blew up with a terrible explosion. The following was the cause of this eruption:—The enemy, in abandoning the territory which was threatened by the French army, buried some barrels of gunpowder, which they were unable to carry away. The soldiers belonging to Villars had lighted their fire precisely on the spot which concealed the barrels. The action of the fire commenced by drying the powder, and finished by its explosion. The protecting genius of Villars preserved him from this danger, and also saved with him a handful of brave fellows, who, without the fortunate star which guided him, might, perhaps, have perished.

The writer of this article has heard related the following adventure:—"One night, after I had gone my last rounds, I betook myself to sleep, when all on a sudden I dreamed that one of my hot-houses was on fire. This struck me forcibly; I rose, and hastened to the hot-house pointed out to me in my dream, where I had the happiness to arrive in time to prevent, without doubt, a serious misfortune. A fire had actually broken out from one of the stoves, which were always kept burning day and night, and seemed likely, infallibly, to make considerable progress."

Without further search, we may agree in the opinion, without discussing the cause, that dreams are not what superstition has stated them to be, neither are they what they are defined by modern philosophy.

NOBLE MAIDS OF THE WELCH MOUNTAINS.

BEFORE I quitted Llangollen it fortunately occurred to me to pay my respects to the two celebrated maidens, who have clung to their asylum in these mountain regions for the last half-century at least. I had heard of them when a child, and latterly, during my sojourn in London, they had been the frequent subject of conversation. *Voilà leur histoire*. Fifty-six years back, two ladies of rank, *Lady Eleanor Butler* and the late *Lord Ponsonby's daughter*, equally distinguished by youth, beauty, and fashion, took it into their heads to swear eternal "hate to man," and to live for themselves alone, in some secluded hermitage. The vow was instantly carried into execution, and from that time forth, neither of the recluses have ever slept one single night beyond the threshold of their cottage. Nevertheless, they are still as curious, I am told, after the scandal of the west, as when their lovely forms flitted before the ball-room's garish eye, and have lost none of their ancient eagerness after the novelties of the day. Many of my female friends had made me the harbinger of their compliments; but I had unluckily omitted to ask for a line of introduction; I had recourse, therefore to a visiting card, and as rank is a *passé-par-tout*, the messenger brought me back a gracious invitation to breakfast, and in less than fifteen minutes I reached the beautiful environs of their hermitage, drove through a charming pleasure-ground, and descended at the door of a small, but tasty Gothic residence, on the steps of which both ladies were so obliging as to come out to receive me. It was fortunate that my mind had been fore-armed to encounter their eccentricities, otherwise it would have gone hard with me to have kept my countenance. Picture to yourself two ladies, of whom the eldest, Lady Eleanor, a short, sturdy maiden, is now in her eighty-third year; her companion, on the contrary, is of tall and imposing stature, and conceives herself still in the prime of youth, though seventy-four years sit upon her shoulders! The hair of both is profuse in every way, by nature, combing, and powder; on their heads sat a man's round hat; each had a gentleman's kerchief round their necks, a waistcoat, and, in lieu of inexpressibles, a short petticoat with boots. Their bodies were clad in a garment of blue cloth, of peculiar make; a sort of amphibious garment, between a man's surtout and a lady's riding-habit. Over and above this investiture, Lady Eleanor bore the grand *cordon* of the order of St. Louis across her shoulder; the same order round her neck; again, the little cross of the same order in one of her buttonholes; and, *pour comble de gloire*, a golden lily nearly as large as life; the whole of which adornments had been presented to her, she said, by the Bourbons. There was something laughter-moving in all this; but it was more than redeemed by their winning *aisance*, and their gentlemanly bearing, *a l'ancien régime*; their conversation was kindly and amusing, without a spark of affectation, and their French quite as pure as that of the most distinguished of my

female acquaintances in England; withal they possess that courteousness, unassumingness, and, I am almost tempted to add, that naive and cheerful tone of good society in by-gone years, which in this sober and matter-of-fact age has almost descended into the tomb of the Capulets; in a word, I found the manners of these ancient dames irresistibly attractive. I was greatly interested too, by the tender and unceasing attention which the younger of them paid to her elder and more infirm friend; she was ever anxiously anticipating the most trivial of her wants.

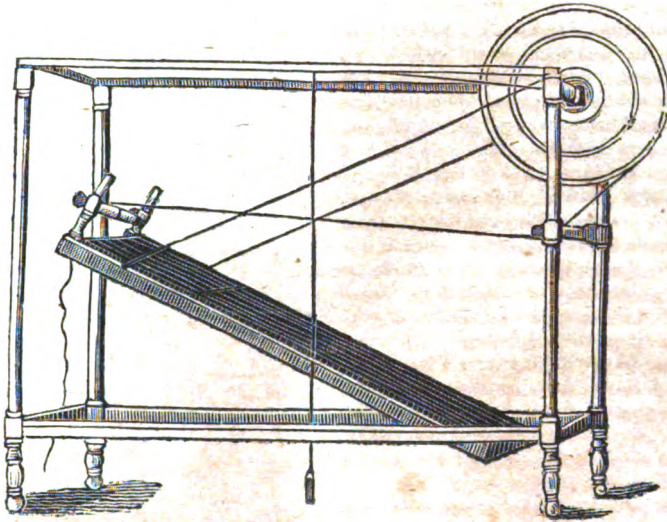
I made my *debut* by expressing the happiness I felt in having the opportunity of bearing them a compliment, which my grandfather, who had had the honour of paying his devoirs to them fifty years ago, had commissioned me to deliver. In the interval they had certainly lost their outward charms but not the blessings of a good memory; they remembered Count C—— perfectly. produced a token he had left with them, and expressed their astonishment that *so young* a man should have already departed this life! Not only the venerable maids, but their dwelling itself, was replete with interest, and here and there was rich in valuables. In fact, there is no person of any note during the last fifty years, who has not sent them a portrait, or some other object of curiosity or antiquity, as a remembrance. The collection which has grown out of these presents, a well furnished library, delightful scenery, a regular and unruffled course of existence, and an unbroken intercommunion of mutual friendship, constitute their all of earthly possessions. Judging of them by the hale appearance of their advanced years, and the placid cheerfulness of their ways, they have made any thing but a bad choice.*

* Since these notes were penned, the youngest of these female hermits has died.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

MOTHERS, can you teach your children the art of doing good? It is only to aid by your example, as well as precepts, that development of the noblest faculties of your children—the affections, reason, confidence; while you repress as much as possible, the selfishness of animal instinct—of appetite. Begin early. You having the key of their affections, open their little hearts only to sweet impressions of love, which is benevolence. Never hire them with money to perform their tasks of any kind. If you have managed them rightly, they will do your requirements for you, because they love you. Give to your children as often as you think best; but never pay them for being good. Let the consciousness that they have done good, have gained knowledge, and that you approved their conduct, be their reward.—*Ladies Magazine*.

From Mrs. Hale's Magazine.



PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

WE propose to offer a few remarks upon the physical education of woman—that culture of the corporeal powers, which alone can enable her to perform the duties of life with pleasure to herself and profit to others. That a vigorous exercise of mind depends upon a wholesome condition of the various organs of the human frame, we need not contend. Some rare instances are found where the intellectual power seems to gleam, like the consuming fire of the bird of fable, when matter is returning fast to its destined decay, but the whole history of our race affords proof, that well sustained mental vigour exists only in conjunction with good habits of diet and exercise, which give a healthy tone to all the functions of animal life. Not only the power, but the quiet and complacency of the mind, depend upon physical health. A great proportion of the fretfulness, irritability, and nervous excitement which render individuals, and sometimes families, wretched, arises from disease; and this disease is too often caused by habits, adopted and continued through ignorance or a perverse folly. If actions are wicked, as they are injurious, then are those females wicked, who disregard the dictates of nature, and persevere in practices which not only render themselves burthens upon society, but too frequently entail miseries upon others, for which, some day, they will be called to a severe repentance.

A very few of the prominent causes of vitiated animal powers are all that we can now mention. The first we shall advert to, is impropriety of dress. An important fact to be diligently considered, by those who have the charge of infants is, that the processes of breathing and digesting

are mainly assisted by, if not dependent on the vigorous action of muscles, lying upon the surface, as it were, on the body; and these are the two grand functions of organized life. In whatever way they are checked, life becomes less perfect, and the organization itself is speedily impaired, so that it cannot be restored. In fact, restoration is far less important than prevention, in a philosophical consideration of the subject.

To ensure free restoration and digestion, it is manifest that the great organs to which those duties are allotted should have the ability to carry on their several operations according to the economy of nature. The lungs and the stomach depend on the muscles which are spread over the chest, both before and behind, to assist their action. Those muscles must be in constant activity: if they are inoperative, the internal organs lose a part of their power to support the demands made upon them, in their several capacities. A long train of nervous, dyspeptic and other complaints follow the weakness of the stomach, and consumption is the terrific destroyer of these victims, in later generations, to weakness of the lungs. The first step, as must be apparent, to secure a vigorous condition of the growing frame, is to give full freedom to all those parts which assist the action of vital organs, and to encourage their development by appropriate exercises. All muscles may be made more powerful by judicious exertion; and those of the breast and shoulders, require it more than any others: they are the first to exhibit symptoms of weakness if neglected; and they are the most important. Look at a girl whose exercise is limited to an occasional promenade, or an occasional dance;

you will find her shoulders round, and her body stooping; or you will perceive that in the absence of all muscular ability to sit straight, fashionable dress has intervened to correct the deformity produced by idleness. The complaint is often heard, that females are weak without the support of dress. The fact is, they have taken from the frame its uniform action, and have transferred to articles of apparel, those duties which belong entirely to the muscles which God created for certain, well known, definite purposes. A female who cannot sit erect, and remain so with ease, without the assistance of artificial means, has so long trifled with her constitution, that muscle after muscle will yield; action after action will cease; the first indication of the coming evil is weakness of some particular part; the next is confirmed disorder of the digestive organs, or consumption.

By the fashion of modern times, the chest is encased in a species of apparel which forbids all motion of the muscles around it—the shoulders are kept in the same resolute position; the body can bend neither forward, nor backwards, nor sideways—the muscles are compressed tightly upon the bones—and this inaction and pressure produce absorption; for nature, as she creates nothing to be useless, so she refuses to support and nourish any thing whose use has been discarded. The muscles of any part, but particularly those of the body, weaken, when disturbed, and after the vital energy has begun to depart, a moderate degree of pressure will hasten their removal, till scarcely the vestige of a muscle is left. The vital actions depending in a great measure upon them, become feeble, and disease, deep seated, perhaps irradicable, may be discovered in every look and motion.

Ages of utter misery would be too little for the punishment of him who made the fashionable world believe that a small waist is essential to beauty. That belief introduced a mode of dress which the voice of ten thousand thunders would not repel. That dress absolutely prevents all useful exercise; and the victim of high life is practised upon by the mantua-maker, till she is deserted by her own vital power, and, having communicated disease to her offspring, and rendered all her friends uncomfortable by her constant ailings, repinings, and uselessness, she sinks to an untimely grave. We shudder while we write the melancholy truth; but we do not use the language of exaggeration. Our aim is to tell the plainest facts in the simplest language, being anxious to be intelligible rather than pleasing.

To prevent the evils and terrible diseases mentioned, these things are absolutely necessary:—
1st. Freedom of motion from youth upwards, and most of all in that period of life when the animal organs are nearly developed and are about to take form, and consistency, as the growing process is suspended, that will render any change more difficult. 2d. Sufficiency of motion, which, by calling upon all the parts for their due proportion of assistance, will cause their due equality, and to aid or counterbalance each other, till ex-

quisite beauty will be displayed in symmetrical proportions, glowing complexion, and sparkling eyes. 3d. Well regulated diet: but this is foreign to the topics under immediate consideration.

How much of the uneasiness manifested by children, their restlessness, crying, and consequent sickness, is occasioned by improper restrictions of dress, no one can tell. That pain should follow a compression of the infantile organs, just labouring to attain a strong and correct action, is but a natural result; and without doubt, sickness and fits too often arise from the remote cause of improper management on the part of nurses, in regard to dress alone. Every part of the youthful frame should be unconstrained, but especially the chest—if compression must be resorted to, for elegance and fashion's sake, let it be the fashion to bind the hands and feet, and not the viscera on which life more immediately depends.

As the child continues to grow, the importance of varied and energetic exercise in development of the vital portion of our frame is altogether indescribable. If the arms and shoulders are suffered to remain idle, a contraction of the chest is the inevitable consequence—the shoulders approach each other in front, a constant pressure is exerted upon the lungs, and serious consequences ensue. This kind of evil is sometimes remedied by a back-board, which may draw the shoulders back, to be sure, but will only add to the coming misfortunes. The pressure of the board upon the back, and the manner in which it is confined, serve to injure the muscles of the back, so that, without external support, the body must bend forward, and, as it were, double up, compressing all vital organs, in a most dangerous manner. Let it be distinctly remembered that the body is kept upright, in a considerable measure, by the power of muscles of the back, which, in a healthy condition, are large and strong; and that any compression continued, tends to weaken, and may, if in a high degree, destroy them altogether. Stooping, therefore, is a symptom of weakness of muscles of the back. The common remedy is, a case formed in part of wood and whalebone, drawn on, tightly and stiffly round the chest, that not only stooping, but all other motions are impossible. The patient—for the moment artifice is required in support of the human frame, there is disease—the patient may be straightened out, but the consequences of taking the work of nature out of her own control are manifested by the pale countenance, the difficult respiration, the loathing appetite, the nervous irritability, the incapacity to arduous fatigue, the cough, the hectic, the consumption, and last of all, to close the history of thwarted nature, the early grave!

Consumption is sometimes caused by hereditary communication, but more often by inactive habits, and the consequent pressure which is adopted by all fashionables, to redeem the body from a bent posture; and it can be avoided in almost all cases by a careful adjustment of exercise and diet, giving fair play to all the parts.

Some consumptives are formed with contracted chests, a peculiar conformation, hereditarily derived, and the only course to save them from the destroyer, is to institute such habits in early life, as will tend to expand the box (if we may so say) in which the vital organs are deposited. Two things are needed in Boston, and, perhaps, every where else. One is a woman, who, with the spirit of Miss Wright, but in a holy cause, will learn to demonstrate the anatomy of the chest and abdomen, at least, to all females, that they may know, for themselves and for their offspring, more than they will believe without seeing and feeling, as did the incredulous apostle, who thrust his finger into the wounded side of the Redeemer. Men may write, but people will not read, or cannot understand; and there is obvious impropriety in anatomical lectures delivered by men to classes of females—but, if a properly educated woman, of strong mind and heart, would undertake such a task in behalf of her sex, she would deserve the appellation of apostle of usefulness to a misguided generation. The other needful thing is a system of calisthenic exercises in a proper place, with proper apparatus—and under a scientific and practical instructor. Our opinion is, that if people die of consumption, it is in most cases by foul play—either the person commits suicide, or is the victim of murderous management on the part of others.

Thus far we have noticed only indigestion and consumption; but there is another disease scarcely less formidable, and quite as fatal in its worst cases—we mean distortion of the spine.—The spine, or back-bone, as it is commonly called, is composed of a great number of small bones, bound together with surfaces nearly flat, between which is a soft substance, that operates at the same time to hold them fast, and to break any jar, which would produce serious effect upon a solid column. Now, these small bones, or vertebrae, are kept in their true longitudinal direction, in a great measure, by the muscles of the back; and it is by reason of those muscles that we keep the erect posture; and if they become weakened, either on one or both sides, the column is liable to deviate, either sideways or outwards, producing an elevation of one shoulder, so often seen, or a humped back, which is the most terrible and often the most fatal form of the disease. If a young girl's muscles have not been strengthened by exercise, and if she has a habit of lolling upon one side, or sleeping upon one side, the inevitable consequence is that the spinal column being bent and having nothing to restore it, it must remain in the wrong direction. After it has for a long time been accustomed to its unnatural situation, so that the surrounding parts have taken a corresponding condition, a cure is exceedingly difficult. In the first place, the column must be straightened, and the muscles of the short side extended; the ribs will then come to their true position, and by careful management, it is possible so to restore the vigor of the frame, that life will be rendered comfortable and prolonged in its beauty and grace.

We have already pointed out the means of prevention; it only remains to say a few words on the method of cure. And here we feel bound to say, that the gratitude of the whole community is due to Doctor Grigg, of this city, for his extensive and valuable researches in the mysteries of this subject. He has studied the apparatus and machinery of past times and of other countries, and has combined the best points of all in a species of bedstead, in which machinery is so arranged as to afford the desirable effect in restoring the true condition of the body.

Dr. Grigg's machine is represented in the cut at the head of this article, and it will be seen, that it applies an easy process of extension by means of the inclined plane, which divides, and separates; the lower portion sliding downwards, to extend the body, while the upper part, with the head and shoulders, retain their position. This extension may be increased or diminished by raising or lowering the bed of which the plane is formed; so that the patient may be perpendicularly suspended, or suffered to lie horizontally, or placed in any intermediate position, according to the severity of means required; and all this in the most convenient manner. Exercise is also introduced for the raising and lowering of the bed, which requires exertion on the part of the patient, it being accomplished by a cord passing over the wheel which is drawn by the hand. Friction is afterwards applied to excite the muscles, by the patient herself or a friend, as may be most suitable, and by perseverance a cure even of an obstinate case may be effected, while in all incipient stages of the disease it is speedy and certain. Many more things deserve notice in the construction of this elegant and useful apparatus, but it is sufficient to say, that one of our most distinguished surgeons has pronounced it the best of which he has any knowledge.

We trust that, while Dr. Grigg labors thus successfully to understand and overcome this "scourge of the fashionable world," the opportunity will not be disregarded to avail of his ability, by all who are sufferers in this case; and we shall be most happy if our remarks are so adapted to the want of the times, as to induce any persons to avoid, or to eradicate the disease of which we have spoken, before it be too late.—The moment an inclination to one side is perceived, or that one shoulder or shoulder blade gains the predominance over the other, then is the time to apply the remedy, and to avoid pernicious habits.

L.

NEWTON succeeded in determining the thickness of very thin laminae of transparent substances, by observing the colour which they reflect. A soap bubble is a thin shell of water, and is observed to reflect different colours from different parts of its surface. Immediately before the bubble bursts, a black spot may be observed near the top. At this part the thickness has been proved not to exceed the 2,500,000 part of an inch.

From the Irish.

THE CURSE OF PROPERTY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches."

"Poor Barry!" exclaimed Mr. Newton.—"Poor Barry! it was melancholy to see that once fine property melted away, one could hardly tell how, until even the noble dwelling of his ancestors was sold in lots to a fellow who printed 'Architect' on his card, and disposed of the materials for what they would bring."

"I was his uncle's friend," sighed old Sir Charles Stanley; "and the recollection of that family—it is strange, but it is nevertheless true—the recollection of the fate of the different members of that family affords me at once the most exquisite pain and pleasure. I mourn over the love of display, and the pauperising system, pursued by poor but proud relations, through which that fine estate was utterly ruined; and I mourn over it the more, because it is far from being a singular instance of destruction, effected by the same means. You, my dear friend, will readily believe that the pleasurable reminiscences I experience are owing to the noble conduct of that little black-eyed girl, Alice Lee, whom all the family, with the exception of Claudius, the heir at law, endeavoured to injure; and whom they even now grudge the fair name, and the fair fame she has acquired by her own industry and exertions."

"I should like to hear you tell the tale, Sir Charles," replied Mr. Newton. "I have often heard sketches of the history; but the loss of property, owing to mismanagement, is unfortunately so common in our poor country, that many similar events may have confused my memory with reference to this particular instance."

"My old friend, Charles Barry," commenced the venerable baronet, "had the misfortune to inherit, with his estate, the charge of some five or six half brothers and sisters, who married, and had a greater number of 'blessings,' in form of children, than usually falls to the lot even of Irish gentry. The being he at that time loved most in the world, was his own sister, a young woman nothing differing from other girls of her age and rank, and who, in due time, married two thousand a year (it was called) and a fox-hunting 'Equire. Mr. Barry's health had for some months been on the decline, and he resolved to visit Bath, then esteemed the most fashionable and health-giving place on earth."

"A little scene which occurred at Barry-brooke the evening before his departure, will best illustrate the *menage* of an Irish bachelor's house in the year eighty-two. I was staying with him at the time, and we had agreed to travel together. I must, however, tell you, that he had determined upon not letting any of his numerous

relatives, who came for 'sea air,' to Barry-brooke, with the intention of remaining, some for three, others for nine, and others again twelve months, know any thing of his movements. In the evening he summoned Jerry Keg—valet by inheritance—and whom I always remember the same stiff, upright, honest-looking fellow, with a grave air, a twinkling eye, and a twisted nose—into his study. Jerry entered, his high shoulders propping his ears, his head projecting like that of a tortoise, his hands folded behind his back, his old-fashioned, richly-laced livery sticking out on either side like the fins of a flat-fish.

"'Jerry,' said his master, 'I wish my valise filled with rather a better supply of things than I require when I visit my sister; I wish Black Nell saddled, and as you accompany me, you must take Padreen, I suppose; have all things ready by six o'clock to-morrow morning, and tell Meg we shall not return for a month.'

"'It's all clane impossibility, ye'r Honor,' replied Jerry, bowing; 'Black Nell, I heard the groom say, wanted shoes, and I made an oath never to cross Padreen since he flung me into the apple-tree over the fence. As to the valise, sir—honey! Mrs. Moony's little Jack cried for it to make a cart for Bran; indeed, it 'ud surprise ye'r Honor to see the 'cuteness of that child—how he settled it car-fashion behind the dog's tail, and made the neatest little harness ye ever see, out o' one of the new traces o' ye'r Honor's gig.'

"'And how dare you, sir,' said my friend, incensed at this new proof of his not being master in his own house, 'how dare you suffer Mrs. Moony, or any body else, to destroy my property in that way?'

"'Sure, she's ye'r Honor's half-sister, and I hope I know manners too well to contradict a lady; much less one of ye'r Honour's blood relations.'

"'Well, pack the things in a trunk, and we can all go into the carriage.'

"'O, boo-boo-boo!—the carriage, is it? Sure, ye'r Honor's own second cousin, Mr. Flinnerty, sint that off yesterday, to bring his nurse and the twins here, and his wife along wid 'em, to give ye an agreeable surprise, as he said, seeing ye'r Honor's so fond o' children; and it's my own opinion, that sorra a thrunk in the house 'ud hold thegither; they've been let to drop to pieces, because it's so long since they've been wanting.'

"'What am I to do, Stanley?' said my friend, looking at me despairingly.

"'Simply thus,' I replied; 'let us leave our

servants to follow, put a few things into my portmanteau—for I promise you, the outward man will need refitting when we arrive at our destination—and I will ride Dorton's horse.'

"This was agreed upon, to Jerry's mortification, who muttered, 'He could ride the mule any way, tho' it was a stubborn devil, and it was no thing for a gentleman of family and fortune, like his master, to lave his own place without an attendant.'

"What do you mean to do with the horde, at present in possession of the house?' I inquired, laughing; I always tried to laugh him out of his faults, for, like most of his countrymen, he was more proof against reason than *ridicule*.

"What can I do with them?' he replied; 'they are my own kith and kin; and as I am the head of the family, and a bachelor—poor creatures!—say, it is easy for you to laugh—you English folk know nothing, and care less, about long-tailed families; with you, the junior members of a family, both males and females, contribute to their own support; with us—'

"The senior,' I said, 'is expected to provide for all, and is soon rendered by that means, incapable of providing for himself. In the name of goodness, my dear fellow, if you must play almoner to such a tribe, do it in a rational way; pay them so much a year—say ten, twenty, or thirty pounds each—but I defy any income to stand the constant drains to which yours is exposed; men, women, and children—dogs, horses, and servants—make an eternal inn of your house. My life on't you never know, from one year's end to another, how many eat at your board.'

"Meg does, and she is a faithful old creature.'

"True; but she has so long been accustomed to this Castle-Rackrent system, that it is for you to commence the reform—you cannot expect her to do it.'

"Faith, Charles, you are right,' he replied; 'but you cannot enter into my feelings. To tell you the simple truth, I could not afford to pay half the people I support ten pounds a year.'

"Permit me to ask you, how much supporting them costs you?"

"Eh?—oh! a mere trifle, I suppose; but, seriously, (and he fixed his fine blue eyes upon me as he spoke,) 'you do not suppose me capable of the meanness of calculating what people eat and drink?'

"I would only wish you capable of the wisdom of considering whether, in justice to others, you can literally give more than you possess.'

"Justice! what do you mean?"

"Forgive me, my dear Barry, but have you paid off any of the embarrassments which hung over the estate when you came of age?"

"I cannot say I have."

"If you have not paid off the principal, I trust the interest has been punctually discharged.'

"I cannot say that it has. I am never pressed for it; and some how or other, the rents slip

through my fingers before I have time to think of my debts.'

"Of course you investigate the accounts of your agent and steward regularly?"

"Strange beings you Englishmen are! My agent's a glorious fellow—exact as a dial, punctual as a dun. O, no! no necessity in the world to look after him; and as to my steward, faith! he's a clever fellow—so ingenious! cannot write much, but has a way of his own of keeping accounts—particular sort of crosses he makes—amazing curious, I assure you.'

"I smiled and sighed. Jerry knocked at the door.

"I want to spake to ye'r Honor.'

"Speak out then, at once.'

"It's Mr. Maberly the grazier, called about the three fat bullock he sold ye'r Honor last Christmas, to kill for the poor; and if it 'ud be convenient, jist to let him have the money now.'

"Tell him it is *not* convenient, and send him to Dennis; ; why should he pester me about his dead bullocks? I thought he was paid long ago—there, leave the room.'

"The widdy Rooney is below, on account that her son is kilt entirely, and as good as dead, by the Spilloque boys; and she thought, may be, ye'd help her in her throuble.'

"Poor thing!—there, give her that,' tossing a guinea on the table; 'tell her, I'll commit her son if he gets into any of these broils again.'

"God bless you, sir! I'll tell him not to brile agen—if he can help it.'

"What, is he below?"

"As much as is left of him is, ye'r Honor; and away went Jerry. The just creditor, therefore, was dismissed without even an apology—the rioting youth with a reward! I said this and more; I urged his remaining even for a day or two longer, for the purpose of arranging his accounts. It was useless; he laughed me off, and promised, that on his return, he would—'see about it.' Alas! how many of the bright and shining lights of this poor country have been extinguished by PROCRASTINATION!

"His easy manners, his good-nature, and really handsome person, made him an universal favourite at Bath, and many a lady of large fortune would readily have bestowed upon him hand and heart; but Charles was no fortune-hunter—he considered the lust of gold

'The last corruption of degenerate man,'

and fixed his affections upon a young and beautiful widow, whom he had accidentally met at the house of a mutual friend. Although his passion was violent, I saw good reason why it should be lasting. United to feminine loveliness, the lady possessed the rare endowments of judgment and gentleness: there was a steadiness, a sobriety about her, which made Barry often say, in the words of the poet,

'I have a heart for her that's kind,
A lip for her that smiles;
But if her mind be like the wind,
I'd rather foot it twenty miles.'

"She is so uniform; he would add, 'that I

almost think her too good for me, who am so volatile; yet I love her for her contrast the more.'

"It is exceedingly difficult to throw off the trammels that have grown with our growth; and when he was accepted by this interesting woman, he positively wanted courage to write and inform his sister of his intended marriage.

"'Poor thing,' said he to me, one morning, she will so grieve at my being married; for she has even now instilled into the mind of her only son, Claudius, who is about six years of age, that he is to be sole heir to my property.'

"'If,' I replied, 'she has been absurd enough to act in that way, she deserves punishment. In addition to supporting the cousin-clan, is it usual for the head of a family to remain in a state of single blessedness, to please his relations?'

"He smiled; but not until after they were united did he communicate his attachment to his sister. He went farther: he wrote to old Meg, to say, that grieved as he might feel, it was necessary that no visitors should remain at Barrybrooke, as Mrs. Barry disliked company. So far, so good; would that he had persevered in a course so decided! I forgot to tell you, that Mrs. Barry had one daughter by her former marriage—a proud and silent girl of about sixteen. His dread of family jealousy first urged him to request, that his wife would agree to a plan he had formed—namely, that to prevent the discord which the addition of another young person (who, in a degree, might be supposed to have some expectations from her step-father,) to the numerous persons who claimed kin with the Master of Barrybrooke might cause, she would introduce Harriette as a relative certainly, but not as her daughter. As a mother, Mrs. Barry should never have consented to such a proposal; but as a wife, she thought she owed obedience to her husband. She agreed to the deception—but was miserable.

"I could not repeat, if I would, the innumerable mortifications Mrs. Barry experienced on her visiting Ireland for the first time. The manners and habits of the people ill accorded with her English feelings. From being the admired and beloved of a circle of intellectual and accomplished persons, she found herself shut up in a castellated dilapidated house, with barefooted housemaids, (I write of what was forty years since,) and other servants, to whom the English language was totally unknown. Every thing, from the kitchens to the attics of the rambling building, wanted arrangement; and she was bewildered where first to commence the reformation. Out of two-and-twenty servants, to discharge ten appeared the most likely mode of getting any thing done properly; and this step immediately made her unpopular with the peasantry. Then she blundered dreadfully as to the management of her parties—asked Orangemen and their wives to meet the priest of the parish; and placed the rector's wife, at table, above a lady who was decidedly second-cousin to the great Earl of Ormond! These offences were not

to be forgiven in a neighbourhood where every circumstance formed an event, and where, if truth must be told, the women envied her beauty—the men feared her intellect. Then the family! how was it to be expected that they could pardon Mr. Barry for marrying, in the first place, and for not consulting them, in the second? The thing was impossible, and they acted accordingly.

"The mystery that my friend had unfortunately adopted, was sure ground for their malevolence to erect a palpable structure on. Some who had known Mrs. Barry in England, declared that there Harriette had ever been considered her daughter; and the persons I have spoken of, sneered and whispered, and murmured, until they excited a report that Mrs. B. had been no better than she should be, and that Miss Harriette, although certainly her daughter, might be called Miss anybody else. I have said, that Harriette was a proud and silent girl; but I have not mentioned what was equally true, that she was a girl of exquisite feeling. No one dared to allude in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Barry to the reports which family malignity had circulated; but there were not wanting those, who whispered in the young girl's ear words of staining import. She had felt most sensibly the injustice done to her in the first instance, but she loved her mother too tenderly to repeat or comment upon the blackening surmises she had heard. Poor girl! she pined, and wasted, and wept in secret; and, at last, as the only way left of escaping from a place where she felt every eye glared suspiciously on her, she clandestinely married a young relative of her step-father, who, to do him justice, was anxious to attain independence by his own exertions. The marriage, notwithstanding, promised nought but misery. And her mother, enraged and bewildered at the sacrifice her child had made, betrayed the absurd secret, and cursed in bitterness of heart the weakness that prompted her to consent to such a cruel and wicked artifice.

"Poor Barry grieved also, but to little purpose: the whisperers, it is true, were dragged forward, and exposed to the contempt they so richly merited; but the satisfaction experienced by Mrs. Barry and her friends, was doomed to be overclouded by an event of melancholy interest; Harriette, in less than twelve months after her marriage, gave birth to a female child, and died. Mr. Barry, with the pure kindness of spirit which always characterized his impulses, gave the little orphan into his wife's arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—

"'It is your grandchild—it shall be also mine; I will be unto it a true parent.'

"You know that my friend had not been blessed with children; so that the feeling on his part towards the helpless innocent was natural. The person most displeased, when my little friend Alice Lee took up her abode at Barrybrooke, was Mr. Barry's sister; her son, Claude Barry, as he was always called, (his father, by the way, two years after his birth, broke his neck in a steep-

chase,) was naturally considered heir to his uncle's property; and it was a sad thing, in her opinion, for a stranger to take even part of the good things she wished her son exclusively to possess. Claude himself was always a truly good-natured boy, with no particular enlargement of brain, and not very fond of reflecting.

"I can't think why you all hate that little child," he would say; "she is a merry soul, and gets my uncle out of his nervous fits sooner than any one else, with her innocent prattle; she is quite a comfort to them both in the long winter evenings when the place is too dull for us to remain there."

"Innocent, indeed!" replied one of the family *coterie*, when the observation was finished. "I wonder how *she* could be *innocent*, tutored as she is by her grandmother."

"I am astonished you have not more discernment, Claude, than not to see," said his mother, "that the little imp is brought up with mighty high notions; the very last time I was there, she cried because there was no sugar in her bread and milk."

"It's a comfort," kindly added a third, "that the child is indisputably ugly; a little bit of a thing, notwithstanding all the cramming she gets, with a monstrous forehead towering over her eyes, making her look as if she had water on the brain."

"She's as proud as Lucifer," subscribed a fourth, and would stamp like a fury, if she hadn't a clean frock on twice a day: fine English airs, indeed!"

"We may all be obliged to her yet, for all that," said Claude, laughing, and making the remark more from a love of tormenting, than any thing else: "poor thing! I shall be the only one amongst you, who never thought or said an unkind word of her!"

"And more fool you!" and "you'll repent it!" and that always safe and wise saying, "Time will tell!" was echoed about, through the scandalous council, until poor Claude wished that the holidays were over, and he was fairly back at school. The following summer, many of the same party were staying at Barrybrook; for, disagreeable as they certainly were to Mrs. Barry, she bore their coarseness and insolence with praiseworthy forbearance: unfortunately, some words had arisen between her and Claude's mother, on a very unimportant matter, and the lady was anxious for an opportunity of mortifying her sister-in-law. Mr. Barry was from home; but after dinner, when the dessert was placed on the table, Mrs. Barry desired the servant to send in Miss Alice, who was then about six years old. The little girl came, as usual, to her grandmamma's knee, and at the moment Claude was helping himself to some currents.

"Give a few of those to Alice, dear," said Mrs. Barry.

"Help yourself first, my darling," observed his mother; adding, in a bitter under tone, "It is not meet to take the children's bread and give it to the dogs."

"True," replied the lady; "yet the dogs do eat of the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table."

Mrs. Barry rose as she spoke; and I shall never forget the dignity with which she crossed the dining-hall, to leave the apartment in which she had suffered so gross an insult: those who felt justly, (I was one of the number,) followed. Alice perfectly understood what had passed; and the little thing stood where her grandmamma had sat, swelling with rage. Claude heaped the plate with currants, and called her affectionately to his side. Alice looked at him with an expression I shall never forget. At last, swallowing her passion, she shook her head, and turning to his mother, said, very quietly,

"I am no dog; I am, as you have often called me, a little ugly girl; but the time may come, when those who hate me now, may be glad to pick crumbs from *my* table, and thank me for them too."

This spirited reply, coming from one so young, drew forth many and various observations from the party. Claude was indignant at the insolent cruelty of his parent, and followed his aunt with apologies, and even tears. This was only one incident in a thousand of the dislike evinced to this hapless child, of whose father, I should have told you, nothing had been heard for a considerable period, as he went abroad on the death of his wife. In the meantime, the circumstances of my old friend were far from improving; his habitual neglect of money matters, and his eternal procrastination, were swiftly leading to a destruction, which, as Mrs. Barry was ignorant of its extent, she could not prevent. Indeed, the very exactness with which she conducted household matters, was attributed to her as a crime.

"Where's the use of painting pailings, for the rain to batter against?" said one; "such expense, indeed!"

"Then," said another, "there was an enormous bill for building two pig-styes; even if the beasts *did* get into the garden, now and then, what great matter was it? where's the good of flowers?"

"Couldn't she let the tenants go on as they used," exclaimed a fourth, "and take the spinning and duty fowls from their wives, as others did before her? What was the time of the poor to them? Talk of extravagance! wasn't it the height of extravagance to pay women for spinning, when it could be done for nothing?"

Mrs. Barry's system, whatever might have been the prejudice entertained against her by the peasantry, as "a fine lady from foreign parts, who was come to reign over them," was productive of so much good to the poor, that they soon regarded her as their best friend, and their gratitude and affection was the greatest consolation she possessed, for I cannot deny that increasing difficulties pressed hard upon Mr. Barry, and that he wanted resolution to tear himself away from family and party feuds. These circumstances soured his temper, and made him at

times capricious and severe. It is well known, that at home or abroad, whatever goes wrong with a married man, is revenged upon his wife. Perhaps I ought not to say *revenged*, but I can hardly find a term to express the ill temper which is too often shown at home, when adverse circumstances are encountered out of the domestic circle.

"Your own poet has expressed in language so chaste and beautiful, the peculiar feelings which this sort of thing generates, that I will repeat you the lines:—

'A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch, like this, has shaken.'

"Are they not beautiful?" exclaimed the old gentleman again. Not that matters were so bad with them, either; but certainly, something was fast undermining Mrs. Barry's constitution. I would not have said that her chief happiness arose from the consolation afforded her in the affection of her tenants, had I remembered the devoted tenderness of her grandchild, and the delight she took in attending to her education. The development of the girl's mind was both rapid and powerful. Distant as they were from towns, no aid of masters could be obtained. Mrs. Barry knew enough of music to teach the child its rudiments; and Alice, gifted with a fine ear, and a genuine love for the charming science, made swift progress in the art she loved. French she had spoken with her grandmother from her earliest childhood. Many studies were resorted to, with the view of occupation, that would not have been thought of under other circumstances, or if the little maid had enjoyed the society of those of her own age. Her grandfather taught her Latin, and the priest of the parish instructed her in Italian. Of what are usually called children's books, she never possessed any; but could repeat, almost by heart, the *Histories of Hume*, and *Rollin*, with many of the ancient chronicles. Her light reading varied from the *Arabian Nights* to the *History of the Robber Freany*, with odd volumes of *Irish History*, and now and then a romance of the *Radcliffe school*. *Shakspeare* she loved; *Milton* she revered; but there was one book, that was invariably perused morning and evening, which laid the foundation of her good conduct and future prosperity. Her grandmother saw that her romantic and rambling mind needed a powerful corrective. Situated as she was, and feeling that the child was debarred from amusements suited to her age and sex—observing also the avidity with which she swallowed information, and unable, from the increasing delicacy of her health, to guide her as she wished—she wisely felt the necessity of strengthening her religious impression. The imagination of my young friend readily caught at the *beauties* of Scripture, but her grandmother wished her reason to be convinced of its *truths*: this she happily affected, and the silence and solitude of her sick room often echoed the pure doctrines of salvation, and the breathing prayers dic-

tated by faithful-hearts. Barry procured for his wife, at an immense expense, the best medical advice the country afforded. His affection had cooled, but never changed; and the prospect of losing one so dear, redoubled his attentions. It was, however, of no avail; and after a tedious illness of eleven months, I followed her to her grave. Alice had never left her sick bed: it was a touching sight, to see the expiring effort the pale but still beautiful woman made to place the hand of the weeping child within that of her husband; he fell on his knees, and solemnly swore to protect Alice Lee to the latest hour of his life, and to bestow upon her a handsome income at his death.

"I do not want that last promise," she said in a trembling voice, 'she can make riches for herself. Protect her, but let her be independent!'

"Independent," was the last word this excellent woman uttered, no wonder then that it was a hallowed feeling, and a hallowed sound to the heart and the ear of her grandchild.

"I WILL be independent," said the sweet girl, as she strewed the flowers in which her grandmother had delighted over the silent corpse, and placed to her cheek, the blooming roses which she had so loved to cultivate: and then she laid her own head on the same pillow, and read in the *Book of Life*, of eternity, and heaven, and worlds beyond the grave—and was comforted in her affliction!

"She had watched from her chamber window the slowly pacing funeral pass from the courtyard, the coffin supported by eight of the oldest tenants, who claimed the privilege of carrying it to its resting-place, and Claude Barry, in right of kin, and as his uncle's representative, (who was too ill to perform the melancholy duty,) following as chief mourner. She had seen the procession attended by a multitude of people wind round the hill-side, till it was concealed from her view by a dense wood that overshadowed the road, and drying her tears she entered the dark room where her grandfather was nurturing in secret, the bitterness of grief. She seated herself quietly by his side, and made a sign of silence to old Jerry, who had followed her into the apartment, and whose infirmities prevented his attending the funeral; surprised that he motioned her towards the window which looked out upon the avenue, she opened the shutter so as to peep forth and ascertain his meaning. The old porter at the second gate was engaged in evidently a fierce contention with some four or five men, who demanded free passage to the house. Poor Alice trembled all over, for she had heard of writs and executions, as calamities threatened against her grandfather; but as he had managed to keep them off, (alas! for such management,) she never thought they would really arrive at Barrybrooke. The appearance of the men, the agitation of the servant, and above all their suddenly pushing past the porter, while Jerry exclaimed so loud as to startle his master: 'I'll bar the doors,' confirmed her in the feeling, that

they were sheriff's officers. And she flung herself on her protector's neck, exclaiming, 'What shall we do!'

"Poor Barry looked for a moment on the men as they wheeled round the house to approach the door. 'I see who they are,' he said in a quiet voice: 'Great God! and was not my heart sufficiently broken? and have I already lived to see the time when I return thanks to the Almighty for having taken from me the wife of my bosom—so that she has been spared this misery.'

"He walked to the hall, where his faithful servant, in the true spirit of Irish fidelity, had drawn the bolts, and established himself with a rusty musket on his shoulder, that had done the rooks and magpies much mischief, resolved to protect the dwelling from 'bailiff or sheriff.'

"'Open the door, Jerry,' said my friend.

"'What, ye'r Honor?'

"'Open the door.'

"'For what, plaze ye'r Honor, 'ud I do that same?'

"'To admit these men.'

"'Lord bless ye'r Honor, and keep ye' in ye'r right mind, which ye' are not in at this present time, or ye'd niver give way to the like o' them.'

"'Fool,' exclaimed Mr. Barry, as they thundered at the portal, 'do as I command you.'

"'Master, darlint!' replied the poor fellow, 'you may trample on me if ye' like, and call me what ye' plaze, but I'll niver be the means o' letting shame into the house, in shape o' the law—only the boys are all at the funeral, it's long till they'd suffer such serpents to walk the country. Well, God help us! since ye'r determined on it, do it ye'r self, sir. I niver opened the door to a limb of the law, nor I niver will.'

"Jeremiah flung down his musket, and hastily left the hall, while Alice clung closely to her grandfather's arm.

"'Come in, gentlemen, come in,' said he, with a frightful calmness of manner; 'here I am, you see; be seated, and tell your business.'

"The business was soon told; a writ against his person at the suit of Benjamin Maberly, *Esquire*, for cattle furnished during a period of sixteen or eighteen years—a sort of running account, with now and then a nominal settlement; bills bearing interest, and sundry other expenses: this claim alone amounted to the enormous sum of two thousand pounds; for my friend had often taken it into his head to stock farms, and speculate in sheep, pigs, and oxen, which speculations always terminated badly, from the unfortunate habit he had got into of never attending to his own business, but leaving it to others to manage for him. Another of these men of law had an execution against his goods and effects, for the sum of three thousand pounds, he having bestowed upon a favourite step-nephew a bond for fifteen hundred pounds, upon his commencing professional man; the interest of this, of course, was never paid nor demanded, but on his refusing to lend the young hopeful two or

three hundred pounds, which he thought proper to require, he placed the affair in an attorney's hands, who urged immediate proceedings on the bond, the interest of which had amounted to a sum equal to the principal. Mr. Barry was very unfit to think or act; but Alice prevailed on the officer who made the arrest, to wait until the arrival of his friends; the other proceeded calmly to take an inventory of the furniture; while the master of the mansion seemed perfectly torpid and absorbed. Claude and myself returned with three or four others from the melancholy funeral to the house of mourning. As to poor Claude, he had all the family taste for expenditure, and the property he inherited from his father was mortgaged to its full value. This did not prevent his living in style: he had a good stud, fine dogs, and a machine to drive in, that almost broke one's neck to look at it: he had given a ball on his coming of age, at the Rotunda, which cost almost as much as the fee-simple of his estate was really worth. And his mother, with her usual wisdom, observed that it was of little consequence, considering what her son's expectations were.

"Claude, therefore, could do little—except join me in bail, which was entered into immediately, and securities given for the payment of the demand; in less than an hour after our return, Jerry had the inexpressible satisfaction of banging the hall door after 'the *sarpints*,' and of drinking (a ceremony by the way the poor fellow never omitted) 'Destruction to the law,' in a bumper of pure whiskey. I remained at Barrybrooke, and endeavoured to unravel the difficulties with which my friend was encompassed. I confess they far exceeded what I anticipated. To enter into the detail would be useless. Suffice it to say, that on his marriage, to pacify his relations, he had granted annuities, which had never been regularly paid, and then had given security on his property for the various sums, that went on accumulating, he knew not how: he had a decided partiality for law-suits, which he generally lost; then none of the old incumbrances had been paid off; and the fine domain, which could have supported the establishment if properly farmed, was positively nothing more than a common for the neighbours' horses, cows, sheep, pigs, and poultry to revel on. Mrs. Barry had retrenched most considerably the household expenses; but as my friend, Alice Lee, said, 'grandmamma was never suffered to know grandpapa's affairs; and what she saved, even from her own personal comforts, was expended out of doors.' Claude's difficulties were quite as perplexing. The advice I gave to both parties, were as follows:—Mr. Barry to sell off as much property as would discharge all pressing demands; (for when one creditor comes down on an estate, the rest are sure to follow) to let Barrybrooke, and go abroad for five or six years, live on a small allowance, and thus clear perfectly what was spared. Claude we recommended to marry a rich widow, who was known to look favourably on him, and pay off his debts

with her fortune, providing an annuity for her from his estate.

"'Cousin Claude,' said Alice, quietly, 'take my advice; they say you have fine oratorical talents, go to the bar, and make a fortune for yourself.' It may be easily imagined, that the advice given was not relished by either. Barry's pride revolted at the idea of selling a single acre; and Claude did not like the widow, because he had chosen to fall in love with a girl without either character or fortune. Some accommodation was made with the creditors, and my friend resolved to go abroad. Lord Mountcashel offered to take the house, and reside there: but no! again family pride was up in arms; and although the certainty that Barrybrooke could not be kept in even decent order under an immense expense, was dwelt upon by his true friends, he disdained to let it; decided that three old servants should remain to take care of it, and as quickly as possible bade adieu to the halls of his ancestors, leaving the property at nurse for his creditors, and reserving only an income of three hundred a year for himself. All his relatives objected strongly to his being accompanied only by Alice Lee.—'She'll be sure to come round him,' they exclaimed one and all, 'and if only six pen'oth of property is left, it's only just that right should have it.' It was all in vain: Barry took a proud, cold leave of his 'dear relations' and 'particular friends;' his spirit had been bitterly *wounded* by his late misfortunes; but it was not by any means subdued.

"'Jerry,' said he, as the poor fellow held open the carriage door, 'see that the widow Murphy has her milk as usual, and the children at the school their clothing at Christmas; the agent will attend to it.' (I must tell you that I had used every exertion to prevail on him to appoint a new agent, but in vain;) and Barry was trying to conquer his emotion, when Alice, her face swollen with weeping, sprang into the carriage. The only living thing she possessed—a pet lamb, attempted to follow her, and looked up bleating in her face. 'Keep it, Jerry,' she said, 'it is all I have to give you, and I give it you as a remembrance.'

"The carriage drove on: at the gate, a concourse of tenantry, and the poor whom he had so often relieved, awaited him. They stopped the carriage; some of the men who had grown grey on the estate, came forward:—'We have lived and flourished under ye'r Honor, and them that's dead and gone, for many years; and ye've never distressed us, nor offered to do it. If ye'r Honor 'll stay among us, and keep from foreign parts, we'll make an advance on our rents, and pay up at onc't to next half-year; don't lave us to the marcy o' strangers, and we'll work for ye', and fight for ye', and never let a writ or a sheriff come near the house.'

"'Och! don't go to leave us,' exclaimed a poor woman, laying her thin hand on the coach window. Oh! don't, agra! Miss, don't let him—and the mistress, Góid mark her soul to glory! not *could* in her grave yet! All this was too much

for my poor friend; he could only reply, covering his face with his hands, 'God bless you all! I must go now; but I will return to you in happier times.'

"Mr. Barry proceeded to France; the idea of cheap living is connected, perhaps truly, with the continent. An Irish gentleman is sure of a kind reception abroad; and the intelligent and cheerful manners of my friend Alice, equally free from English stiffness and French levity, increased the feeling of kindness into esteem. Barry, however, could not long remain contented in the provinces, and determined on a visit to Paris. This certainly was not wise; but Alice Lee had the happy art of extracting sweets from poison. She was introduced to some persons of literary distinction there, who discovered that her powerful and clear mind was capable of great efforts, and much usefulness. They taught her to soar, and directed her flight with judgment and kindness. Her attempts were made without even the knowledge of her grandfather, who read and approved her first production without having an idea from whose pen it proceeded; his feelings can be better imagined than described, when he discovered that 'his little cherished child,'—the scorned, the despised one—had not only received, but merited the praise of some of the most celebrated persons in France; he was not slow in sending this intelligence over. I, indeed, heard it with far more of pleasure than surprise; but it threw every member of the long-tailed family into utter consternation. 'The thing was impossible—what! the little pug-nosed girl, who had never been to school, to be praised in the newspapers, and thought much of by learned people—for *her* to write a book, a whole book, who had learnt to hold her pen from a village schoolmaster!' Fancy, my dear sir, all the exclamations of vulgar Irish astonishment, and even then you can hardly have an idea of the hubbub the news occasioned. Happily for Alice, she was not one of those morbid literary ladies, who mourn at their hard fate, and pretend to sorrow because their minds are superior to their neighbours—who sigh and sentimentalize over their being obliged to appear before the public, and yet use every justifiable and unjustifiable mode of forcing celebrity. Alice was in the purest sense of the word a Christian, and she felt the necessity of doing her duty in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She shrank not from the useful exercise of her abilities, and she had good sense enough to perceive that the odium, which at that time even more than now, attached to literary women, proceeded from the attention they exacted, and the airs of superiority they assumed, in society. She did not neglect the cultivation of simple flowers, because she was skilled in botany; she did not cease to charm by the exercise of her fine melodious voice, because she comprehended the nature of sound; nor did she delight less in the mazes of the dance, because she understood the laws of motion. Though she became an *author*, she had not ceased to be a *woman*: her motives were

noble—her actions pure. So that she neither needed, nor wore a mask—this was the grand secret of her popularity.

“The creditors of Mr. Barry’s estate had lately become clamorous, and declared that the sums stipulated for had not been regularly discharged. My friend found it necessary to go over to Ireland, and settle matters, the derangement of which he could not account for; even his stipend had not lately been remitted, and but for the exertions of Alice Lee, he would have suffered much pecuniary difficulty. He felt that he ought to clear himself from the imputation of connivance where evidently, on the agent’s part, mismanagement, if not dishonesty, must have been practised: he came upon the man unexpectedly, and the fellow paled and trembled before him. Conscious and confused, he fixed the next morning for the explanation of his accounts, but that very night set off for America, taking with him a very considerable sum, which he had prevailed on the tenants to advance, in addition to their rents, under the idea of ministering to their landlord’s necessities. This was a dreadful blow to my friend’s feelings: Alice had suffered much from delicate health, and he would not subject her to the fatigue of a journey; but earnestly did he long for her presence, to support and cheer him. About three weeks after he had quitted Paris on this unfortunate business, Alice Lee received the following letter, sealed with dismal black; the first page was in the hand-writing of her beloved guardian and relative. She afterwards permitted me to copy it.

‘Barrybrooke, December, 18—.

‘MY BELOVED CHILD:

‘I ought not to have written you so gloomy an account; it was sadly selfish of me to disturb your mind, when I know how much depends on the work you are now engaged upon. You would gladly support your poor grandfather—would you not? even if he had not an acre left. No account of that villain since he sailed from Cork. Alice, pray for me, pray that my senses may be spared. The ingratitude I meet with, is the scorpion’s sting that festers in my heart.—Pray for me, Alice Lee! I suppose it must come to a sale. Sell Barrybrooke! And the trees and flowers *she* planted! but I shall have one un-fading flower left—you, Alice! Poor Claude is even worse off than myself. Oh! *the curse of property*, managed as it is in this unhappy country. Would that I had been bred a common tradesman, I should then have been *Independent*, and not afraid to look every man I meet in the face, lest he should ask me for money. Do you know that my sternest creditors are those of my own kin? I am sick at heart, my child, and you are not here: do you remember the evening you left that splendid conversazione at the Count de Leonard’s to come home, that you might give me the medicine with your own hand? Yet I would not have you *here* now for the world. Jerry grows young again, and Sir Charles is as kind as ever. It is too late to wish now—but

if I had taken his advice—good night, my child. You are the only being related to me who never gave me cause for anger. Good night—God bless you! to-morrow I will finish my letter.’

“Poor fellow!” exclaimed Sir Charles, as he lifted his eyes from the painful record. “When the next sun rose, his spirit had met his God—his heart indeed was broken.—The remainder was written by his old servant.”

‘May it please ye, Miss, to put up with me to tell ye the sorrowful tidings—that nixt morning when I went as usual into his Honor’s room, he was clean gone and as *could* as a stone; they worried the soul out o’ him, that they did; and my curse, and the curse o’ the poor, ’ll rest heavy on ’em to the day o’ judgment for that same. I wish ye could see how beautiful he looks this minute; jist smiling in his coffin. So best; for he’s beyant trouble now. God be praised! they couldn’t keep his soul from glory! Poor Master Claude is like one mad, and Sir Charles is forced to order the funeral: it ’ll be the thing to do honour to the name, and a grand berrin’ as ever was seen in the country; priests and ministers, and all the heart’s-blood o’ the gentry—and it’s my intention, now that the dear master’s gone, to travel into foreign parts myself, and wait upon you, Miss, who must want some one to look after ye. Seeing (no offence I hope!) that ye are all as one as my own born child; and so keep up ye’r heart, and God’s fresh blessin’ be about ye, prays ye’r humble and faithful servant (till death) to command.

‘JEREMIAH KEG.’

“The funeral justified Jerry’s expectations. It was feared that an attempt would have been made to arrest the body, but the tenants came prepared for such an event; they were armed, and would have sacrificed their lives, sooner than suffered a sheriff’s officer to lay a finger on the coffin. The scene of confusion and abuse which ensued amongst those, who notwithstanding they knew the state of embarrassment the property was in, quarrelled over it, like starved jackals over mouldering bones, is sickening to think upon. In about six weeks, the estates of the *late* Charles Barry, Esq. were advertised to be sold by the sheriff, for the benefit of the creditors of the said estates. The sorrow of sweet Alice Lee was agonizing to witness or think upon; and even now she has not ceased regretting that she did not accompany her grandfather on his *last* journey. Agitation brought on a nervous fever; and her friends in Paris, for more than a month, dreaded what its final effects might be. She recovered slowly; and one day I was sitting with her in the drawing-room (when I found I could be of no service in Ireland, I went to see her) when the lady she was staying with, endeavouring to divert her mind, observed with the good humoured playfulness of her country, that Alice’s last work had made a conquest of an old half-Indian gentleman, a Mr. Clifton, an Englishman she believed, who wished he were young enough to make love to her.

“ ‘Clifton was my dear grandmother's name,’ replied Alice; ‘and she had a brother once, but he died, I believe.’ A vague idea, which I could neither account for nor express, took possession of my mind. The next morning I waited on the old gentleman, and judge of my delight and astonishment, when I found, after much investigation, that Mr. Clifton was indeed the brother of her grandmother, who had gone abroad when his sister was too young to remember aught about him, and who had returned a husbandless and childless man; and the discovery of such a relative was a source of extraordinary happiness to him. He was a proud, stern man, very unlike the parent she had lost; yet he soon proved that he was anxious to bestow upon her, what the world calls substantial proofs of his affection. Being the avowed heiress of a rich Indian merchant could add nothing to the lustre of Alice Lee, but it increased her power of doing good; the idea of Barrybrooke being sold rendered her very miserable. ‘Claude was always very kind to me,’ she said, ‘and I should like to prove that I am not ungrateful, by saving the house and domain for him.’ Her uncle, who might well be proud of her, when I mentioned this wish to him, caught at the idea of gratifying her with avidity, and agreed to give money for the purpose, just as if he were bestowing upon her a splendid toy. He wished to visit Dublin, and we set out for that once splendid city with many and varied feelings. But I tire you—a moment more, and my tale is ended. We were grieved on our arrival there, to find that the sale had been hurried forward: by the desire of Alice Lee, I wrote to the sheriff, offering terms for the house, &c. of Barrybrooke. Through some precious mistake, which could not occur in any other country, my letter miscarried. We drove down to the town of Bannis, situated on the estate—and here you must let me mention an instance of the delicacy of my favourite's mind. She positively would not travel in her uncle's carriage, but ricketed the old gentleman all to pieces in an Irish post-chaise.

“ ‘It would insult their distress,’ she said, ‘to go in splendour, when the family of my benefactor is reduced almost to want.’ The auction was going on when she drove into the town; we were ten minutes too late—the very house of Barrybrooke had been sold to the architect I spoke of! The kind and generous feelings of my young friend were thus thrown into another channel; she purchased an annuity for ‘Cousin Claude,’ and to the hour of his death he never knew from whom the income came, that enabled him to live with so much comfort during the five years he survived his uncle. She practised the revenge of a Christian: she did good to those who had spitefully used her; nor were they averse to partake of whatever crumbs she chose to bestow. You know the romance of her marriage, and we have often laughed at the grotesque figure Jerry exhibited at Paris. By the way—”

Mr. Newton looked at his watch:—the kind-

hearted, garrulous old gentleman took the hint, only adding that the motto adopted by Alice, was INDEPENDENCE—the device, a little bark passing through a stormy sea, with Hope at the helm, and the haven in view.

A COQUET.

Do you see in that drawing-room a little woman, with dark brown hair, an arch and lively eye, with a smile which Venus herself might envy? Her dress of white crape is falling off her shoulders, and her wreath of roses across her forehead, appears as if chance alone had placed it there? She is encircled by homage and flattery; she draws all mankind towards her, and every thing around her seems replete with charms; she has sense enough to render every one pleased with himself. If an old officer draws near, she discourses on valour, and boasts of the glory of Bridgewater and New Orleans, as she passes over her forehead her rosy fingers. Does a young student appear to listen to her, who has made himself conspicuous by his oratory, she extols, above every other gift, that of eloquence, and eulogizes the talents displayed at the bar, as she carelessly advances forward a little foot, modelled by the graces. A young man, something of a philosopher, has just repeated some cold maxim, and she directly speaks in admiration of the wisdom of Solon, while she discovers a smile which would have inspired the lyre of Anacreon. Never, in a word, was a coquet so perfect in the part she is playing; never did a woman unite together more powers of seduction, with more desire of pleasing; ease and lightness in conversation; fascination in her smile, gaiety in her looks; she appears to possess all that can animate, charm, and, perhaps deceive—yet she does not deceive any one, for she sports with her attractions, as a child plays with his toys or flowers; it is by the same arms that she draws towards her, and repels every attack of gallantry, and, under this three-fold rampart of coquetry, her heart, in appearance trifling and cold, conceals the sigh which it breathes for one alone, while her lips bestow smiles on a thousand others.

But do not let us follow that coquet with the blue eyes; when retired to the solitude of her chamber, she takes her wreath from her hair, and unties her sash. Perhaps, then, a tear dims the lustre of her eyes, heretofore so brilliant. Perhaps, a bitter smile passes over those lips, that appeared, a short time ago, so bewitching! Here she is about to take up again all the wretchedness of her heart; but here we ought to finish the picture; it belongs not to the pen of a friend to unveil the heart of another. We ought only to study the science of knowing how our coquetry may be reckoned a virtue, and using ourselves a certain degree of dissimulation in society, so as to conceal the weakness of our hearts, and letting no one know the empire he may have over them, which would be much more dangerous than that he might obtain over our imagination.

APPIE M'GIE.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE KTRICK SHEPHERD.

O LOVE has done muckle in city and glen,
In tears of the women, an' vows of the men;
But the sweet little rogue, wi' his visions o' bliss,
Has never done aught sae unhallowed as this;
For, what do ye think?—at a dance on the green,
Afore the dew fell through the gleaming yestreen,
He has woundit the bosom and blindit the ee
Of the flower o' our valley, young Appie M'Gie.

Young Appie was sweet as the zephyr of even,
And blythe as the laverock that carols in Heaven
As bonny as ever was bud o' the thorn,
Or rose that unfolds to the breath o' the morn.
Her form was the fairest o' Nature's design,
And her soul was as pure as her face was divine.
Ah, Love! 'tis a shame that a model so true,
By thee should be melted and moulded anew.

The little pale flowerets blush deep for thy blame;
The fringe o' the daisy is purple wi' shame;
The heath-breeze, that kisses the cheeks o' the free,
Has a tint of the mellow soft-breathings of thee.
Of all the wild wasters of glee and of hue,
And eyes that have depth o' the ocean of blue,
Love, thou art the chief! and a shame upon thee,
For this deed thou hast done to young Appie M'Gie.

THE ROSE OF MAY.

BY CARNE, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE EAST."

I SAID the flower would bloom no more,
That wither'd yesterday;
That morning dews would ne'er restore
My lovely rose of May.
The future was too cold a thing
In my sweet dream to be;
The present rose, the present spring,
Are all of life to me.

I do remember well my grief,
When died my flower—and then
My joy, when time brought, leaf by leaf,
As sweet a flower again.
And then I said, "Farewell, despair,
Thou art no guest for me;
Whate'er I lose of bright or fair,
I hope again to see."

Alas! I've often wept since then,
And death has robb'd my bowers;
But even amidst the griefs of men,
I've comfort found in flowers.
For, if the bloom of love be brief,
And if Fame's crown be riven,
I would not see my life's fading leaf,
But look for spring in heaven.



BALLET DANCING.

THE perfection to which this style of exhibition is now arrived, renders every information that can be obtained on the subject, interesting to its admirers. The number of these is certainly extensive, and the pre-eminence shown to the dancing part of the Opera company, over the enchanting sounds that flow from the throats of Pasta and Malibran, makes one readily conclude that the *heel* is of more importance than the *head*, and that *art* exultingly triumphs over the *labours of science*. But while such omnipotent authority prevails in its behalf, it were vain, for one our OF FASHION, to attempt to decry the *art* or its professors; therefore willingly, to keep on good terms with the reigning taste, we have collected some information concerning the progress of ballet-dancing, from its first introduction, in the

reign of Caribert, King of Paris, when the *art* assumed somewhat of a regular form.

Be it understood, then, that the aforesaid royal personage had a most beautiful Queen, by whom he was greatly beloved, and who, finding her husband more passionately devoted to the chase, than he was to *her charms*—resolved to exert her utmost efforts to invent novelties and amusements, that should withdraw him from the selfish and perilous employments he took such delight in. Accordingly the Queen Indoberg had recourse to the charms of music and dancing, which she found herself compelled to unite, since the former had failed of the wished for effect, when pursued *alone*. But poor Indoberg had reason speedily to regret the association; for two sisters of the most ravishing beauty, who sang like syrens, and were

the principal performers in all the dances and entertainments given by the Queen, so captivated the heart of the royal huntsman, that he abandoned himself to this new passion, and married each of them.

On the 29th of January, 1393, the Duchess de Berri gave a grand ball, at her palace of the Gobelins, where all the court was assembled. A troop of masked savages made their appearance on the scene, which excited the curiosity of the Duke of Orleans, who, suspecting perhaps that his royal master, Charles VI. was among them, suddenly seized a flambeau, to examine their persons more nearly, when a spark having caught the robe of one of the masks, was speedily communicated to the next. The Duchess de Berri being in the secret of the masquerade, ran to the king, and, throwing her robe round him, extinguished the fire. Several noblemen lost their lives through this folly; to expiate which the Duke de Orleans built a chapel, which he dedicated to the Celestines, and endowed it for the purpose of pious exercises, for the souls of those who had died through that accident. In the old records which we have of ballet-dancing, we learn that the representation of an action was expressed by verses; by which, when the public was fully possessed of the plot, the actors accompanied their declamations by gestures and steps suited to the part. The surprising adventures of a young man named *Hymen*, the despair of Calice for the indifference of Erasius, which caused her to throw herself into the sea, in order to extinguish her passion, were very prominent pieces: (the which it is to be feared, afforded a pretext for the famous leap of the still more famous Sappho.)

Cardinal Riatti endeavoured to inspire his uncle, Pope Sextus IV., with a taste for dramatic representation, in which music and dancing were conjunctively the basis. But the Pope had other affairs upon his hands; he wanted to canonize St. Bonaventure; to persecute the Venitians; to fight against the powerful faction of the Medicis; and to debate upon future supplies. It may well be imagined that his holiness had too many occupations to allow him to think for a moment of organizing a company of dancers and players! but what Cardinal Riatti failed in effecting, was afterwards successfully performed by means of a very important auxiliary, under the superintendance of a homely country gentleman.

There was very good dancing at the court of Francis I. The graceful and witty Margaret of Valois, was the *Tagioni* of her time. The minuet danced by Margaret was a wonderful performance; and the first poets of Europe gave it celebrity by their verses; one of her slow piroquettes was sufficient to turn all the courtiers heads. Don Juan of Austria, viceroy of the low countries, hearing of her fame, set off post from Brussels, and visiting Paris incog, saw Margaret dance; after which he instantly returned, exclaiming repeatedly to his companions, as the rapid coursers fled hastily from the scene of the dance, "what wonders in a minuet!" This was the sole thought of the viceroy Don Juan. The

smiling country which offered itself to the view, the noise of the horses as they trotted on the road, the whips of the postilions—none of these could draw him out of the delicious reverie, which so powerfully chained him. As soon as he reached the palace, he entered the council chamber, to discuss affairs of state with his assembled ministers, who received him in silence, expecting the prince to address them on the subject on which they were convened: "what wonders in a ——— government!" &c. Such was the commencement of his harangue. A professor of dancing in an excess of enthusiasm for his art may repeat the words of Don Juan, but let him remember, they originated with the German Cæsar.

HANGING OF WINDOW BLINDS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the National Intelligencer says:—"It is surprising to me that the mode of hanging window blinds universally practised in France, should not have been introduced in our hot and sunny climate. There, the blind is hung by hinges at the top, and opens by being pushed out from below to any distance agreeable, instead of being hung on the sides and opening perpendicularly. By our present mode, the blinds cannot be opened without admitting the sun; but by the French mode, the blind may be opened, the air admitted, and the sun at the same time excluded—the window being still shaded, though the blind be open. Let any one try this plan on a southern exposure, and he will find its superiority. Another advantage is, that the blind is more easily and quickly opened and shut; and a further superiority is, you can have your blinds open without losing the pleasure of privacy in your apartment. We take, unfortunately, all our fashions from England, and if England had adopted the French mode of hanging window blinds, we should long ago have copied it. But the English climate, requiring the admission of all the little sunshine nature gives it, forbids the adoption of the French mode, and we, therefore, have rejected it, although our climate renders it more desirable than even in France itself. I pray our builders to consider the subject.

THE OCEAN.

THE depth of the ocean is a point, says M. Brun, which has puzzled alike philosophers and practical men, and is, after all, left in a wild field of conjecture. The most probable guide is analogy; and the wisest men, judging by this criterion, have presumed that the depth of the sea may be measured by the height of mountains, the highest of which are 20,000 and 30,000 feet. The greatest depth that has been tried to be measured, is that found in the Northern oceans by Lord Mulgrave; he heaved a very heavy sounding lead, and gave out along with it a cable rope of the length of 4980 feet without finding the bottom.

THE HISTORY OF INSECTS.

To this interesting subject the Family Library has apportioned two of its earliest volumes, and when we reflect on the extensive range which providence has assigned to these diminutive animals, which pervade the whole surface of the globe, in numbers too great for the most boundless imagination to conceive, we cannot feel surprise that this portion of animated nature has recently excited so much attention.

During the middle ages, entomology shared the fate of every other science, but with the revival of a taste for literature, the history of insects became again attractive, and, if we merely glance at the many purposes of good and evil to which their tiny powers are applied, it must appear extraordinary that the study should ever have been deemed useless or frivolous. The minuteness of insects may render them contemptible in the eyes of the unthinking; but, when we consider the art and mechanism in so minute a structure, the fluids circulating in vessels so small as to escape the sight, the beauty of their wings and covering, and the manner in which each is adapted for procuring its peculiar pleasures, we shall find how small a difference there is between the great and the little things of this life, since the maker of all has bestowed the same contrivance on the elephant and the ant.

To those, even, who derive no pleasure from the studies of a liberal mind, and feel no satisfaction in any employment that is not attended with immediate profit, the researches of the entomologist are far from useless. Had the operations of the silk-worm never been examined, could men have availed themselves of the labour of an insect that administers so largely to the richness and elegance of our dress? In the same manner, wax and honey enter into the articles of our commerce, and add to our luxuries. The Chinese procure an elegant varnish and a rich dye from insects, and from them our finest red colours are also obtained. The advantages of the cochineal insect, which is propagated with care, and in vast numbers, have been long appreciated.

The medical uses of the insect tribes are also far from being inconsiderable, and they have still other uses which appear singular and curious. So far back as the time of Theophrastus and of Pliny, certain kinds of them were employed in ripening the figs throughout the islands of the archipelago, where, it appears from Tournefort, the practice still subsists. Similar purposes are effected by our gardeners, who employ the bees on their first coming, and shut them into the frames, to transfer the prolific farina of the male blossom to that of the female, whereby fructification is insured, and early cucumbers are produced.

But there are still other inducements to the study of entomology, founded not in the hope of

profit, but of alleviating or preventing the numerous mischiefs they occasion. They desolate whole provinces in swarms; they attack our gardens, fruit, corn, vegetables; they pierce the soundest bottoms of ships, and gradually reduce them to ruin; they injure our books, our furniture, our clothing; not even sparing our persons, but tormenting us long before the period when nature has destined us to become their legitimate prey. Surely, then, we may be persuaded that there is no branch of animal history which better deserves our attention.

"The simplest animal with which we are acquainted," says the editor of the Family Library, "is to be found in water, either in a stagnant state, or impregnated with decayed vegetable matter: it is of microscopic minuteness, a single living point, without any organ whatever, and called *Monas*. A drop of putrid water contains myriads of these in motion. One degree higher in the scale of existence, are the *Polypi*—creatures possessing the form of a vegetable, with the consistence of a jelly. Their internal organization consists only of a sac, the first indication of a stomach. They have no head, nor organs of sense, muscles, nor vessels. Like plants, they perpetuate their species by buds. They live in water.

The next class of animals, also aquatic, are of a star-like form. Besides the mouth and stomach common to them with the *polypi*, slight indications of a nervous and respiratory system are discoverable in their organization. None of their movements seem connected with muscular action, though their substance, in many instances, is capable of contraction and dilatation. They are multiplied not only by buds or gemmæ, but also by eggs, where the new individual, separating from the parent, is thrown off by the mouth: they live in the ocean.

"Worms have the organs of locomotion more fully developed, the body of the animal being divided into rings—a faint approach to the articulation of the limbs in more perfect creatures. The long intestinal canal is widened at one part, so as to give a notion of the division into stomach and intestine. They possess a circulatory system of vein and artery, but no heart. Their respiratory organs are of the simplest kind. They are furnished with a long, nervous cord, running from one extremity of the body to the other, in the course of which nodules of nervous matter are placed, from which little nerves are radiated to the neighbouring parts. The sexes are in some united in the same individual, in others separate. They multiply by eggs.

"The *Molluscæ* have the organs of digestion and circulation well developed; a liver, stomach, intestines, a heart with two chambers, arteries, and veins, circulating cold blood; a nodulated nervous system, organs of touch, rudiments of a tongue, and something like an organ of hear-

ing, and a respiratory system. The organs of locomotion are not much developed.

"The Crustacea, or such animals as resemble the lobster, possess lateral appendages fixed to the trunk, which assist them to move: their structure is similar to that of the molluscæ; but they have, in addition, a more perfect apparatus of the senses.

"Ascending in the scale of beings, we next come to—INSECTS.

"The English word insect is derived from the Latin word *insectum*, which is probably a corruption or contraction of *intersectum*, 'cut between;' and the name, as applied to a class of animals, is doubtlessly suggested by the bodies of these animals being so made up of distinct parts, as to give the appearance of their being notched or intersected.

"Insects have organs of nutrition, locomotion, generation, and sensation. Their organization is defective, principally in the circulating and respiratory systems. They inhabit the earth, the air, or the water, and move with rapidity in all situations. They possess the five senses, and are endowed with wonderful instincts. The organs of nutrition and generation are as perfect as those of more elevated orders.

"Insects have been called hexapodes, from their having six feet. Their body is, for the most part, composed of various joinings or articulations. These joinings are comprehended in the head, thorax, or chest, abdomen, or belly.

"The head has a moveable junction or articulation with the second division, or thorax, in the greater number of insects. The mouth, antennæ, and eyes, are parts of the head."

It would be foreign to our plan, and unsuited to our space, to treat the subject scientifically, but we shall occasionally collect, from the many sources of information which are now presenting themselves, a few anecdotes of the more remarkable insects.

LADIES OF BUENOS AYRES.

THE ladies of Buenos Ayres have been called beautiful. They are accomplished, very sensible, and possess tact and conversational eloquence. They dress their hair with exquisite taste, and wear superb combs of inordinate dimensions. They never wear hats. To this a stranger very soon becomes accustomed; so much so, indeed, that in a very short time he begins to consider the hat a very awkward and unsightly appendage of the female equipment. They possess great suavity and amenity, and are totally unaffected—bland and courteous. They display the most anxious desire to please, and their intelligence and amiableness render them eminently successful. They are extremely hospitable and attentive to foreigners; and some ill bred writers have put upon this very kindness and unreserve, the harshest miscon-

structions. Those who know these people well, pronounce such remarks to be odious and wanton calumnies; and indeed the best disapproval of them is in the fact, that many of the most respectable foreign merchants and residents, have formed matrimonial connexions here, and their wives are remarkable for the devotion and constancy of their attachments. The evening parties (tertulias) are delightful. The amusement, the waltzing, minueting, and Spanish dance; conversation, music, (piano and guitar,) and sometimes singing. The ladies seldom walk out in the day time, (except to church and on festivals,) the evening being preferred for the promenade, at which time the shops are brilliantly illuminated, and in fine weather, filled with fair customers. They manifest an excessive fondness for confections of every description, (dulces,) and a prodigious delight in flowers, with which they are fond of decorating their hair; and the presentation of a flower to a visiter, is regarded as a most gracious compliment. The fan is an indispensable weapon, in the management of which they display admirable adroitness. Indeed, the great variety of female purposes to which this instrument may be applied, is inappreciable by all those who have not witnessed its proper manual exercise.

MARVEILLE DE PAGNANI.

This is the title of a Duetto for a single Violin, says the Boston Commentator, recently published in London. It is the famous piece, the performance of which by Paganini, that has excited such astonishment throughout Europe. One part he executes with the bow, the other with the fingers only, or *pizzicato*. Three bars from the first movement of this will give some notion of the whole, and of the nature of the performance. It must, of course, be numbered among the curiosities of music.

ADAGIO.

DOLCE.

PICTURE OF MANNERS IN GREECE.

MR. Cockerell had not left us many days before we had an opportunity of witnessing some interesting and curious scenes, in the enjoyment of which we would gladly have had his participation. One of these was the marriage feast of Giovanni Melas, an intelligent and well educated Greek merchant. On a Saturday evening, we went with Signore Nicolo to view the nocturnal procession, which always accompanies the bridegroom when he escorts his betrothed from the paternal roof to that of her future husband: this consisted of near a hundred of the first persons in Ioannina, with torch-bearers and a band of music. After having received the lady, they retraced their steps, joined by an equal number of ladies, in compliment to the bride: these latter were attended by their maid-servants, many of whom carried infants in their arms, dressed in prodigious finery. The little bride, who appeared extremely young, walked with slow, and, apparently, reluctant steps, supported by a matron on each side, and another behind. At the door of his dwelling Signore Melas threw several handfuls of money among the crowd; we ourselves were there introduced to him, and, with great politeness, he ordered the band of music to accompany us back. Next day being Sunday, we understood that the archbishop of Ioannina attended to place the tinsel crowns upon the heads of the new couple, light the tapers, put the rings on the fingers, and perform all the tedious nummery of a Greek wedding. The consummation of the marriage rite, and the unloosening of the mystic zone, is deferred till the third day of the ceremonies. On this day a grand nuptial entertainment was given, as is usual, to which all the particular friends and connexions of the bride and bridegroom were invited. In the evening we sent our congratulations to Signore Melas, with an intimation that, if agreeable, we would pay our respects to him personally on his marriage. This, as we had foreseen, was considered a compliment; the band of music was sent to precede us to the house, at the door of which we found our host waiting to receive us: from thence he led us into the festive chamber, and introduced us to his guests, I mean to the male part of them; since, as it has been before observed, in this semi-barbarous country, the sexes are separated at convivial entertainments; a custom which throws over the amusements of society languid insipidity, or taints them with sottish degradation. We found Signore Melas's friends, after having partaken of the *equal feast*, pouring out copious libations to the rosy god, and singing hymeneal songs to the discordant harmony of fiddles and guitars. All rose up at our entrance, receiving us with every mark of attention, and seating us at the upper end of the divan, one on each side of Signore Alexi Noutza, governor of Zagori, and at that time a great favourite with the vizir: he officiated for the

bridegroom as master of the ceremonies. In the interval between our introduction and supper, a fool or zany was called in to divert the company by acting with a clown a kind of pantomime, the ludicrous nature of which consisted in practical jokes and hard knocks upon the clown's pate, which strongly excited the risibility of the spectators. We were much more pleased with the next species of entertainment, which consisted of the Albanitico, or national dance of the Albanian palikars, performed by several of the most skilful among the vizir's guards, who had been invited to the feast. The evolutions and figures of this exercise served to display the astonishing activity and muscular strength of these hardy mountaineers, who, grasping each other tightly by the hands, moved for a time slowly backwards and forwards, then hurried round in a quick, circular movement, according to the excitement of the music and their own voices in full stretch; in the mean time the coryphæus, or leader, who was frequently changed, made surprising leaps, bending backwards till his head almost touched the ground, and then, starting up into the air with the elastic spring of a bow, whilst his long hair flowed in wild confusion over his shoulders. After this was finished, the bridegroom, with several of his guests, imitated their example, with less agility, but with more grace and elegance. Dancing is still considered by the modern, as it was by the ancient Greeks, a requisite accomplishment in the composition of a gentleman. By similar feats Ulysses was entertained at the court of Alcinous, who seems to have spoken of his dancers with a regal pride. Xenophen, also, in his Symposium gives an interesting description of a pantomimic dance or *ballet*, which was performed at a banquet, where Socrates was present: in it the parts of Bacchus and Ariadne were sustained by a youth and a female, both of great beauty, who introduced all the various circumstances of the nuptial ceremony, whilst a musician accompanied them with appropriate tunes upon the flute. When supper was announced, we all sat down, except the bridegroom, whose presence was excused, at a long table, plentifully supplied with poultry, game, pilau, various made dishes, and pastry. In token of extreme civility, every person near us heaped food upon our plates, which sometimes presented such heterogeneous mixtures of fish, flesh, and fowl, that, if we had been obliged to eat them, this, probably, would have been our last meal. I observed a beautiful boy, about six years old, who, at next me, cramming himself till he could scarcely breathe; and the little urchin seemed so determined that I should follow his example, that he always put a share of his mess on my plate. Mr. Parker happening to sneeze at this entertainment, he was quite electrified by the boisterous congratulatory *vivas* of the guests. This custom is very general in the south of

Europe, and seems to be a remnant of a very ancient superstition. In the mean time the guests poured down copious draughts of wine, toasting the bride and bridegroom, the English Milordi, Signore Alexi, and others; and now I fancied that I could discover the meaning of old Anacreon in some of his Bacchanalian expressions, from the manner in which these Grecian toppers drank, (*αμυρονι*) many of whom filled two and others even three goblets with wine; then taking up one with the right hand, they applied it to their lips, pouring the contents of the other two into it with their left, and never moving the cup from the mouth till the whole of the liquor was despatched; these triplets were received by the rest of the company with unbounded applause. Possibly the celebrated Thracian Amystis may have been a similar trial of Bacchanalian skill, and not a goblet, as it is generally rendered:—

Neu multi Damalis meri
Basum Thracia viacat AMYSTIDE.

The feast was kept up with great merriment and noise, till Signore Melas came in to pay us the highest compliment in his power, by introducing us into the gynæconitis, where the ladies were assembled. In passing through the gallery we observed a quantity of rich bed-furniture, consisting of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, which is always sent with the bride, and displayed for public admiration on those occasions. We had heard that Ioannina was celebrated for the beauty and fine complexion of its females; and certainly we were not disappointed when we entered into the apartment where a party of the most charming women in that capital were collected together. They sat in a large circle round the room, superbly attired; but the liquid lustre of their eyes far outshone the jewels that sparkled in their raven tresses. The reflection came forcibly across the mind—what brutes the men must be who could desert the society of such master pieces of excellent nature, to indulge in the low gratifications of riotous intemperance! By the smiles and whispers that went round the circle, we soon perceived that our appearance excited much curiosity, and that our persons and every article of our dress became subjected to the minutest scrutiny; we were seated on each side of the little bride, who was scarcely twelve years of age, and was comparatively so girlish, that it required a stretch of the imagination to consider her in the character of a matron. She was magnificently dressed, the value of the jewels with which she was adorned being estimated at about two thousand pounds. An ancient family appendage, in the shape of an old nurse stood near her, and this Argus was actively employed in guarding her charge, and repelling the advances of Signore Melas, who was anxious to impress the marks of his affection upon the lips of his betrothed. One of the Albanian guards having brought in coffee, the young lady arose, and with a very pretty air handed it to Mr. Parker and myself, who were obliged to suffer this inversion of the right order of things, and accommodate

ourselves to the custom of the place. We observed that her manners and deportment were accompanied with great mildness and affability; but her features had not sufficiently expanded for us to judge of their expression: it appeared as if her countenance might become interesting, without being handsome; she was a daughter of the chief primate of Ioannina, and her dowry was said to be very considerable. After remaining here about an hour, we took our leave; but in quitting the room we remarked a number of faces peeping out of an opposite latticed window, and found that a large party of young unmarried girls had been keeping the feast in a different apartment, separated both from men and women. The band of music accompanied us back to our lodging, where we arrived about midnight.—*Travels in Greece and Albania, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes.*

FREEDOM.

THE principles of freedom ought, in a more peculiar manner, to be cherished by Christians, because they alone can secure that liberty of conscience, and freedom of enquiry, which is essential to the proper discharge of the duties of their profession. A full toleration of religious opinions, and the protection of all parties in their respective modes of worship, are the natural operations of a free government; and every thing that tends to check or restrain them, materially affects the interest of religion. Aware of the force of religious belief over the mind of man, of the generous independence it inspires, and of the eagerness with which it is cherished and maintained, it is towards this quarter the arm of despotism first directs its attacks, while through every period the imaginary right of ruling the conscience has been the earliest assumed and the latest relinquished. Under this conviction, an enlightened Christian, when he turns his attention to political occurrences, will rejoice in beholding every advance towards freedom in the government of nations, as it forms not only a barrier to the encroachments of tyranny, but security to the diffusion and establishment of truth. A considerable portion of personal freedom may be enjoyed, it is true, under a despotic government, or in other words, a great part of human actions may be left uncontrolled, but with this an enlightened mind will never rest satisfied, because it is at best but an indulgence flowing from motives of policy or the lenity of the prince, which may be at any time withdrawn by the hand that bestowed it. Upon the same principle, religious toleration may have an accidental and precarious existence in states whose policy is the most arbitrary, but in such a situation it seldom lasts long, and can never rest upon a secure and permanent basis, disappearing for the most part along with those temporary views of interest or policy on which it was founded. The history of every age will attest the truth of this observation.—*Rev. Robert Hall.*

BEAUTY VANISHED.

A CREATURE beautiful as dew-dipp'd roses,
 Symmetric as the goddess sprung in marble
 From out the sculptor's mind, deeply reposes
 In a rich sleep of thought; and the clear warble
 Of birds that greet Aurora in blue skies,
 Hath not a sound so holy as the sighs
 That part her fruit-like lips. Is she not dreaming
 A poesy inspired of panting love,
 Divine as that with which the heavens are streaming
 When the intense eye of the west is wove
 With the aurient sun-set? She is gone! I weep—
 For so all beauty passeth from the vision;
 And clouds of darkness o'er the spirit creep,
 Making of all her light obscure ellision.

ON A HUMAN HEART.

AND was this loathsome clod, which now I grasp,
 The vital centre of a wond'rous world,
 Warming a bosom for pale love to clasp?
 Was this foul mass the marvel, where enrul'd,
 Like waves along the mighty ocean curl'd,
 High feelings rose, that would the stars defy?
 Was this the throbbing and dilating thing,
 That lent all splendid beauty to the eye,
 Made the lip burn with holy melody—
 And floated Fancy on her rainbow-wing?
 It was—a living and a human heart!
 A sun of smiles—a solemn cloud of tears!
 What is it now?—Oh! let my soul depart!
 She's stricken, and her glory disappears.

THE NATIVE AND THE ODD FISH.

DIDN'T it ever occur to you, that a man may be ruined by a bit of good luck as well as by bad?—I'm sure it must.—I had an uncle at Tralee, who was left seventy pounds by his wife's gossip, and he welcomed the gift so warmly, and caroused so heartily to the honour of the giver, that he never ceased drinking and losing his time—though he was a dacent man, and did business as he ought before—until the seventy pounds, and a little to the tail of it, had slipped through his fingers. But that wasn't the end of it: for he got such bad habits as he never could shake off again; so he lived a few years a sot, and died a beggar: all which wouldn't have happened, but for the seventy pounds his wife's gossip gave him. I knew a young woman, whose name I won't mention, for the sake of her family, who lost herself entirely through a love of fine clothes, which she had never cared more about than just a little, as all women do—and no blame to them—before her brother, who sailed for three years in the same ship with me, brought her home a little bag of silks and things above her station, which, when she'd worn them, made her despise her plain, honest, ould duds; and them that was about her couldn't give her better; so she grew sick of home, and did that she was sore at heart for when she came to a death-bed. Ah! then's the time, if we never did before, when we know right from wrong;—then's the time, when the brain balances things, and gives true weight to all our misdeeds;—then's the time, when a man, who could never before recollect what he did that day se'nnight, remembers all the evil he has done in his days, and all the good he might have done, but wouldn't. A dying man's memory, if he has been a bad one, is one of the most perfect and terrible things in the world: go see one yourself, and you'll own it. We may be 'cute enough to hide what we do from the world all our lives, but we can't do so from ourselves when death puts out his big bony paw to give us a grim welcome to his dark dominions. We may be 'cute enough to shut our own eyes to what we've done, when

we're strong and able, and the world's going merrily round with us; and we may be fools enough to think that our sins are blotted out when we have forgotten them;—for I've found that men are just like the ostriches I've seen myself, in Africa, which, when they're hunted, poke their pates into a dark place, leaving their bodies intirely exposed, and fancy no one can see them if they can't see themselves:—but when we know that the last sands in our glass are running, and the dead sea is glimmering before us, we can't poke our heads into a corner—don't you see?—or tie a stone to the neck of each of our iniquities, and drown it;—or look another way, and think of to-morrow's dinner, when they're coming to meet us;—or silence their small but very terrible voices, by whistling the burthen of an old song: for—do you mark?—they won't be served so: they will be seen; they will speak; and, faith, its hear them we must, whether we will or no. We may have fancied them dead and gone, years ago; but their ghosts start up and surround our death-beds, and clamour so, that we can't but listen to them: and, what's most awful, they make a man his own judge: and no earthly judge is so impartial as a man is of himself, when his people are just wishing him good-b'ye for ever. For when we get on the brink of life and death, and know that it's ten to one we'll be dead by the morning, and it's just midnight already;—when we think that in a few hours our ears will be deaf, and our eyes blind, and we can't wag a finger, and our cold white corpse will be stretched out on a board—motionless, helpless, good for nothing, and lumber more than any thing else;—when we know, that, much as we thought of ourselves, the sun will rise, and the birds sing, and the flowers look beautiful, and the ox be yoked to the plough, and the chimneys smoke, and the pot be boiled, and the world go on without us, as well as if we'd never been in it;—then's the time, I say, we get our vanity cut up by the roots, and feel what atoms we've been in it:—and then's the time, too, that the soul—just

before pluming her wings, and having half shaken off the dross of humanity—becomes strong as the body gets weak, and won't be bamboozled, but calls up all our sins past, and places them stedfastly before our eyes; and if we've done wrong—that is, much of it—a big black bird stretches out her great wings and flutters, brooding like a weight of cold lead on our hearts: and conscience, though we've contrived to keep her down all our lives, then starts up, taking advantage of our helplessness, and reigns in full power. But what's all this to Mick Maguire? you'll say.—Faith! then, not much: I began with an idea of getting to him in a few words, but was led astray, by noticing the death of the young woman I mentioned as being ruined by the gift of a brother, who meant it for her good. And you'll think it odd, may be, that the likes o' me casts over things so sariously: but I do, and there's nothing plazes me more than so doing, when I'm left alone here by myself, for hours and hours together, while all that's near and dear to me is out upon the waves, the mighty roar of which, as they break upon the rocks about me, I hear night and day; and the sound o' them and solitude, begets sarious thoughts; and so they should, in one that's gone sixty. There's never a day but I think o' death, so that I'm sure I'll be able to meet him firmly when he knocks at the gates of life for me, and bids me come. If I could go about, I'd not have such oceans of odd out o' the way thoughts, consarnin' various things; but here I am, fettered by my infirmities to an ould chair, and I've nothing to do half my time, but think. Don't imagine, though, that I'm laid up in a harbour of peace, or that the other half of my time is calm and pleasant: it's no such thing; the woes and the wickedness of the world—good luck to it, though, for all that—reaches me here in this corner, though it's harm me they can't much. I'm like an ould buoy, fast moored to an anchor on a bad coast, over which the waves dashes and splashes all day long, but they can neither move it nor damage it. But what's all this to Mick Maguire? you'll say again. Faith! then, little or nothing—but now I've done, and we'll get on.

Mick, like my uncle at Tralee, has been ruined by a gift. He was once a hard-working man, and did well, until young Pierce Veogh, just after he came into possession of the house that's called "The Beg," on the hill yonder—which he did at his father's death—gave Mick an ould gun once, for something I forget; and that gun has been the ruin of him. He works one day in the week to buy powder and shot; and half starves himself, and goes in rags the other six, prowling about the rocks, and firing at sea-gulls and so forth, but seldom shooting one.

Mick's an oddity, as I tould you before; and why so? you'll say. Why, then, not for his face, for he's good looking; nor for his figure, for he's straight and well built; nor for his jokes, for he never makes one; nor for any one thing in the world, but his always telling the plain naked truth; good or bad, no matter if it harms him, he

don't mind, but always speaks the thing that is, and won't tell even a white lie for himself, much more for any one else;—and if that's not an oddity, I don't know what is. Mick was never known to tell a story in his whole life, but he's sworn to so many out o' the way things, that he's often been suspected to be a big liar: for I need scarce say to you, that nothing can look more like a lie sometimes than the plain truth. But whatever Mick says, always at last and in the long run, turns out to be fact: so that we don't know what to think of the story he has of the fairy he saw on the rocks long ago. It seems as much like a lie as any thing ever I heard; but if it is one, it's the first Mick tould; and if so, troth then, it's a thumper. And why shouldn't it?—A good man, when he does wrong, commits a big sin; while you and I only docs dozens of little ones: and them that sticks by the truth in general, if they happens to tell a lie, faith! then it's a wonderful big one; and, may be, so is Mick's story;—but you'll judge for yourself, when you hear it. But don't forget the honesty of Mick's tongue; and bear in mind, too, that we shouldn't disbelieve any thing, simply because it's out of the way to us, and we never saw the likes of it ourselves; for there's so many strange things in the world, that one don't know what to disbelieve: and of all the wonderful things I ever heard of, there's none seems to me so very wonderful as this, namely:—I exist, and I know it. Now for Mick's story:—

"One day," says he, "as I was out shooting on the black rocks, I clambered up to a place where I never was before; and I don't think man had set foot upon it till then: it was higher than you'd think, looking up from the sea, which washed the foot of it; for the great crag itself, which none of us can climb—I mane that one where the eagle's nest is—seemed to be below it. Well, thinks I, when I got to the top, I'll have a good pelt at the birds from this, I'm sure; but no, I couldn't; for, though they were flying round and round it, divil a one would come within gunshot, but kipt going about, and going about, until the head o' me wint round wid looking at them, and I began to feel sick, for I'd come out before breakfast, not intinding to stay long; but somehow, I wint further and further, and, at last, the sun was going down, and me there, where I tould you I was, a-top of the big crag. 'Michael,' says I to mceself, 'it's time for you to be going too, for the birds won't come near you; and you're hungry, boy—so you are Mick; you can't deny that.' And it's true thin I couldn't; for I never was hungrier in my life, than I was that time, and sorrow the thing in my pocket softer than a flint. Well, thin I began to go down, but before I'd got twinty steps, what do you think I saw there, upon the bare rock, where nobody seemed to have been before me, near upon half a days journey higher than the sea—what, I say, do you think I saw, lying before me there?—you wouldn't guess in a year. Why thin it was an oyster!—I started, as though a ghost had come across me:—and why wouldn't I?—for I'd no

right to expect to see such a thing as an oyster there, you know; had I? Thinks I, after a while, 'here's a fine mouthful for you, Mick, if it's only fresh; but, may be, it's been here these thousand years.—Eh, thin, Mick! but you're lucky, so you are, if it should be atearable.'

"Sitting down on the rock, I put out my hand to get a hold of it, whin what does it do, but lifts up its shell of its ownself?—and there was something inside it, just like an oyster, you'd think; but whin you looked closer, what was it thin but a small dwarf of a man, wid a beard, and a little broad belly, and two short, fat, little darlings of legs, and his both hands in his breeches pockets, quite at home, and as aisy as you or I'd be in our arm chair, if we had one.

"'I'm glad to see you, Mick,' says he; 'it's long I've been expecting you.'

"Now, there's many that would have run away and broke their necks down the rock, at hearing the crature call them by their names, and say this; but I'm one that never feared Banshee, Lepreghaun, or any one of the little people, good, bad, or indifferent;—why should I?—So I pulled off my hat, and making a leg to him, 'sir, says I, 'if I'd known as-much, I'd have come before.'

"'Thank you kindly, Mick Maguire, says he. 'No thanks to me thin at all, at all,' thinks I, 'if you knew what I know:' for I was determined to devour him, if he was atearable. 'And it's by my own name you call me, sir,' says I, 'is it?'

"'To be sure it is,' says he; 'you wouldn't have me call you out of your name—would you?' And thin he fell laughing, as though his little face would have tumbled to pieces; and, faith! of all the faces I ever set eyes on, I never saw the likes of his for a roguish look. 'You wouldn't have me call you out of your name, would you, Mick?' says he again.

"'Why thin no I wouldn't, and that's truth,' says I; 'but what's your own name? I'd like to know, so I would,' says I.

"'I dare say you would,' says he.

"'And after that,' says I, 'I'd be glad if you'd tell me a small trifle about yourself, and how you live in your little house there, whin you shut down the roof of it; and thin—'

"'Bad manners to you, Mick,' says he; 'don't be prying into a person's domestic arrangements.—Them were his words. 'Mind your own business,' says he; 'and ax me no questions about meeself; for, may be, I won't answer them.'

"'But, sir,' says I, thinking to get all I could out of him, before I ate him; 'sir,' says I, 'it isn't every day one sees, betuxt a pair of oyster shells—'

"'Oh! Mick!' says he, 'there's more out of the way things than meeself in the sea.'

"'I shouldn't wonder, sir,' says I.

"'There is, Mick,' says he; 'take my word for it.'

"'I'm sure of it, sir,' says I; 'and yet people says there's no mermaids even: now meeself saw one once, and she'd a fish's tail, and big fins below; and above, she was as like a man as one

brogue is like another. Now, sir, I'd like to know your opinion.'

"'Mick,' says he, 'was it in the bay yourself saw the mermaid?'

"'Faith! and it was,' says I.

"'Just four years ago,' says he, 'Mick?'

"'Just,' says I, 'come St. Breedien's day; for it was the very week Jimmy Gorman was drowned, so it was: his wife married Tim Carroll tin months after his wake—for we waked Jimmy, though he wasn't at home, and drank long life to our absent friend, in the pitcher o' pothien he left in the cupboard—so we did:—and she has now three children by Tim; and Maurien, the little one, is two months ould, barring a week or thereaway; and three nines is twintysiven, and tin is tin more—that's thirty-siven, and three months betuxt and betune each o' the the children, makes nine more, that's forty-six; thin there's Maurien, she's two month's ould, as I said; so that, taking them together, there's forty-eight months, one up or one down, and that many months is four years:—so that, by the rules of multiplication and population, Jimmy's dead four years—don't you see?'

"'Arrah! don't be preaching,' says he; 'sure meeself knew Jimmy well.'

"'Ah! and is it yourself?' says I; 'and was he on visiting terms wid ye?'

"'I knew him better than ever you did in your life, Mick,' says he.

"'Not a bit of it,' says I; 'did you ever spend your money wid him, like meeself, at the shebeen house?—or at the pattarn there above, with the penny-whiff woman? Did you ever once trate him to a glass o' whiskey, sir?' says I;—'Not yourself, in starch.'

"'Mick!' says he, 'Jimmy and I lay in one bed for seven months.'

"'In one bed!'

"'Yes.'

"'In a bed of oysters, may be!'

"'It was,' says he.

"'Oh! thin well and good, sir,' says I; 'but what has Jimmy to do with the mermaid?'

"'Mick,' says he, 'the mermaid yourself saw below in the bay was him.'

"'Is it, Jim?—And now I recollect—what's as true as that my daddy Jack's a corpse—the mermaid, sure enough, had a carrotty pole, and two whiskers, and a big jacket, to say nothing of the bradien, though they wouldn't believe me—so they wouldn't; but betuxt ourselves, sir, by this pipe in my fist, she was dacently clothed as meeself, barring the breeches. Oh! thin, divil a saw saw I of breeches about her; and her legs—sure, and wasn't her legs a fish? and didn't meeself say so?'

"'Very well, Mick,' says he; 'I'll explain it to you:—a big blackguard of a shark, that was on a travelling tour, happened to be going that way when Jim's boat was upset, and gobbled him up, just as he got into the water: but, lo and behold! whin he'd got Jim's legs down his throat, and came to his bradien and big belly, divil a swallow could the shark swallow him:—and there Jim

stuck so fast, that if the shark had taken fifty emetics before-hand, he couldn't have cast him up.—With that, Jim, finding his situation unpleasant, began to kick; and the shark, with that, tickled Jim's ribs with his teeth; but he couldn't bite clane through his big coat—and the more Jim kicked, the more the shark tickled him; and up they wint, and down they wint; and my belief is, that Jim would have bate him, but the fish got suffocated, and sunk, just as Jim was gitting a pull at the whiskey-bottle, which he carried in his side-pouch; and down they wint together, so sudden, that Jim, taken up as he was with the taste of the crature, didn't know he was drowned till they were both at the bottom.'

" 'Was Jimmy and the shark the mermaid meeself saw thin?' says I.

" 'They was, Mick.'

" 'Thin bad luck to the pair o' them,' says I, 'for two impostors!—And how did your honour know this?'

" 'Wasn't I in the shark's belly all the time?' says he. 'Didn't he gobble me up with a salmon, that tried to take refuge in the place where meeself and a few friends laid, tin days before?—A lobster lived in Jim's pocket for a month; and he and all his family used to go out three days a week to pull Jim's nose, for fishing up two of their cousins once—so they did.—I'd thank ye for a pinch of snuff.'

" 'And welcome, sir,' says I, houlding over the snisheen; 'meeself would to hear news of my friends, sir,' says I; 'would your honour plaze to take a shaugh o' the doothien too?' And politeness, you know, made me offer him the pipe.

" 'Mick,' says he, 'is it meeself, or the likes o' me, that smokes?—I never took a goll o' the peepa in all my life:—and over and above that, Mick, I'd feel mighty obliged to you, if you'd blow your smoke higher, or be just genteel and agreeable enough to sit the other side o' me: if you don't, you're a dirty blackguard, and bad luck to you, sir,' says he, 'for I've no chimney to my house.' With that, I just knocked out the backy from the pipe, and tould him I didn't mind meeself, and I'd put away smoking at once.

" 'Mick,' says he, 'you'd nothing but ashes in your doothien; so the devil's thanks to you!'

" 'Sir,' says I, not noticing what he said, 'that's a mighty nate little house you have of your own; I'd like to know who built it.'

" 'Faith! thin I did meeself, Mick,' says he, 'but I'd like your big finger the better, if it was outside my door.'

" 'Sir,' says I, 'if I'd such a nate little cabin, I'd marry Molly Malony at once.—Doesn't your honour ever think of getting a wife?—or, may be, you're a widower?'

" 'Mick,' says he, 'oysters don't marry.'

" 'Ye live mighty like a hermit, in your cell there,' says I.

" 'Mighty like,' says he.

" 'I suppose, you have your beads too, and you count them,' says I.

" 'I suppose I don't,' says he, 'for I've but one.'

" 'Troth, and that's a thumper thin,' says I,

peeping into his little parlour; and there, sure enough, was a pearl big enough to be the making of me, and all the seed and breed of me, past, present, and to come, hanging by a bit of seaweed round his neck.

" 'Do you know what, Mick?' says he, 'I'm sick o' the world, Mick; and I'm half inclined to give you lave to ate me.'

" 'Sir,' says I, taking off my hat, 'I'm much obliged to you for nothing at all. It's meeself manes to ate your honour, with or without lave—so I do.'

" 'Is it yourself, Mick?'

" 'Faith! and it is thin—though I say it;—for I'm hungry: and, after that, I mane to take the big pearl, I see there about your neck.'

" 'Mick, you're a reprobate!—Sure, you wouldn't be so ungenteel, as to ate a gentleman against his own inclination, would you?'

" 'Meeself would thin, and think it no sin, in case the gentleman was a plump little oyster, like your honour.'

" 'Then, Mick, I wish you good evening!'

" 'Oh, joy!' says I, seeing how he was going to shut himself in; 'it's of no use, sir, to do so:—I've a knife in my pocket, and it's not burglary in this country to break into the house of an oyster.'

" 'Mick,' says he, 'an oyster's house is his castle.'

" 'Castle!' says I, 'is it a castle?—two shells, with a little face in the middle o' them a castle?—thin what's my cabin below but a palace?'

" 'A pig's palace, it is, Mick,' says he.

" 'Musha! bad luck thin,' says I, 'to every bit of you!—'

" 'Ah! Mick,' says he, interrupting me, 'if I was half your size, I'd bate you blue, so I would.—You're a dirty cur, and so was your father before you.'

" 'Say that again,' says I, 'say my father was a cur, sir, again, and I'd be obliged to you;—just say it now, and see how soon I'll break every bone in your skin.'

" 'Bone!' says he, 'sorrow the bit of bone is in me at all,' says he.—'Do you know any thing of anatomy, Mick?'

" 'An atomy!—that's a thing smaller than a mite, isn't it?'

" 'Arrah! no, man; don't you know what nerves and muscles manes?'

" 'Nerves meeself knows little about; but is it muscles? Och! thin, didn't I get a bag full below on the beach, this day se'nnight? Tell me, sir, if you plaze, is a muscle any relation to your honour, sir?'

" 'Ah! Mick,' says he, 'would you insult me?—sure, we trace our pedigree up to the days of King Fergus, and the muscles wasn't known for whole ages after: they're fishes of yesterday—mushrooms o' the ocean:—d—n the one o' them knows whether or no he ever had a great-grandmother!—Mick, this is a bad upstart world we live in.'

" 'It is,' says I, 'people thinks o' nobody but just their own selves; and doesn't mind what in-

conveniency they puts their fellow-creatures to, so as they an't harried themselves.'

"True," says he, 'Mick:—did you ever rade o' the Romans?'

"I'm a Roman meeself, sir."

"Phugh!" says he, 'it's of rulligion ye're a spaking!—I mane the ould Romans—Romulus and Rebus—Brutus and Brian Boru—that sacrificed themselves for the good of their country:—them's the examples we ought to follow, Mick; we should help our fellow creatures too, in necessity, if it lies in our power, and not stand, shilly-shally, thinking and turning it over whether it will be to our advantage or not.'

"Sir," says I, 'your honour spakes my own sintimints; and sure never could a finer time come up for practising what you preach than now.—Luck up, your honour—luck up, and see meeself, a poor fellow-creature, in distress for a mouthful;—I'm a part o' my country, and you're an Irishman born, I'll be sworn.'

"Mick," says he, 'that's a different sort of a thing, intirely.'

"Not at all," says I; 'it's a case in point.'

"Well, Mick," says he, 'thin I will—I will sacrifice meeself.'

"And no thanks to you, sir," says I, 'you know you'd be sacrificed by me, whether you sacrificed yourself or no. Ah! ah!'

"Ha—ha!" says he, 'that's true; and it's the way o' the world, Mick.'

"And may be, sir," says I, 'thim Romans yourself spoke about—'

"Blarney and humbug, Mick!—blarney and humbug!—They did just what Shawn O'Shaugnessy did, while ago;—jump overboard to show his bravery, when he knew the ship was sinking.—But don't be in a hurry, Mick," says he, seeing me licking my lips, and getting nearer him;—'although, Mick, I have no wish to live; for an oyster's live is a sad one, Mick.'

"Ah! sir," says I, 'and so is Mick Maguire's.'

"I've every wish in the world to travel into all foreign parts."

"And so have I, sir."

"But a snail's better off than I am.—Can't he take a trip with his house on his back, and look about him whin he likes?'

"That's just my own case," says I, 'there's John Carroll, the pedlar, takes his pack on his shoulder, and travels from Clonmell to Carrick—from Carrick to Stradbally, and all over the rest of the world, two or three times a week.'

"Oh! musha! Mick," says he, 'don't grumble; you're not half so bad off as I am;—it's tied by the back I am, to the floor of my house, and I can't stir a foot.'

"It isn't much money yourself spins in brogues and stockings, then," says I.—'Ah! thim brogues ates a man out of house and home, intirely!—Does your honour know one Darby Walsh, a brogue-maker?'

"No, I don't."

"Then, mark this, sir," says I, 'if ever you shake the fist of him, you'll have a rogue in your gripe.'

"I knew one Jack Walsh," says he, 'at Calcutta.'

"And was your honour ever at Calcutta," says I.

"I was once, Mick," says he, 'I wint out in a porpus, who very politely gave me an inside place for nothing: but, arrah! Mick, I was obliged to work my way home.'

"Did you know one Tiddy Maguire, in the East Indies?" says I.

"No; but I heard talk of him."

"He was a brother of mine, sir, and though I've axed every body that ever come from thim parts, if they knew one Tiddy Maguire in the East Indies, divil a ha'p'orth o' news could ever I get about him before.—Will I till your honour a story about Tiddy?—Sure, I will then:—Tiddy was a boy that used to be given to walking in his sleep;—he'd go miles about, and bring home people's little pigs and poultry; and be all the while innocent of theft—quite intirely—so he said, any how. Well! to make a long story short, one night Tiddy was awake by a great knock on the head, abroad there in Morty Flynn's backyard, with a sucker from the ould sow's side, in his hand; how it came there, Tiddy never could give any satisfactory account.—Whin he got home—'Arrah! Tid,' says I, 'what happened you, man? and who's been braking the face of you?' And sure enough the blood was streaming through his hair like a brook among underwood. 'Morty Flynn,' says he, 'struck me while ago.' Arrah! man, and had you nothing in your hand to defind yourself wid?' says I. 'Troth! and I had thin,' says he, 'but what's a sucking-pig in a man's fist to a shovel?'

"But, sir," says I to the oyster, 'it's high time we should be better acquainted:—by your lave, sir,' says I, taking out my skean dubh, and a fine knife it was;—'by your lave, sir—'

"Luck up, luck up, Mick!" says he.

"Meeself lucked up, as he bid me, and the curse of Cromwell on the crow that was flying over my head just thin;—the bird was bastely enough to dirt the face o' me;—down fell something, just thin as I lucked up, exactly betuxt my two eyes. I was in a terrible rage, you may guess; but hark to what a fool I was:—instid of getting my gun, and shooting the blackguard, what did meeself do, in the heat of the moment, but pick up the oyster, and away wid it at him, thinking to knock a hole in his black coat!

"Caw!" says he, sailing off; 'caw-aw!' grinning at me.

"Caw-aw!" says the oyster, says he to me too, from a ledge o' the rock below me, where he fell; 'caw-aw, Mick!—more sinse and bad luck to ye, Mick!'

"Ah! sir," says I, putting a good face on the matter, and thinking whether or no I could get at him;—'ah! sir,' says I, 'did you think I'd be bad enough to devour you?'

"Faith! you would, Mick," says he.

"Wasn't I polite?'

"Mighty; and may you break your neck going home, Mick! Your brother Tiddy was

transported in the East Indies; your father wouldn't fight for his faction; your aunt had a pledge that was sent to the foundling, at Dublin; your cousin Jim is a tithes-proctor:—you're a bad set, egg and bird:—your sister's husband is a swaddler; and your own father's mother-in-law's first cousin hung a priest, Mick: moreover—'

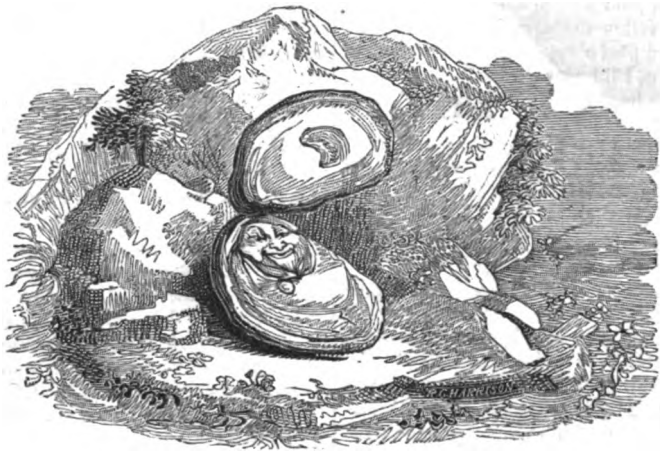
"'Hould your tongue, you villain!' says I, levelling my gun at him. 'Hould your tongue, or I'll blow you to atoms!'

"'Who cares for you?' says he. 'Didn't you steal the shot your gun is loaded wid?—Answer me that.'

"'I will,' says I, pulling the trigger, and knocking his house from the ledge, plump into the sea.

"'I've done for you now, ould gentleman, I think,' says I.

"'No you haven't, Mick,' says he, peeping out of his shell, as he was falling; 'you've done just what I wanted: a grate big bird carried me up where you found me; he couldn't open me, though, and left me there where I was: and instid of having done for me, you've sint me home, Mick,' says he, 'to my own bed, you blackguard, for which I'm mighty obliged—and bad luck to you, Mick!' says he, as he sunk in the sea:—and from that day to this, meeself never set eyes on the little man in the oyster-shells—though it's often I drame about him, and of what he said to me above on the crag there."



PORTRAIT OF AN ITALIAN.

Yet was there one, whose loftier mien
But seldom in those bowers was seen;
The scion of a time-worn race,
Though deck'd with every maiden grace;
A form whose fairy footsteps fell
As light as those of the gazelle;
An eye whose every glance confest
The free emotions of her breast;
A face in which were traits of love,
That seem'd as they were fix'd above;
And yet, when of each guileless look,
A nearer view the gazer took,
It seem'd as if a lover's sigh
Might draw a portion from the sky.

That face—I can recall it yet,
So deeply in my mind 'tis set;
'Twas not that bright unchanging hue,
That dazzles while it charms the view;
The long, distinct, and glittering light,
That woo'd us on a summer night;
Her's was that beauty, more refin'd,
That steals, like twilight on the mind,
So soft, so tender, and serene,
That none forget who once have seen;
And stern were he who could defy
The witchery of her pensive eye.

STANZAS.

THE flying joy through life we seek,
For once is ours: the wine we sip
Blushes like beauty's glowing cheek,
To meet our eager lip.

Round with the ringing glass once more!
Friends of my youth and of my heart,
No magic can this hour restore—
Then crown it ere it part.

Ye are my friends, my chosen ones—
Whose blood would flow with fervour true
For me—and free as this wine runs,
Would mine, by Heaven! for you.

Yet mark me! When a few short years
Have hurried on their journey fleet,
Not one that now my accent hears
Will know me when we meet.

Though now, perhaps, with proud disdain,
The startling thought ye scarce will brook,
Yet, trust me, we'll be strangers then,
In heart as well as look.

Fame's luring voice, and woman's wile,
Will soon break youthful friendship's chain—
But shall that cloud to night's glad smile?
No—pour the wine again!

From the London Literary Souvenir.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

THE forests of North America are now unceasingly groaning under the axe of the backwoodsman; and it is no uncommon spectacle to behold a village smiling on the spot which a few months before was an almost impracticable forest, or the haunt alone of the wild beast and the savage.

"Great changes!" I exclaimed, as I alighted at the door of a log building, in front of which hung a rude sign to arrest the steps of the traveller. "A few years ago, there was scarcely the trace of a white man to be seen, where I now behold a flourishing town and a numerous colony of inhabitants—a large tract of forest land enclosed, and corn shooting up amid the dying trunks of its aboriginal trees."

"Our village thrives," was the laconic remark of a tall slender personage, who was lounging against the sign post of the village inn, around which half a dozen idlers were assembled.

"True; civilization has made rapid strides, but the red men, I perceive, have not yet disappeared from among you." (Four or five Indians were lying stretched upon a bank at a short distance from the inn door, basking in the rays of the setting sun.)

"Not yet," was the reply. "They come into the village to sell their peltries; but at present they are not very well satisfied with the intercourse we have had together."

"How so; do you take advantage of their ignorance of the value of their merchandise?"

"Possibly we do; but that is not their chief cause of dissatisfaction. They still prefer their council grove and summary punishment, to our court-house and prison."

"Court-house and prison! Cannot so small a community as this be kept together without the aid of such establishments?"

"I know not; but few communities, however small, are willing to try the experiment. As yet our prison has had but one tenant, and to his fate may be attributed the surly deportment of yonder savages. They belong to the same tribe."

I expressed a curiosity to hear the particulars of his story. My communicative friend led the way into the tavern, where, as soon as we were seated, he commenced his account in nearly the following words:—

"Tangoras was the chief of a neighbouring tribe of Indians. He is now advanced in years, but still retains much of the vigour of youth. Brave, expert in the chase, patient of fatigue, and beloved by his people; his voice is a law, for he is looked upon as the sole remaining example of what the tribe was before the whites appeared among them.

"He seems to have beheld the progress of civilization with the same feelings as the shipwrecked mariner watches the approach of the wave that is to wash him from the rock on which he has attained a foothold. The land of his fathers had been wrested from him. He defended it bravely until resistance was found to be fruitless; and when he became subject to the laws of the pale faces, he viewed their proceedings as tyrannical, and himself as little better than a slave.

"They told him that his condition would be ameliorated, but they would not suffer him to be happy in his own way; and, unluckily, for the old chief, no one can define happiness in such a manner as will accord with the conception of another. All imagine they comprehend its meaning, and all differ. From the cradle to the grave we are struggling to grasp it; but, like the delusive vessel formed of mists, it vanishes when considered nearest, and leaves us hopeless and alone in the midst of a turbulent sea.

"When he complained of the injustice done him, they urged that the earth was given to man to cultivate, and that he who refuses to fulfil the condition, loses his title to it. In vain did the old Indian argue from the same authority, that the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field were also given to man's use, and that he therefore preserved his hunting grounds inviolate; that he cultivated as much as his wants required; and that he who does more, brings a curse rather than a blessing upon his fellows, by introducing among them luxury and its attendant evils.

"They also told him that the Christian religion confers upon its professors, who are the immediate heirs of heaven, a right to the soil paramount to any human claim. The old chief, as he bowed to this decision, calmly replied—'While you who profess superior knowledge, are taught to pursue a line of action as perfect as can come within the comprehension of human intellect, wherever the cross has appeared, instead of awakening the best feelings of your nature, the demon of destruction seems to have been roused within you, and death and desolation have followed. Though you tell me it is the emblem of peace to all mankind, to us, at least, it has been the signal of war, of exterminating and merciless war.'

"But to proceed with my story:

"Tangorus seldom entered the villages of the whites, and refused to make use of our manufactures. He dressed himself in skins instead of the blankets, which his people had adopted; for he said, he would live as his fathers had lived, and die as they had died. About a year ago, at the head of a dozen of his tribe, he descended yonder hill by the narrow path which winds over it. His

followers were laden with peltries; but the old chief marched erect, with his tomahawk only in his hand, and his hunting-knife stuck in his girdle, for he scorned to be a pack-horse for the pale faces.

"As he entered the village, his countenance was stamped with more than usual austerity. I spoke to him, but he made no reply. He refused to enter our cabins, and turned away from food when it was proffered him. He stretched himself beneath the shade of the cypress tree at the big spring, while his followers proceeded to dispose of their merchandize.

"It so happened that four or five Indians belonging to a tribe inhabiting a tract of country somewhat lower down the river, were in the village at the same time. They had made their sales and purchases, and were about to depart as Tangoras and his people appeared. They soon mingled together, and a low guttural conversation ensued. From the violence of their gesticulations, we concluded that the subject was of deep interest. A tall handsome savage of about five and twenty years of age, active and athletic, kept aloof from the crowd, and appeared to be the subject of conversation, from the ferocious glances cast at him by the tribe of Tangoras. He was evidently uneasy; and as he slowly receded, as if intending to leave the village, he kept his dark eye lowering suspiciously upon the crowd. He had already passed the furthest house, and drew nigh to the spot where Tangoras lay, too much wrapped in his own reflections to attend to what was going forward.

"The sound of footsteps awakened his attention: he slowly turned his Herculean frame, and appearing to recognise the young savage, sprang in an instant upon his feet. A fierce yell succeeded, which the distant hills re-echoed, and the next instant we beheld the stranger flying like the affrighted deer from the famished wolf, towards the mountains. Tangoras followed close behind. They crossed the plain with the rapidity of an arrow from a bow, and at intervals the fiend-like yell of the old chief, startled the eagle as he enjoyed his circling flight in the upper air.

"While crossing the plain, the youthful activity of the fugitive Indian enabled him to exceed the speed of his pursuer; but in ascending the opposite ridge, it was evident that he was losing ground sensibly. A shout of triumph which the evening breeze carried from mountain to mountain, proclaimed that Tangoras was aware of his advantage. The rest of the savages watched the chase with intense interest, and preserved a dead silence. They scarcely breathed as they leaned forward with their eyes fixed upon the parties ascending the rugged and winding path. The young Indian now stood upon a bare rock on the brow of the ridge. He paused for a moment to breathe. The motion of his body did not escape us as he drew a deep inspiration. He cast a look downwards upon his pursuer, who followed close after him. It was but a momentary glance, and the young man

disappeared on the opposite side of the mountain. Tangoras sprang upon the rock, sent forth a yell, and the next moment was out of sight also. He did not pause to breathe, nor did he slacken his pace as he ascended the ridge; he could have kept on from the rising to the setting of the sun without fatigue or without abating his speed, for he united with the strength of the rugged bear the activity of the deer; nor did he fear to wrestle with the one without a weapon, or to hunt down the other without a dog to keep him on the trail.

"They were no sooner out of sight, than the savages in the village started in pursuit of them. As they sprang over the plain, they yelled and leaped like a herd of famished wolves on the scent of their prey. It was indeed a wild sight to behold them rushing along the narrow path over the mountain.

"The fugitive pursued his course down the western declivity with increased swiftness. It was the race of a maniac. He leaped from rock to rock at the hazard of his life, and had gained considerably upon Tangoras, who followed with his eye fixed upon his victim, and without slackening his speed. At intervals he sent forth the piercing war whoop, and the fearful sound increased the speed of the fugitive.

"At the base of the mountain was a river deep and rapid. The fugitive came rushing down with the ungoverned velocity of a thing inanimate. He reached the green bank of the river, and without pausing sprang into its waves. The current bore him rapidly along, and the cool water refreshed his burning body. He had not swam far before Tangoras stood upon the bank, and immediately with a heavy plunge dashed into the river: he beat aside the waves with his sinewy arms; his head was elevated, and his broad chest parted the water, even as the prow of a vessel. He glided upon the surface as though he had been a creature of the element, and the small waves leaped about his brawny neck in playful wantonness. By this time the rest of the savages appeared on the brow of the mountain, and they rushed down the rugged path like fiends at their sport, leaping from crag to crag, as reckless of danger as though they had been immortal. As they threw their reeking bodies into the water, the fugitive was about ascending the bank on the opposite side. Tangoras was close behind him, for he had gained considerably upon him in the passage of the river. The race was now resumed. The fugitive darted off with renewed vigour, and the old chief followed at a steady pace across the verdant plain through which the river pursues its way.

"The Indian once more outstripped his pursuer; but as they entered upon the high lands, his speed diminished. The old chief perceived it, and as he kept on his even course, sent forth the war whoop as if in derision. The race continued over ridges and plains and through streams, until they arrived at the foot of the next spur of the mountain. As they entered upon the steep ascent, the pursued strained every nerve

to keep up his speed, while Tangoras followed with as much ease in his motions, as if it had been but a race of amusement.

"The fugitive now deviated from the narrow path, and entered upon the most dangerous and rugged ground, in hopes that his pursuer through fatigue would desist from the chase; but the hope was vain, for he still followed with the same fixedness of purpose as at the outset. They soon found themselves in the depth of the wilderness. Higher and higher they clambered up in silence, assisting their ascent by clinging to stunted shrubs and the jutting pieces of rock. The other savages followed at a distance, yelling like fiends, and were guided by the echoes occasioned by the fragments of rocks, which yielding to the tread, rolled down the side of the mountain. The young Indian had been hunted to desperation, when an ascent almost inaccessible presented itself. He braced every nerve, and leaping up, seized hold of the branch of a tree that grew from the declivity. Fortunately it sustained his weight, and he drew himself beyond the obstruction. He sprang from the tree to a jutting rock, which yielded beneath the pressure, and as he felt it moving, he threw himself forward flat upon the earth as the only means of preservation. The stone rolled from under him down the mountain, and a fearful yell was mingled with the crashing that it made in its passage. He turned and beheld Tangoras prostrate on the ground. A second look disclosed that he was bleeding. A laugh of joy and derision burst from the lips of the fugitive, who was still stretched upon the earth, but his triumph was of short duration. Tangoras soon sprang upon his feet again; his rage augmented by the smarting of his wounds, and leaping up with the elasticity of the panther, he readily achieved the ascent which had nearly exhausted the remaining strength of his victim, who slowly arose and again exerted himself to escape his determined pursuer.

"They had now almost reached the summit of the mountain. Tangoras pressed closely upon the young Indian, who with difficulty dragged along his wounded and exhausted frame. At length he attained the highest point, and as he cast a look down the western declivity he started back, for it was too precipitous for mortal to descend and live. His deadly foe was within a few paces, and a savage smile of triumph was on his countenance. The fugitive was unarmed, and hope forsook him when he beheld the other draw his hunting knife as he leisurely ascended, confident that his victim could not now escape. The young man stood erect, and facing his foe, tore off the slight covering from his broad bosom, which heaved as he drew his shortened breath. They were now face to face on the same rock—a pause ensued—their eyes glared upon each other—Tangoras raised his arm. 'Strike!' cried the fugitive, and the next moment was heard the sound of his colossal body as it fell from rock to rock down the deep chasm, startling the birds of prey from their eyries. Tangoras stood alone on

the rock, and the rays of the setting sun shone full upon him. The affrighted birds were screaming and flying in a circle over the spot where the body had fallen. When the rest of the savages had ascended the mountain, the old chief was still standing on the same spot, with the bloody knife in his hand, his mind absorbed by his feelings. They asked for the fugitive; he made no reply, but held up the blood-stained weapon, smiled, and pointed down the abyss. The friends of the deceased silently withdrew to search for the body, while Tangoras and his people returned to their village."

"And what cause had he for the perpetration of so merciless a deed?"

"The young Indian had a short time before assassinated his only son; and as his tribe refused to deliver up the murderer to punishment, the father in conformity to their custom took justice into his own hands, not dreaming that the whites would pronounce that a capital offence, which both the laws of the red men and their religious creed imperatively called upon him to perform. He was, however, apprehended, tried and convicted of murder. He did not speak during his trial, but looked in scorn upon our grave deliberations; and sat in the prisoners' bar with the dignity of a hero rather than the compunctuous bearing of a criminal. He heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him without moving a muscle; and as he was led forth from the court-house to the prison, he moved on with a firm step and haughty demeanour, which showed that though he had been condemned by others, he was not self-condemned. The miserable remnant of his tribe had assembled to await the issue of his trial. They fell back as he appeared, and he moved through them in silence, without bestowing even a look upon them, and they followed him to prison, gazing at him in stupid wonder."

"Did they witness his incarceration without an attempt to set him free?"

"Certainly; what else could you expect from those who have taken no more than the first step towards civilization? There is no condition in life so abject as theirs. They view the laws of society as being at constant variance with natural privilege; and while they dread and groan beneath the former, they have not the hardihood to assert the latter. They look upon the restrictions as intended for their abasement, and not to elevate them to an equality; and while you strive to teach them the superiority of their nature, you only convince them that they were born free, and that the social compact has made them slaves."

"And what was the fate of old Tangoras?"

"That will be decided to-morrow. Look out of the window towards the prison, and you may see the gallows tree prepared for his execution."

I did so, and beheld that the limb of a stout oak tree near the prison had been trimmed for the purpose: a ladder was reared against it, and three Indians were lounging beneath it. At this moment two Indian women passed the window;

their countenances denoted deep affliction, and their heads were bent downwards."

"Those women," continued my informant, "are the wives of Tangoras. They have been remarkably attentive to him during his imprisonment, and are now going, doubtless, to take their leave final of him."

We could distinctly see what was passing from the tavern window. They approached the prison, knocked at the door, and the jailer permitted them to enter. I expressed a desire to see the unfortunate old chief; and my communicative friend, who by the way was the village schoolmaster, promised to gain me admittance to his cell on the following morning, as it was then near the hour of closing the doors for the night. In a few minutes the Indian women again appeared. They looked towards the gallows tree, and spoke to each other. As they passed beneath the window of the inn, I perceived that their countenances were much more placid than they were before they entered the prison."

The stillness of the evening was now broken by the sound of a distant drum, which gradually became more distinct. In an instant the whole of the villagers were in the street gazing anxiously in the direction whence the sound proceeded; and even the sluggish savage felt sufficient interest, to arise from his recumbent posture. While expectation was on tip-toe, a corps of military appeared winding around the base of the mountain that terminated the prospect on the eastern side of the village. A troop of ragged urchins ran delighted to meet them. The soldiers had been sent for to a neighbouring town, to intimidate the savages from interfering with the execution of the laws.

I arose at day-break the following morning, and on descending to the bar-room, found the schoolmaster already there, waiting to conduct me to the prison. It was a delightful morning in spring. As we walked forth, the birds were singing joyously, the green grass sparkled with dew, the morning air was refreshing, and laden with fragrance from the foliage of the surrounding forest. A number of Indians were standing beneath the gallows tree, with their faces towards the east; their heads were bent in sorrow, and they preserved unbroken silence as we passed by them. The wives of Tangoras were among the number. The sun had not yet appeared above the eastern horizon as we entered the prison.

We were conducted by the jailor to the apartment in which the old chief was confined. We found him standing in the centre of the cell, with his eyes raised to a small grated window through which the grey light of morning was stealing. His mind was too deeply engaged with its own reflections to notice us as we entered. The jailor accosted him, but he made no reply, and still kept his eyes fixed on the same object. The schoolmaster also spoke to him, but still he appeared unconscious of our presence. A solitary sunbeam now stole through the grating, which falling on the face of the old Indian, relaxed its austerity. Still he moved not. My companions look-

ed at him, and then upon each other in astonishment, which was increased by the low sound of a number of voices joined in song. The music was varied by occasional bursts of passion and passages of deep pathos. Tangoras joined the strain in a low guttural tone, scarcely audible; he closed his eyes as he sang, and listened to the voices apparently with deep interest.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I enquired.

"It is the Indian death song," replied the schoolmaster; "and they relate in their rude strains the most daring exploits of their favourite chief."

Tangoras stood motionless for about a quarter of an hour, during which the song continued. His eyes remained closed, and his countenance underwent various changes. The expression indicated pain, and finally it became so completely distorted as to prove that he was labouring under intense torture, though he still continued to mutter the death song. It was now with the utmost difficulty that he sustained himself: he staggered, his knees bent under him, and the next moment he fell to the floor, and shouted the war whoop as he fell. They heard the signal from without, and immediately the death song was changed to a wild burst of exultation. We approached to support the old chief, who was struggling in the agonies of death, but he waved his hand and forbade us to touch him. We inquired into the cause of his sudden illness, and he replied with a smile of triumph, 'that nature impelled him to die as a man, while the Christians would have taught him to die as a dog.'

"The old Roman virtue—consistent to the last!" exclaimed the schoolmaster.

The dying Indian writhed on the floor, and suddenly turning on his back, threw out his gigantic limbs, and lay stretched at full length. His broad chest heaved, his teeth were clenched, his hands closed, his eyes turned upwards, and a slight quivering ran through his whole frame. The song of exultation still continued without. There was now a gentle knock at the outer door, and the jailor left us to attend to it. In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by the wives of Tangoras. They looked upon him as he lay upon the floor, and then exchanged glances with each other. The struggle was over; the body was now motionless. They bent down beside it, covered their faces, and having remained in this posture a few moments, arose and left the prison in silence. The song of exultation ceased as the jailor closed the door after them. As I returned to the Inn, I expressed astonishment at the cause of his sudden death.

"The cause is plain enough," replied the schoolmaster. "The women who visited him last evening, left a dose of poison with him. It is evident that the plan was preconcerted."

About an hour afterwards, we beheld the dejected Indians slowly ascending the mountain, bearing the remains of the old chief to a spot where they might repose without longer being trampled on by the justice of the pale faces."

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The friends with whom in youth I roved these woodland
dells among,
Have ceased their kindly sympathies—the birds have ceased
their song;
Stern ruin throws around the spot her melancholy hue,
She withers all she looks upon—and I am withered too!

For me no more the merry bells shall peal their evening
chime,
Or minstrels on the village green attune their rustic
rhyme!
The church that smiled so meekly once is falling to decay,
And all the happy choristers have long since passed away.

A few old stragglers wander still these solitudes around—
I dare not listen to their voice—it murmurs like the sound
Of waves that dash upon the coast of time for evermore,
And tell of tides that have gone by—of sunshine that is o'er;

Where once my mother's cottage rose, with fence of spotted
green,
A darksome marsh disperses now its vapours o'er the
scene;
Rude winter sheds his drifting snows around the withering
thorn,
And dying is the yew that marked the spot where I was born.

And yet how blithely once it rose to meet the arching sky,
And blossomed in its majesty when last I wandered by!
The thrush amid its branches carolled sweetly to the breeze,
And hymn'd afar its woodland notes of happiness and ease!

Those cheerful hours have passed away, the village yew is
old,
And round it blows the winter breeze, so cutting and so
cold;
Soft music dies along its boughs, at evening's dim twilight,
And it seems in Fancy's eye to breathe the dirge of past de-
light.

It brings to mind my mother's voice when last she bade
"Good bye,"
And she clung to me with fondness, while a tear stood in
her eye;
"We'll meet in rapture soon," she cried, as hope assuaged
her pain,
But vain were all her joyous hopes—we never met again!

The hamlet friends that I have known are cold beneath the
soil,
Or bowed to earth in agony by care's envenomed rod;
The blight of utter solitude has rifed this sweet scene,
And scarce a mouldering stone remains to tell that it hath
been.

Oh! I could weep to see the gloom that time hath thrown
around,
And die at once, since I have felt this solitude profound,
That weighs my soul and tells it, all that once it loved to
see,
Has passed into the grave of things, and never more can be!

But slowly sinks the western sun—and reveries away!
Fain would my fancy still prolong each glimpse of parting
day;
Fain would I view my childhood's haunts by eve's decreas-
ing light—
It must not be—the sun has set—and all around is night!

Farewell! ye scenes to memory dear—time warns me to
depart,
I dare not speak—affliction chokes this desolated heart;
To other eyes yon solitudes may bright and beautiful be,
But they can never more be bright and beautiful to me.

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What is Poesy, but to create
From over-feeing, good or ill, and aim
At an external life beyond our fate?
Bestowing fire from Heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain!
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,
Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea shore.

Byron's Prophecy of Dante.

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan,
My spirit finds response in thee,
To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease!
Oh! let your hidden leaves be stirr'd,
And say, deep waters! can you give me peace?

Away!—my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human breasts—and will the wave reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride!
I ask not, alien world, from thee,
What my own kindred earth hath still denied!

And yet I loved that earth so well,
With all its lovely things!
Was it for this the death wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?

Let them lie silent at my feet!
Since, broken even as they,
The heart, whose music made them sweet,
Hath pour'd on desert sands its wealth away.

Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
The laurel wreath is mine—
With a worn heart, a weary frame,
O! restless Deep, I come to make them thine!

Give to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold:
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold!

Thou sea bird, on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home!
They wait thee in the quiet nest—
And I—unsought, unwatch'd for—I too come!

I, with this winged nature fraught
These visions, brightly free,
This boundless love, this fiery thought—
Alone, I come! O! give me peace, dark Sea!

SONG.

BY W. ROSCOE, ESQ.

Once the Queen of the East, at her Anthony's feast,
A pearl of high value dissolved in her wine;
But what was the glow that its blaze could bestow,
Compared to the jewel that's mingled in mine?

Then tell me no more the rich prize to explore,
In the caves of the ocean or depths of the mine,
'Tis a thought of my breast that must ne'er be express'd,
That I drop in my goblet to sweeten my wine.

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE TO EAT.

THE over-liberated and over-instituted world of the nineteenth century is grown so theoretical—the logic of our learned Pundits of this thrice universitied kingdom has so thoroughly degenerated into sophistry, that it would be useless to attack a subject of such grave importance to the digestive world, with the learning of the schools, or the philosophy of the portico. Perhaps, too, it may be argued that it should smell rather of the stove than of the lamp; we therefore propose a consideration of the question in the simplest form of familiar discussion.

In the first place, let us begin with the conclusion: let us enquire what is the extreme crisis, the catastrophic contingency of having nothing to eat?—the result of attenuation and famine? “Accidental death!” say the jurors—“accidental death,” says the coroner—“accidental death,” say the newspapers, with an eloquent rhodomontade appended to the verdict, and addressed to the affluent and humane. Now we appeal to any candid individual, who besides being affluent and humane, happens to be versed in the bills of mortality, either parochial or pharmacologic, whether for every single victim starved into a parish coffin in the course of the year, one thousand might not be adduced as having gluttonized their way into the crimson velvet dormitory, and the marble sarcophagus? Starvation stands by itself in the list of casualties, but repletion is the mother of as many mortal serpents as Milton’s Sin—of gout, apoplexy, fever, liver-complaint, “serpigo and rheum,” and as many more distempers as it pleases Sir Henry and the college to legalize, or Mr. Saint John Long to improvisate.

But without pausing too conclusively on this appalling deduction, without resting our argument solely on the contrasted deaths of the peer and the pauper, the alderman and the author, let us look to their lives, let us inquire into the daily sum total of their moral and physical agonies; let us weigh the fractiousness of the one against the peevishness of the other; the nightmare of the gorged Boa, against the predatory restlessness of the prowling tiger; the dyspepsia of the man of turtle and venison against the Cameleon-like æromancy of the supperless poets; the magnanimity of Philip when fasting against the churlishness of Philip after his tureen of Lacedæmonian broth. Let us candidly ask ourselves whether we should prefer addressing our petition to Lord Grey for “that ‘ere trifle” in the treasury on which our hopes have long been anchored, after a five hours’ session at “Michael’s dinner,” or a five hours’ session in that vociferous house where the superfluous tongues are never served *à la braise*, and the “fine words,” to borrow lord Duberly’s eloquence, “butter no parsnips.”

Let us next investigate what sterling works

have enriched our literature since, like Sir Balaam, our scribblers

Have ta'en their daily plnt, and cracked their jokes.

Would Johnson have laboured over his lexicon under any pressure less severe than the scanty shoulder of mutton? and what rendered Marvell a patriot, but the same repugnant fare? Do not the feebleness of Pope’s later works savour of his veal cutlets simmered in a silver stew-pan? and is not fricasseed sweetbread legible in every lordly line of the Keepsake? Otway, who died of hunger and a new penny roll, was our last tragedian whose works have kept possession of the stage; and not one of all our billions of trillions of modern novels can match with that gem of fiction, “The Vicar,” of poor spunging-house Oliver Goldsmith. Compare Galt’s Laurie Todd, (which we conclude to have been written on raw racoons and fried rattlesnakes in the back settlements,) with the Southennan, arising from the fumes of turbot and roast beef; compare the personalities of Blackwood, which bubble forth from the weird cauldron of Ambrose’s cock-a-leeky, with the graceful genealogies of the Court Journal, which emanate from seltzer water and Tunbridge biscuit! Had the most elegant of our modern poets been born with a wooden spoon in his mouth, instead of one of Rundell and Bridge’s gilt and embossed desserts—had his genius been cherished on stir-about instead of *Potage à la printanniere*, he would have built for himself a temple of fame, with golden walls and rubied windows, such as Aladdin derived from the toils of the slaves of the lamp; had Anastasius been cursed with a good plain cook, Bacon would have been laid on the shelf, and Locke turned out of doors. Had Vathek been fated to a crust and a wallet, the waters of the Tigris would have become as the waters of Helicon to English literature.

If it were not invidious to particularize on such a subject, we could point out twenty modern writers who have lost the vigour and pith of their early promise since they descended from the attic story, and that acute angle of bread and cheese which Marmontel so feelingly describes in his memoirs, and whose scanty proportions are as anti-mus-ative as the most active grimalkin, to a first floor and a second course; while to the managers of our theatres we beg to point out, that till *soupe maigre* shall have superseded *pieces de resistance* in the bills of fare of our dramatic authors, no resisting piece will ever be found in their own bills, which has not been imported from the Scribo-factory of the Boulevards. In fact, the whole genius of the modern world of letters has been melted down, like lord Sefton’s bullock in one of Papin’s digesters!

Again, professionally speaking, let us contemplate the double-edged acuteness of the young barrister on his first circuit, with his one brief and

one mutton chop, with the rubicund somnolency of the haunch-fed lord on the bench; let us compare the eloquence of the mutton-broth curate, which raises every hair upon our guilty heads, not like quills upon the fretful porcupine, but (Russian oil notwithstanding) like the scanty quills in a fashionable ink-stand, with the monotonous drone of the dignitary for whom

Two puddings smoke upon the board.

Let us contrast the vivacity of our dapper apothecary, who etherializes on the fumes of his own ether, with the blundering stupor of drunken Radcliffe, stumbling on the threshold of the presence chamber of Queen Anne.

The baneful effects of glousity on the intellectual powers being universally recognised, what shall we say of its influence on the moral character?—what shall we say of the selfishness, the moroseness, the ferocity engendered in those biliary ducts which are chafed into spasmodic agony by the stimulants of Mogul sauce and Mango pickle, required by John Bull to prick him on the deglutition of his Bisionian emblem? It is well known that the "soldier full of strange oaths" is the well-messed dragoon of a crack regiment, not the starvelling captain on rations or half-pay; it is well known that Fiesco's and Dr. Watson's conspiracies were hatched at a feast; it is well known that Charles X. issued the blackest of his ordonnances over a *Pate aux truffes*!

Under this view of the case we humbly recommend to all fathers of families, and preceptors of the ingenuous youth of our island, to consider well at this festive season of the year, the demoralization and disorders which may be introduced into a respectable family stalking on the deviled legs of a turkey, or couched in the unctious ambuscade of a mince-pie; we implore them to recollect that Rumford soup is a far more active cherisher of social virtue than Birch's particular, and that a sturdy loaf of Ox Farm bread is a better adjunct to household subordination than the most ornate cake which ever rose from the classical atelier of Jarrin, or the recondite ovens of Gunter and Co.—*London Court Journal*.

POUND CAKE.

AFTER a minute inquiry into the causes of the unhappiness that is too frequently to be met with in the married state, an ingenious correspondent thinks that he has discovered the principal one in the composition of that indigestible compound, ycleped pound cake, at the wedding supper, and during the feasting which succeeds. When we recollect that it is the opinion of some great philosophers that the disposition of a man, good or bad, is influenced, in a very great degree, by the nature of his food and the state of his digestion, we feel somewhat inclined to admit the justness of our correspondent's conclusions. "Wedding cake," he observes, "is compounded of as many noxious and heterogeneous articles as were

included in Pandora's box: he would, therefore, suggest, that in future it should be called a *pandoriad*. The sorceresses, in preparing the pandoriad, use many magical incantations, and then finish the outside with a meretricious medley, which is mistaken by the credulous consumers for a mere innocent ornament, but which is, in reality, a close imitation of the *obi* of African enchanters, from whom it was no doubt borrowed. There are a dozen of principal ingredients in these compositions, each of which, though harmless, or even nutritious, when separate, becomes extremely virulent, when by the cook they are magically combined. No sooner is the pandoriad devoured, which, from the quantity made, occupies weeks, than its direful effects are witnessed! The sugar was only a covering to the carbonized surface, the eating of which discovered itself in the honied terms of 'my love,' and 'my dear,' that are at first all sweetness, but soon discover the *crusty* humour beneath. Then, too, the brandy, which was blended with the other articles, shows its effects in the unruly *spirit* of the surly husband; while the eggs, which, if the course of nature had not been interrupted, would have produced chickens, create in the wife such a disposition to *pecking*, that her mate often becomes, alas! before the honey-moon has waned completely *hen-pecked*. The citron, too, is at once an emblem and a provocative of the *green eyed monster Jealousy*. Let every new married couple beware of the consequences, when they incautiously admit the pandoriad pound cake as an ingredient in their wedding festival.—*Journal of Health*.

PROFESSOR HEYNE.

THE late Professor Heyne, of Goettingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own, or of any age. He succeeded the great John Mathias Gesner, as Professor of Eloquence at Goettingen, an office which he held for fifty years, and in which, by his publications, and the attractions of his lectures, he placed himself nearly at the head of the classical scholars of the age. Yet the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of his life, he spent in almost incessant struggles with the most depressing poverty. His father was a poor weaver, with a large family. Heyne says, "that he has often seen his mother return home, on a Saturday evening, from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which his father had manufactured, weeping and wringing her hands." He entered the University of Leipsic with but four shillings in his pocket, and nothing to depend upon, except the small assistance which he might receive from his godfather, a parsimonious old gentleman, who scarcely ever wrote to him, except to inveigh against his indolence—often addressing his letters on the outside—"To M. Heyne, Idler, at Leipsic." During all this while he allowed himself only two nights' sleep in a week.

From the Pearl.

THE MOTHER—A SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

EARLY in one of those beautiful mornings of last May, that called forth from the city so much of its youth, beauty, and even its decrepitude, to inhale health and gratify a refined taste, I was riding leisurely along the narrow road that skirts the Schuylkill, about a mile above the princely and hospitable mansion of Mr. Pratt. Solitude and the darkening foliage of the surrounding trees, gave a solemnity to the scene, that those whom grief and habits of reflection render fond of retirement, so dearly love. Not a breath of air disturbed the leaves of the branches that stretched across the path-way. It was the true silence of nature in her secret places, and the mind, undisturbed by outward objects, grew busy in the solitude. An opening in the bushes on the left, showed the summit of the hills on the opposite banks of the river, just touched with the yellow tints of the rising sun; and the dew-gems upon its luxuriant grass glanced its beams in all their prismatic beauty; but below and between, the mist of the night, settling upon the bosom of the river, hid the placid stream, or rolled heavily off toward the opening of a distant interval. And such, thought I, as I checked my horse to contemplate the scene, such is my course—darkened now and solitary, but beyond me, and beyond this life, are scenes of happiness lit up, like that hill, with the rays of hope and promise; yet, between me and those enjoyments lies a fearful passage, darkened by the mists which the night of ignorance has caused to settle upon it, and deep and dangerous as my errands have made it. A train of reflections was following—reflections such as one who had sat for months in the contemplation of near approaching death, may be supposed to indulge, when my eye, dropping from the sun-lit eminence above, rested upon an object at the distance of a few yards from us, between the road and the river. A slight breeze dissipated the mist from the spot, and I discovered a female, apparently lifeless, stretched along the ground.

Alighting from my horse, I approached within a few feet of the woman, when she raised her head suddenly from the little eminence upon which it had rested, and showed a face that had once been beautiful, now marred by continued sorrow, and inflamed by recent indulgence of grief.

With a hasty apology for what might appear an impertinent intrusion, and proffering what aid I could bestow, if any should be needed, I withdrew a few yards; but, whether the lady felt that there was something in her appearance and situation that required explanation, or whether my wasted, consumptive form, and hollowed, sallow cheek, forbade a thought of intrusion, and invited confidence, I cannot tell—she hastily adjusted

her hair and dress, and beckoned me with the solemnity of grief to approach. With those feelings that affliction ever excites, I complied with the intimation, and soon discovered that I was in the company of one for whom education and affection had done much, but deep and lasting sorrow more. I respectfully tendered anew to the female, whatever assistance her circumstances might demand, and mine would allow. "I am alone," she said, "in the world, and the little that nature requires is easily obtained. All that life had valuable, has been taken from me; and death, which to some is a dreadful consideration, I contemplate with pleasing satisfaction, while I await it with resigned patience. Not my afflictions, but their consequences, have prepared me for that event; and I look with pleasure to the rapidly approaching time when I shall lie *beneath* the hillock from which I have now risen, and none shall be able to call me back to the bitterness of my earthly lot. All that was dear to me in life is there, and where my earthly treasures are deposited, there my heart is also."

I learned from the lady, that her husband had left England with a view of establishing himself in this country; and, after residing in Philadelphia a few months, he sent to her a letter, acquainting her with his prospects of business, directing her to dispose of whatever property she had, and to come with the childre to him. She complied with his request, and arrived in America ten days after the death of her husband.

A stranger and a widow, unused to depend upon herself, she at first almost sunk beneath the afflictive stroke of Providence; but the claims of five children called a mother to a sense of her duties. She exerted herself, but still found that the little which remained of her limited store was daily wasting—"and," said she, "I knew not the power that would give the prolific blessing to the last measure of meal in my barrel, or that could bid me still pour out abundance from the widow's exhausted cruse. To protract life then, scarcely to save it, I left the city, and took yonder miserable hut, that had been deserted by a family of blacks. Here, with rigid economy and unsparing labour, I might have raised my children, imparting to them the rudiments of an useful education, but your climate, at best unfriendly to health, and rendered still more deleterious by our contiguity to the river, and exposure to the morning and evening moisture, proved too powerful for my children. The eldest wasted away with rackig chills, or almost shrivelled by burning fevers, expired in my arms, with a blessing upon me mingling with his last accents. We laid him here, in this grave, and when the earth was heaped over him, I returned to renew my watchings with the next.

"Death was busy with my household: in three months, four of my children were brought to this spot. And perhaps the last would have been with them, but for the change of atmosphere that checked the progress of disease. How strong is a mother's love! All the affection which had diffused itself over my four children, had centred with deep intensity upon him that had been spared;—my youngest boy. Let a mother indulge her fondness. He was beautiful; poverty had not crushed his spirits; and, knowing little of other joys, he had moulded even his childish sports to my wishes. How often, as I threw back the clustering curls, to impress upon his polished forehead a mother's kiss, has my heart ached at the thought that we must separate; that before long I must be with those dear ones that had gone, and then who would watch over my Albert. The cold charities of public provision, meted out to him among a squalid race, cradled in misery, and nurtured to crime; what were these to one—poor, poor indeed, but endowed with an appetency for good, and taught to love virtue, not for its reward, but for its excellence?"

"It is now three weeks since, finding some necessity to visit the seat of our opulent neighbour, I left my Albert in care of the house, with especial charge to guard the little enclosure.—My errand was unusually fortunate; and, as I hastened home, I thought of the delight which my child would evince in contemplating an acquisition which, by the kindness of a lady, I had made. I thought of the smile that was to play over his features, as he should come bounding along the path-way to greet my return, and aid me in carrying my well-stored bundle.

"I approached the house, but Albert did not appear. I looked when he should spring from behind a tree to surprise me, and even condescended the little monition which I should give him for the rudeness that yet could not offend. He was perhaps studying his lesson, and did not think of my return; for children forget often, very often, when a parent's heart yearns most for them.—Agitated with undefinable fears, I hastened forward, and when within a few paces of the house, I discovered my lamb sitting and leaning against the trunk of a large tree. For a moment the blood curdled at my heart, and thoughts, thick coming and fearful, passed my mind with a rapidity that none but a parent, an afflicted and suffering parent, can know."—The woman paused, and laying her hand on my arm, said, inquiringly—"You are a father?"

I bowed assent.

"And have mourned the loss of a child," again she asked.

The tear that smote her hand, as it still rested on my arm, told her that I could sympathise with her.

"I may then proceed, for only to a parent may a parent tell her woes. But still you cannot know it all.—No, a mother only, only a mother may drink of that cup!—Oh! how a mother loves her boy—and that one, one spared from all—

M 2

have held him to my bosom in moments of deep feeling, when sorrow, poverty and despair, have chilled every current from the heart. I have pressed my Albert there, and, one by one, the remembrance of woes fled away, a smile lighted up my countenance, and the blood gushed through my veins with the elastic play of youth.

"But let me not weary you—I stepped towards the child—he was asleep. I gazed with a mother's fondness, and with a mother's pride.—The sun was pouring his setting beams upon his face, and the wind scattered the curls of hair that lay in profusion on his shoulders. I knelt to kiss and bless the boy, and thanked God that he was spared me.

"That night Albert awoke with a hoarseness, and other indications of a cold—caught probably while sleeping in the open air. I resorted to the usual applications, but in vain. The next day saw him worse, and the medical adviser who visited him the third day, expressed serious apprehensions. Let me hasten to the close. The night succeeding, as I sat with my Albert on my knees, I noticed that the filmy whiteness which had rested on his eyes during the day, had passed off; they were brilliant beyond the brightness of health. I knew the approaches of death too well to be deceived; yet I gazed with agonizing intensity. The lamp poured a pale light upon his visage, over which a hectic flush was passing: 'Mother, dear mother,' died away half articulated by the angel;—a slight convulsion distorted his lip—and—and—I was left alone.—When the physician came the next morning, he found me sitting in my chair and Albert on my knees.

"They buried him here—here with all my flock—all in one grave—over which I kneel so often, that not one blade of grass springs above them—nor must it—the earth will soon be removed for me; and when I sleep with my babes, the grass will then grow over us, for there will be none—no, not one, to shed a tear upon our resting place—for I am alone—all, all alone."—

When the paroxysm of passion had passed off, I asked whether she had not relations in England. She replied in the negative. A brother and her oldest son left that country for India, more than twelve years since, and though certain intelligence of their death had not been received, still there was not a doubt that they had fallen victims to the disease incident to the interior of Hindostan.

When I turned to leave the scene of affliction that I had witnessed, the mists of the morning had passed away from the river; and the whole width of the stream lay before me, glistening in silvery whiteness with the rays of the risen sun. Half an hour before, absorbed in my feelings, I had likened the river and its dark folds of mist to death. Does not sympathy in the woes of others diminish the burthen of our own affliction, and tend to chase even darkness and fears from that passage which all must tread?

A few days subsequent to the interview which I have described, an advertisement in the public papers called for information relative to a family, the description of which answered in many particulars to that of the afflicted mother. I called at the "Mansion House" for the advertiser, and found, in a young and interesting stranger, the son who was supposed to have died in India. I acquainted him, in haste, with the situation of his family, and could scarcely restrain him from setting out immediately to find his parent. I knew too well the state of her health to allow such rashness, but promised him that I would accompany him the following morning.

As he approached the abode of his mother, I proposed alighting first, and preparing her, in some measure, for the interview. When we arrived at the opening in the bushes, through which I had first discovered her, I perceived her kneeling beside the unsodded grave. I urged my companion to pass on. The noise of our horses had disturbed her; she raised her head, and a smile of recognition rested upon her face as she rose to meet me.

"Still," said she, "still, like Rachel, mourning for my children, refusing to be comforted."

"Yet, madam," said I, "there may be comfort; the survivors may, by kindness and sympathy, teach you, if not to mourn less for the dead, at least to live for the living."

"There is no such hope," said she, "I can say with the afflicted one of old—'Lover and friend thou hast put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.'"

"But you mentioned a son in India."

"I mentioned him as dead," said she.

"But, madam," I replied, "I have reason to believe, nay to know, that he did not die at the time to which you refer."

"Does he live *now*? Is he alive?"—asked the mother with haste.

"The young man who accompanied me has seen your son, and can give certain information of his welfare. Shall I call him hither, or will you see him at the house?"

"Here, even here; my home is on the grave of my children." I stepped to the road, and beckoned to the young man. He approached the grave in some haste.

—"You have seen my son—you know him—you can tell me—me, his mother—of his welfare."—

The youth lifted his dark eye, swimming in tears, and vainly endeavoured to reply. He scarcely articulated his name, and the mother and the son rushed into each other's arms, and knelt down in a convulsive embrace upon the grave, the altar of her morning sacrifice.

When the son attempted to rise, his mother fell from his arms, pale and lifeless. The gush of pleasure had been too strong; she had breathed her last blessings upon the bosom of her son; and now lay unconscious of joys or sorrows.

The son, in a few weeks, returned to India.

The mother is buried with her children, upon the banks of the Schuylkill; and my young

readers will perhaps lengthen their morning walk, in the coming summer, to see whether there is a rose upon the bush that I have placed at the head of the grave.

THOUGHTS.

BY THE PRINCESS DE SAIM.

1. It is one of the most difficult things in the world to persuade ourselves that any one can love those whom we ourselves hate.

2. We always fancy there is something ridiculous about those sentiments which we ourselves have never felt—still more about those which we have ceased to feel.

3. The habit of despising that which is respectable or praiseworthy, leaves an injurious impression upon the mind, which nothing can wear off.

4. Experience gradually teaches us, that the greater part of what we look upon as misfortunes, arises from our endeavouring to hasten to change, or to constrain the natural course of events. It would almost seem as if there were a secret chain of connexions, of cause and effect, which would conduct us naturally and necessarily to the object of our desires, if the restless character of our minds did not from time to time lead us astray from the time past.

5. There is, in regard to great misfortunes, a moment which causes even more pain than the misfortune itself—it is that in which we can no longer doubt of its existence.

6. There are griefs which no time or circumstances can totally cure or eradicate the sentiment of; they seem to retreat into the recesses of the soul, there to remain ready to present themselves whenever we feel a tendency towards unhappiness.

7. Petty and shuffling excuses, which satisfy vain and little minds, do but irritate generous ones, still more than the fault which they explain away—there is no valid repentance but that which is full and sincere.

8. One of the greatest misfortunes in life is that of being compelled to live without those who, by the very character of their own minds are prevented or incapacitated from appreciating ours.

9. The spirit of intrigue causes in upright and honest minds a sort of dread, analogous to that which springs from personal dangers which may threaten us in darkness. This arises from the impossibility of our forming an exact judgment as to the nature of what we have to expect.

10. There can be no doubt that there are certain evil qualities of character, which, though we cannot comprehend them in consequence of having nothing analogous to them within ourselves, we yet feel the presence of, and shun by a sort of instinct; like a blind person on the edge of a precipice, we feel the danger which we can neither see nor comprehend.

From the New York American.

AN ESSAY ON FLIRTATIONS.

O! brawling love! O! loving hate!
 O! heavy brightness! serious vanity!
 Misshapen chaos of well-bearing forms!
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,
 Still-waking sleep.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

I BELIEVE in love—in devoted, enduring, inextinguishable love: I believe in attachments which know no variation, except from hope to despondency: I believe in tenderness unintermitted through years of trial—in truth, unbroken through years of temptation: I believe, in short, in affection which, though circumstances may diminish, time itself can never subdue! But happily for human nature, in general, such melancholy passions can exist in only a few, a very few minds. The mass of men are but little acted upon by those subtle influences which the philosophic Dane tells us

“——Lead the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven
 That does afflict our natures.”

While the exceptions to the general laws of mortality, those who

“——Love in vain, strive against hope—
 Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve
 Do still pour in the waters of their love,
 And lack not to lose still.”

The perverse fidelity of these gentlemen, I say, arises from a kind of constitutional constancy, an hereditary madness, which one inherits as Casius did “the rash humour which his mother gave him.” Such love, and such lovers—uniform, tedious, and pertinacious—are to be excluded from polished society: they belong to lumbering quarts, and semi-barbarous ages; and are now as much out of place, as would be Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia in a modern lady's boudoir, or a Man at Arms of the 14th century dancing the German cotillion. But *Flirtation*—delightful Flirtation!—gay, buoyant and versatile—thou art the cement and the soul of society, at once uniting the most incongruous characters with thy caprices, and inspiring the most sluggish natures with thy piquancy! Fresh from the mint of selfish vanity, thou art stamped with the impress of true feeling—and all may coin, and all may circulate thee, yet be not nearer “bankrupts of the heart.” Like the thoughts of genius, thou rovest unfettered through every realm of whim or fancy; and, with the bee, thou gatherest thy boards of enjoyment alike from sweet or bitter sources—the gaiety of intoxicated vanity or the gloom of wounded pride! Sentiment and satire are equally tributaries to thine empire of sensation; and subtle wit and morbid feeling but ministers to thy greatness! Thou art, in fine, the kingdom and the sceptre of woman's authority; the vantage ground where man never intrudes but to become a captive; the bauble

which he never attempts to play with without being subjected to its power.

Oh! how my woman's pen could dilate upon this subject!—not to mention the thousand shades into which, like a changeable silk, it runs, how fondly could I dwell upon “the sentimental,” how gaily upon “the romping,” and how profoundly upon the “metaphysical Flirtation!” But here I have not room for even the passages in illustration which throng upon my memory. The twilight whispering by the open window of a summer evening, or the clearer, deeper tones, upon an autumn walk by moonlight; the laugh, the glance, the restless motions in the ball-room, with the accidental and startling touch of ungloved hands; the—“I'll see no more!” Yes! a ball-room, though the least appreciated, is decidedly the best field of all others for a flirtation; not but that a drive in a gig, a winter's work-table, or a rural walk, have each their peculiar advantages, and that either, with particular individuals, might be preferable for the scene of action—but, in a chance affair, the gig may be dangerous, unless you are a good tactician, and know your enemy: the charm of the conflict, too, is in some measure destroyed by being thus forced into action. Again, by a winter's fireside, there is danger of interruption from mamma, or some uncouth brother, who has the barbarity to ask you to mend his glove! In “the rural walk” your gentleman may become too pastoral; or indeed, you may really feel a little sentimental yourself, and let something escape from you it may be inconvenient to recollect afterward! In a ball-room, now, one is not subjected to any of those disagreeable annoyances. You stand any where you please—no one looks at you—for all whom one cares about are similarly engaged. If your cavalier is not sufficiently alert in his feelings, you have only to pique them into vivacity, by praising his handsome friend, who he knows is engaged to you the next cotillion. If his sensibilities are too much excited, and his animation begins to aggravate into heroics, you can pass him on to your sentimental cousin, who keeps an album, and likes Byroniam. In short, you have here every facility for your operations; and every resource in case of failure: for, even if the subject of them is stupid, inert, or otherwise impracticable, is there not some man who loves you to idolatry—some dark-haired, pale-faced Werter of a fellow—for these, as all women know, are the only lovers that really feel—is there not, I say, one who loves you to distract

tion, watching the progress of your complaisance toward another, the while; the seething of whose brain with "shaping fantasies" is delicious even in thought? The master of nature tells us that

"—— As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all;"

and what pleasure can be greater than overwhelming a man of sense with confusion and dismay, by tenting his feelings to the quick, and thus discovering to himself the extent of his weakness and your power. Do not think, beautiful reader, who lingerest upon these idle words a moment, ere twisting the fragment that contains them into papillotes; do not think that I would libel our sex by acknowledging even impliedly, the frivolity and heartlessness which men, austere or flippant themselves, would at times ascribe to us. I am speaking of woman in a state of warfare, as Byron calls a state of love; and why should I not dwell with rapture on her keenest triumphs as well as her lighter successes over the enemy? Why pause to lament the perverted powers of minds, which, however noble, must originally have been in some way radically wrong, to be unstrung by our coldness or levity—and this too, when there may be none such among the many whose vanity is made to minister to ours? Why should men of sense claim greater consideration for their feelings, than fops and fools, whose attentions contribute so much more to our amusements; especially when, while the latter evince their emotions with that delicacy and elegance which the weakest may acquire from continual contact with the best society, the former betray theirs sometimes as irksome appeals to sympathy, and again as irresistible provocatives to derision. If we regret that the other sex know so little of us, we have a right to feel indignant that they do not take pains to know more. But wherein is the great difference between us that the world have been so long harping upon? Women do not, indeed, entertain a sentiment or an emotion of any kind as steadily as men do; for the vivacity of our natures will not admit of that; but our susceptibilities are quicker, and far more amiable in their complexion. I never saw a man in love in my life, who, however well-bred, was not morose, and, however good tempered, sullen at times. Indeed, Rochefoucault, whom we will allow to speak for his sex, though not for ours, says that love is nearly allied to hate; and any woman who has amused herself with observing a man struggling to subdue a misplaced attachment, must know that the peculiarities of his manner might be mistaken for the manifestation of either. Dear fellows how they must fret in their fetters, when even the gallant and accomplished Raleigh is led to exclaim—

"If love be life, I long to die:
Live they that list for me;
And he that gains the most thereby
A fool at least shall be;
But he that feels the sorest fits
'Scapes with no less than loss of wits."

But I have rambled from the fairy ground of

Flirtation to the wizard haunts of Love, and the sombre dullness of these last passages must be attributed to the wayward genius that for a moment mastered this little crow-quill. But now I breathe again, like the forester in Der Freyschutz, when emerging from the den of the Wood Demon. If such are the sullen influences in ideality of the fiend, whose power men mock, by painting him as an infant, how fortunate are we in living when the reality is unknown. I declare I never can see those lines of that provoking Etheredge without shrinking with apprehension, though I will not believe that there is a word of truth in them.

"Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes its chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you,
With which he does the world subdue,
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.
Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free because you're fair—
The boy did not his mother spare—
Though beauty be a killing dart
It is no armour for the heart."

RACHEL RAMBLETON.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT a strange commodity? How hard to purchase, yet how prodigally wasted! How much the offspring of caprice, yet how long in growth! How strong from interest! How weak when divided with many! How ardent when young in heart! How cooled by distance, and yet how much more vivid with some, when distance drives it from the heart to the imagination, and memory kindles the embers that were about expiring! How icy when interest calculates its degrees! How consuming when the pulses of a warm heart count the days and even years of its existence as mere minutes! How the soul sickens and shrinks when it is misplaced! How the heart bounds and the blood courses, when a long lost, or estranged friend re-appears, as if a spirit of blessedness from a brighter world, or a recovered jewel restored to a rifled casket! Friendship! lost we know not how, and yet perhaps not more inexplicable than at first obtained;—lost, we know *how*, but marvel *why*, since they who refuse it daily press to their bosoms, and knit to their heart-strings, or bind to their interests, less worthy objects in the heart's estimate, less devoted, and less faithful in the matters which concern the calculations of the world, the estranged themselves being judges. Friendship! which neither time nor distance, nor fault, nor foible, nor frailty, nor even crime can dissolve. Friendship! that a whisper scatters—a word cancels—a minute makes old. Friendship! dead, buried, and forgotten. Friendship! re-created, new-risen, lasting as life itself. Thou elixir of life to those who enjoy thee, poison of peace to those who have lost thee—vagabond! angel! Who can tell thy value? Who covets thee not, yet who appreciates? Who will answer?

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

From the Hebrew Melodies.

BY BRAHAM AND NATHAN.

Andagio.



Since our coun - try, our God, oh! my sire, De - mand that thy daugh - ter



ex - pre: Since thy tri - umph was bought by thy vow, Strike the be -



som that's bar'd to thee now! And of this, oh! my fa - ther, be sure



That the blood of thy child is as pure As the blessing I beg



are it flow, And the last thought that soothes me be - - low. Though the



vir - gins of Sa - lem la - ment, Be the judge and the he - ro un - bent!



I have won the great bat - tle for thee, And my fa - ther and



country are free. When the blood of thy giv - ing hath gush'd, When the



voice that thou lov - est is hush'd, Let my me - mo - ry still be thy



pride, And for - - got not I smil'd when I died.

For the Lady's Book.

THOUGHTS OF THE DYING WARRIOR.

FAREWELL, illusions of the soul, I go unto the tomb,
 Where all thy pleasures and thy pains are lost in endless
 gloom;
 Where, o'er the passions of this life Oblivion's veil is thrown,
 And thought ne'er finds a resting-place in worlds unknown.
 I sought for Glory, and she came from the embattled field,
 With all the honours and the same ambitious pride could
 yield;
 Yet what are they? this aching heart, this fevered pulse
 and brain,
 But teach me that the laurel wreath has been entwined in
 vain.
 I sought amid the bowers of Love, to win fair Beauty's
 smiles,
 And Love came forth, and round my heart spread her en-
 dearing wiles;
 But they are gone! the modest blush that met Affection's gaze,
 No more shall mantle on that cheek I once so loved to praise.
 I sought for pleasure in the cup—away, away, the bowl!
 The mantle of forgetfulness should never shroud the soul;
 For there are thoughts, aye happy thoughts, of moments that
 are past,
 That linked with Hope still cling around our memories to
 the last.
 No more! illusion of the soul, I go unto the tomb,
 Where all thy pleasures and thy pains are lost in endless
 gloom;
 Where, o'er the passions of this life Oblivion's veil is thrown,
 And thought ne'er finds a resting place in world's unknown.

CLIFFTON.

For the Lady's Book.

SONNET TO SHELLEY.

Oh! thou who gushest out at heaven's gate,
 With an abounding song, of thin clear notes,
 Like silver wires upon a frosty sky,
 Ringing in shivered tones: oh, thou! elate
 Among the fife, that from the day-break floats;
 Surging and soaring, higher and more high,
 And wheeling off above the lonely woods,
 And misty mountains, and blue ocean waves—
 Where dimly clad in clouds, still mystery broods,
 And fiery-eyed Philosophy, on floods
 Of boundless beauty dost thou lay thy head,
 And sing thyself to death, while round thee laves
 A brilliant mist of fire of every hue,
 And utmost beauty—when thy dear heart bled
 Itself to death, did every breeze that blew,
 Chant a sad song to each pale star it knew—
 And wailing tones were heard by Fancy's ear,
 Haunting the faded wood, and frosted leaves,
 And moving on the anthem of the serene
 And desolate Autumn, and the full and clear,
 And gushing bird song, dimly wailed away
 Into a moan—the fire that sunset weaves,
 Grew dim at feel of thy last dying breath,
 Clinging unto the banner of the breeze;
 The stars grew lustreless, as if bright day
 Breathed faintness on them—and the flowers and trees
 Lost their abounding loveliness, when death
 Had chilled thy soul, where beauty had her away.

N. P.—Genesee.

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

WE should give as we would receive, cheer-
 fully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there
 is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fin-
 gers.—*Seneca*.

What is there in man so worthy of honour and
 reverence as this—that he is capable of contem-
 plating something higher than his own reason—
 more sublime than the whole universe; that
 spirit which alone is self-subsistent—from which
 all truth proceeds—without which is no truth.

Parents who are ignorant of their duty, will
 be taught by the misconduct of their children
 what they ought to have done.

Nelson said that the "politics of Courts are so
 mean, that private people would be ashamed to
 act in the same way; all is trick and finesse, to
 which the common cause is sacrificed.

There is a surpassing charm in the perfection
 of female beauty. But it is only when the *mind*
 and the *heart* shine through the dark lustre of
 the eye, or leave a legible and beautiful lan-
 guage upon the cheek—or lend a deeper music
 to the rich voice, that the outward impress of
 beauty can be deeply and lastingly felt. Unillu-

minated by the spirit, the most perfect form is but
 a cold and desolate temple. Like an iceberg glit-
 tering in the light of sunset, with the rainbow
 hues of beauty, it may dazzle for a moment, but
 none may dream of communion with its frozen
 sterility.

True friendship, as Tully observes, proceeds
 from a reciprocal esteem and a virtuous resem-
 blance of manners. When such is the basis, the
 variety in certain tenets and opinions is of no ill
 consequence to the union, and will scarcely ever
 unloose the social ties of love, veneration, and
 esteem.—*Swift*.

Among many other evils that attend gaming,
 are these—loss of time, loss of reputation, loss of
 health, loss of fortune, loss of temper, ruin of
 families, defrauding of creditors, and what is the
 often effect of it, the loss of life itself.

In all things preserve integrity; the conscious-
 ness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the
 toil of business, and soften the harshness of ill
 success and disappointments, and give thee an
 humble confidence before God, when the ingra-
 titude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may
 rob thee of other due reward.—*Paley*.

What Shakspeare says of *mercy*, may, with equal justice, be applied to *charity* :—

"It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It bleaseth him that gives, and him that takes."

Speaking of the goods of life, Sir William Temple says—"The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

RETIREMENT.—

The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot,
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to glide o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before;
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And having liv'd a trifer, die a man.—*Cowper*.

Nothing is more delightful than to feel a new passion rising, when the flame that burned before is not yet quite extinguished. Thus, at the hour of sunset, we behold with pleasure the orb of night ascending on the opposite side of the horizon. We then enjoy the double brilliancy of the two celestial luminaries.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness: her estate is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.

He submits himself to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a passion.

He who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

Locke says, every sect as far as Reason will help them, gladly use it; when it fails them, they cry out it is a matter of faith, and above reason.

PASSIONS.—

When raging passion with fierce tyranny,
Robs reason of her true regality,
And makes it servant to her basest part!
The strong it weakens with infirmity,
And with bold fury arms the weakest heart,
The strong, thro' pleasure, soonest falls, the weak thro' smart.—*Spenser*.

Ladies of fashion, in Paris, in order to produce the effect of moon-light in their boudoirs, have large blue goblets, in which a night-wick is kept burning; they also serve as night-lamps in the sleeping-room.

The learned Menage, who was styled the Varro of France, has this acute observation on the writings of love and religion: "Books of devotion and those of love are alike bought. The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of love than buy them, and there are more who buy books of devotion than read them."

The muses were invoked throughout all Greece, but no sacrifices offered to them; as if to indicate that gifts could not conciliate them, or purchase the sacred spark of genius.

A barbarous bird catcher scoops out the eyes of a nightingale, which has the extraordinary effect of rendering his voice still more melodious.

An actor in Paris, some years ago, acquired immortal honour by personating a monkey on the stage. In order to become perfect in his part he daily visited the menagerie and studied from nature.

Burke had a pension of three thousand pounds sterling a year. His executors two thousand five hundred—his widow twelve hundred. His son was to have been elevated to the peerage had he lived.

Give a cake to a Swedish Laplander, Finlander, or northern Tartar, and he eats it leisurely; do the same to an Otaheitan, Italian peasant, or Spanish fisherman, and he will put the whole cake into his mouth if he can.

A gentleman employing a porter, whose name was *Russell*, asked him jocularly, "Pray is your coat of arms the same with the Duke of Bedford's?" "Our *arms*," answered the fellow, "are, I suppose, pretty much alike; but there is a confounded difference in our *coats*."

THE DUTEOUS DAUGHTER.—

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refin'd and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek—
'Tis that which pious father's shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.—*Scott*.

The trappings of dress I most heartily despise, and have always felt inclined to judge of the mind from the clothing of the body. The neatness and purity of the one indicates the solidity and purity of the other. In either sex an extravagant frippery in dress denotes a weak understanding.

Leisure and solitude are the best effects of riches, because mother of thought. Both are avoided by most rich men, who seek company and business, which are signs of being weary of themselves.—*Sir W. Temple*.

In men there is a lump upon the windpipe formed by the thyroid cartilage, which is not to be seen in women. An Arabian fable says, that this is part of the original apple that has stuck in the man's throat by the way; but that the woman swallowed her part of it down.

There is no journey too long for him who travels gently and without hurry; there are no advantages too remote for those who prepare themselves with patience.

"I am afraid of the lightning," murmured a pretty woman, during a thunder storm. "Well you may be," sighed a despairing adorer, "when your heart is steel."

The bloody animosity which subsisted for more than two centuries and a half between the Beni Isah and the Beni Maad, two tribes of Africans, was occasioned by the nickname of monkey, applied by the latter to the sheik of the former.

To contradict a man in argument is to knock at his door to see if there is any body at home.

PHYSIC.—

By chase our long-lov'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toll strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their son's a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught,
The wise for care on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.—*Dryden.*

The frogs of Seryphus, an island of the *Egean* sea, resembled some great talkers I have known. They were always silent at home, but when carried to other places, were the most noisy frogs in the world.

RECIPES.

TO CLEAN SILK STOCKINGS.

WASH them in soap and water; and then, either into a tin or copper boiler, cut an ounce of white soap into thin slices, and, putting the stockings in, boil them gently ten minutes; then take them out and rinse them in cold water. If they are to be of the blue cast, take one drop of liquid blue, put it into a pan of cold spring water, run the stockings through this a minute or two, and dry them in the air. If they are to be of a pink cast, drop one or two drops of the saturated pink dye into a pan of cold water, and run them through this instead of the chemic blue. If they are designed to have a flesh-colour, a little rose pink is used in a thin soap liquor. All silk stockings, black excepted, are to be rubbed with a clean flannel, and sent to be calendered or mangled.

For a fine, clear and transparent kind of glue, which will unite glass so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible, nothing is equal to isinglass boiled in spirits of wine.

FLIES UPON PICTURES.

The following simple way of preventing flies from sitting on pictures, or any other furniture, is well experienced, and will, if generally used, prevent trouble and damage: Let a large bunch of leeks soak four or five days in a pailful of water, and wash the picture or any other piece of furniture with it: the flies will never come near any thing so washed.

EAU DE COLOGNE.

Spirits of wine (of 32 degrees) 1 quart, essence of citron 2 drms., essence of bergamot 2 drms., essence of lavender $\frac{1}{2}$ drm., essence of cedrat 1 drm., neroli 10 drops, ambergris 10 drops, tincture of benzoin 3 drms., and otto of roses 2 drops. Mix, and having well shaken the mixture several times, filter. The quality improves with age.

GERMAN PERFUME.

The Germans make a beautiful perfume in the form of a powder, which they throw upon ignited charcoal. The mixture is as follows:—Mastic and sandarac of each 3 ounces, storax 6 ounces, benzoin 6 ounces, cloves, cinnamon, sassafras, wood of Rhodes, iris, cascarilla, red rose leaves, lavender, pimento, vanilla, of each four ounces; lemon peel 1 ounce, musk 24 grains, amber 20 grains. Reduce to fine powder.

For the Lady's Book.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

"Thou eagle-banner of the free!
Star spangled flag of Liberty!
In what far realm of cloudless light,
Of fervent unattemper'd noon,
Wing'd thy proud bird his infant flight,
Companion of the eternal Sun?"

"In what new unknown firmament,
Whose radiance in its swift descent,
Still travels to the distant earth,
Dawn'd those bright stars of placid ray?
What glowing system owns their birth?
When was their glorious natal day?"

Thus while the eagle standard spread
Its starry drap'ry o'er his head,
A youthful sentry pour'd his song—
The list'ning moon rode clear on high,
And shed, as calm it roll'd along,
Effulgence on its blazonry.

Amid its folds, the ev'ning breeze
Wanton'd like birds in summer trees,
And rustling on through stripe and star,
The Zephyr in its careless play,
Wav'd the stern meteor flag of war,
And thus it said, or seem'd to say—

"Where was my banner'd eagle born!
On that high peak, that blushing morn
First touches with its earliest gleam;
There had the bird of Jove his birth—
There flash'd his eye's unconquer'd beam,
The pinnacle of all the earth!"

"Sublime above the rolling cloud,
The hoary mountain's misty shroud,
He gaz'd from his imperial stance,
To where Helvetia's noble Tell
Loos'd his keen shaft with falcon glance,
And Gessler, proud oppressor, fell.

"Where dawn'd my stars! In other sphere,
Than mortal man may dream of here—
Where neither sun's unborrow'd fire,
Nor the pale moon with crescent dim,
Light the high heaven's golden lyre,
Responsive to the seraph's hymn.

"When the bland spirit brooded o'er
Old Chaos, void and dark before,
This beaming Constellation rose,
And through the cloudless vault on high,
Upon a world's unmov'd repose,
Pour'd the pure ray of liberty."

Responded thus the ev'ning wind,
Or Fancy to the sentry's mind,
Whispered the playful Zephyr's tale:
The morrow came—'mid charging horse,
The flashing steel, the cannon's ball,
That flag wav'd o'er the sentry's course.

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Ornaments for Ladies' fancy Works.

THE LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1831.

SPORTS OF LOVE.

IN addition to the beautiful engraved Title page for our second volume, we, this month, furnish the annexed Copperplate embellishment, illustrative of the *SPORTS OF LOVE*, and intended as representations of suitable ornaments for ladies' fancy works, of various patterns.

The pictures, five in number, which are thrown together in the accompanying plate, are designed to furnish our female patrons with models, from which they may copy, or according to which they may fashion, the ornamental parts of those works upon which their needles, pencils, or fingers, may be employed; subject, of course, to the modifications and improvements of their own peculiar and superior tastes.

All the figures in this plate are emblematical of the tender passion, and represent Love under the various forms in which poetry and painting have embodied that changeful and capricious divinity. The uppermost figure on the right hand side of the plate, exhibits a Cupid, armed with his line and rod, standing on the bank of a stream, engaged in fishing for hearts—one of which he has just caught, and is drawing towards him with evident satisfaction. Beneath him on the same side of the plate, is another Cupid, with a winged heart attached to a string, which flutters in the air, while the boy-god watches its graceful undulations with intense and pleased anxiety. The central and largest picture portrays a female in flowing robes, kneeling before a Cupid, who, raised upon a garlanded altar, holds suspended from his hand a chain of hearts, and smiles at the supplications of the pensive beauty, who seeks to win his favour by offering at his feet a gentle dove. The group on the left, and to the top of that we have just described, is composed of three Cupids, two of whom are enjoying the pleasures of the bath, while the third, reposing on a bed of flowers, watches his mates with languishing indifference. Below these is seen a tree, fruitful of hearts, from which one of these sovereigns of human passion is plucking its products, and casting them to a companion beneath, who gathers and preserves them with careful vigilance.

These various subjects are handsomely grouped, and form a pleasing picture, from which, we trust, our fair readers will be able to draw something useful to them in their pursuits or pastimes.

MUSICAL CHARACTER OF WEBER.

THE following review of Weber's character as a composer, and the comparison entered into between him and Rossini, and between the German and Italian schools in general, appears to us so just, that, notwithstanding its length, we are much gratified in the permission to transfer it to our pages.

“ To characterise such a man as Weber is not an easy task, though we may now approach it with more chance of impartiality than amidst the excitement and regret which followed his early death. ‘ When Science self destroys her favourite son,’ and a great and good man drops suddenly into the grave from the very earnestness of his pursuit after immortality; dies too—far from his home and friends—in a land ‘ where other voices speak, and other sights surround,’ our feelings are so mixed up and blended with our judgment, that we are at first inclined to overrate the services, or to exaggerate the range and compass of his ability. Something perhaps analogous took place in the case of Mr. Weber. Much vague and unmeaning compliment, much

idle declamation, and many false views, would require to be cleared away, before the man himself could be seen and appreciated in his simplicity. But Weber is, fortunately, one who, even when deprived of these trappings, retains the dignity and the honours of a great artist; nay, perhaps, like the Sybilline books, he loses little or nothing of his value by their abridgment.

“ As a composer, amidst the flood of excellence which his works display, we have some difficulty in singling out the quality for which he stood most pre-eminent. We think, however, that he was in no respect more distinguished than for the perfect originality of his style. He imitates no particular master, he is the slave of no particular school, and can scarcely be said to take the cue from any of his predecessors or contemporaries. He walks in a path decidedly and peculiarly his own; and yet, with all this originality, with a style so strongly, so indelibly marked, that it can never be mistaken, he is, perhaps, less of a mannerist than any composer of his day. The cha-

acter of his music always varies with the subject. Unlike that of some, it is no Procrustes' bed, to which all themes whatever are forcibly subjected and fitted in so as to correspond with its precise form and dimensions. On the contrary, his compositions, as they invariably spring from the contemplation of the subject, possess all the beauty and the variety incident to it; and when we turn to his laughing chorus, the striking and singular effect of which is produced by the adaptation of the very phenomenon which usually takes place on the vocal organs when the risible faculties are agitated—to the cries of terror and dismay which break from Max, when struggling to escape from the demon, and to many other passages of his works, we are impressed with the idea that the object which he had constantly in view was simply to modulate the voice of nature, so as to bring it within the laws of musical expression. So completely, indeed, has he followed the course which nature points out, that we may apply to him, with the most perfect justice, the high eulogium which Pope pronounces on Shakspeare, when he describes him as being 'less an imitator than an instrument of nature;' and adds, 'that it is not so just to say of him, that he speaks from her, as that *she* speaks through *him*.'

"The consequence of this is, that his works are remarkable for the individuality of their character; and in this respect, they admit of being favourably contrasted with those of his great rival, Rossini. His *Freyschutz*, his *Preciosa*, his *Oberon*, his *Euryanthe*, are so distinct from each other, we may venture to say, that, with a person ignorant of their author, they might pass for the productions of a different artist; but let any one, for the first time, hear a series of Rossini's operas, and if he did not, without being informed, very soon find out, that the author of *Tancredi* wrote the *Barber of Seville*, we should have no very high opinion of his musical discrimination.

"Weber never wrote, without having studied his subject in all its bearings, and deeply imbued his mind with its spirit and sentiment.* In the execution, every thing manifests the utmost care and refinement, the most consummate judgment and propriety; the most admirable congruity pervades the *lout ensemble*, and the result always is, what can scarcely ever be said in regard to any of Rossini's works, one perfect and uniform whole.

"We see in Rossini a perpetual recurrence to the same series of modulation, and, as in 'Di piacer' and 'Una voce,' he is constantly reproducing the same ideas in different shapes; he is always, in short, revolving and re-revolving within a limited sphere. Doubtless, within that sphere, his pretensions to originality, to a felici-

* When engaged to write a song for Miss Stevens, the words from *Lalla Rookh*, he considered it necessary to read the whole poem, and render himself master, not only of the meaning of the lines he was to set to music, considered by themselves, but of their meaning as illustrated by their own situation in, and connection with, the general story, before he committed a note to paper.

ty, a light, a brilliancy unequalled, to a genius, which, at the age of twenty-four, had subjected all Europe to its power, are incontestible. But genius, that clear fountain from which all original ideas flow, will sometimes run dry, when the soil from which it springs is not occasionally moistened by the dews of study and contemplation. We are convinced that it is only in this way that the faults to which we have alluded—mannerism and an exclusive partiality for a particular style—are to be avoided. 'How absurd,' says Weber, in the letter we have quoted, 'to suppose that the mind is cramped by the serious study of means.' As well might it be said that a knowledge of mankind contracted our notions, and strengthened our prejudices, as that an intimate familiarity with the works of the great masters, their principles, and their practice, had a tendency to repress the natural expansion of the faculties! It may have occasionally happened, that individuals by no means destitute of talent, by losing sight of the ends to which the acquisitions they were engaged in amassing were truly subservient, or from too great a veneration for a particular model, have been led to become followers in a path, where nature, had they obeyed her dictates, had qualified them to take the lead; but in all vigorous and well organized minds, application, judiciously directed, has always, and will ever, produce an opposite effect, and impart fresh impulse to the creative powers.

"Such, certainly, was the case with Weber. We may consider the production of the *Freyschutz* as the great landmark of his fame—the brightest spot in his existence; and when we take a retrospect of his previous career of patient, laborious industry, it would appear as if, till then, he had been proceeding, step by step, to the lofty eminence to which it raised him. He had never previously undertaken a work of equal magnitude. His antecedent operatic productions had been of a much lighter and less elaborate fabric; but, besides these, his detached pieces, consisting, as they chiefly did, of masses, symphonies, cantatas, concertos, and sonatas for stringed and wind instruments, were of a nature to render him well versed in every species of style, and intimately acquainted with the uses and capabilities of the different instruments. By these means, in conjunction with the experience he had acquired in dramatic as well as musical effect, he was enabled, when the occasion at last presented itself, to develop his great talents in the fullness of their maturity, by producing an opera equally remarkable for the beautiful, expressive, and novel character of its melody, and the ingenious and scientific nature of its instrumentation. If we were to assign a reason why we think this opera should place its author only a little lower than Mozart, it would be the inimitable manner in which the charms and expression of the vocal department are heightened and enforced by the happiest and most skilful choice and distribution of all the means and resources which the powers of harmony could call into operation. These are the *chiaro oscuro*, the colouring, the filling up of

the picture; and unless they are effected by the hand of a finished artist, the production is by so much the less perfect; nothing, therefore, can be more clear than that wherever any imperfection exists in the sinfonial parts, it must proportionably detract from the excellence of the whole. The operatic scores of Paisiello and Cimarosa, exquisite as are their melodies, are but meagre and unsatisfactory in comparison with those of Mozart, or Beethoven in his *Fidelio*, of Weber, nay, even of Mayer, Paer, Weigl, and Winter.

"We are now treading upon debateable ground; we have passed the confines of the question which has so long divided the Italian and the German school. But we cannot regard as a matter of doubt, or as any thing short of a violent national prejudice, the opinion of those dogmatists, who, for upwards of twenty years after his death, would deny a hearing to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Mozart, and who even yet turn a deaf ear to many of his happiest effusions. If the most appropriate, the most varied, and the most effective accompaniments are not to be called in to the aid of the song, and if these are not to be adjusted with that degree of skill, delicacy and judgment, which a great symphonist alone possesses—or if, when thus accomplished, we are to be told that the effect produced is an interruption to the *cantilena*—an unwarrantable encroachment upon its prerogative—let our orchestra be at once dismissed—a few chords struck upon one of C. Meyer's grand piano-fortes, or at most a *septet* of performers, will produce all the body of sound which admits of being tolerated. Accompaniment is the art of enforcing and setting off, to the greatest advantage, the effect of the principal part, and as such, both in the composition and in the performance, it has always been regarded as perhaps the most arduous and delicate branch of the art. Now, if the objectors to the German school could show, that its most illustrious masters had failed in the execution of this part of their task—that their accompaniments, instead of being subservient, had actually predominated, to the injury of the vocal effect, we should not for a moment hesitate to concur with them. But we have never observed this to be the case, except when they happened to be ill performed—a circumstance of which the Italians had frequent experience on the first introduction of Mozart's music into Italy, and which, we have no doubt, had its influence in riveting this prejudice.

"That the human voice is the most delicious of all instruments none will be hardy enough to deny, nor will any one be surprised to find that, where it exists in perfection, it will be cultivated in preference to instruments of an artificial kind. We need not, therefore, wonder that the Italians, gifted by nature with the richest vocal organization, should luxuriate in the delights of melody, in preference to all other species of musical gratification—that they should prefer to listen to their Pachierottis, their Marchesis, and their Davids, to all the instrumentalists in the world—

and that their composers, giving way to the public *penchant*, should, like so many jackalls, exert all their efforts to supply them with the necessary wherewithal to enable them to display their powers, and that, so far from rendering permanent, they would do all in their power to sink a branch of the art which might rival, or occasionally hold *divisum imperium* along with them. Thus it is, that in this country melody has expanded itself into a rank and excessive luxuriance. The Germans again seem to have steered a middle course. As nature has not been quite so bountiful to them with respect to voice, they have not been seduced to cultivate one branch of the art, to the exclusion of the other. With them, accordingly, melody and harmony have grown up like twin sisters, reciprocally to sympathize with and support each other. It is in this relation, we think, they appear most graceful. Melody, as the elder of the two, may be entitled to a certain degree of deference; but we are always sorry when we observe any coldness or reserve existing between them; and herein, we apprehend, the great error of the partisans of the opposite opinion lies—they consider them as strangers to each other, and discourage that mutual affection which is constantly prompting the one to cling to the other.

"The point at issue here seems to us to be so very clearly in favour of the German school, that it is quite unnecessary to extend the argument farther. Our only reason for entering on it at all, is, that Weber's proudest distinction seems in a great measure to hinge upon it. In this particular, however, we are happy to think that he has one powerful and more than sufficient guarantee—his fate is linked with that of Mozart: and those who are of opinion (and there are few who are not) that *Don Giovanni* and the *Zauberflöte* are the best models of operatic composition, will not be slow to admit that *Der Freyschutz* and *Oberon* follow closely after them. The reputation of that artist is built upon a rock, who, to the inspiration of the purest melody, has superadded all the means and resources of the most accomplished symphonist. If, however, these qualities are, as we suspect, the veritable stamina to ensure length of fame, what are we to say to the earlier works of the greatest living composers? Are we to conclude that all his delicious arias are doomed to premature oblivion? The magic of genius, we trust, will avert that fate; but that the superstructure would have promised a longer term of endurance if it had been built of less flimsy materials, the author of the *Siege of Corinth*, and of *William Tell*, we dare say, would be the first to avow. Except that his accompaniments are more massive, that there is more reduplication of parts, and the work is less minute and *travaille*, Rossini seems now to have fairly gone over to the German faction, and never regards his operas as complete until he has given the last finishing touch to the orchestral arrangements; and the result has been that his latter works have raised him in the estimation of connoisseurs. But they are not received with

half the enthusiasm and delight which ushered in his earlier operas. The days are gone, when, in all the fire and buoyancy of youth, he was wont to transport his hearers into extacy with such strains as 'Di tanti palpiti,' and 'Amor, possente nome.' Some may think that such scintillations of genius are only to be struck out in the morning of life; but of this we are by no means certain. If we advert, for instance, to the compositions of Haydn, we shall find that the flowing and graceful melody of his latter works is as instinct with beauty and life as any which he produced in the early part of his career. Rossini is yet in the vigour of life, and if his works do not sparkle now as they once did, it can only be because the vein which he has so long excavated, and the ore of which he has expanded until it is reduced to the highest possible state of tenuity, is at last exhausted. Had he adopted the same course which Weber followed—had he, instead of squandering, in the very wantonness of extravagance, the rich patrimony which nature had given him, replenished his stores, and refreshed his invention by study and thought, his success might not have been so electrifying, but it would have been more lasting, and at the present moment, instead of finding his resources abated, they would, perhaps, have been inexhaustible; instead of being *facile princeps* of his own style, leaving so many tracts uncultivated, he might have been the successful rival of almost every great master in his own department; finally, instead of being merely great in his generation, which we fear he is, with posterity, we venture to say, he would be still greater.

"If Weber struck out a new path any where, it was in modulation, and in this respect he is eminently distinguished above the imitators of Mozart and Rossini, who are content to pursue the even tenor of their way, availing themselves of the identical route which they have travelled with so much greater advantage, and who have consequently done nothing to extend the boundaries of their art. The melody of Weber is characterized by a total freedom from all restraint. It is bold, striking and diversified; so much so, indeed, that he has sometimes been accused of having wandered too far from the beaten track. For ourselves, we think that this is the very quality which throws around his music the inspiring freshness which constitutes its greatest charm. Weber, no doubt, felt, that, in this age of imitation, we were wearied to death with the monotony of the many, and that it was absolutely necessary that our jaded appetites should be regaled with something a little more piquant and *recherche*. If we look back a few years in the annals of music, we behold the art of melody regulated entirely by the dictates of theorists, who laid down its laws *ex cathedra*, and appointed the course in which it was to run. But the genius of Haydn arose, and taught musicians the great truth, that melody knew no bounds but those which nature had set up, and that the true criterion of accuracy was to be found not in its correspondence with certain factitious systems,

but in its effects upon the ear; that music, in short, instead of being, as of old, a prisoner of the schools, along with arithmetic and geometry, belonged entirely to the regions of sound, where it merely consisted, as he quaintly expressed it, of the study and apprehension of 'what was good, what was better, what was bad.' The old moulds of the contra-punists were now broken, and their system gradually wore out. Composers henceforth wrote in utter defiance of antiquated fashions and prejudices, and the improvements which took place in the art were like those which ensued on the introduction of the modern style of gardening. The parallel and rectangular walks, the interminable avenues, and the formal rows of clipped hedges, vanished; and in lieu of them, the face of nature was decked in her most artless and picturesque array. With regard to the melody of Weber, it may be said to be laid out in the most captivating and beautiful variety, at one time resembling a rich and luxuriant garden, at another a tangled wilderness—now opening to us, in *Oberon*, glimpses of fairy land, or surrounding us with the associations of the East—now suddenly recalling us to the darker sources of northern superstition, and

Wonders wild of Arabesque combin'd,
With Gothic imagery of darker shade.

Like Salvator, he gloried in delineating the wild and savage aspects of nature, and of wandering, like Beethoven, in her sullen and more gloomy recesses. The romantic turn of his mind, inspired by his early studies, rendered the wild legend of the *Freyshutz* perhaps the most suitable subject on which he could have employed his talents. In depicting, or rather in aggravating the horrors of the wolf's glen, with its fearful omens, and all its unearthly sights and sounds, in painting the grief and despair of his hero, and the gloomy, demoniacal spirit of the lost and abandoned Caspar, he found full scope for his peculiar talent. Were we to compare him with any of our romance writers, we would say that he possessed, though mingled with and controlled by a finer taste, and far greater discretion, a congeniality of soul with Monk Lewis, or Mrs. Radcliffe; and rich as the dramatic literature of his country is in tales of superstition and diablerie, we think it is to be regretted that he did not, at least, furnish us with another romantic opera from that prolific source."

FRENCH DESSERT.

From Thicknesse's Travels, published in 1772, we learn that it was customary in the *beau monde* of Paris, to provide artificial fruit for the dessert of any distinguished female guest, which, at a certain signal, burst forth into fireworks, displaying her name; and that on the birth-day of illustrious individuals, it was the fashion for visitors to "take French leave," by fastening fireworks of a similar nature to the rear of their carriages.

XANTIPPE.

Our lady readers will, no doubt, smile when they see the name of Xantippe at the head of an article which professes to treat of eminent women. The wife of Socrates is not indeed eminent for any merit of her own; she shines merely in the light of her husband's fame; but she is remarkable for her obstinate perseverance in maintaining what she considered "the inalienable rights" of woman. Her name has been made to designate—and we maintain most unjustly—a distinct class among her sex. We do not believe that scolds, like poets, are born; but, like orators, are made by circumstances; and if in former days special laws were enacted against scolds, it was because men were the tyrants of women. These laws have fallen into disrepute; because, perhaps, the ducking-stool was not found the stool of repentance; because tyranny is out of fashion, and men are becoming more enlightened and more rational; and women are rapidly rising to that rank among intelligent beings to which their gentle virtues, their refined sensibilities, and the delicate structure of their minds entitle them. We place the name of Xantippe on our pages, not indeed to apologise for the asperities of her temper—for them there is no apology—but to show that there is no foundation in truth for most of the scandalous stories so industriously circulated concerning her by the enemies of the Socratic school—stories which have affected the character of woman in general, and given rise to a classification which we consider a base libel upon the sex.

Little or nothing is known of the birth, family, or education of Xantippe; her character, however, has been drawn by many a writer, and there is sufficient reason to believe that the pencil of calumny has been too busily engaged in furnishing her picture. If we were disposed to speculate, we might conjecture that her person was attractive; because Socrates was a great admirer of a finely proportioned form, and of a beautiful face, which he regarded as the index of a mind possessed, or at least susceptible, of great moral beauty. If he chose his wife upon this principle, he must have sought for a fair form and a lovely face, and Xantippe's charms must have been of no ordinary kind; but, alas! for erring human reason, he found his sweet companion a sad exception to his general rule, and if he still continued to believe in his own theory, he must have considered it at least very dangerous in practice. Unfortunately for our conjecture, however, both our premises and our conclusions may be false; for Socrates may have formed his theory after having had some experience in the matrimonial state. But let us proceed to facts. His partiality for beautiful forms is easily accounted for. His father was a statuary, and brought his son up to his own profession. Socrates supported himself some time by his chisel, and must have been daily in the habit of studying the most perfect models of the human

form; while he would be naturally inclined to admire that most which presented the fairest proportions, his habits of thought would lead him to meditate upon the connection between mind and matter; upon the influence which the body exerts over the mind, and the modifications which the one may receive from the other. A form well proportioned might in this way easily be imagined to be animated by a well adjusted mind, or governed by a well regulated disposition. Socrates, however, disregarded speculations like these when he proceeded to the matter of fact business of selecting a *wife*; and if he was not particularly fortunate in his choice, we have no right to accuse him of a want of discernment; for no man was better acquainted with human nature than he. "He was eminently qualified," says Xenophon, "to penetrate into men's characters." He was in fact a practical philosopher: visiting the busy haunts of men, as well as their places of retirement, he was heard in the streets and public squares, in the mart and in the temple, exposing the errors and chastising the vices of his countrymen; and, conversing with the great and lowly, with the rich and poor, he exhorted them to the practice of virtue as the only basis of happiness. While he laboured to improve the public and private morals, we are told he neglected no means of correcting the faults of his own character, which he admitted were numerous. To this end he united himself to the intractable Xantippe, or at least he turned her perverseness to some account; for, says he to one of his friends, "in accustoming myself to bear patiently the ill humour of Xantippe at home, I acquire habits of moderation, and learn to treat, when abroad, the infirmities of all men with indulgence." It would seem he sought the hand of Xantippe as a sort of moral philosopher's stone, that he might convert the dross of his own nature into pure gold—an experiment which few men would have the courage to make. That she was a woman of a perverse disposition and violent temper, we have seen that Socrates himself admitted; but that she was guilty of such gross violations of decorum as the writers of later times have, without any authority, asserted, we cannot believe. There is no probability in the story that she was capable of such unwomanlike conduct as to trample under foot a cake presented by the accomplished and elegant Alcibiades; that in the open street she tore the cloak from the shoulders of her husband: or that in a fit of passion she overturned the table at the sight of Euthydemus, whom Socrates had invited to supper without notifying her of his coming. Now the true version of this story is simply this, that when Xantippe expressed some dissatisfaction at being unprovided for visitors, Socrates desired her to give herself no concern; for if his guests were wise men, they would be contented with his simple fare; if otherwise, he did not value their friendship.

"Whilst others," said he, "live to eat, wise men eat to live."

Another scandalous story, re-echoed unfortunately by christian writers, is told without authority. They say that Myrto shared with Xantippe the affections and home of Socrates to whom she was married; that these two Grecian matrons, seized simultaneously with a fit of jealousy, came from words to blows in the presence of the astounded husband; that when "Greek met Greek," Socrates, with stern impartiality, remained an impassive spectator of "the tug of war;" that his immoderate peals of laughter testified how much he enjoyed the scene; but that the combatants, offended by his unseasonable mirth, suddenly turned their allied arms against the innocent cause of their pugilistic sports, and engraved, in no ambiguous characters, the story of their wrongs upon the philosopher's face, which looked after the operation like a black-letter manuscript. But we do not credit these vile tales, and we regret that the impartial biographer is compelled to repeat in order to refute them. If there had been any truth in this story, the detractors of Socrates would have circulated it with malicious industry; and Aristophanes would have seized with avidity a scene so full of comic interest, and would have transferred it to his comedy of the *Clouds*, intended exclusively to overwhelm Socrates with ridicule. But as it is mentioned neither by the dramatist nor by contemporary writers, we are warranted in believing nothing of the kind ever occurred. Besides, Myrto does not appear to have been at any period the wife of Socrates. She was the daughter of Aristides, *the just*, and upon the death of her father was left in indigent circumstances. Socrates, moved by her poverty, and respecting the daughter of so virtuous a citizen, offered her the protection of his humble roof and the hospitalities of his frugal table; and if she accepted both, we can only infer that the house of Socrates was an asylum granted to the daughter of Aristides.

While all the censurable parts of Xantippe's conduct are carefully exposed, the laudable traits of her character are entirely overlooked. It is evident that with the little attention Socrates paid to his domestic interests, the mother of his children must have possessed an uncommon degree of industry, economy, activity, and prudence, in the management of her household, or his moderate fortune would not have been sufficient for the education of his children and the support of his family. In fact, according to his disciple Xenophon, Socrates himself allows her many domestic virtues, and bore testimony to her unceasing maternal cares, and to the tender solicitude which, under all circumstances, she manifested for her children. Many occurrences creditable to her heart are related by her husband's disciples, tending to show that the daily example of moderation and kindness set her by Socrates, was not without its beneficial influence. When Socrates was condemned to death, Xantippe was inconsolable. Plato has described the

excess of her grief; and we are told that the disciples of Socrates, who went to his prison early in the morning, that they might have an opportunity of conversing with their master throughout the last day of his life, found his wife sitting by him with a child in her arms. As soon as Xantippe saw them, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O Socrates! this is the last time your friends will ever speak to you, or you to them." Socrates, that the tranquillity of his last moments might not be disturbed, desired that she might be conducted home. She left him with the most frantic expressions of grief. The following passage in a letter, sometimes ascribed to Xenophon, shows that her grief was not a passing cloud, but threatened to overshadow the remainder of her days. "Cease, excellent Xantippe, cease to weep; what will it profit you to cherish a hopeless sorrow? Endeavour to preserve yourself and your children—be of good cheer, and avail yourself of all the advantages which as the widow of Socrates you possess. Apollonius and Dion applaud you for having declined the gifts which have been tendered to you, and they admire your noble reply, that you consider the wife of Socrates sufficiently rich. As long as I and your other friends have the ability to aid you, you shall want nothing." This extract clearly shows that the friends of Socrates, who knew his widow best, esteemed her much; and it shows too, that her grief was not a solitary spark of feeling, struck by a sudden blow from a flinty heart, but that it was a constant and consuming sorrow. Moreover, the grief of Xantippe, and the fear expressed by her friends that she would sink beneath the pressure of her saddened spirits, evince the sincerity of her attachment and her just sense of the excellence of the husband whom she had lost. If it be urged that so distressing a scene as the death of Socrates would move the most insensible heart, and that the poignancy of Xantippe's grief at such a moment, was no proof that she estimated at its just value the man to whom she was united, we reply, that (according to an anecdote preserved by Elien) she took pleasure in doing justice to the virtues which she had daily witnessed for so many years. "Xantippe," says this exact and learned writer, "asserted, that through all the revolutions in Athens during the lifetime of Socrates, she had never perceived the slightest change in his countenance, which was always expressive of tranquillity, content, and benevolence. 'He went out and returned home,' said she, 'always calm, always serene, superior to every fear, and judging men and things invariably with equity and moderation.'"

A woman who could speak so mournfully of the fate of her husband; who could bewail his death so long and so bitterly; who could appreciate his virtues, and paint them so feelingly, could not herself have been destitute of virtue and feeling; and she who was a prudent wife and a tender mother, though she did not always control her temper, deserved at least charity for her faults, and credit for the good qualities which she really possessed.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE MAURITIUS.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A LADY.

A LADY residing at the Mauritius, many years ago, emancipated a slave whose good conduct and fidelity she wished to reward. Being in affluent circumstances, she gave him, with his freedom, a sum of money which enabled him to establish himself in business; and being very industrious and thrifty, he soon became rich enough to purchase a small estate in the country, whither he retired with his family. Years passed away, and whilst he was rapidly accumulating money, his former mistress was sinking into poverty: misfortune had overtaken her, and she found herself in old age, poor, solitary, neglected, and in want of the common comforts of life. This man heard of her unhappy condition, and immediately came to the town and sought her out in her humble abode: with the utmost respect he expressed his concern at finding his honoured lady in so reduced a state, and implored her to come to his estate, and allow him the gratification of providing for her future comforts. The lady was much affected at the feeling evinced by her old servant, but declined his offer: he could not, however, be prevailed on to relinquish his design. "My good mistress," said he, "oblige me by accepting my services: when you were rich, you were kind to me; you gave me freedom and money, with which, through God's blessing, I have been enabled to make myself comfortable in life, and now I only do my duty in asking you to share my prosperity when you are in need." His urgent entreaties at length prevailed, and the lady was conveyed, in his palanquin, to the comfortable and well furnished apartments assigned to her by his grateful care: his wife and daughters received her with the utmost respect, and always showed, by their conduct, that they considered themselves her servants. Deserted by those who had professed themselves her friends, whilst she was in affluence, this good lady passed the remainder of her days in comfort and ease, amid those who had once been her dependants.

There are few, we believe, to whom the modern languages are familiar, who do not know that the Mauritius embraces the scene of the melancholy story of Paul and Virginia. To the French and English, who remain any time in the island, the spot where the tombs of those lovers are said to lie, is a shrine of frequent and devout pilgrimage; but as it too often happens, the romance is destroyed in the unfolding of it. The writer says:—

"In December, 1825, we quitted Port Louis, to spend the warm season in that district of the island which is named Pamplemonesses, a part of the country to which a romantic interest has been given by the tale of Paul and Virginia. Strangers are generally eager to hasten to the spot where they are told they will behold the

tombs of those unfortunate Creoles, whose mutual affection and unhappy fate are described so pathetically by St. Pierre.

Junior lieutenants and midshipmen, and others of the age of romance, always make it a point to visit these tombs as soon as possible after their arrival: if they can only get on shore for a few hours, they hire or borrow horses, and proceed with all haste to the interesting scene. On reaching the spot to which they are directed, they enter a pretty garden, laid out with great care, and are conducted along a walk, bordered with bushes, bearing a profusion of roses, and having a stream of the clearest water flowing on each side: at the end of this walk the visitor sees a red, glaring monument, which he is told is the tomb of Virginia: at the termination of a similar avenue, on the opposite side of the garden, appears another monument, exactly resembling the first, which is designated the tomb of Paul; a grove of bamboos surrounds each. The traveller feels disappointed on beholding these tasteless red masses, instead of elegant monuments of Parian marble, which would seem alone worthy of such a purpose and such a situation; but that is not the only disappointment destined to be experienced by him: after having allowed his imagination to depict the shades of Paul and Virginia hovering about the spot where their remains repose—after having pleased himself with the idea that he had seen those celebrated tombs, and given a sigh to the memory of those faithful lovers, separated in life, but in death united—after all this waste of sympathy, he learns, at last, that he has been under a delusion the whole time—that no Virginia was there interred—and that it is a matter of doubt whether there ever existed such a person as Paul! What a pleasing illusion is then dispelled! how many romantic dreams, inspired by the perusal of St. Pierre's tale, are doomed to vanish when the truth is ascertained! The fact is, that these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos. Formerly only *one* was erected, but the proprietor of the place, finding that all the English visitors, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation. Many have been the visitors who have been gratified; consequently, by the conviction that they had looked on the actual burial-place of that unfortunate pair. These "tombs" are scribbled over with the names of the various persons who have visited them, together with verses and pathetic ejaculations and sentimental remarks. St. Pierre's story of the lovers is prettily written, and his descriptions of the scenic beauties of the island are correct, although not even *his* pen can

do full justice to them; but there is little truth in the tale. It is said, that there was indeed a young lady sent from the Mauritius to France, for education, during the time Monsieur de la Bourdonnais was governor of the colony—that her name was Virginia, and that she was shipwrecked in the St. Geran. I heard something of a young man, being attached to her, and dying of grief for her loss; but that part of the story is very doubtful. The "Bay of the Tomb," the "Point of Endeavour," the "Isle of Amber," and the "Cape of Misfortune," still bear the same names, and are pointed out as the memorable spots mentioned by St. Pierre. The bay tree, said to be planted by Petrarch, at the grave of Virgil, could not have been held in greater veneration than the bamboos which flourish round these "tombs," are honoured with: some persons have received commissions from their friends in England, to send them slips from those trees. The plant that grows near the remains of the Latian bard, is now said to be destroyed by the incessant spoliation it received from English visitors; but the bamboo groves are not likely to share the same fate, since they are private property, and will, no doubt, long continue to overshadow the spot, and to form an agreeable abode for the beautiful birds that sport among their branches. But although the romance of the story is soon dispelled to those who reside at the Mauritius, the country about Pamplemonesses is worth taking a journey to see: it is not so striking in picturesque and grand scenery as some other parts of the island, but it displays a well-cultivated, smiling aspect, very much resembling the general appearance of English landscapes; it is well wooded, but not mountainous, and there is less to remind one of being in a tropical region than might be expected. The village is pretty and populous, and has a Catholic church. There is also a botanical garden in that neighbourhood, which, although not affording a great display of flowers, is well stocked with valuable and curious trees from different parts of the east: it is kept in good order, and is an agreeable promenade."

POLISH AXE.

Not only they employ it in the construction of their houses, their boats, their carriages, and their household furniture, but also in carving a variety of small things, such as little boxes, spoons, and other kitchen utensils. I purchased a very handsome box from one of them, which had been cut with a hatchet, commonly used for felling timber. In the province of Masovia they are still better exercised in the art of rendering the axe universally available. I have been assured by several persons, whose testimony I could not doubt, that they have themselves seen peasants, who wore their hair long, go and place themselves against the trunks of trees, raising their hair as much above their heads as it would reach, while others would take aim at a certain distance,

and fling their hatchets with so much dexterity as to cut the hair in two parts, and be driven deep into the trunk of the trees! Similar feats beat William Tell's hollow. They are not, however, the only kind by which dexterity was practised in Poland at the risk of a tragic end. In former times it was customary in the *chateaux* of the nobility, after banquets given on great occasions, for the host to show his guests his skill in firing a pistol, by making the heel of the shoe on his wife's foot his target! I could hardly convince myself that the higher classes among the Poles, who have always considered devotedness to the fair sex the glory of ours, should have suffered a practice so directly at variance with every feeling of common humanity, to prevail among them—those men, too, whose notions of gallantry in the present day carry them to so extravagant an enthusiasm, that I have seen them at table take the shoe off the foot of the mistress of the house, drink wine out of it, and pass it around!—*Journal of a Nobleman.*

LITHOGRAPHY.

A FEW words on the subject of the recently introduced art of Lithography, we recommend to the attention of students, who are desirous of multiplying impressions of their drawings for the gratification of their friends.

The principle of the art arises out of the antipathy (if it may be so called) of grease to water. A drawing is made on a fine absorbent stone, which is imported from Bavaria, with a crayon of a greasy nature: the stone then undergoes a chemical process, and is saturated with water by the printer. It may easily be conceived, that when a printing-ink of an oily nature is applied to the surface, it will only adhere to the lines which are drawn upon it by a crayon composed of materials, in affinity with itself. The stones and the chalk, as it is commonly, though incorrectly called, may be obtained from the lithographic printers. The chalk is prepared from substances of a greasy nature, and hardened by an alkali, which is extracted, after the drawing is made, by the chemical process before mentioned: black is mixed with it merely to render the lines perfectly visible to the eye of the artist; it would print equally well though the crayon were colourless. This remark is made, to impress upon the student the importance of keeping every thing of a similar nature from the stone, as it will infallibly appear in the impressions: not even the coolest hand must touch this sensitive material. The extreme care and delicacy requisite upon this point, form the peculiar difficulty of the art. When the drawing is finished, the stone is to be sent to the person from whom it was obtained, with an order to print as many impressions as the artist may desire. To those who are desirous of acquiring a proficiency in the art, we strongly recommend an attentive perusal of Hullmandel's Treatise on Lithography.

HAPPINESS IN THE MARRIAGE STATE.

Unutterable happiness! which love
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.—*Thomson.*

The preservation of a husband's love is often the most difficult, as it is always the most delicate duty of a wife.—*Galt.*

OUR design in this little treatise is to endeavour to show that happiness is not only attendant upon the marriage state, but that it is to be obtained by every individual who chooses to devote himself to its pursuit. Happiness is *not* that shadow, nor is love that dream, which "the million" proclaim them to be; both are real and substantial enjoyments, which every one has the ability to possess, although but "a favoured few" are blessed with them: this, however, is entirely the fault of the parties themselves, for though marriage is the road to happiness, there are so many broad and alluring paths that intersect it, that we are not surprised at such a number of individuals, who had set out with the brightest hopes, losing themselves by the *heedlessness* and *carelessness* with which they pursued their journey. Our purpose is to make the true road more clear, and by describing the duties of individuals in the relative situations of husband and wife, and exposing the errors into which they are ever so prone to fall, produce a guide to that happiness which the young bride is ever so desirous to obtain.

It has been represented, that what is denominated "love," is but a fanciful term for the feeling of *esteem*, beyond which, they who hold this doctrine maintain every thing else to be but idle rhapsody, and empty nonsense; they consider that individuals may entertain a feeling of esteem for each other, which encouraged may lead to a matrimonial union, the husband taking his wife just as he would a piece of furniture for the decoration of his house, and, very likely, with just about as much regard! This species of Platonism may afford a very correct idea to its cold unimpassioned disciples, but it is very erroneous; their feeling of *esteem* being found to exist no longer than the favourable circumstances that attended the union endures. The matrimonial *sympathy* should be undying and imperishable; it should maintain its pure and steady light through all the troubles and adversities of life, and expire but with its latest breath. According to Lady Morgan, "the woman is unworthy of the sacred name of *wife*, who is not prepared to follow the husband of her choice and her affections, to slavery, to death—oh! more than all, to follow him in shame—in ignominy!"

"It is rare to find perfection in a single individual," observes a popular modern poet; "how much more rare must it be that two such individuals should meet together in this wide world, under circumstances that admit of their union as husband and wife. A person may be highly estimable on the whole, nay, amiable, as neighbour,

friend, housemate; in short, in all the concentric circles of attachment, save only the last and inmost, and yet, from how many causes, be estranged from the highest perfection in this? The *misery* of human life is made up of large masses, each separated from the other by certain intervals. One year the death of a child, years after a failure in trade, after another longer or shorter interval, a daughter may have married unhappily; the integral parts that compose the sum total of the unhappiness of life are easily counted and distinctly remembered. The *happiness* of life, on the contrary, is made up of *minute fractions*: the little soon-forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heart-felt compliment, in the disguise of playful raillery, and the countless other *infinitissimals* of pleasurable thought and genial feeling. Good men are not, I trust, scarcer than good women, and what another would find in you, you may hope to find in another; but well may that boon be rare, the possession of which would be more than an adequate reward for the rarest virtue." Such a desirable end is to be obtained, and self-correction is the means; we must set out with an unflinching determination to correct whatever is amiss in our respective dispositions, and persist in a thorough reformation of all those evil traits of character which we possess, and which must be entirely destroyed before any prospect of happiness may be encouraged; no dissimulation will avail, the knife *must* be applied to the root of our bad passions, no matter how acute the pain of such eradication may be, it is but temporary, and the reward will be a tenfold compensation; we know that it is in many cases the imagined *shame* of such reformation that often prevents it; we are too apt to think ourselves degraded in submitting to the opinions of others, and this principle of self-love or conceit, is one of the most destructive to the happiness of the human race; we think our authority is yielded, or our nobility of character destroyed in "stooping"—as the word is—and the result is a pertinacious adherence to those bad traits of character, which produce discord and dissatisfaction, the alienation of the affections, and the final unhappiness of those who had set out in life with the brightest hopes.

Marriage is often considered the *end*, instead of the beginning of *excitement*; in other words, the parties cease to be lovers, when they should take the character more fully upon themselves. The feeling which precedes marriage, ought, perhaps, to be called *attachment*, passionate attachment; or if we yield to the popular opinion,

and allow it the name of *love*, it is certainly but the early blossom of that divine affection, which the sequel too frequently blights and destroys. It may be considered in the light of a rare and choice exotic, that had put forth its beautiful blossoms, and gave promise of ripening into a flower of unequalled splendour, but falling into the hands of ignorance or insensibility, is too roughly used and untimely dies. It is scarcely possible to obtain that perfect knowledge of character and disposition during the period of courtship, which is gained after the mystic symbol is placed upon the finger of the bride. We are blind to each other's faults—passion hurries us onward, and where we fully expect to repose our affections happily, we only find their grave. This is a subject, however, that we cannot at present enlarge upon, because the various branches into which it divides, would each claim separate and distinct notice.

We have said that excitement ends, too often, upon the wedding-day; that after the "knot" is tied, the parties abate their endeavours to keep the heart which they had been so desirous of winning. Previously, no pains were spared, no trouble thought too great, to render ourselves more interesting, or more amiable in the opinion of our admirer; but, the object attained, and the individual *our own*, we become careless and indifferent, excitement is destroyed, possession throws a veil over former ardour, and finally twines the funeral wreath for love. Convinced that the object of your affections is your own, you become cold and heedless, the little pleasures and gratifications are more *allowed* than delighted in: you cease the attractions of music, dress, and song, which rendered you endeared; and, when the cause is taken away, the effect *must* perish with it. Your abilities were exerted to win a heart, and why are they not still exerted to retain it? *Is it valueless?* Were a stranger to say so, you would instantly repel the slander with indignation—why, then, do you use the prize as if it were really valueless, compelled by *fate* to be *endured*, rather than bestowed by *fortune* to be *enjoyed*? "It is nature embellished by the advantages of art," says the author of a popular comedy, "that men expect now-a-days; you may have all the qualities that can dispute your husband's heart with any body, but the exertion of those qualities is too often suppressed. *It is much more difficult to keep a heart than win one.* After the fatal words, 'for better or worse,' the general way with wives is to relax into indolence, and while they are guilty of no infidelity, they think that is enough; but they are mistaken—there is a great deal wanting—an address, a manner, a *desire of pleasing*. Besides which, the natural temper must be forced; home must be made a place of pleasure to the husband, and the wife must throw infinite variety into her manner. And this I take to be the whole mystery, the way to *keep* a man.

"How many ladies," observes another popular writer, "heedless of the unsettled and fluctuating state of all human attachments, seem to

consider, when they are wedded, that it is no longer requisite to continue those agreeable humours and graces which first won the esteem of their husbands. *The triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband:* and can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities, which she knows he most values."

The tempers of each other should be studied, and even "forced" to harmonize, and while endeavouring to correct our own faults, we should be indulgent to those of our partner. Words and differences are but the prelude to greater discord, and should never for an instant be encouraged. They are very often supported from a strange perversity of nature: we are too proud to yield our opinion, and to this headstrong folly, both fall victims; passion is madness—opposition is worse.

A sullen or sulky disposition is often persisted in; this is essentially bad, and must be eradicated altogether. If we would enjoy domestic happiness, we must destroy that ugly distempered demon which, while it annoys every one with whom we are connected, is alike tormenting to ourselves: how ridiculous it is to sit hour after hour, and (frequently) day after day, knitting our brows and refusing a kind word to any one around us, ridiculed by some, and pitied, though disliked, by the better disposed. If we feel ourselves aggrieved, why not seek an explanation of the offence, and put an end to the disagreeable affair? Mute sullenness cannot by any possibility effect any good, we only sit brooding, till we imagine things that were never for a moment contemplated, work ourselves up to the temper of something below humanity, and in our burst of anger inflict wounds that no returning kindness can heal, and wither affections that no sunshine can ever again restore. Such a disposition is productive of serious evils; our partner will seek happiness unconnected with ourselves—the husband will yield to the greater attractions of society, or the wife seek smiles *elsewhere*; those whom we have sworn to honour and protect will be driven from the home which should have been endeared to them—it will become desolate, and we also shall fall victims.

There are creatures in society who seem to take a pride in ruining domestic happiness; of those beings we should be aware; allow no one to say aught to the discredit of your partner, nor encourage idle tale-bearers; you have surely greater opportunities for discovering faults or follies, and should refuse to countenance such people, whose greatest pleasure it is to plant the seeds of discord in a family, and foment it, by exaggeration, into a flame that will not be easily quenched.

The union of different nations by conquest, is like a new coat which does not show the seams at first; but a good deal of wearing makes them become conspicuous, and at last break out into rents.

MADAME COTTIN'S PELISSE.

"My good woman, I fear you will be weary in the midst of so many people."

"I, ma'am!" replied the unknown, "I am never weary." "If you will go into the next room, you will find somebody to amuse you; my mother's waiting-woman is a very pleasant person, about your own age; and I am sure the change must be agreeable to you." "I would go willingly, my dear," replied Madame Cottin, smiling, and guessing the intention of the thoughtless young lady, "but I find myself so comfortable here, that any change must be for the worse."

"However, the constant immobility in which I have observed you for some time past must have fatigued you." "It does not, I assure you, prevent me from remarking every thing that passes before me." "Indeed, *la bonne*, you are then an observer, are you? in that case, you have perceived, no doubt, that your dead-leaf coloured pelisse——" "Is the only livery that becomes me," replied the unknown; "I am dead to youth and beauty, as well as to the art of pleasing."

"What! have you ever been able to please?" "I have not been so beautiful as you are at present; few are—but, perhaps, was as much sought after, and as much courted, so that the remembrance of it is still dear to me." "What! shall I ever be neglected?" said the young lady, struck at the answers of the stranger, and changing her tone; "I am sure I distinctly heard the young ladies say, that the person who conducted them here was called their *bonne*." "This title is too dear to me," answered Madame Cottin, quickly, "for me to make a mystery of it—yes, ma'am, I am their *bonne*."

"Oh! madam, I see; at present that is only the surname of friendship, you are, I am sure, their governess, their Mentor." "They are not in want of a Mentor, they are naturally so good and so modest; but of that you yourself must be aware: candour in a woman doubles the attraction with which nature has endowed her."

The astonishment and curiosity of the young lady were at their height, and the conversation would have been serious and explicit, had not a young gentleman come up, and taking her hand, conducted her to an English dance, where she exhibited her graceful figure to great advantage. She still, however, kept her eyes fixed on the dead-leaf coloured pelisse, and at the same time calling to mind with what dignity and charm the unknown had given her so severe a lesson: she began to feel that she had done wrong, and was thinking of the means of making reparation for her fault. As soon as the dance was over, the company withdrew into another room, ornamented with flowers and plants, where supper was set out in a superior style of elegance and splendour. The ladies alone placed themselves at table; Madame Cottin seated her adopted children, and recommending them to the care of

the ladies beside them, retired to her favourite corner. There, forsaken and neglected as it were by all the world, she was interrupted from her reverie by her hostess, who came to offer her refreshments: the three young friends also came in turns to pay their attentions, which they did in such an ardent and expressive manner, that those who perceived the circumstance, began to fear they should be censured, if they again attempted to ridicule the dead-leaf coloured pelisse. There were some who could not help throwing out sly hints, at the expense of the unknown, while others began to talk of the new publications, and the conversation naturally fell on a work of Madame Cottin's that had just been published, entitled "*Mathilde*." Some criticised it; others praised it in rapturous terms; but the most sensible part of the company agreed that it was the author's *chef d'œuvre*. "How much I admire the pure and timid virgin, placed in the midst of a camp, and agitated by such different passions!" said a celebrated character, turning his back at the same time on Madame Cottin. "It is noble and touching," cried a second, treading on the pelisse in his eagerness to be heard. "Oh! how venerable is the Archbishop of Tyre; he does not fear to lay down his life for those who belong to the Infidel Chief. It is in this manner that true piety should be drawn; it is this that makes religion cherished and respected. Who but must applaud the conduct of the gallant Montmorency? Who but must admire the variety of the work, its morality, and its denouement."

During the debate, the supper was ended. The lady of the mansion returned with her company into the drawing-room, took an active part in the conversation, and gave proofs of possessing taste and judgment. All the different works of Madame Cottin were discussed; each gave his opinion, and his motive for preference; but all agreed to class the author among the beings who did honour to their country and the age in which they lived.

The ladies, above all, did not fail to praise, and some among them repeated several passages from "*Mathilde*," and cited this work as if it had been the most profound study of the human heart, and the effusions of a mind possessed of the greatest sensibility. There were a few whose education had been very superficial, and who, therefore, could not appreciate the talents of this celebrated writer. "I do not like learned women," cried an affected youth, one of those who had been most severe in his observations on the poor despised pelisse, "however, Madame Cottin has subdued *me*." "And me also," cried another, "on my honour, she has filled my eyes with tears a hundred times; I would give all I am worth to see her." "And to know her," said another, turning himself round on his heel; "but she is never any where to be seen; she is like

the brightest stars which are always covered with clouds." "How is it possible that any one can refrain from appearing in society, of which she is the greatest ornament?" "The constant intercourse of such a woman must be instructing, and her friendship must be very dear to those who possess it," observed the lady hostess. "Oh! yes, indeed, madam, it is," involuntarily exclaimed the youngest of the sisters, who surrounded at that moment their modest benefactress.

"What, do you say, my dear? do you, indeed, enjoy the rare advantage of being personally acquainted with her?" The young person was going to speak again; but a look from her eldest sister, stopped her, and above all, a quick look from Madame Cottin closed her mouth. "What a suspicion," cried the lady, addressing the unknown; "can it be possible, that in this humble dress—I am not now surprised at the irresistible accents which struck me when you presented the young people—may I flatter myself that I have the honour of receiving Madame Cottin at my own house?—it must be she!" "Oh! *ma bonne!*" exclaimed the young orphan, throwing herself into her arms, "pardon me, if I have betrayed your secret, if I have broken my promise; but the sudden transition from bitter railleries to such well-merited praise delighted me so much, that I did not know what I was saying."

"Yes," answered the eldest sister, with as much emotion as dignity, "yes, it is the celebrated Madame Cottin; it is our *bonne*, our *bien bonne!* you have all been praising her talents, but it is we who can best appreciate the goodness of her heart." In spite of all Madame Cottin's efforts, by signs and broken sentences, to prevent their speaking, the three sisters could not resist the temptation of being revenged on those who had endeavoured to overwhelm her with contempt; and in consequence divulged every thing that she had done for their family. When the company were made acquainted with the true signification of the surname *bonne*, and the honourable cause of her simple dress, they were transported with joy, surprise and admiration. She was soon surrounded; the ladies took her hands, and covered them with kisses; the men even saluted the hem of that pelisse which had before appeared to them so contemptible. It was in this manner that they expressed their regret, and to make honourable amends, each was eager for a word or either a look from the woman who a few moments before they had considered so much beneath them, that they would not have deigned to address her in any way, and whom they had only considered a fit subject for ridicule; she seemed now in an instant to have been transformed into a tutelary deity, surrounded with homage, and was supplicated on all sides for pity and pardon. But there was one in the crowd who appeared more penitent than the rest—this was the daughter of the hostess; she was on her knees before Madame Cottin, beseeching her with tears in her eyes to forgive her for daring

to insult her. "I am the most culpable," said she, "and did not think you worthy even to remain in this room; I proposed to you—oh! madam, if your indulgence does not equal your celebrity, I shall forfeit what it is my greatest ambition to obtain—your friendship and esteem." Madame Cottin, anxious to console the young lady, pressed her to her bosom, and soon convinced her, by the most affectionate expressions, that she felt no resentment; and even went so far as to request her to become the friend of her adopted children, pardoning freely the rudeness that had for a time cost her so much, but which had terminated by a pleasure that could not be too dearly purchased. The young lady's mother took this opportunity of admonishing her daughter to correct for ever a propensity to satire, which might hurt her reputation, and call in question the goodness of her heart; she desired her to be more circumspect in future, and never to judge from appearances, but always to remember, that true merit is often hid under the greatest simplicity, as in the present instance; adding, also, in the most affectionate tone, "you see, my dear, that we may find, even under a *dead leaf*, the most beautiful flower, or the most delicious fruit."

ORIGIN OF THE VEIL.

THE origin of the veil is referred by the Greeks to modesty and bashfulness, properties which partake equally of timidity. They used to tell a pleasant story on the subject, for which we are indebted to Pausanias. About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarus placed a statue of Modesty, for the purpose of perpetuating the following incident:—"Icarus having married his daughter to Ulysses, solicited his son-in-law to fix his household in Sparta, and remain there with his wife, to which Ulysses would not consent. Frustrated in his application to the husband, he made the like request to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him; but, seeing her ready to depart with Ulysses, for Ithaca, he redoubled his efforts to retain her, nor could he be prevailed upon to desist from following the chariot on the way. Ulysses shocked at the desperate situation of his father-in-law, and wearied with his importunities, addressed his wife:—'You can answer this request: it is yours to determine whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your husband for Ithaca; you are mistress of the decision.' The beautiful Penelope, finding herself in this dilemma, blushed, and, without making the least reply, drew the veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial of her father's request, and sunk in the arms of her husband. Icarus, very sensibly affected by this behaviour, and being desirous of transmitting it, consecrated a statue of modesty on the very spot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face, that, after her, it might be a universal symbol of delicacy with the fair sex."

FIRST AND LAST FLOWER.

Flower! earliest flower of Spring!
 Born before thy sisters fling
 From their heads the leafy veil,
 Hiding blossoms fair and pale—
 Born before the changeful sky
 Looks out with its proud, blue eye,
 ('Tis so full of trembling glee)
 For a moment steadily—
 Daisy floweret! how I love
 To watch thee, peeping first above
 The emerald blades of springing grass
 That brighten as the breezes pass.

Last dear flower! yet dearer far
 For the thoughts, thou earth-born star,
 That thou awak'at, than for thy bloom,
 Scatter'd thus o'er Nature's tomb:
 Thou art like the faith that first
 In the young warm heart is nursed,
 Keeping still its hallow'd ground,
 Whilst life's joys are young around,
 And blooming out in age, to bring
 The promise of another spring.

STANZAS.

Soon as welcome night lets fall,
 All so heavily—all so heavily,
 O'er the earth her dusky pall,
 All so heavily—all so heavily.

Overjoy'd again we'll meet,
 All so merrily—all so merrily;
 With light hearts and flying feet,
 And thrilling touch, and whisp'ring sweet,
 To trip it merrily—merrily.

Then will music's sprightly strain,
 Sounding cheerily—sounding cheerily,
 Charm away each ling'ring pain,
 All so merrily—merrily!

And when every brow is clear,
 And eyes beam witchingly—
 Eyes beam witchingly—
 Love will have forgot to fear,
 And beauty not disdain to hear,
 The suit that humbly courts her ear,
 Pleading touchingly—touchingly!

For the Lady's Book.

THE MESSENGER;

OR, A YARN UPON THE LEE BOOMS—A SEA STORY.

BY THE LATE ALEXANDER HAMILTON HEYSHAM.

THE captain and myself had been talking over the probable length of our voyage, when the bell struck eight, and the men below were turned up for the first night watch. Not being in a humour for sleep, I went on deck. The night was beautiful. Those who have never witnessed a moonlight night at sea, can form no idea of its splendour. We had the wind free and a moderate breeze; the ship was going through the water at the rate of about seven knots; every sail that would draw was crowded upon her, and never in the course of many voyages had I witnessed a scene more grand or beautiful. The sea was moderately rough, and covered as far as the eye could reach with waves, which looked as they danced in the moon-beams, like frosted silver on a dark surface of polished steel. Immediately around us the sea was filled with animalculæ, and far down beneath our keel we could see these stars of the ocean shooting out in different directions, with a brightness that seemed to awe the dazzling orbs that were shining above; and our gallant ship, as the moon caught on her well trimmed sails and tapering masts, looked like a barque of silver ploughing a sea of fire. So bright was the spray that foamed beneath her bow, that the under part of the bowsprit was as strongly illuminated as the side on which the moon fell. It was indeed a night so beautiful that it had its effect even on the rough natures of our hardy tars; for scarce one of them as they came grumbling up the hatchway, but made some remark,

and paused for a moment to gaze on its silent beauty.

The watch, whose turn was now below, mostly lingered on deck, and mixed with the others in small groups. It was too fine a night to turn in, and besides there is little to do when it is fair weather, so they preferred lying on deck, to listen to the tales which the older seamen on such occasions are always ready to relate. Some seated themselves on the forecabin, others on the bits, and some on the guns. The most striking group was on the booms to leeward of the launch; it consisted of several of the forecabin and top-men, and a small boy, who was a general favourite on board for his sprightliness and good humour. Among the rest I observed an old seaman, whom I had often marked, and in whom I fancied I discovered something that distinguished him from those of his class. He was rather tall, and though age had commenced its ravages upon his frame, yet there was proof remaining of his having once been a muscular and well proportioned man. His face was thin and brown, his features strongly marked, and though not regular, might in his youthful days have been called handsome, and were still prepossessing. His eye was dark grey, and though its general expression was mild, yet at times, when apparently in deep thought, it would brighten with a wild melancholy fierceness, that to a stranger earned an opinion of derangement. His dress was the same as is generally worn by sailors at sea, consisting

of a frock, trowsers, and jacket; his head was covered by a flat blue cloth cap, from under which a few locks of grey hair straggled over his weather-beaten forehead. He was respected by the officers for his good conduct and capability as a seaman, and his shipmates looked up to him with the deference that his age and experience demanded. I observed that in their arguments and disputes, he was generally the umpire; and that when old Charley told a tale, he was always surrounded by the best of the crew. The boy seemed to be his favourite; he was allowed to take many playful liberties with him which the generality of old tars consider as derogatory to their dignity. But to my tale.

Curious to hear the conversation, which with the lower class of seamen is always amusing, and anxious to know more of one in whom I felt an interest, I approached their circle and seated myself on one of the guns of the waist, appearing to be gazing on the beauties of the night, while I listened to the following conversation:

"You don't believe, Charley, in the Flying Dutchman?" said the boy, laughing.

"Why not?" said the old seaman, seriously, "you believe in things because you see them, and I believe in Vanderdecken because I have with my own eyes watched him from the time we first made him off the lee-cathead, till he was hulled down right to windward of us, and who but he ever went in the wind's eye? That was him in the old brig that went ashore with us on the coast; and then again when I was in the Sea Gull, one morning just after the watch was turned up at seven bells, and while all hands were round the galley, the masthead sung out—'Sail, ho!' and there sure enough was a sail on the other tack close aboard of us on the weather bow. The captain sung out for his trumpet, and kept the ship away to keep her clear of us; but before the steward got the trumpet on deck, she was out of sight, when all hands expected the next sea would have brought her on board of us. No, no, lad, I once laughed at the Flying Dutchman myself; but seeing is believing."

"Yes, but Charley, I told that all to the second mate, and he says it's all a yarn, for when you thought you saw him the first time, he says it was a ship on the same tack as you were; but your old brig made so much lee-way, that you brought him on your weather bow; and as to the Sea Gull, the fogs were so thick that you did not see the ship till she was close aboard, and then she seemed nearer when she was on the top of the sea than she really was. She was on one tack, you on the other; you kept away, and the fog being thick, two minutes in a ship that sailed like the Sea Gull, would have put you out of sight. He's rounded the cape often, and observed the same thing."

"Ah, boy! the second mate may talk; he's a good seaman, I allow, and has rounded the cape often too, but he's one of these men that regulate things according to books, and believe them instead of their own eyes. Now, as to navigation, or a lunar, why he's as good as ever step-

ped, for I heard the captain say so, and no man can clap a gang of rigging over a masthead in a more seaman-like manner, or work a ship better. I've been afloat long enough to be able to know a sailor, and I say he's one; but he wants years, and when he's as old as me, he'll believe his eyes and not books. I know, boy, what he says about it, for I've argued the matter with him when he was like you, for old Charley first showed him how to put two ends of a rope together. I know that he don't believe in ships being manned with crews from the other world, though few sailors but what know that it is so. There's a coasting brig out of Liverpool that never carries a maintop gallant-yard across, because when one man lays up to furl or loose the sail, there's always another to lend him a hand. And wasn't there the whole crew of an English line of battle-ship, officers and all, swore they heard the ship hailed in the Pacific Ocean when nothing was in sight? and didn't they afterwards find that a ship had lost some men just in that latitude and longitude? You see its just as true as that one ship is lucky and another unlucky; and that's what no man will doubt. I have lived a long while, and sailed the blue water long enough to know something of these things; and I do know what I saw myself, and it was that which first proved to me that ships have sometimes more hands than are down regularly in the books, or more than belong to this world either. It's no use for me to talk to you or him, that are book-learned, but I can tell what I saw, and the same was seen and sworn to by the captain and all hands, when we returned, before a squire. I was young then, but it cored deep; and though every sea I've seen since had washed my heart, it wouldn't have taken that out."

The old man stopped, and I observed that his good-humoured smile was gone, and that it was replaced by an expression of the deepest melancholy. The sailor pressed him to continue his yarn, and the boy, in a playful manner, bid him go on with his ghost story.

It's a long while since, lads, and many dark days have come when I only looked for bright ones; but it was to be, and so it is. It's a long yarn, and to me it's a heavy one; for when I tell of them times, they come back to me as though they had only happened yesterday. Years have rolled by, and I am an old man, yet I never tells this yarn but I talk like a boy. I did say I'd never tell it again, but I don't like to say no to a shipmate, though saying yes should even chafe my old heart a bit. Well, you see, after I'd served my time, I shipped in a whaler for the northwest, and was gone for three years. Howsomever, that's nothing to do with the story. When I came home, I found mother had been hard put to; but old farmer Spencer's daughter, Molly, had helped her, and tended her when sick, and so she'd made out. This made me take a liking to Molly; and after some telegraphing and manœuvring, it was agreed we should be spliced when I came back next trip. I had seen many girls before I saw Molly, but I never saw

one before or since that looked as she did. I can see her as plain now as though I'd made but one cruise. She was just so tall that I could kiss her white forehead without stooping. She was slender, and when rigged in plain white there was none that could keep way with her: her eyes were like that boy's there, only they weren't always laughing; when they did, all around was as happy as herself. She was—said the old man, as he drew his rude hand athwart his brow—such as I have seldom seen. I know little of these fine open phrases they put in their shore journals; but she seemed to me, as she trip'd over her father's farm, like one of your light built whale boats on the top of a wave, or a mother Carey's chicken walking a spray. But I'm falling to leeward of the yarn; I always does when I tells of them times. I've seen many a hard day—such as being scant at sea, or going ashore—but that is nothing to the trouble that lays at a man's heart, when his best hopes are struck aback in his young days—it's worse than being on a lee shore in a craft that goes one knot ahead and two to leeward.

"A three years' voyage came to something, and I made out to buy a cottage for mother; and when she was snug, I took leave of Molly and her, and went down to Providence. It was hard to leave the old woman, for her voyage of life was nearly up. Well, I shipped in the Rambler, for the coast of Chile; and a man of the name of Lynn, who had courted Molly, shipped in the same. He'd been in a slaver, and people spoke hard of him, but he was my townsman, and so we agreed to mess together. Before we sailed, he got liberty to see his friends, and offered to take a letter from me to mother, and borrowed a sheath knife that I had with my name on it. The night before we sailed, he came on board, and said he'd lost the knife, and that mother was in bed, and he couldn't wait for an answer, and so I thought no more of it. However, we had the wind fair the next morning, and we got under way at day-light, and soon cleared the land. I found he was not much of a seaman, and the lads didn't like him, but I made out to keep him along quietly. You might have seen the Rambler, lads—there wasn't a finer craft ever swam the ocean; she was one of your long low clipping brigs, with a broad beam and a clear run: there was few brigs of her tonnage that you could put along side of her as to length; and I never saw the vessel yet, let her be what rate she might, that the Rambler couldn't leave astern either going large or on a bow line. She had been a slaver, but now we were on a trading scheme on the coast of Chile. You've been on the coast, lads, and you know what it is. Well, we had our share of good weather, and we soon got into the trades, for there was no grass grew on her bottom. She'd have gone along well enough with a merchantman's spars, but she was as square rigged and as taunt as any eighteen gun brig in the service. It's no use for me to say what sail we took in or made, them are things as comes of course; but I'll just observe,

that some people don't believe, as I said before, in their being extra hands sent on board sea-going crafts. I don't say it to you, lads, because there's few of you but knows better; but there's some here that mayhap have never seen such, and to them I'll say that what I am going to tell, was sworn to by the whole brig's company. It's not for me to say why such are sent on board regular vessels among living seamen; but so it is—I'm told even books allow it was so in old times, and I know too well that it, if I can believe my eyes, is so now.

"However, as I was saying, we were running down the trades, and one night, it was in the first watch, the breeze began to freshen, and we clewed up the main royal, and a boy about the size of the chap that is grinning there, started to roll it up. I was just laying the halyards up off deck, when all at once the boy comes down the topmast back stay on deck, and there he stood hanging on, and his eyes staring, with his hands pointed to the top. Well, the second mate came up, and wanted to know what was the matter; but he couldn't get him to speak for some time—at last he made out to say that there was a man in the top. By this time all the watch had come aft, and no one had been off deck; so the mate laughed, and told him to go up again, but the boy beg'd so hard, and the mate knew he was no skulk, so he told me to go aft and mind the helm. One of the green hands was there, while he went himself to furl the royal, to show the boy how foolish he was, and shame him. Well, I went aft, and just as I got to the wheel, I heard the mate sing out, 'to leeward there,' and I looked up and saw him run to leeward of the mast, but he furled the sail and came down. He laughed at the boy and some of the crew who were talking about a noise they'd heard below; but when he came aft, and looked in the binnacle as the light shone on his face, I saw all was not right—his face was pale, and when he spoke his voice seemed to tremble, and all the watch he kept his eye on the top. However, no more was said, only the youngsters laughed at the boy; but he told a straight yarn, and the old hands sided with him. Lynn grew more sulky after this, and he sometimes wouldn't speak to me, and then his watch used to say he set on his chest half the night, and seldom turned in. It soon blowed over: the second mate said he saw nothing but a studding sail tack that hung to the slings of the yard, but we observed he never sent the people into the top when he could help it. Well, things went on as usual, and we almost forgot the man in the maintop, till one night just before the watch was called at twelve; the other watch was on deck, and the lads had been spinning a yarn on the windlass, when some one sung out. The people thought the mate had called, and they went aft, but just as they got abreast of the chess tree, the mate hailed out to know who was in the foretop. The lads told him no one had been aloft; but he was a passionate man, and swore they were trying to deceive him—that he'd heard a man sing

out aloft, and he'd stop his grog if he found him out. All the people mustered aft, and no one was missing. All the watch was on deck but Lynn, and he'd been sick below for some days. The mate still swore it was a trick, and bid them take care how they tried to come their schemes over him. When the bell struck eight, the watch was called, and the captain came on deck. As it looked rather dirty, the old man thought we'd better shorten sail a bit, for the brig was walking along with lower topmast and top-gallant stunsails. We hawled in the stunsails, and clewed up the top-gallant sail. By this time we had it quite fresh, so the old man sung out to let the topsail halyards run, and take a reef in them. We let the top-gallant sails hand, and laid aloft to reef the topsails. I went up forward, and after we'd got the reef in, Jack Bladen and myself went up to roll up the top-gallant sail; while the rest manned the topsail halyards, we furled the sail, and Jack went down. While I put on the rolling rope, Jack had got half way down the topmast rigging, when I heard him ask who was in the top; and I looked down, and there was a man, with his jacket off, in the lee-side, but no one answered Jack's hail. I was soon along side of Jack, in the rigging: he was no flincher, but one of your true blue. I felt startled, and my blood was chilled through; but Jack jumped into the top, and I after him, and as I turned round, there was a face staring through the doublings of the mast. It looked—I don't know what it looked like, unless it was a strangled man. I've seen faces in anger, in sickness, in battle, and in death, but I never saw a face so horrid as that was when the moon would shine upon it through the breaks in the scud. Jack saw it too, and we were both stiff; I hung to the weather rigging, and the man or devil, which ever it was, set up a low laugh, and grinned as if to see two able-bodied seamen pall'd. My heart swelled in my throat; I thought it might be a joke, but I could have grappled with the devil; and I dashed round forward of the mast, Jack at the same time crossed abaft, but we met on the lee-side of the top only to see his horrid grin and hear his low laugh to windward of us. Jack stayed, and I looked over, but he was gone, and a moment after we both saw him close into the slings of the foreyard, grinning first at one and then at the other. Jack and myself looked at each other for a moment, and then dashed through the top and got upon the yard; but it was gone, and the cursed low laugh came more taunting from above. We thought it was no use chasing a devil, for that low laugh belonged to no good spirit, if so be it was likely that one would haunt the ship. We made for the deck: I'd stood at a gun before that time, lads, in more than one severe brush, and no man could say I ever flinched, but the cold sweat run off my head in a stream that night. The captain had called all hands aft, and when we came down he asked what we meant by behaving like boys, and disturbing the brig's company. We told the captain how it was, and offered to swear

to it; but the mate laughed, and told the captain all hands had a notion the brig was haunted. He offered to go into the top, and would have gone, but just as he put his hand on the rail, there was a voice like that of a man in a struggle, and shortly after a wild shriek like that of a woman. All hands trembled, and you couldn't hear a breath for some time. The mate stopped a moment, but he was a brave fellow, and he sprung into the rigging; but the captain called him back, and as he stepped on deck we all heard that low hellish laugh. The mate came aft, and I heard him whisper to the captain that this was the time to stop the men's fears, for if they didn't they would get no work out of them aloft the rest of the voyage. He then turned round, and asked if there was a man on board that would follow him. He jumped into the rigging, and half of us were with him in the foretop before he could have eased off the foresheet. There was no one there, and the mate was running us about our ghost, when the voice and shriek came from the maintop. 'My month's pay for the man that will cross up the main-topmast stay,' said the mate. 'Not for the brig,' said half a dozen. The mate offered, but the captain hailed—'Lay down, Mr. Fransom, you've done your duty, sir.' We all laid down, and mustered aft. The captain was a religious man, and he told us we had behaved like men, and he did not doubt we were honest ones; if so, what we had seen could not affect us, and he hoped he would still see us do our duty as we had heretofore. He allowed that he had himself laughed at it at first; but what he had seen and heard, though he still hoped it might be a mistake, he certainly considered unfortunate. The second mate acknowledged that he had also seen a figure of the same description the night the boy did in the maintop, though he had till now from prudential motives denied it.

"We went below, but not to sleep; there wasn't a hammock tumbled that watch, and almost every bell that noise was heard from some part of the brig. Well, it continued this way for two nights; we had the wind fresh all the time, and off the land. We were then on the coast of Pategony. The third day it freshened still more, and looked very dirty to windward; so the captain told the mate to get the brig snug before dark, so as not to send the people aloft after night-fall. We were then under double reefed topsails, so we took in the jib mainsail and foretop sail, and close reefed the main one, and got her snug before four bells in the dog watch. The mate had the first watch, and Jack Bladen heard the old man tell him, that if any thing uncommon took place, to call him and all hands at once, but not to send any one aloft if he possibly could help it. The old man went below, and the mate called all the watch aft. For the last two nights we had heard the screams through the first watch, but to night all was quiet. About seven bells, the wind lessened, and the sea being high, and the brig having no sail to steady her, she rolled heavy, and

the captain came on deck. 'Mr. Fransom,' said he, 'you'd better send a hand or two aloft, and loose the foretop sail against the other watch comes up, and they'll lend you a hand to get it to the mast head.' The mate sung out, 'loose the foretop sail a couple of hands,' and two of the watch jumped into the shrouds. 'One is enough,' said the captain—'there's a hand aloft, Mr. Fransom.' 'Where?' said the mate—'the watch are all on deck, sir.' 'Come down, both of you,' said the captain; and the men left the rigging and came aft. All the watch were on the quarter deck—no one was missing, but they all saw a man setting on the foreyard, close out by the brace block. 'Foreyard, there,' shouted the mate, but no one answered. The captain hailed, and the figure slowly turned his head, but all was still as death. 'Call up the other watch,' said the captain, 'idlers and all;' and all hands-ahoy rung at every hatchway. But there it sat; it seemed like a man with his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his face was either black or bloody. He sometimes turned his head, but we heard no sound but the spray under the brig's bows, and the sea breaking round us. At length all hands were mustered, except Lynn: he was still sick, and said he was not able to get up; but the captain ordered him carried carefully in his hammock: he pleaded hard, but I don't know how it was, all hands looked to him to unravel this horrid business. At length we got him on deck, and took him aft and laid him on the booby-hatch. The figure had turned round, and now looked steadily aft. The captain called the roll once more—all hands was there. 'Now,' said the old man, 'you will all be expected to swear to what you have seen, so satisfy yourselves that the figure aloft is not one of you.' Every one was sure it was not. Two of us raised up Lynn; but the moment he saw it, he started on his feet. It was as much as we could do to hold him: he struggled hard, but his eyes stared fixedly on the man on the yard. This was the work of a moment; the next, the wild woman-like scream rung through the brig. Lynn flung us aside like children, and sprung forward abreast the mainmast: his strength left him, and as he sunk down, he called for us to help him, but no one stirred—every heart was chilled; his voice was too much like the struggling one in the top, for him to be an innocent man, and every one looked on him as the Jonas of the brig. He laid there and groaned, and for the first time that night the low laugh came from the figure on the yard-arm. We stood like men frozen to the deck, and looked in each other's faces, but no one spoke; all was silent excepting Lynn's groans, and the cursed low laugh which came oftener and more fiend-like from the yard. At length the captain spoke. 'My lads,' said he, 'it seems too true that this wretched man is the cause of this horrid affair; but lift him into his hammock and take him below. It is not for us to say what he has done; but it is too plain he is not what he should be, and I trust some future day justice will be done; it is a dark deed, and I

shall do my duty to find it out. Lynn groaned, and tried to speak, but the laugh came as if a hundred devils were making merry in the brig, and again he fainted. We took him below, but the figure still remained, and at intervals that thrilling scream, the struggling voice, and hellish laugh, rung through the brig. The captain and mates talked long in low voices together; at last the mate asked if we were willing to go aloft with him. We all volunteered, but he said two was enough, and picked out Bladen and myself. We went forward, and the second mate ran up into the maintop—we got into the foretop. 'Now,' said the mate, 'my lads, show yourselves men. Bladen, you stay in the top—Charley, you go down the lift, and I'll go out the yard, and be he man or devil we'll start him.' I took a heaver and slung myself on the lift, there he still sat; the next moment I was on the yard, and raised the heaver to strike, but no one was there but the mate. He saw him when he was within three feet of him, and Bladen saw him when the mate could have touched him. However, no one was now there, and we never saw him again. His work was done on board of us, and God knows he'd done enough.

"Lynn was raving mad, and no one could sleep in the fore-castle for his shrieks and groans; but at the end of two days he came too again, and though he seemed ill at ease and very sick, he was sullen and silent. I wasn't happy; there was something hung upon my mind, and though I couldn't tell what it was, yet I felt there was no good for me out of this business. The boys used to spell each other in watching him, and they heard him talk to himself of Molly Spencer. No one knew on board who she was, and I said nothing, but my heart misgave me. I tried to think he only talked of her because he loved her still, but it wouldn't do; I thought of it till I was almost as mad as Lynn. However, as I was saying, on the third day he was more quiet, and the old man had been reading to him out of the prayer book, for it was plain he wasn't long for this world, when he told him to fetch me. The captain came himself: I was at the helm, and one of the boys took it. The captain called the mate, Jack Bladen, and the carpenter, and we all went down the fore-castle. I went up to Lynn, and was going to take him by the hand; but he started up, and put his hand before his eyes, and said—'No, no! sit there,' and pointed to a chest. I sat on the chest, but for a long while he didn't speak. At last he turned over in the hammock, and his dark eye fixed on me, he said he felt his time was come, and he'd tried, but he couldn't die, till he'd told what was on his mind. 'I needn't ask you,' and his eye fastened more fiercely on me, 'if you know Molly Spencer: she was all you thought her.' 'Was?' said I, and my heart sunk. 'Yes, was,' said he, and I thought I saw a smile cross his deathly face. 'I loved her, and I tried hard to win her. I turned slaver, to get money to marry her. I joined a pirate, and—and,' said the dying man, as he raised on his elbows—

'I robbed—I murdered—and—and I sold my soul to make her mine. It might have done, for all the parson said, but you came and it was all over. But I swore you shouldn't have her; I lov'd her too deeply, and this hand that had murdered for her, should first'—'First what?' said I, and I tried to rise, but the captain and mate held me down—'first be stained with her blood;' and he jumped out of the hammock, and sat upright on the chest. 'Yes, I swore it, and my hand did it. I—I tried to—but she was too pure—and—and I stabbed her. I'd got your knife to leave there, but—damnation—I—I left mine—but I did my oath. You've lost her, and I robbed you. Boast of her—aye, marry her—wed her when you go back—you'll find her colder in your arms than—than when she was bleeding in mine—ha, ha, ha,'—and with that cursed low laugh he sunk back on the chest. I tried to get to him, but they held me down, and he seemed to know my feelings, for he smiled still, and his last breath ended in that low fiendish laugh; and when death stiffened his features, there still was the horrid grin that I had seen between the doublings of the mast. I could have tore his skeleton frame, stiffened as it was in death, to pieces, but I was dragg'd away. He was launched the next day, but I knew nothing of it. For weeks I kept my hammock; but I got better, and all hands cheered me up. Well, we got home, and the ship was boarded by officers in search of Lynn, the murderer of Molly Spencer, and I found it was all too true.

"I went home, and the chaplain of the village, for poor mother was gone, told me that the night before we sailed, Molly was missing.—The county was searched the next morning, and in the hollow by the run poor Molly was found, with a deep stab on her breast, and a heavy blow on her white forehead. They found in her bosom a note signed with my name, telling her I would meet her in the hollow near the church; that I did not wish to see mother, or any of my friends, and that she must come alone. The report spread from this that I had murdered her, and mother heard it; it—it broke her heart, though, thank God,' said the old man, and his voice trembled with emotion, and his cheek glistened with the tears that rolled down them—'thank God she didn't take her departure from this world till it was proved I wasn't—a murderer. No, lads'—and his voice became more broken—'she knew that, and blessed me before she went, too. Molly—Molly's father, God bless him, said it wasn't my writing, and showed my other letter, and the cursed knife they found, which the tavern-keeper knew to be Lynn's.'

"My hopes had all gone astern, and I didn't care much what come. The cottage was there, and I thought to live there for mother and Molly's sake; but my troubles wasn't done. I'd bought the cottage with a bad title, as they called it, and had to give it up. I thought the sea was the best place for a broken heart; so I gave all mother's things to Molly's sister, and I started. But I went the night before I left and looked

at Molly's grave; they'd planted flowers there, and they'd bloomed and flourished, where all my bright hopes had rested and withered on her bosom. It was a sorrowful sight, and my heart almost broke; but I pull'd a flower that hung down its head, for it minded me of Molly's modesty, and I put it into my bosom: it and a letter is all that I have of her's; but I do not need them to mind me of her, though few days pass without seeing them. I saw what I told you, and know too well that it is true: there was a messenger sent for Lynn, and the same happens too often. All hands swore to it, and there's none but what will tell the same. Most of them live yet; they could'nt forget it, and it lays too deep here'—laying his hand on his breast—'for me to forget.'

"The men gazed on him with redoubled respect; and the laughing boy, though not a convert to the sailor's reasoning, yet his eye rested with an expression hitherto a stranger to it, on the old tar; and the passengers, who had clustered round, could not conceal their surprise to witness such feelings emanating from a heart which they had considered as hard as the timbers of their gallant barque, and rude as the waves she rode."

DISTINGUISHED CHARACTERS.

DR. ISAAC MADDOX, who, in the reign of George II. became bishop first of St. Asaph, and afterwards of Worcester, and who wrote an able defence of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, lost both his parents at an early age, and was placed, in the first instance, by his friends, with a pastry cook.

Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, who filled the chair which Sir Isaac Newton had occupied at Cambridge, that of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, was originally a weaver; as was also his brother Joseph, the well known author of *Church History*.

Of the same trade, in his younger days, was Doctor Joseph White, Professor of Arabic at Oxford.

William Hutton, author of the *History of Birmingham*, Fellow of the Antiquarian Society, &c., was the son of a working wool-comber at Derby. "My poor mother," says Hutton, "more than once, with one infant on her knee, and a few more hanging about her, have all fasted a whole day; and when food arrived, she has suffered them, with a tear, to take her share." From his seventh to his fourteenth year he worked in a silk-mill, and was then bound as an apprentice to a stocking weaver in Nottingham.

Dr. John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, obtained his education by walking on foot to Oxford, and getting employment, in the first instance, as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College.

Linnaeus, the illustrious founder of the science of Botany, was, for some time, apprenticed to a shoemaker.

From the Medical Intelligencer.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE TEETH.

An object very subservient to health, and which merits due attention, is the preservation of the teeth; the care of which, considering their importance in preparing the food for digestion, is, in general, far from being sufficiently cultivated. Very few persons, comparatively, wash their mouth in the morning, which ought always to be done. Indeed, this ought to be practised at the conclusion of every meal, where either animal food or vegetables are eaten; for the former is apt to leave behind it a rancid acrimony, and the latter an acidity, both of them hurtful to the teeth. Washing the mouth frequently with cold water is not only serviceable in keeping the teeth clear, but it strengthens the gums, the firm adhesion of which to the teeth is of great importance in preserving them sound and secure.

PICKING THE TEETH.—Picking teeth properly is also greatly conducive to their preservation; but the usual manner of doing this is by no means favourable to the purpose. When it is necessary to pick the teeth, the operation ought to be performed with due care, so as not to hurt the gums; but the safest and best way of doing it is always before a looking-glass.

TOOTH POWDER.—Many persons, while laudably attentive to the preservation of their teeth, do them hurt by too much officiousness. They daily apply to them some dentifrice powder, which they rub so hard as not only to injure the enamel by excessive friction, but to hurt the gums even more than by the abuse of the pick-tooth. The quality of some dentifrice powders, advertised in newspapers, is extremely suspicious; and there is reason to think that they are not altogether free from a corrosive ingredient. One of the safest and best compositions for the purpose is a mixture of two parts of oyster shell, and one of Peruvian bark, both finely powdered; which is calculated not only to clean the teeth without hurting them, but to preserve the firmness of the gums.

Besides the advantages of sound teeth from their use in mastication, a proper attention to their treatment conduces not a little to the sweetness of the breath. This is, indeed, often affected by other causes, existing in the lungs, the stomach, and sometimes even in the bowels; but a rotten state of the teeth, both from the putrid smell emitted by carious bones, and the impurities lodged in their cavities, never fails of aggravating an unpleasant breath, wherever there is a tendency of that kind.

FOUL TEETH.—The teeth sometimes become yellow or black, without any adventitious matter being observed on them; at other times they become foul, and give a taint to the breath, in consequence of the natural mucus of the mouth, or part of the food remaining too long about them. The most frequent cause of foul teeth is the sub-

stance called tartar, which seems to be a deposition from the saliva, and with which the teeth are often almost entirely incrustated. When this substance is allowed to remain, it insinuates itself between the gums and the teeth, and then gets down upon the jaw in such a manner as to loosen the teeth. This, indeed, is by far the most common cause of loose teeth; and when they have been long covered with this or any other matter, it is seldom they can be cleaned without the assistance of instruments. But when once they are cleaned, they may generally be kept so by rubbing them with a thin piece of soft wood made into a kind of brush, and dipped into distilled vinegar; after which the mouth is to be washed with common water.

The teeth are sometimes covered over with a thin dark coloured scurf, which has by some been mistaken for a wasting of the enamel, but which is only an extraneous matter covering it. By perseverance this may be cleaned off as completely as where teeth are covered with tartar; but it is apt, after some time, to appear again.—When it is observed, the same operations must be repeated.

For the purpose of applying powders or washes to the teeth, a brush or a sponge is commonly employed; the latter is supposed preferable, as being in less danger of wearing down the enamel, or of separating the teeth.

DISEASES OF THE TEETH, &c.—The causes producing diseases of the teeth may be exposure of the nerve of a tooth, by breaking and wasting the enamel, inflammation in or about the tooth, or from sympathy, when distant parts are affected, as the eye, the ear, the stomach, or the uterus, as in time of gestation. After tooth-ache has once been produced and removed, it is apt to return by exposure to cold, by taking hot liquids, by hard bodies pressed against the nerve in the time of chewing, by the use of a pick-tooth, &c.

With respect to the *cure* of this disease, no rule can be laid down which will answer with certainty on all occasions. No remedy has yet been discovered which will at all times even moderate the pain; relief, however, is frequently obtained from acrid substances applied to the tooth, so as to destroy the irritability of the nerves, such as opium, spirits of wine, camphor, and essential aromatic oils. When these fail, blistering behind the ear, or destroying the nerve by the cautious use of strong acids, or by a red hot wire frequently applied to the part, have been attended with advantage.

When a black or decayed spot appears on a tooth, if it be quite superficial, it may be removed; but if it go through the thickness of the enamel, it will be more advisable to let it remain.

When a small hole breaks out in a tooth, particular attention should be paid to prevent the

admission of air. Tin, lead, or gold-leaf, commonly employed for this purpose, sometimes gives relief for many months, or even years; but at other times are of little advantage, and in some instances create great pain. When stuffing is to be employed, it ought to be done in the intervals of the fits of tooth-ache, otherwise it will give great uneasiness. When it is to be used the whole cavity of the tooth should be filled, and this is to be done with a blunt pointed instrument.

EFFECT OF SOUND.

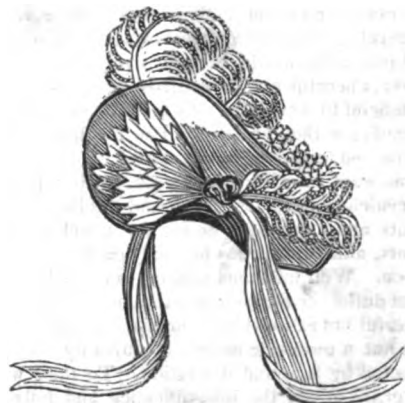
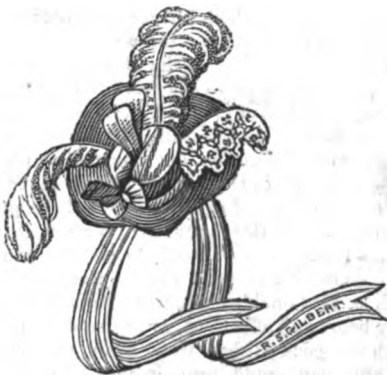
WHEN sound is stopped in its progress by an even surface, such as a wall, the side of a house, the face of a rock, or the side of a hill, it is reflected or driven back exactly like light from a mirror; and the observer who emits the sound, will hear the reflected sound or echo, some time after the original sound was emitted. If a person, for example, stands opposite the face of a rock, at the distance of 1090 feet, and fires a pistol, the sound will take one second to reach the rock, and when reflected from it, it will take another second to return to the observer, so that the echo will be heard exactly two seconds after the discharge of the pistol. Hence we may determine the distance in feet of the body which occasions the echo, by multiplying 1090 feet by half the number of seconds between the sound and its echo. In order to hear the echo most distinctly, the person must always be directly opposite the middle of the wall or obstruction which reflects the sound. If the place where the sound is made is different from the place of the observer who is to hear it, then the ear of the observer must be as distant on one side from the point directly opposite the middle of the wall as the place of the sound is distant from it on the other; or, to speak more technically, sound is reflected like light, so that the angle of incidence, or the inclination at which the sound falls upon the wall, is equal to the angle of reflection, or the inclination at which the sound is returned from the wall. We have had occasion to observe very fine proof of this property of sound in the circular turn of a garden wall, nearly a mile distant from a wier over a river. When the air is pure and the wind favourable, the rushing sound of the water is reflected from the hollow surface of the wall, and concentrated in a focus, like the rays of light, and the ear can easily discover the point where the sound is most intense. Various remarkable echoes, and some not very credible, have been described by different authors. Dr. Plot mentions an echo in Woodstock Park, which repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night. The famous echo at the Marquis Simonetta's villa, near Milan, has been described both by Addison and Keysler. According to the last of these travellers, it is occasioned by the reflection of the voice between the opposite paralleled wings of the building, which are fifty-eight paces from each other, without any

windows or doors, and perpendicular to the main body of the building. The repetition of the sound dwells chiefly on the last syllable. A man's voice is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol above sixty times; but the repetitions are so rapid, that it is difficult to number them, unless it be early in the morning, or in a calm, still evening. A curious example of an oblique echo, not heard by the person who emits the sound, is described in the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences," as existing at Genefay, near Rouen. A person singing hears only his own direct voice, while those who listen hear only the echo, which sometimes seems to approach, and at other times to recede from the ear; one person hears a single voice, another several voices; one hears the echo on the right, and another on the left—the effect constantly changing with the position of the observer. One of the most remarkable echoes of which we have read is that which Dr. Birch describes as existing in Argylshire. When a person at a proper distance played eight or ten notes on a trumpet, they were correctly repeated but a third lower; after a short silence, another repetition was heard in a yet lower tone, and after another short interval, they were repeated a third time, in a tone lower still.—*Herschel's Treatise on Sound.*

INDIANS.

No two races on the face of the earth ever differed more than the Indians of North and South America. The former are among the most intractable of the human species; the latter, except in their sacrifice of human victims to their gods, appear to have been the most mild, indolent, and easy-tempered of all mankind. The Spanish writers, one and all, with the exception of Las Casas, represent them as the most stupid and unenlightened beings in existence, but one remove from the animals of the field. Don Antonio de Ulloa, after indulging himself in a variety of invectives against this harmless race, proceeds to give the following picture, which, it will be observed, exactly describes a nation of philosophers:—"Nothing," he says, "disturbs the tranquillity of their souls, equally insensible to disasters and prosperity. Though half-naked, they are as contented as a monarch on his splendid throne; riches do not elate them in the smallest degree, and the authority of dignities, to which they are permitted to aspire, is one so little the object of their ambition, that an Indian will receive with the same indifference the office of a judge or that of a hangman, if deprived of the former, and appointed to the latter. Nothing can move or change them. Interest has no power over them; and they often refuse to perform a small service for a sum of money, pointing to their mouths and saying they are not hungry. Fear makes no impression on them, respect as little."

LATEST LONDON FASHIONS—CAPS AND BONNETS.



NERVOUS DISORDERS OF FEMALES.

It is remarked, by the good and wise Fenelon, that the ignorance of the generality of young women is a fruitful, if not the chief cause of their being troubled with nervous disorders, and of not knowing how to employ themselves innocently. When they are brought up without solid information they cannot be expected to have any inclination or taste for study, or for rational amusement.—Every thing serious appears dull—every thing that requires attention or exertion fatigues them. The thirst after pleasure, so natural to youth, and the example of persons of their own age, who are plunged in dissipation, or occupy their waking hours in languid indolence or frivolous amusements, contribute to make them dread a quiet domestic life. In early youth their want of experience renders them unfit to superintend the concerns of a family, and they are not even aware of the necessity of acquiring this kind of knowledge, excepting in those instances where their attention has been particularly directed to it by the good sense of a mother. Among the opulent classes, young women are not necessitated to devote any portion of their time to needle-work, and from the few hours they spend at their needle, merely because they are told, without knowing why, that it is not right for females to be ignorant of this species of work, they derive more harm than good. The occupation is very often for mere show, and they seldom apply to it with either pleasure or diligence, but merely to pass away that time, which, for want of rational means of enjoyment, would otherwise lay heavy on their hands; while from the constrained and often awkward posture of the body which it demands, it acts prejudicially upon their health—often already undermined, by their listless and inactive lives. If the piano or harp be substituted for the needle, but little advantage is derived.—What then is to be done? For want of solid information, their time must be occupied with trifles; for want of rational and healthful employment, a young woman becomes indolent, nervous and frow spirited: she accustoms herself to sleep longer than is necessary to health; and this long sleep weakens her and renders her subject to frequent attacks of indisposition—whereas, by moderate sleep and regular exercise, both of body and mind, she would become lively, strong and active, cheerful and contented—qualities highly beneficial to health, not to mention the mental advantages they procure. The indolent indulgence, too common with young females, joined to the want of solid information, produces, also, a pernicious taste for shows and public amusements, and a frivolous desire for novel excitements, alike dangerous to their health and innocence. Well informed women, occupied by serious duties, or seeking relaxation from these in cheerful but rational amusements, generally possess but a moderate degree of curiosity, or one directed by a sound discretion. To their well governed minds the insignificance and folly of

most of those pursuits, for which little minds, that know nothing, and have no occupation of their own, are so eager, present no attraction.—On the contrary, young women who are ignorant and thoughtless, always possess a disordered imagination. For want of solid food their curiosity is directed to vain and dangerous objects—by its indulgence their health is injured and their peace and happiness destroyed.

LIGHT READING.

A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day, when the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers, and called upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she remembered of his sermon. The poor woman complained much of her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost all he had delivered. "But one thing," said she—"I remember, I remembered to burn my bushel. A doer of the word cannot be a forgetful hearer.

"I once," said Mr. Romaine, "uttered the Lord's prayer without a wandering thought, and it was the worst prayer I ever offered. I was on this account as proud as lucifer."

When Tetzel was at Leipsic, and had collected a great deal of money from all ranks of people, a nobleman, who suspected the imposition, put the question to him: "can you grant absolution for a sin that a man shall intend to commit in future?" "Yes," replied the fearless commissioner, "but on condition that the proper sum be actually paid down;" the nobleman instantly produced the sum demanded, and in return secured a diploma, sealed and signed by Tetzel, absolving him from the unexplained crime, which he secretly intended to commit. Not long after, when Tetzel was about to leave Leipsic, the nobleman made inquiry respecting the road he would probably travel, waited for him in ambush in a convenient place, attacked and robbed him; then beat him soundly with a stick, sent him back again to Leipsic, with his chest empty, and at parting said, "this is the fault I intended to commit, and for which I have your absolution."

When Mr. Thomas Watson was in the pulpit, on a lecture day, before the Bartholomew act took place, among other hearers "there came in," says Dr. Calamy, "that Rev. and learned prelate, Bishop Richardson, who was so well pleased with his sermon, but especially with his prayer after it, that he followed him home, to give him thanks, and earnestly desired a copy of his prayer." "Alas!" said Mr. Watson, "that is what I cannot give; for I do not use pen to my prayers; it was not a studied thing, but uttered, as God enabled me, from the abundance of my heart and affections, *pro re uata*." Upon which the good Bishop went away, wondering that any man could pray in that manner *extempore*.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Away to the Alps!
 For the hunters are there,
 To rouse the chamois,
 In the rock-vaulted lair;
 From valley to mountain,
 See! swiftly they go—
 As the ball from the rifle—
 The shaft from the bow.

No chasms, nor glaciers,
 Their firmness dismay;
 Undaunted they leap,
 Like young leopards at play;
 And the dash of the torrent
 Sounds welcome and dear,
 As the voice of the friend
 To the wanderer's ear.

They reck not the music
 Of hound or of horn—
 The neigh of the courser,
 The gladness of morn:
 The blasts of the tempest
 Their dark sinews brace;
 And the wilder the danger,
 The sweeter the chase.

With spirits as strong
 As their footsteps are light,
 On—onward they speed,
 In the joy of their might:
 Till eve gathers round them,
 And silent and deep—
 The white snow their pillow,
 The wild hunters sleep.

STEAL THOU NOT MY FAITH AWAY!

BY CHARLES GILBORNE LYONS.

Oh! steal thou not my faith away,
 Nor 'tempt to doubt the trusting mind—
 Let all that earth can yield decay,
 But leave this heavenly gift behind:
 Our life is but a meteor gleam,
 Lit up amid surrounding gloom—
 A dying lamp, a fitful beam,
 Quench'd in the cold and silent tomb.

Yet if, as holy men have said,
 There lies beyond that dreary bourne,
 Some region where the faithful dead
 Eternally forget to mourn:
 Welcome the scoff, the sword, the chain,
 The burning wild, the black abyss—
 I shrink not from the path of pain,
 Which endeth in a world like this.

But, oh! if all that nerves us here,
 When grief assails and sorrow strings,
 Exist but in a shadowy sphere
 Of Fancy's weak imaginings;
 If hopes, though cherished long and deep,
 Be cold and baseless mockeries;
 Then welcome that eternal sleep,
 Which knoweth not of dreams like these.

Yet hush! thou troubled heart! be still;
 Renounce thy vain philosophy;
 Like morning on the misty hill
 The light of Truth will break on thee:
 Go—search the prophet's dearthless page—
 Go—question thou the radiant sky—
 And learn from them, mistaken sage!
 The glorious words—"Thou shalt not die!"

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

ABOUT three years since, after a short residence in Mexico, I embarked for Guayaquil, in order to visit from thence the celebrated mountains of Quito. On arriving at Guayaquil, I found there two travellers, who were preparing to take the same route. These were Captain Wharton, an English naval officer; and a young midshipman, named Lincoln. The frigate which Wharton commanded, had suffered considerably in her voyage through the South Seas; and as it was now undergoing the necessary repairs, Wharton resolved to devote some of his leisure time to visiting the forests and mountains of Quito. It was quickly agreed that we should make the journey together. I found Wharton a frank and open-hearted man; and his young favourite, Lincoln, a youth of eighteen, had a handsome sun-burnt countenance, with an expression of determined bravery.

We set out on a fine clear morning, attended by my huntsman, Frank, and two Indians, as guides. On beginning to ascend the mountain, the scenery became more enchanting at every step. The mighty Andes, like a vast amphitheatre, covered to their summits with gigantic forests, towered aloft; the snow-crested Chimborazo reared its proud front; the terrific Coto-

paxi sent forth volumes of smoke and flame; and innumerable other mountains, branching from the far-spreading Cordilleras, faded away in the distance. With an involuntary shudder, I entered the narrow path that leads into the magnificent forest. The monkeys leaped from branch to branch; the paroquets chattered incessantly; and the eagles, from amidst the tall cypresses where they had built their nests, sent down a wild cry. The farther we advanced, new objects presented themselves on every side: the stately palms, with their broad sword-like leaves; the singular soap tree; the splendid mongolia; the tall wax-tree, and the evergreen oak, reared themselves proudly over the orange-groves, with whose fragrance was blended the aromatic perfume of the vanilla.

Towards evening, our guides began to quicken their pace, and we hastened after them. In a short time, they uttered a shout of joy, of which we quickly discovered the cause. By the light of a large fire, which was kindled in an open space of the forest, we descried a little Indian village, consisting of several huts erected on trunks of trees, and to which were appended ladders of reeds. The Indian who was employed in replenishing the fire, answered the cry of

our guides in a similar tone; and after a short conference, we were conducted into one of the huts, where we passed the night.

Early in the morning, we again resumed our way through the deep shade of the forest, and in due time stopped to enjoy a repast under a broad-leaved palm. Suddenly, one of the Indians motioned us to be silent, and bending his ear to the ground, appeared to be listening to some sound, which, however, was unheard by us. We paused, and attentively watched his motions. In a few minutes he arose, and beckoned us to follow him into the forest: he stopped often, and laid his ear to the ground, and shortly after we heard a female voice shrieking for help. We hurried on; with difficulty restraining our young midshipman from advancing before the rest of the party; and had proceeded but a short way, when the shriek was repeated close beside us. We stopped, on a motion from our guides, who, parting gently the intervening boughs, gave to view a scene which caused us hastily to grasp our arms.

In an open space blazed a large fire, round which were seated several men in tattered uniforms: they were armed, and appeared to be holding a consultation regarding a beautiful Indian girl, who was bound with cords to a tree. The Indians prepared their bows and arrows; but we beckoned them to desist, until we gave the signal for attack. On the termination of the conference, one of the men approached the girl, and said, "So, you will not conduct us to your village?" "No," answered the young Indian, firmly, but sobbing. "Good child!" he replied, with a scornful laugh, "so you will not be persuaded to lead us to your hut?" "No," she again replied. "We shall see how long the bird will sing to this tune;" and, with these words, the ruffian snatched a brand from the fire, and again approached her. We hastened to get ready our guns, but the impetuosity of Lincoln could not be restrained, and casting his from him, he sprang forward just as the brand had touched the shoulder of the girl, and struck the villain lifeless to the earth. At the same instant, the Indian arrows whistled through the air, and wounded two of the others, but not, it appeared, dangerously, as they fled with their terrified comrades.

Our midshipman, meanwhile, had unbound the girl, who, the instant she was free, knelt before him, and poured out her gratitude in the most impassioned language. We learned that her name was Yanna, and that her parents dwelt in a village in one of the deepest recesses of the forest—that she had left home early in the morning to gather cocoa—and that, having strayed too far, she had suddenly found herself surrounded by the ruffians from whom we had just rescued her, and who had endeavoured, by threats and violence, to force her to guide them to the village. We could not withstand her prayers to accompany her home. There we were quickly surrounded by the Indians, whom we found to possess an almost European fairness of complexion.

Yanna immediately ran up to her parents, who were chiefs of the tribe, and spoke to them with animation, using all the while the most expressive gestures. As soon as she had finished her narrative, her parents hastened forward, and kneeling before us, kissed our hands with expressions of the deepest gratitude; and the whole of the tribe knelt along with them, pouring forth mingled thanks and blessings—then on a sudden they started up, and seizing us, they bore us in triumph to the hut of the chief, where we were treated with the utmost hospitality. Wharton smiled to me as he remarked, that our young midshipman and Yanna had disappeared together. Shortly after, Yanna returned, holding Lincoln with one hand, and carrying in the other a chaplet of flowers, which she immediately placed on his head. On the following morning we again set out; and as we parted, the beautiful eyes of Yanna were filled with tears.

On leaving the village, we continued to wind round Chimborazo's wide base; but its snowy head no longer shone above us in a clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gradually gathering round it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel-work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopt. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents, along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and so violently, that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes. Then came the lightning, flash following flash—above, around, beneath—every where a sheet of fire. We sought a temporary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time, he returned; he had discovered a spacious cavern. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty, and not a little danger, at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain-stream. When the storm had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so ex-

tremely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the farther end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously; but our daring and inconsiderate young friend, Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern, before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them, when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of —" He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, crying out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and, at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar-tree, which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession, and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone, which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring, too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a frightful howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him!" said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln

did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew the triggers at the same moment, but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang, growling, from the entrance; but, feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they, therefore, proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder-flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is over now," said Wharton; "we have only to choose whether we shall die of hunger, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without, and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close behind the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave, I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low stifled groaning; and the tiger, who heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner, then stood still, and stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree and tore it with his claws. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down, as before, in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. He had strangled the two cubs; and before we were aware of his intention, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I censured my huntsman for the rashness and cruelty of the action, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers that he also had lost all hope of rescue,

and with it all sense of the ties between master and servant.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; we could hear the songs of birds in the neighbouring forest, and the sun was steaming among the branches. The contrast only made our situation the more horrible. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. All at once another roar was heard, at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears; for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were. "This enemy will prove more cruel than the other, said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed every conception of the horrible that can be formed; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her nostrils, and look round, as if in search of the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of safety. Perhaps she might have been enabled by her immense strength to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roaring. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head. "Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge: the hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of flight, for that the tigers had gone round the height, possibly to seek another inlet to the cave. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stepped forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it: he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance, and following the example of our guides, we precipitately

struck into a side path. From the number of roots of branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks or gulfs in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprung up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself, passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal for a moment in the air above the abyss; but her strength was not equal to the distance—she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion, he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his fore claws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hopes had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Mad-dened with pain, the furious beast collected all his strength, and fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the stem of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself, hastened to his assistance;

but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. The unhappy Lincoln, however, had not calculated upon the force of his blow: he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon any thing to save himself—but in vain; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then fell into it, to rise no more.

We gave vent to a shriek of horror—then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton lying insensible on the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn dreadfully. The Indians collected some herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding, and we then bound up the mangled limb. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians made a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; but no sleep visited my eyes. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathings. It became more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians proposed to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some branches together, and formed a bridge to reëpass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination; and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief, when they learnt poor Lincoln's fate. Yanna burst into tears; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend; he still lay insensible to every thing around him. Sleep at length overpowered me. Towards morning, a song of lamentation and mourning aroused me—it was from the Indians, who were returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was weeping beside it. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tigers' skins, which they had strewed with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who, it is possible, had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved: he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of

the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the same spot; "there it stands!"—and he fell back and expired.

CELEBRATED WORKS.

I SHALL not expatiate on the works of the Byzantine Greeks, who by the assiduous study of the ancients, have deserved in some measure the remembrance and gratitude of the moderns. The scholars of the present day may still enjoy the benefit of the common-place book of Stobæus, the grammatical and historical lexicon of Suidas, the Chiliads of Tzetzes, which comprise six hundred narratives in twelve thousand verses, and the commentaries on Homer of Eustathius, Archbishop of Thessalonica, who, from his horn of plenty, has poured the names and authorities of four hundred writers. From these originals, and from the numerous tribe of scholiasts and critics, some estimate may be formed of the literary wealth of the twelfth century; Constantinople was enlightened by the genius of Homer and Demosthenes, of Aristotle and Plato; and in the enjoyment or neglect of our present riches, we must envy the generation that could still peruse the history of Theopompus, the orations of Hyperides, the comedies of Menander, and the odes of Alcæus and Sappho. The frequent labour of illustration attests not only the existence but the popularity of the Grecian classics: the general knowledge of the age may be deduced from the example of the two learned females, the empress Eudocia and the princess Anna Comnena, who cultivated, in the purple, the arts of rhetoric and philosophy.—*Gibbon*.

THE MIND.

WHATEVER act discomposes the moral machinery of mind, is more injurious to the welfare of the agent than most disasters from without can be: for the latter are commonly limited and temporary; the evil of the former spreads through the whole of life. Health of mind as well as of body, is not only productive in itself of a greater sum of enjoyment than arises from other sources, but is the only condition of our frame in which we are capable of receiving pleasure from without. Hence it appears how incredibly absurd it is to prefer, on grounds of calculation, a present interest to the preservation of those mental habits on which our well being depends. When they are most moral they may often prevent us from obtaining advantages. It would be as absurd to lower them for that reason, as it would be to weaken the body, lest its strength should render it more liable to contagious disorders of rare occurrence.—*Sir James Mackintosh*.

THE ORNAMENTAL ARTIST.

HYACINTH STANDS.

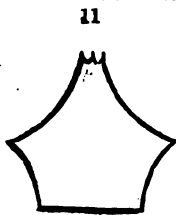
THE lower part of the hyacinth stand is made of pasteboard, on a cylindrical block; it should always be three or four inches in height, but its diameter must be regulated by the size of the glass intended to be placed in it. The interior should be lined. The four wires must rise about fifteen inches above the stand: they should be

9 fastened in the inside before the lining is introduced. The best plan of fixing, is to glue them strongly, and afterwards to gum a stout piece of paper over them; they may be connected, at different heights, by pieces of the same material passing round them. Gold and coloured paper, cut into narrow fillets, may be turned round these wires, or they may be ornamented with sealing-wax, of different colours, melted in spirits of wine to the consistence of a thick varnish, and turned round the wires in rotation by means of a camel's-hair pencil.—(Fig. 9, the hyacinth stand.)



WHAT-NOTS, OR CARD RECEIVERS.

What-nots, or card receivers, may be made in a variety of shapes. To construct a card



receiver in the shape of Fig. 10, cut a piece of card-board for the back; (Fig. 11) bind the edge of the upper part with gold paper; and paste dead gold paper, on the sides, shading it according to taste; the lower part should be bound with coloured ribbon; the front is to be formed in the same shape as the lower part of the back, and bound with ribbon; it may also be ornamented



12 with diamond figures, (as fig. 12,) in the following manner: Cut another piece of pasteboard the same size, and paste them together, first cutting the diamonds in the outer, or front one; gum small circular pieces of gold paper on the intersections, or diamonds, and lightly shade the intervening spaces. To join the front and back together, sew stiff ribbon or silk, of half an inch or an inch wide, to the narrow ribbon, with which each of them is bound. They may either, when finished, be suspended by a small piece of ribbon, gummed to the upper part of the back, or may be placed on stands, like other chimney ornaments. On the same plan, by fastening a small circular box on

the inside of the front, and cutting a circle out of the front itself, a stand for a time-piece may be formed.

ORIENTAL TINTING, OR POONAH WORK.

Flowers, fruit, butterflies, &c. from original pictures, may be executed, in a very brilliant manner, in Poonah painting, or Oriental tinting. A piece of tracing-paper, is laid on the subject to be copied, and all the parts of one colour are marked in outline on it with a steel point; the interior of the outline is then cut out, either with a sharp-pointed penknife, or with little instruments, made for the purpose, which are sold at the shops where drawing materials are procured. Another piece of tracing-paper is then laid on for the purpose of marking and cutting out all the compartments of another colour; and so on, until a series of frames, or formulæ, is obtained, each of them having apertures, through which the whole of some one colour can be laid on the paper. The principal formulæ is to be placed on a piece of drawing-board, and the colour applied with a flat Poonah brush, held perpendicularly: the parts are then to be shaded from the edge as may be requisite; the colour being first nearly all rubbed out of the brush on a piece of waste paper. Each colour is to be laid on, in the same way, through the apertures of its own formulæ. The wings or bodies of beautiful insects are sometimes ornamented with touches of gold or ruby bronze. A little gum water, mixed with a small quantity of the gold or bronze, is laid on the paper with a brush; dry gold, or bronze, is then applied with another brush to the same part, and rubbed until it becomes smooth and polished. A small light spot is obtained by laying a drop of water on any part previously coloured, and absorbing the colour from it with blotting-paper. The rich dark specks on the wings of some insects are produced by lamp-black, laid on with a pencil. To produce a regular series of streaks, or bars, the edge of a piece of Poonah tracing-paper, cut in a proper shape, should be used as a guide to the brush. It is necessary to wash the frames, or formulæ, with a sponge after having used them; and separate Poonah brushes should be provided for the different colours, as well as for the various shades of each; about two dozen will be found sufficient; but a few camel's-hair pencils are also necessary to finish such parts as cannot be completed by means of the patterns in the tracing-paper—such as small spots, minute streaks, the delicate antennæ of insects, &c. The formulæ for the various colours may be cut out of one piece of tracing-paper when the subject is small. The colours are the same as those in the common style of water-colours. Chromes are used for yellows; neutral tint for the dark shades, and smalt and carmine for purples; a brilliant scarlet is indispensable.

MAUREEN.

THE cottage is here as of old I remember,
The pathway is worn as it always hath been;
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives a bright ember—
But where is Maureen?

The same pleasant prospect still lieth before me—
The river—the mountain—the valley of green;
And Heaven itself (a bright blessing!) is o'er me—
But where is Maureen?

Lost! lost!—like a dream that hath come and departed;
(Ah, why are the loved and the lost ever seen!)
She has fallen—hath flown, with a lover false hearted—
So, mourn for Maureen!

And she who so loved her, is slain—(the poor mother!)
Struck dead in a day by a shadow unseen;
And the home we once loved is the home of another—
And lost is Maureen!

Sweet Shannon, a moment by thee let me ponder—
A moment look back at the things that have been—
Thea, away to the world where the ruin'd ones wander,
To seek for Maureen!

Pale peasant—perhaps, 'neath the frown of high Heaven,
She roams the dark deserts of sorrow unseen,
Unpitied, unknown; but I—I shall know even
The ghost of Maureen!

THE LAST FAREWELL.

Oh! it came on the ear like the last solemn warning,
That breaks the rude slumber of misery's rest;
When the dreams of those joys we must leave in the morning,
For a moment gives balm to the bosom unblest.

Could it steal o'er the senses like that Theban potion,
Which curdles the mem'ry and deadens the brain;
Or whither the thought in its saddest emotion,
Or an antidote bring to the acme of pain.

Could it blight like the Syrian blast, we might sever
With one deadly pang from those friends we love best,
And sleep in oblivion, forgetting forever,
Those eyes that have blest us—those lips we have prest.

But it comes like the death-peal of hope—and no longer
The glittering visions we've cherish'd beguile,
And its deep cheerless tones, to impress it the stronger,
Will oftentimes die on a fugitive smile.

Hath pleasure no charm—nor diversion no gladness,
To sooth if not banish the pain of the past;
Cannot time, as it wears, lull the memory's sadness,
Or soften those sorrows that canker so fast?

Oh, no! when we part, recollection will borrow,
Past touches of bliss, but to quicken the sore:
Those eyes shall be bright that may meet on the morrow,
Those hearts will be sad that shall never meet more.

THE BRAINTREES.

It was the boast of old Samuel Gough, who, during a period of thirty-two years, had been landlord of the Chough and Stump—a little old fashioned house, with carved oaken angels supporting the roof of its porch—that, notwithstanding the largest road-side farm-house in the village had been licensed and beautified; though tiles had been substituted for its old thatch; a blue sign, with yellow letters, fixed over its entrance; and a finger-post erected at the top of the lane, about the middle of which his own tenement stood, directing travellers to the New Inn—the Chough and Stump still “bore the bell.” “Richard Cockle,” he would often say, “being twenty years butler to old 'Squire Borfield, ha' made friends among the gentlefolks. The petty sessions is held in his best parlour, now and then; he hath a' got a pair of post-horses, and tidy tits they be, I must say; his house is made post-office; and excise-office, to the tail o' that—for this and the five nearest parishes; he pays for a wine license, and hath two or three gentlefolks, may be, once a month, for an hour or two; but not much oftener, as there be few do travel our cross-country road; and he do call one room in his house a tap;—but for all that, and his powdered head to boot, gi' me the Chough and Stump still.”

Gough's boast was not altogether without warranty: his comfortable, old-fashioned kitchen, with its bacon-rack, broad hearth, dingy walls, and rude mantel-slab, enriched with strange hieroglyphical scratches, in which his neighbours

traced, or affected to trace the names of their grandfathers, was endeared to the inhabitants of the village;—there were old feelings and pleasant associations connected with it. Sam Gough was a jolly host, who regaled himself, among his guests, from morning till night; habitual drinking, for a long time, having rendered him, as Abel Harris, the schoolmaster of the village, said, “invulnerable to intoxication:” he not only could, but often did, sing a good old song, and tell a good old story;—never repeating the one or the other on the same day; for he was orderly in his entertainment, and had his Monday's songs and his Tuesday's songs, as well as his morning stories and his evening jokes: he never sponged upon a customer, but paid his share of the reckoning to his wife, who officiated as mistress, while he appeared to be only a constant guest. His ale was generally “clear as amber, sweet as milk, and strong as brandy.” In the tap of the New Inn, which was the name of the rival house, the company generally consisted of the postilion and ostler of the establishment, a few out-door servants from some of the neighbouring gentlemen's houses, and three or four of the gayest, youthful, village bucks: but the elderly and middle-aged men—“the substantial,” as Abel Harris called them, usually congregated, to smoke their evening pipes, round the oak in front of the Chough and Stump, when the weather would permit, or in the kitchen settle, before a blazing fire of logs and turf, when the rustics sat up three or four hours after sunset.

Schoolmaster Abel, although he was one of the pair of parish constables, patronized the Chough and Stump, and grumbled mightily at being obliged to pay five shillings for a dinner, once a year, at the New Inn, with the churchwardens, and other official persons of the parish; which dinner had been instituted solely for the benefit of Richard Cockle, and much against the inclination of several of those, who were almost compelled, on account of their connection with his wealthy supporters, to attend it. It was at the Chough and Stump that all the village news was to be heard; and if one of its customers were not found at his post, on the settle, at the usual hour, old Gough concluded, that he was either bad, busy, or gone to the rival tap, to glean gossip about the great families, from the servants, in order to retail it, the next night, to the grateful crew at the Chough and Stump.

One winter's evening, although it was neither a Saturday, a holiday, nor a fast day, the settle was not only completely occupied, but several occasional visitors to the old kitchen were closely packed along a narrow bench that ran across the back wall. Many of the poorer inhabitants of the place were lurking about the porch, and several women, with their check aprons thrown over their red and almost frost-bitten elbows, stood peeping in at the window, and eagerly listening to an old dame, who had placed her ear to a little corner from which the glass had been broken, and occasionally repeated what she heard passing within.

"I do pity the mother o' the lad, troth do I," said a woman about twenty-five years of age;—"her hath a got but one zon—no more have I—and truth to speak, I do pity her."

"And well thou may'st, Tabby Mudford," said the old dame, "for constable Abel hath just a' told thy husband, that the boy's taken off in a cart, wi' Squire Stapleton's coachman a oneside o' un, and constable Tucker o' t'other, handcuffed and leg-fast, to the county gaol."

"Poor Meg Braintree! poor soul!" cried several of the women, on hearing this, and one or two of them actually began to sob aloud.

"Poor Meg Braintree, forsooth!" exclaimed a little sharp-nosed female, with a high-cauled cap and leathern stomacher; "I don't zay no zuch ztuff, not I," added she, in a shrill, disagreeable voice, "it hath a' come home to her now; and I said it would, two-and-twenty years ago come Candlemas, when she scoffed and vlouted poor Phil Govier, and took up wi' Zaul Braintree, a'ter she'd a' most a' promised, as I have heard tell, to marry Phil. In my mind, he loved her better, worse luck vor un, poor vellow, than ever this Zaul Braintree did, and took on zo for two or dree year a'ter, that there was some that thought he'd never ha' got over 't."

"Vor shame, Aunt Dolly," said Tabby Mudford, "Meg Braintree never done you wrong."

"I don't know that," replied Dolly.

"It be true, I ha' heard mother zay, you cocked your cap at Zaul, yourself, as you did to many more, though you never could trap any

body to have 'ee, aunt, but I never could believe it."

"The vellow did, once upon a time, look up to me," said Dolly, lifting her chin, and curling her thin and slightly bearded lip; "but I scorned 'un. I wouldn't ha' had un if his skin were stuffed wi' gold."

"And yet you do blame Meg vor scorning Phil Govier! Vor my part—I were a child to be zure—but by what I do rcollect of 'em I'd rather ha' had Zaul, wi'out a zhoe to 's voot, than Philip Govier, if every hair on the head o' un were strung wi' pearls."

"Don't talk to me, Tab," cried her now incensed aunt, flouncing off, "it don't become thee. I do zay it ha' come home to her—her zon be zent to the county gaol, vor murdering the man whose heart she a'most broke more than twenty year ago:—get over that if you can. It ha' came home to her, and I'll bide by it;—wi' her blue clocked ztsockings, and putting up her chit of a daughter to smirk wi' the young squire!—I ha'n't a' got patience wi' such pride."

The supervisor, who was going his rounds, and intended to sleep that night at the Chough and Stump, now rode up, on his sturdy little grey cob; and before he could alight, some of the loiterers about the porch, had, in part, acquainted him with the cause of their being assembled round the inn-door. The old man, however, as he said, could make "neither head nor tail" of what he heard; and hastened, as well as his infirmities would allow, into the kitchen. The landlord rose on his appearance, and conducted the spare and paralytic old man, to the post of honour, in the settle, between his own seat and that of the exciseman—a cunning-looking, thick-set, fat, or, to use an expressive West Country adjective, podgy, little man, between forty and fifty; with a round, sallow, bloated face, begemmed here and there with pimply excrescences, resembling the warts that are occasionally seen on the cheek that is turned to the sun of a wounded pumpkin. One of the exciseman's eyes glared at his beholder, dull and void of expression, while the other was almost concealed beneath its lids;—a circumstance occasioned by an inveterate habit of winking, all his life, at every tenth word, with the latter; which operation he was totally unable to perform with the former.

"Here hath been a sad to-do, sir," said Gough, addressing the supervisor, as soon as the latter was comfortably seated; "a sad to-do, indeed."

"Ah! so I hear, Gough—so I hear;—but what is it?—No affray with the excise, I hope."

"No—fear of—that, sir," replied the exciseman, winking, and puffing the smoke from his lips thrice as he spoke, "we've no enemies here. I'll tell you all—about it—sir, when—I have wetted—my lips." He now raised the jug to his mouth, but before he had finished his draught, little Tailor Mudford, who sat by his side, taking advantage of the moment, placed his right elbow on his knee, and still keeping his pipe between his teeth, leaned forward, and bore away the glory of the announcement from the excise-

man, by stating that Philip Govier, 'Squire Stapleton's gamekeeper, had been killed; and young Robert Braintree committed for trial, as the perpetrator of the crime.

"Robert Braintree! Robert Braintree!" calmly repeated the old man—"preserve us from evil! Haven't I seen him?"

"To be sure you have, sir," replied Gough, "a tall, straight-limbed chap, between eighteen and twenty, and as fine a young fellow as ever stood in shoe-leather. I shouldn't ha' thought it of him."

"I should," said the exciseman, "a down-looking—"

"Ah! I be zorry vor the lad," said Mudford, again interrupting the exciseman, in the brief interval occupied by a puff and a-wink; "nobody could zay harm o' un, except that his vather made un go out a poaching wi' un, and so vorth: but a zung in the choir o' Zindays; and though he never were asked so to do, often joined in, wi' the rest o' th' neighbours, to reap a little varmer's bit o' wheat, or mow a tradesman's whoats;—he ha' done zo by me, many's the time, wi'out any thing but thanks, and a bit o' dinner and a drop o' drink, which he never wanted at home. He'd ha' been the last I should ha' suspected."

"But the evidence," said constable and schoolmaster Abel, "the circumstantial evidence, doth leave no doubt, either in the mind of me, or the magistrate, of his guilt."

"You be hanged, Yeabel!" cried a bluff old fellow in a corner, "who be you, I should like know?—Marry come up, then! times be come to a vine pass, I trow, when a pig-vaced bit of a constable, two yards long, and as thin as a hurdle, do zet hi'zelf up cheek-by-jowl wi' the 'squire!—Who cares vor thy opinion, dost think?"

"Farmer Salter," responded Abel, with affected humility, "I am educating your son and heir:—you are a freeholder, and ha' got a vote for the county—"

"I know that well enough, stupid! and so had my vather avore me, and so shall my zon a'ter me:—Poor buoay! you ha' oftenlicked un, Yeabel:—may be you be right—may be you bean't; but this I do know, tho' I ha'n't a told un zo, that I do vind, upon casting things over, when-zoever I do gie you a bit o' a clumsy wipe here, at the Chough and Stump, over night, Jack's zure and zartin to get breached in your school-room the next day: now that be odd, bean't it, Gough?"

"Farmer Salter," pursued Abel, as Gough nodded in acquiescence, and Salter chuckled at what he had said, "I repeat, you are a freeholder:—you've a slip of land between the two 'squires' estates, upon which you and your forefathers ha' grazed a cow, raised a crop of wheat, hay and potatoes, to last 'ee for the year; and built a small edifice for yourselves, and a sty for your pigs: you do wear a looped hat at all times, and, on Sundays, a blue coat, wi' a red collar and cuffs, and crown pieces of the reign of King

Jacobus, for buttons; a flowered and flapped waistcoat; leather breeches, wi' seven-shilling pieces and silver buckles at the knees; and half a pack o' cards figured wi' colours in each o' your stockings: you do strut up to church, just as a 'squire would, and your father did—whose finery you ha' saved for such service—half a century ago:—but you know nothing either of law or good breeding, for all that, farmer Salter."

The freeholder was about to bristle up indignantly when Abel concluded, but Zachary Tickle, the hereditary herbalist, or, as he denominated himself, apothecary of the village, whose nickname was "Bitter-Aloes"—and there were few of his neighbours who were not as well known by some equally appropriate baptismal of the laity—took him by the collar, and endeavoured to tranquillize, while he forcibly held him on his seat:—meantime, the supervisor inquired what had induced the constable to suspect Robert Braintree of the murder.

"Why, zir," said Mudford, cutting in, as a coachman would express it, before Abel and the exciseman—each of whom intended to reply—while the asthmatic constable was cleansing his throat by two or three hems, and the exciseman was puffing out a magazine of smoke, which, at that moment he had drawn into his mouth, to be retailed and divided into a dozen or twenty whiffs;—"the vact, zir, is this," said Mudford, "the body were vound, dead and stiff, this morning, in the copse, t'other zide o' the hill;—there was a nail or more of znow on the ground, and vootsteps o' a dog and a man were traced from the body to Braintree's cottage:—the dog's vootsteps were, likely enough, the vootsteps o' Ponto, a dog belonging to the Braintrees; a zort o' a cross-bred pointer, az ztrong as a bull, and wi' more sense in his tail-end, as the zaying is, than many men ha' got in their whole bodies, head and all."

"The shoe-marks, permit me to observe," said Abel, "were decidedly made by the shoes of Bob Braintree:—I've sworn to't, because I compared 'em; and I apprehended him wi' those identical shoes on his feet."

"Now, d'ye hear, volks?—d'ye hear?" exclaimed farmer Salter, "how Yeabel do belabour us wi' vine dixonary words? 'Apprehended,' and 'identical,' quotha!—Why, I should be ashamed to talk zo-fashion. 'Those identical zhoes' says he;—'those!'—Bless us, how vine we be!—'Those,' vorsooth!—Why doan't the vool zay 'they there zhoes,' like a man?"

Abel cast a glance of contempt on the freeholder, but did not condescend to reply. A brief silence ensued, which was broken by the herbalist; who observed, after throwing himself back in the settle, "bad bird, bad egg—that's all I've to zay. I bean't zo compassionate, and all that, as zome volk. How hath Zaul Braintree ha' got his living vor eighteen years past, but by zmgugling and poaching, and, may be, worse, vor what I know? Why were he discharged by 'Zquire Ztapleton, but vor doing what he should not do? Didn't poor Phil Govier, that's lying

dead, when he were under Zaul, detect and prove to the 'zquire, that instead o' Zaul's doing his duty, as game-keeper, he were killing hares upon the zly, and zending 'em to market? And when Phil got Zaul's place, have they ever met without looking at one another like a couple o' dogs that was longing vor a vight, and yet stood off, as though they were afear'd to pitch into one another? What d'ye think Braintree hath instilled into Bob, but hatred and malice against Govier?"

"You may talk and talk, old Bitter-Aloes," said Salter, "but vor my part, though the 'zquire believed Govier's story, and turned away Zaul, in a way enough to nettle a parson, I didn't think it quite as it should be. I ha' zeen things o' Phil, what I won't tell ov, now he's gone, as I didn't while he were alive; but if I had to choose, vor all Phil's quiet tongue and humble looks—which were all zlyness, in my mind—gi'e me Zaul, I zay."

"Well," quoth Gough, "I say nothing—why should I? But Bob was a good boy; and though he'd noose a hare, or decoy a vlock o' wild ducks, or stalk a covey, I don't think he'd any harm in him. He'd do what Zaul bid him, to be zure, but I don't think Zaul would ever tell him to commit murder; and if I must speak my mind, I don't agree wi' Abel Harris."

"Abel—I must say,"—muttered the exciseman, "the constable, I mean;—he—he's no conjuror."

"I can't make out," growled Salter, "how he came to be made constable, zceing az he's the most uncapable man in the parish. I ha' zeed un run, as if 'twere vor his life, when he thought nobody were nigh, vrom my gander!—Poor Jack! thou'lt zuffer, may be, vor this to-morrow;—but I can't help speaking the truth. Yeabel, don't thee baste un, or dang me if I doan't drash thee!"

"There is one thing," remarked a spare, but hale-looking man, who sat next the herbalist, "one thing, or, may be, a thing or two, I'll make bold to observe, which is, namely, this:—though Zaul Braintree were never over and above friendly to I—that be nothing—the man's a man, and I do zay, the 'zquire were a bit too hard upon Zaul, to turn un off wi'out more nor an hour's notice, and not gi'e un a good character:—and what vor, I won'ter?—Because this here Phil Govier, a demure, down-looking twoad, zaid a' poached a bit! A'ter this, what were Zaul to do? Wi'out a character, he couldn't get a zarvice, and a poor man bean't to starve: zo a' poached, and that in downright earnest;—and it ztrikes I, no blame to un neither."

"O! fie! fie!" exclaimed the supervisor, "you should not preach so, friend; the practice of poaching is highly illegal."

"Highly illegal—indeed—John—that is—James Cobb," said the exciseman, in his usual manner, "we must not hear—this sort of a—thing; must we—constable?"

"Why, it bean't treason, master exciseman,

be it?" asked a tall old fellow, who stood at the end of the settle.

"Do you hear—that?" said the exciseman, turning to his superior, "do you hear that?—and he an earth-stopper—and gets his bread by—the game laws."

The supervisor looked aside toward the bottom of the narrow table, and while the ensuing conversation went on, took a deliberate view of the earth-stopper's person, apparel, and accoutrements. He was a squalid-looking figure, with half a week's growth of grey beard on his chin and cheeks; the edge of a red woollen night-cap, which he wore under a weather-beaten dog's-hair hat, was strained across his pale, wrinkled brow; his legs were thin, puny, and bent outward in such a manner, that they seemed to have been moulded on the carcass of a horse.

"Well," quoth the earth-stopper, in reply to the exciseman's observation, shouldering his pick-axe and shovel, and lighting the candle in his lantern, as he spoke, "I zuppose a man may move his tongue, if a' be a yearth-stopper—or else what be the use o't to un?—I were one o' the virst to lay hands on young Braintree, and always ha' ztood vorward on zuch like 'casions; but what o' that? I'd help to take up thee, or thy betters by the zide o' thee there, if thee wert zuzpected and accused; but vor all that, I'd speak up my own mind, and zay I thought thee wert innocent, iv zo be as I did think thee zo—mind me:—and now you ha' put me up, I'll go vurther, and ask 'ee, what business had Phil Govier a' got in the copse that time o' night?"

"Ay, that's true," observed the landlord, "for it be well known the 'squire's strict orders was, that the keepers shouldn't go out o' nights. 'Let the poachers have a little o' their own way,' I have a' heard un say—'I'd rather lose a few head o' game, than ha' blood shed upon the manor; and meetings by night, betwixt poachers and keepers, often do end worse than either one or t'other a' looked for."

"It's true az I be here zitting," said Mudford, "that the game keeper—I mean Phil Govier, of course—had a' got a hare in one pocket, and a cock pheasant in t'other;—I zeed 'em myself."

"Come, come;—no ill o' the dead, pr'ythee, now," quoth the herbalist.

"No ill o' the dead!" cried the man who sat next to him; "I do zay yea, iv it be truth; and moorauver, in my mind, it be better to zay vorty lies, even of them that be gone, than to tell one that may do harm to them that be living. Them wer'n't the virst Phil pocketed, by night or by day, vor his own profit, as I do think. 'T'ant clear to I, that a' didn't play vout wi' Zaul, long ago;—I wouldn't lie down upon my back, and zwear that a' didn't kill the game what he 'cuzed Zaul o' poaching, and zo got Braintree out of his place, and popped into't hi'zself."

"This is going too far, landlord," said the supervisor.

"Do 'ee think so, sir?" asked Gough, with a knowing look, accompanied by a shake of the

head, which finished in an acquiescent nod to the man who sat next to the herbalist.

Mudford asked the constable if Saul had seen his son after the committal of the latter. Abel replied, that an interview had been permitted by the magistrate, just previously to Robert's removal; "which interview," added he, "took place in the presence of myself and colleague."

"And what did 'em say?" eagerly inquired three or four of the persons present.

The constable replied, that it would be highly improper for him to divulge all that took place, even if he were capable of so doing; but there was much that he did not hear, and more that he had forgotten. One part of the brief dialogue he perfectly well remembered:—after having whispered for a short time, the youth said aloud, "but I be innocent, vather; you be zure I be." "Well, well!" replied Braintree, in a low, but nevertheless, audible tone, "zuppose things should go against thee, woul't thee die like a man, Bob?" "I doan't know, vather—I be but a boy! I'll try, iv it do come to that; I hope it won't, though; vor I be aveard I can't bear it—I can't, truly, vather." "Zo, thee dost call thyself a buoy, dost?" said Saul, "a vellow here within a head as high as I be, and gone eighteen these zix weeks!" "You always tells me I be but a boy." "Well, and zo I do—thee'rt *my* boy; but a boy to nobody else. But I zay, Bob, woul't thee mind now, and speak up to the lord judge just what I told thee?" "Yeas, doan't be aveard." "Ah! but woul't tell't cool and zober vashion, Bob?" "Never you year," replied Robert—"bless'ee, I shall tell't out to un, just as iv I were telling out zixpenn'orth o' ha'pence." "And Bob—" But here Braintree's voice subsided into a whisper again, and Abel heard no more of that part of the conversation.

The parties in the Chough and Stump kitchen now ceased the regular sort of discussion which had hitherto been supported, and talked in couples. The earth-stopper and Abel Harris, by their looks and gestures, seemed to be maintaining a warm debate; the herbalist crossed over and took a place next the supervisor, which tailor Mudford relinquished in his favour, and sat down by the side of farmer Salter. So many persons speaking together, had not, for some time, been heard in the Chough and Stump; but though his customers made a great noise, as Gough observed to the exciseman, they drank but little. This was, indeed, the case; for the interest created by the subject of their discourse, made them almost forget their cups. Each of the speakers grew louder in his tone, in order to make himself heard and understood amid the "hubbub," by his listening neighbour; and thus the general noise was increased to such a degree, that the exciseman had already taken up his empty mug to strike the table, and call "order;" when, in an instant, every tongue was motionless, and every eye turned toward the door. A man on the autumnal side of the prime of life, exceeding the middle stature, with rather handsome features, had just entered. He was

dressed in a round, grey, frock coat, a deer-skin waistcoat, corduroy small-clothes, and jean gaiters. His frame was athletic, but by no means clumsy; he looked calmly about him, or, perhaps, rather affected to do so: for, as the herbalist afterwards remarked, his lips appeared as if they had just been blanched with boiling water. A very large, stout-built, liver-coloured dog, stood before him, wagging his tail, and looking up in his master's face, as the latter remained, for a moment, motionless, and with his eyes seeking for a vacant place on the settle. Every seat had its tenant, and no one moved for the newly-arrived guest, or spoke either to him or to any other person present.

"Why, volks! you do all zeem dazed ov a zudden!" said the man, ironically; and then, immediately assuming an angry expression of countenance, he turned to the landlady, who had just entered the kitchen, and, in a sharp, surly tone, called for "a pint o' drink."

"I ha' been trying to squeeze room for thee, Zaul," said the landlord, addressing his new guest, "but I can't."

"Don't trouble thyself, Gough," said farmer Salter, from the opposite side of the settle, "I be vor home, and Braintree can take my corner in a minute."

"Thankye, master Zalter," replied Saul, "but Abel Harris ha' just stepped out, and, may be, won't come back; zo I'll zit down in his place; and iv a' do return, I can but gie't up to un again; and by that time, you can vinish your pipe wi' comfort."

So saying, Braintree took possession of a nook in the settle, which Abel had quitted, in consequence of the landlady having beckoned him out, while Gough was speaking to Saul. Two or three of the guests attempted to strike out new subjects for conversation, but their efforts were ineffectual; and when Dame Gough came in with Saul's ale, she found her customers, who had lately been so clamorous, silent as statues. Braintree lifted the cup to his lips, but immediately placed it on the table again, without swallowing a spoonful.

"Why, what's the matter, Zaul?" said Gough, "have a mad dog bit 'ee, that you do gasp and heave at the liquor so?"

"There were a bit o' hop got in my mouth," replied Saul, "and your yeale bean't zo good to-night, I think, as 'twere;—ha'nt it got a strawberry smack?"

"No, no, Zaul; your mouth be out o' taste wi' trouble—that be it;—there's no fault in the ale. You do want comfort in a closer compass; and if you'll ha' a drop o' Hollands, my wife will give 'ee some and welcome. Though I don't sell spirits, I can't help Dame Gough's keeping a bottle in her bureau;—it stops her tooth-ache."

"You be cruel good, master Gough," replied Saul, "and I do thank 'ee vor't; but I don't like to drink in a public-house, wi'out paying my penny for a landlord's penn'orth."

"Oh! that be folly," said Gough, "but come, gi'e me your pint o' drink, and I'll treat you wi'

a glass o' Hollands.—Dame, bring in a thimble full."

Dame Gough bustled out, and soon returned with a small old-fashioned tea-cup, full of the liquor. Saul took the cup, and so far forgot his manners, as to swallow the spirits it contained, without a word, or even a nod, to Gough or any of his guests. A dead silence succeeded.

"Sharpish weather for the young wheats," at length observed Salter.

"Main and Sharp!" was the reply of the herbalist; and another pause took place.

"I ha'n't a' zeed Jacob Wall lately," was the next observation made: it came from the lips of tailor Mudford, but no one honoured it with a reply.

Braintree now began to feel that he was in an unpleasant situation; and guessing on what subject the minds of those about him were brooding, he observed, with a sigh, "a bad job this, o' mine, neighbours!"

"Bad, indeed, Braintree!" replied Gough, "but I hope your son may get over it!"

"Hope, did 'ee zay, landlord? why, d'ye think there be any vear on't, then?"

"Excuse me, friend," observed the supervisor, "I am a stranger to you; but, in my opinion, that is—speaking candidly—I'm sorry to say—remember I've no ill will toward your son—nor, understand me, do I wish to bear on a bruised reed, but its folly to buoy up a man with false hopes; the case is, if what I've heard be true, most decisive against the young man."

"And what have 'ee heard, old gentleman?—what have 'ee heard, zir?"

"That, Saul,"—said the exciseman, "that, it is—needless to repeat;—but the shoe-marks—Saul—"

"Well, and what o' them?" interrupted Braintree, "mightn't my zon ha' gone that way avore Govier were killed? or mightn't he ha' vound un dead, and come whoam straight, intending to tell the news az zoon az he axed I how a' should act?"

"True, Zaul, true," replied Salter, who had not yet departed, "it do zecm ztrange that no vootsteps were vound in the znow 'proaching towards the zpot."

"I can easily account for that, I think," said the supervisor, with a smile of self-complacency, "the snow—"

"But hark to this," cried Saul, again interrupting the old man, "hark to this:—how be we to know, that they what zaid they vound the body wer'n't the criminals, eh?"

"Lord bless us and zave us, Zaul!" exclaimed the little tailor, starting up; "bless us, Zaul! why, 'twere I, good now, what raised the hue and cry. I were coming vrom varmer Butt's, vive mile off, where I a' been, drie days at work, making a coat; I'd a' started avore 'twere day, zo as to get to work about Jack Blake's new suit, what he's a going to be married in o' Zinday;—and zharp doings it will be to vinish it as 'tis:—zo I took the path through the copse, because it zaves a mile, you do

know; and anan my little dog rin into the hazels and back again in a minute, barking as iv he'd a' zeen a ghost. I were a bit vrightened, you may judge, vor I'd a' got my zilver watch, and half-a-crown—my drie days wages—wi' ten shillings besides, what the varmer had paid me vor a pig he bought o' me last Zinday vortnight, when he comed over to church. Well, and anan, my little dog rin into the copse again, and come back growling worse nor avore. Thirdly and lastly, I patted the back o' un, and away he rin again, and when he overtook me—d'ye mind?—by the light o' the moon, I zeed there were blood upon the nose o' un!—Wi' that, I and the dog rin vit to break our necks, 'till we got whoam. Zo then I raised the hue and cry, and Phil's body were vound:—but I had no more hand in the death o' un than you, Zaul. I can handle a reap-hook, or a 'needle, wi' one here and there, but I never vired a gun off in my life—wish I may die if I did!"

"Well, well, Mudford," said Braintree, advancing toward the tailor, "I didn't know 'twere thee; gi'e us thy hand;—there—we be vriends, bean't us?"

"I do hope zo, Zaul Braintree," replied the still terrified tailor, "but you shouldn't—"

"There, do 'ee hold your tongue and zit down," interrupted Saul, "I were wrong; but—d'ye mind?—Bob be my zon; and if counzel can zave un, he shan't lack; vor I'll zell my zhirt to zee un righted."

Braintree had scarcely reached his seat again, when constable Abel, pale, almost breathless, looking very important, and bearing his staff of office in his hand, strode into the kitchen, and immediately laid hands on Saul. "Braintree, thou'rt my prisoner," said he, "aid and assist, if need be—every body—but especially you—earth-stopper—in the King's name."

Saul was paralyzed; he stared vacantly at Abel, and before he could recover his self-possession, the dexterous constable had handcuffed, and almost completed the task of tying his right wrist to the left arm of the earth-stopper.

"Thy prisoner, Yeabel!" at length uttered Braintree, "thou bee'st joking, zure!—Dowl ha' me if I can make out—"

"You'll make it out well enough by-and-by, Saul," interrupted Abel, as he pursued his task of knitting the earth-stopper fast to Saul, "I ha' been sent for by the 'squire, and I've got his warrant. Master Cockle, of the New Inn, churchwarden of the present year, ha' been making inquiries; and things ha' come out, Saul, that do look black against thee."

"What be 'em, Yeabel?—What be 'em pr'ythee?"

"Why, *imprimis*," replied the constable, pompously, "it is well known, Ponto never followed any body but thee—nothing could make him do so: and he and Bob never were friends. Surgeon Castle saith, that the shot went horizontally into Phil Govier's forehead; and as he was not above five feet six, the gun that killed him must have been fired from the shoulder of a man

as tall as you be:—if Bob had done it, seeing that he's shorter than Phil were, the shot would ha' gone almost upward; but no, they didn't:—lastly and most forbidably, Saul, as the magistrate saith, the marks in the snow were printed there by shoes made right-and-left fashion; and the right foot shoe being marked o' the left foot side, and the left o' t'other—it don't seem likely they could ha' been worn by the feet they were made for.—So now you do know what you've a' got to answer, come along quietly."

In a few minutes the Chough and Stump kitchen was utterly deserted; even Gough himself followed his customers, who, without exception, accompanied the constable and his prisoner to Stapleton Hall, the magistrate's residence. After a brief examination, Saul was ushered into an apartment, three stories above the ground floor, called "the Wainscot-room;"—which on account of its peculiar situation and construction, although it had once been used for better purposes, was then appropriated to the reception of those who happened to be under the ban of the law, previously to their discharge on finding "good and sufficient mainpernors" for their appearance at the ensuing assizes or sessions, or their removal to the county gaol, according to the nature of the offence. For the honour of the village it is proper to remark, that "the Wainscot-room" was but seldom occupied. It was there Saul had, only an hour before, taken leave of Robert, who was now far on his road to an accused felon's cell. Braintree had just been told by the magistrate that, early on the ensuing morning, he must follow his son; but he suffered a strong rope to be fastened round his waist, by a slip-knot, and tied to an iron bar in the chimney, not only without murmuring or resisting, but actually joking with those who performed the operation. Although Mr. Stapleton considered that it was impossible for the prisoner to escape from his temporary prison, yet, for better security, on account of the crime with which Saul was charged, he ordered the constable to keep watch, either in, or at the door of the room, during the night.

Before the earth-stopper quitted "the Wainscot-room," to go on his solitary task, Saul had made him promise to acquaint Martin Stapleton, the 'squire's only son, that he, Braintree, earnestly desired to see the young gentleman before he went to bed. The old man so well performed his promise, and urged Braintree's request to young Stapleton with such warmth, that in less than an hour Martin entered the room.

"Abel," said he to the constable, as he came in, "you may go down stairs; I'll remain with Braintree while you get something for supper."

Abel, 'nothing loath,' tripped down to the hall, and Martin, who was a fine young man, just verging on manhood, walked up, with a sorrowful countenance and a heart full of grief toward the man, under whose humble roof he had passed some of his happiest hours. Martin's mother died in giving him birth, and Saul's wife had been his nurse. Although disgraced by

'Squire Stapleton, Saul Braintree had ever been a favourite companion of young Martin, not only on account of his intimate acquaintance with those sports in which Martin delighted, but because Saul had always testified a fondness for him from his boyhood upward; and, besides these attractions, the poacher's cottage contained a magnet, in the person of his pretty daughter, Peggy, which often drew Martin beneath its roof, when his father thought he was otherwise occupied.

"Well, Master Martin," said Saul, as the young 'squire approached, "here you be at last! I were vool enow to think, I shouldn't ha' been here vive minutes avore you'd ha' come, if it was only to zay 'how are 'ee Zaul?'—But there, why should I grumble? Hit a deer in the shoulder, and then put the dogs on his scent, and what will the herd do?—Why, vly vrom un, to be zure, and no vools, neither;—but come, vine preaching doan't cure corns:—virst and voremost—will 'ee get me a drop o' brandy, Master Martin?—I be zo low az the grave, az you may guess; get me a thimble-vull, and then we'll talk a bit."

"I have brought my shooting-flask, Saul," replied Martin, "there is not much left in it."

"Ah! this be kind!—this be good of 'ee, Master Martin. What, you thought how it would be with me? You knowed me long enough to be zure that I should want summat to cheer me up, did 'ee? Never mind the cork, Master Martin," continued Saul, as Martin, with a trembling hand, fruitlessly endeavoured to extract the cork, "put it betwix my teeth, and pull; I'll warrant I doould vast enow; or knock off the neck o' un against my handcuffs. What, it bean't your leather vask, be it? Odd! cut un open wi' a knife.—I be a choaking for it, Master Martin;—I be truly."

By this time, Martin had pulled out part of the cork, and thrust the remainder of it through the neck. He handed the flask to Saul, who gulped down one half of its contents in a few seconds.

"There is not enough to divide," observed Martin, "you may as well finish it."

"No, thank 'ee, Master Martin," replied Braintree, returning the flask, "you'll want a drop for yourself, presently."

"I, Saul!"

"Ay! you, Martin!—Look thee, lad—there be times when the best ov us would be glad ov it. Brandy be a God-send; but we don't use it—that is, zuch as I be, doan't—as we should. There be times, I tell 'ee, when it be needed."

"That's true enough," said Martin, endeavouring to force a smile, "I have often been glad of it, after a three hours' tramp under the stubble and turnips, on a cold day, under a heavy double-barrelled gun, with a belt brimful of shot, and no birds in my pocket."

"That were vor thy body, lad; but thou'lt want it, anan, for thy soul. I be gwain to vright—to terrify thee!—Thou'st a tightish heart, and thou'st need ov it now. Mind me, Martin, I bean't romancing. It ha' been smooth roads and

no turnpikes wi' thee all thy life; there's a bit o' rough coming, thee doesn't dream of."

"Good God! Braintree! your manner alarms me!—What do you mean?"

"Martin!—I suppose thee thinks, I ought to be obliged to thee, vor coming to me;—vor bringing a man accused as I be brandy—but I bean't. If thee had'st not a' come, I'd ha' brought thee, though a wagon and zix horses were pulling thee t'other way. There's my hand; I ha' put it to thee through a hole in the window at whoam, a'ter thou'st a' wished me good night, and the door were vast;—I do put it out to thee now through a velon's wristband—wou'st take it?"

"Excuse me, Braintree!—I would do all I could;—I have even gone beyond the line that a sense of propriety dictates: but you must not take such advantage of the familiarity which commenced when I was a child, and has since, through peculiar circumstances, continued;—you must not, I say, presume upon that, to ask me, to shake hands with a man—"

"Accused ov murder! that's what thee means, yeann't it?" asked Saul, and his brows were knit, and his lips slightly quivered, as he spoke. Martin stood silent.

"Then I'll tell thee what, lad," pursued Saul, vehemently, "that stomach o' thine shall come down:—I'll make thee!"

"Braintree," said the young man, seriously, but in considerable agitation, "what do you mean by this?—Are you mad?"

"Noa, noa;—not yet, not yet;—but handy to it.—Not mad!" exclaimed Saul, striking the iron, which bound his wrists, against his head, "but don't trouble about I, lad: look to thy own wits, young chap."

"Really, Saul, I cannot put up with a continuance of this:—You are not drunk, I know it by your manner. I have never seen you thus before. I pity you; and pray to God that you may obtain a deliverance, by the verdict of a jury."

"I'll never be tried!" exclaimed Saul, in a loud whisper.—"I'll never be tried! Zaul Braintree ha'n't kept his wits brooding all these years, and be caught like a quail, and ha' his neck twisted!—No, no; they ha' brought me to the wrong gaol for that; it's like putting a rat in a fishing-net."

"I don't think, Saul, there is any probability of your escaping," said young Stapleton, "and I advise you not to make the attempt."

"Don't talk to I.—Ha'n't I, when you was a buoy, no bigger round than my thigh—ha'n't I heard you read, when you zat a-top o' my knee, about the mouse gnawing the lion out o' the snare:—ha'n't I?—Ah! you do recollect, do 'ee?"

"I do, I do, too well, Saul," replied Martin, as a tear trickled down his cheek, "and I am sorry—I am grieved—I feel more than you can imagine to see you here. But what has the fable to do with you?"

"Every thing—I shall get out—strength can't do it for me, but—"

"Saul Braintree, I now see what you are driv-

ing at," said Martin, "but do not flatter yourself with so vain a hope. You are accused of a crime, of which, I hope—nay, I think—you will prove yourself guiltless: but though I am but young, I feel that I ought not, dare not, cannot interfere between you and the laws of your country. My father—"

"Now, doan't 'ee preach; doan't 'ee make a zimpleton o' yourself, I tell 'ee:—but, can anybody hear us?—be the constable nigh?" eagerly inquired Saul, dropping his voice to a low tone.

"No," said Martin, "you may be sure of that, or I would not have remained, thus long, exposed to the madness or insolence of your remarks; I know not which to call it."

"Why, thou jackanapes!" said Saul, sneeringly, though his eye, at the same time, glared with an expression of the utmost fury on young Stapleton, "thou young jackanapes! dost thee tell I about insolence?—Thee shalt down on thy knees for this."

"Braintree, good night," said Martin, moving toward the door: "I did not expect this conduct."

"What, thee'rt gwain to leave me, then? Zurely, thee bean't in earnest? Martin bad, by this time, reached the door, and was evidently determined on quitting the room. The prisoner, perceiving his intention, immediately assumed a tone of supplication. "Now, doan't thee go, Master Stapleton," said he, "doan't thee!—do come back—do hear me, if it be but vor a minute. I were wrong, I were, indeed. Doan't thee leave me yet—doan't thee—doan't thee—doan't thee! Come back, Master Martin;—on my knees I do beg of thee:—do come back—for Peggy's zake."

Martin withdrew his hand from the door and returned. "Saul," said he, as he approached, "I never felt till now, the truth of what you have often told me, namely—that if I encouraged an affection for your daughter, I should rue it. I do now, most bitterly. Poor—poor Peggy!"

"Ah! poor girl!—Come nearer, Master Martin—poor Peggy."

"Now, Saul, I'll hear you for one minute only; and this must—this shall be our last interview—unless—"

"Vor one minute, didst say?" exclaimed Saul, triumphantly, as he clutched the wrist of Martin in his powerful grasp, "thou shalt hear me vor an hour;—thou sha' not quit me till thou and I do leave this place, hand-in-hand, together. Ah! thou mayst struggle, but thou knowest the old zaying, 'a Braintree's grip is as zafe as a zmith's vice:—if thee wast a horse I'd hold thee."

"Scoundrel, villain!" exclaimed Martin, endeavouring, with all his might, to release himself, "let go your hold, or I'll—"

"Ah! do—hit me now, do—now I ha' got the handcuffs on; any child might gi'e Zaul Braintree a zlap o' the face now. Hit me—why doan't 'ee—wi' your t'other hand? There's no danger o' my drashing 'ee vor't. Hit me—doan't 'ee unclench your vist—here's my head—hit me, Master Martin."

"For heaven's sake, Saul!" exclaimed young

Stapleton, "if you ever esteemed me, let me go! If you do not, I must alarm the house."

"Oh! if you did, Martin!" replied Saul, "you'd ruin us both. I wouldn't have 'ee do so, vor the hope I've a' got of living a week over the next zpring assize. If you did 'larm the house, Martin, you'd drop from a young 'zquire into a poacher's zon, and hang your own vather, to boot."

"Hang my father!"

"Ah! doan't 'ee look round the room that vashion:—you be zure there be no one listening?"

"Positive!"

"Then turn your eyes here, lad:—Meg Braintree was more than your nurse. She's your own mother! Now I'll let go thy wrist; for I've got a grip at thy heart. There, thee bee'st vree! Why doesn't go?—I doan't hold thee: go if thee canst."

"Saul, you surely are not in your senses!"

"May be I bean't, for trouble turns a man's brain;—but you be, bean't 'ee? You can't ha' vorgot how often I ha' pushed Bob off my knee to put you upon it. Why did I do so?—'cause thee wert my zon, and he were 'Zquire Ztapleton's. Haven't I hugged thee up to my breast, until thee'st a' squalled wi' the squeeze, when nobody was by?—I'd a grudge against the 'zquire;—why, thee know'st well enough;—zo I made Meg, who nursed 'ee both, change buoy for buoy. I thought to ha' made a vine vellow o' my zon at the 'zquire's expense, little thinking I should ever want un to zave my life. I thought, when you was a man, to ha' comed up to 'ee and zaid, 'Zquire, I be your vather—zo and zo were the case—make me comvortable, or I'll be a tell-tale.' That were my project; to zay nothing of having a bit of revenge upon the 'zquire!—Lord, Lord! how I ha' chucked to myzelf thinking on't. Can any man zay I ever used Bob like my zcn? Answer me that. D—n un! I always hated un, vor his vather's zake: though the lad's a good lad, and, if he were mine, I should love un;—and I do, zometimes, I dunno' why:—but I ha' drashed un—and while I were drashing un, I've a'most thought, I were drashing the vather o' un. But I ha' done un a good turn when he didn't know it. I ha' kissed un when he were asleep—a'most upon the zly, like, even to myzelf. And when he broke his leg, I tended upon un, as you do know; and he's a loved me zo, ever zince, that I ha' scores and scores o' times been zorry for it, for I do hate un, because he's the zon of his vather; but what be the matter wi' 'ee? What's amiss? Why d'ye stare and glower zo?"

"Saul Braintree," said Martin, "whether your words are true or not—and what you mention, I have observed—you have made me the most wretched being on earth; for whatever comes to pass, I must still suspect—Margaret, my heart tells me, may be—oh! that horrid may, which is worse than certainty—may be—nay, I cannot pronounce it! Oh! Saul! if I could but believe you; if I could but make up my mind, even to the worst, it would be a comfort."

"Martin Braintree—for that be your name," said Saul, "didn't I warn 'ee about Peggy? Didn't I—when I saw you were getting vond of her—didn't I try to offend 'ec, zo az to keep 'ee from coming to our cottage? Didn't I insult 'ee?—but you wouldn't take it."

"You did, Saul, grossly insult me; but my love—perhaps, my accursed love—made me overlook it. What a gulph of horror is opened before me! Peggy my sister! and you—you my father!—It cannot—it is not so, Saul. Unsay what you have said, and I will save you."

"I won't unsay it; it's out now, and I can't help it. If thou still doubt'st, Martin, go down and ask my wife—ask Meg, if thou still doubt'st, lad—ask thy own heart—young as thee bee'st—if a vather could let a zon be hung for a crime of which this zon bean't guilty!"

"And is Robert innocent, then?"

"Ay, lad, as thou art."

"But you—surely, you—"

"Take a drop of brandy, and I'll tell thee all, buoy: thee'rt my own vlesh and blood, and I'll talk to thee as I would to my own heart. Now, do 'ee take the flask; halve it, and gi'e me the rest;—or take it all if thee dost veel qualmish. I be zad enough, but don't stint thyself, Martin."

The youth swallowed a mouthful of the liquor, and returned it to Saul, who, after draining the contents, resumed the conversation. "Martin," said he, "Robert, poor lad, is az innocent az a lamb; and I know it."

"And will you—can you, then, permit him to—"

"Hold thy tongue, buoy, and let me speak. Rob is innocent, but he's James Ztapleton's son; and if I were to take his head out of the halter, and put my own into it, it wouldn't be many miles off self-murder. Rob is innocent; for he never harmed a worm, except I made un do 't; and he can go up to his God without a blush:—I can't—may be, he couldn't, if he came to my years; for there's no one do know what may happen to the best of us. I be zure I little thought, a score of years ago, when I were tip-top man here, and had az good a character az any body in the country, and there wer'n't a bad wish against mortal in my heart, that I should ever be tied up here, where I be, accused of any crime whatzover—much less murder: but you zee I be, and there's no knowing, as I zaid avore, what any ov us may come to. Bob's zure of peace hereafter; and it will be well vor un. I'd be hung willingly, to-morrow, if I were in the like case; but I bean't. Oh! Martin, my buoy! I ha' much to answer vor. I be brave, people zays, and zo I be; but there bean't a man within a days' ride, zo avoard of death as I be; and I'll tell 'ee why:—it's because I ha' been such a viend—zuch a wretch, ov late years. I wouldn't die vor all the world. I do want time vor repentance! and I must ha' it at any price! Therefore Bob must die vor me;—and, may be, I does un a good turn; at least I do think zo—by zending un to his grave avore he hath had temptation to be zinfu!"

"Your doctrine is most atrocious!" exclaimed Martin. "Oh! why—why was I reserved for this? From what you say, Saul, I fear—"

"That I killed Phil Govier?"

"I hope not."

"Hoping's no good:—he hit I over the head with the butt-end of his gun;—zee, here's the mark;—and when I came to myself, he was gwain to do't again; zo I ztepped back three paces, lifted my piece, and blew out his brains—bang!—Ay, Martin, it were your vather did it; and Zquire Ztapleton's zon must zuffer vor it. I thought I had managed capitally; but things ha' come out I didn't dream of. Iv I be tried, I may be vound guilty, and that won't do. Bob's zure to zuffer, poor lad!—But I must not be tried."

"But how do you make it appear that Robert is guiltless, when the proofs are so strong against him."

"Ah! that be my deepness! I hope I shall be pardoned vor't. I'll tell 'ee just how 'twere. Bob were getting to bed, and he knowed I were gwain through the village, up the hill toward the copse t'other zide o' the Nine Acres:—I'd a' promised a brace o' pheasants to Long Tom, the mail coachman, the day before—he'd got an order vor 'em—and in the copse I were zure o' vinding 'em, but nowherewise: zo Bob zays to I, 'Vather,' zays he, 'I wish you'd take my t'other pair o' zhoes and leave 'em at Dick Blake's, as you do go along, and get he to heel-tap 'em for me.' Zo I zaid I would; and zure enough, I took 'em; but Dick were a-bed when I come by, and I went on, with the zhoes in my pocket, to the copse. When I got there, I looked about, and Ponto—you know Ponto—he'll point up—ay, if 'twere a-top of a elm, as well as under his nose in a stubble—Ponto stood; and just above my head on the lowest branch of a beech, there were perched a cock pheasant wi' two hens—one on each side o' un—all drie with-in reach. I hit the cock and one o' the hens down wi' the barrel o' my gun, and just as I were pouching 'em, up come the keeper. Phil and I, as every one knows, hadn't been good vriends vor twenty long years. Zumat occurred betwixt us, and Phil was zoon on the ground under me. I wasn't as cool as I should be over a rasher of bacon—you may guess; but up he got again, and laid the butt-end of his piece over my head. I were stunned for a second, but when I came to, he'd a' got his gun by the muzzle, wi' the butt up over his head, and aiming at me again. If he'd a hit me, I shouldn't ha' been talking to you here now: zo I ztepped back, and to zave my own life, did as I told 'ee. When I zeed un draw up his legs, and then quiver all over just avore a' died, all the blood in my body were turned into cold water. I thought I should ha' shivered to death; and there I stood, staring at Phil where a' laid, as if I were 'mazed! Just avore this, it begun to znow, and while I were looking at Phil, it thickened zo, that I were a'most zole-deep in it; so then I begun to cast about how I should act, and zave myself vrom zuspicion. While I were

thinking, the znow stopped valling; and, thinks I, they'll vind out who 'twere by the vootmarks; and if there were no vootmarks to z suspect any one else, they'd guess 'twere I, vor vifty reasons: zo I took Bob's zhoes out o' my pocket, put mine in their place, squeezed my veet into the lad's zhoes as well as I could, walked straight whoam, and went to bed without a zoul hearing me. I were wicked enough to put Bob's zhoes close under his bed avore I went to my own; but I hope even that will be vorgiven me:—zo Bob were taken up, and most likely will be vound guilty, upon the evidence o' the zhoes. But vor veer of accidents, Martin, you must contrive to let me out; vor I won't be tried, d'ye mind? therefore you must manage zo as I may 'scape, lad; and once out, I'll war'nt they don't catch I again."

Martin Stapleton stood, with his eyes earnestly fixed on Saul, for nearly a minute after the latter had finished his story of the death of Philip Govier; his faculties were benumbed by what he had heard; and he probably would have remained much longer motionless and speechless, had not Saul seized him with both hands, and given him two or three violent shakes. "Come, come," said he, "doan't go to sleep like a horse, standing up!—This bean't a time for dozing!—Odd! if I'd a' got poor Bob here, I should ha' been vree half an hour ago. He'd ha' zet vire to the house, and come and ha' pulled me out o' the vlamers, by this time, if he couldn't gi'e me my liberty any other way."

"And yet, you, Saul," said Martin, reproachfully, "you scruple not to sacrifice him to save yourself."

"What be that to thee? He'd do as I tell 'ee, because I be his vather—that is, he thinks zo. I ha' done what I did do, because he zeant my zon; but thee bee'st Martin—*thee* bee'st—and thee knows it; thy heart tells thee I ha'n't been lying to thee: thee'rt my zon, and I do expect that thou'lt do thy duty; thou can'st do't, and no harm come to thee. Bob would risk all vor me, though I ha'n't been the best o' vathers to un."

"What would you have me do?" asked Martin, rather petulently. "How shall I act?—What do you wish of me?"

"Just let I get t'other zide o' these walls," replied Saul; "I doan't care how—I leave that to you; choose your own way, it doan't much matter to I—doan't 'ee zee? zo as I gets out. Why, you'd a married Peggy, if zo be as I'd ha' let 'ee—wouldn't ee, now?—in spite ov old Ztapleton, and the whole vlock of your ztiff-backed aunts—wouldn't 'ee, now? answer me that."

"I should—I should!—but mention it no more—you make my blood curdle."

"Well, then," pursued Saul, heedless of the passionate request of Martin; "you zee, I'd no veer ov your seducing the girl; and you can't think I should ha' put up a gate against my daughter's being a young 'zquire's wife—if that young 'zquire weren't what he were."

"Talk to me no more on this subject: I will—"

I do believe all you have said; only, I beseech you, don't—don't dwell on this," exclaimed Martin, wiping large drops of "the dew of mental anguish" from his brow.

"Well, well, Martin! cheer up, lad," said Saul, fondling the youth; "cheer up, and I won't:—but, I zay, how shall we act?"

"Oh! I know not. In assisting you to escape, I become an accessory to Robert's death; and if I refuse—"

"You do hang your vather," interrupted Braintree: "an awkward place vor a body to stand in, Martin; but blood's thicker than water—I be your vather, and he yean't even one o' your kin. I won't dreaten 'ee wi' blabbing and telling who you be, on my trial."

"I care not, Saul, if you did."

"I know—I know; but I doan't dreaten 'ee wi't, doan't 'ee mind?—Keep znug, and be a 'zquire."

"Indeed, I shall not. I will tell the whole story to-morrow; and if I can save poor Robert—"

"If 't'an't at my expense, do save un, and I'll thank 'ee; but I think it yean't possible. As to your up and telling old Ztapleton who you be, that will be zilly ov 'ee; but it be your business: I've put 'ee into a good nest, and if you do throw yourself out on't, 't'ean't my fault—my intention were good. Howsomever, Martin, gi'e me dree hours' law; and doan't give tongue, and zo get a hue and cry a'ter me, avore I can get clear.

At this moment a loud tapping was heard at the door; Martin started, and exclaimed—"If that should be my vather!"

"Vather, indeed!" said Saul; "you do vorget yourself; you must ha' lost your wits, to be vrighted zo-vashion; you ha'n't a' vastened the door, have 'ee? and your vather, as you do call un, would hardly be polite enough to knock. There yean't much ceremony used wi' a prisoner. Why doan't 'ee zay, 'come in?'"

Before Martin could utter the words, the door was opened, and a fair, curly-headed youth, who was Martin's immediate attendant and frequent companion, peeped in, and said, in a loud whisper, "Master Martin! the 'squire is inquiring for you: where will you please to be?—in the fen, setting night-lines for eels, or up at Gorbury, seeing the earths well stopped? The fox-hounds throw off at Budford Copse, to-morrow, you know; or shall I say you're here, or where?"

"You need not tell any lies about the matter, Sam, thank you," said Martin; "I shall be in the parlour almost directly."

"Very well, sir," replied Sam. "I wish you'd been down in the hall just now, though. Constable Abel has been making a speech about drink being the beginning of every thing bad; and, if he says true, Abel must be ripe for mischief, for he got three parts gone before he had done; and he's coming up stairs with the brass top of his long staff downward. Eh! Why, this can't be he, surely, coming at this rate?"

A series of sounds had struck Sam's ear, which resembled those of three or four persons running

up stairs in a hurry, and then galloping along the passage toward the place where he stood. A moment had scarcely elapsed, from the time he had done speaking, when the door was burst wide open, and Ponto, the prisoner's dog, dashed into the room. He had been howling round the house for a considerable time; and probably watched for an opportunity of stealing in to join his master. He flew toward Saul; gambolled round him, leaped up to his face, and exhibited, by his looks, his low barks, and his actions, the joy he felt at being again in the presence of his master.

As soon as Sam, by the order of Martin, had retired from the door, Saul pointed to the dog, and, without uttering a word, gazed reproachfully at young Stapleton.

"I understand you," said Martin; "but you don't know what I may do yet; therefore, pray, spare me those looks."

"Wou'ld do't, then—wou'ld do't?" eagerly asked Saul: "Ah! I knew thee wou'd'st. Ponto yean't my zon, and yet—but, odd! there bean't a minute to lose. Abel will be here directly. Ponto, my dog, thou'lt zave us a mort o' trouble. Tell 'ee what, Martin—only cut the rope, and go to bed. Never mind the cuffs; cut the rope vor me, and I be zafe: out wi' your pocket-knife—make haste," continued Saul, in a hurried tone, as Martin searched his pockets with a tremulous hand—"here, lad, let I veel vor un—here a' is—now cut—cut through: gi'e me dree hours' law, as I told 'ee, and then do as you like. Why, lad, thee'lt be a month; I'd ha' cut down an oak by this time."

"What have I done?" exclaimed Martin, as he, at length, separated the rope.

"Done! why, done your duty," was Saul's reply; "kneel down there, Martin, and take a vather's blessing vor't; a vather's blessing, lad, let un be ever zo bad a man, won't do thee hurt." Martin, almost unconsciously, knelt, and the murderer, placing his hand on the young man's head, solemnly and most affectionately blessed him.

When Abel entered, Martin had nearly reached the door; he pushed the constable aside, and rushed out of the room, in a manner that perfectly amazed the old man. "Well!" said he, as he endeavoured to strut, but in fact, staggered in rather a ludicrous manner, towards the prisoner, "if that's behaviour to a parochial functionary—if any jury will say it is—I'll resign my staff of office. What do you think, Saul?"

"Bad manners, Yeabel—bad manners, in my mind," replied Braintree; "but he be vexed like, and I'll tell 'ee why—I ha' been trying to coax un over to help me out o' the house."

"You ha'n't, surely, Saul!"

"I tell 'ee I have, then—why not? Wouldn't you? answer me that: but the young dog re-zvuzed; zo then I abuzed un, and a' left me in a pet. But, I zay, Yeabel, you be drunk, or handy to't, bean't 'ee? You shouldn't do that: it's wrong ov 'ee, Ycabel; every man, in my mind, should do his duty, and you beant doing yours to

get voggy wi' stout October, when you've a-got a prisoner in hand."

"None o' your sneering, Saul; I am *compos* and capable," said Abel.

"You bean't, Yeabel! upon my life, you bean't!" replied Saul; "you shouldn't do so—no, truly. Why, now, suppose I were to 'scape."

"Escape!" exclaimed Abel, cocking his hat, "elude my vigilance!—come, that's capital!"

"Why, you'll vall asleep avore half the night be over."

"What! sleep upon my post!—never, Saul—never."

"You'll prance up and down there all night, I'll war'nt, then, and zo keep me from getting a bit of rest: you be aveard to lie down, ay, or zit."

"I am afraid of nothing and nobody," replied Abel, indignantly, "and you know it, neighbour Braintree; but no sneering of yours will tempt me—I'm up to thee, Saul, so be quiet, or say your prayers. I'm never so fit to serve my king and country, or the parochial authorities, as when my wits are sharpened by an extra cup or two."

"Or dree, I z'pose?" added Saul. "Poor zoul! thee wants a little spirit put into thee."

"I want spirit! when did I lack it?" exclaimed Abel. "Not a man in the parish ever attempts to raise a hand against me."

"No, truly, Yeabel, I'll zay this vor thee—thou'rt such a weak, harmless old body, that a man would as zoon think of wopping his grand-mother as wopping thee."

Abel's wrath was now roused, and he began to speechify and swagger: Saul said no more, but stretched himself upon the matrass which the 'squire had humanely ordered to be placed on the floor, within reach of his tether, holding the rope under him, so that, without turning him over, it was impossible to discover that it had been severed. Just previously to the constable's entrance, Ponto, in obedience to the command of Saul, had retreated beneath a large oak table, the flap of which altogether concealed him from observation; and there lay the well-trained animal, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and his eyes fixed on Saul, perfectly motionless, and watching for further commands.

About an hour after midnight, when all seemed quiet below stairs, Saul turned on the matrass, and beheld Abel still tottering to and fro, like an invalid grenadier upon guard. He waited for an opportunity, when the constable's back was toward him, to start up, seize Abel by the throat, and lay him flat upon the floor. "Yeabel," said he, in a low tone, "I hope I ha'n't hurt thee much. I be zorry to harm thee at all, old buoy; but needs must. I be gwain off, Yeabel; I doan't mean to put the county to the expense o' prosecuting me—zo I be gwain. Doan't be aveard, I won't choke thee: there," added he, relaxing his powerful gripe, "I'll let thee breathe; but if thee speaks, remember, Yeabel, I be a desperate man, and I must silence thee: one knock o' the head 'ud do't; zo keep thy peace, and do as I

tells thee quietly; I won't have a word, mind me. Take thic thingumbob out o' thy waistcoat pocket, and unvasten these bracelets thou'st put about my wrists. Iv thy conscience to thy king and country won't let thee do't wi'out being put in bodily vear, I'll trouble thee wi' another grip o' the droat. But, I doant wish any thing o' the zort myself, unles needs must.—Ponto, dog!"

Ponto started up, and was by his master's side in a moment.

"That infernal dog here too!" ejaculated Abel.

"Ay, zure! but zilence! It yean't wise vor I to let thee open thy lips; zo go to work like a dummy. Make haste, and dost hear, Yeabel? put down the handcuffs quietly. Now doan't tempt me to hurt thee, by making a vool o' thy-zelf. Be ruled, that's a good vellow. I can get off, doan't 'ee see, spite o' the cuffs? but it will be more convenient and agreeable to leave 'em behind." By this time, Abel had set Braintree's arms completely at liberty.

"Now, Yeabel," continued Saul, still kneeling over the constable—"now, old blade, I'll leave thee wi' Ponto; but doan't thee move or call out if thee values thy old droat. He'll worry thee like a wolf 'ud a wether, if thee moves or makes as much noise as a mouse; but be quiet—be still, and he'll ztand over thee and not harm thee vor hours. Thee knowest the dog; and thee know'st me well enough to be certain I wouldn't leave thee vit to make a 'larm, if I wern't zure o' the dog. I doan't want to hurt thee, zo I leaves thee wi' un: but, mind, he'll hold thy droat a little tighter than I did, if thee wags a hair.—Ponto!" added Saul, turning to the fine animal, who seemed to be listening to what he had said; "mind un, Ponto!—Steady, good dog!—Soho! and steady! but mind un!"

To use a sporting phrase, Ponto immediately "stood:" he threw himself into an attitude that even Saul, as he departed, pronounced to be beautiful. His eye was keenly fixed upon Abel; the roots of his ears were elevated and brought forward; one of his fore-legs was held up, and curved so that the claws nearly touched his body; his tail no longer curled, but stood out straight on a level with his back; every muscle in his frame seemed, as it were, to be upon the alert; he appeared on the point of making a spring forward; but no statue ever stood more motionless on its pedestal, than Ponto did over the prostrate and terrified constable.

Braintree lost no time after he left the room which had been his temporary prison: he descended cautiously to the ground-floor, and versed as he had been in his boyhood, and for several years after time had written man upon his brow, in the topography of the old Hall, he easily found an outlet, and escaped without creating any alarm.

In a paddock adjoining the pleasure-grounds of the Hall, he caught a horse, which had been turned out on account of a sand-crack—twisted a hazel, from the hedge, into a halter and mouth-piece, leaped the fence, and, in less than half an

hour, by dint of hard galloping across the country, clearing every thing as though he was riding a steuple-chase, Saul reached his own cottage. Meg and her daughter were still up—the wife weeping, and the child praying for Saul's safe deliverance. He beat at the door, and Meg clasped the girl to her breast, and exclaimed, "Oh! what now?—what now? They're surely coming for thee, Peggy! they'll leave me to murder myself—childless!"

"Open the door, Meg—my own Meg!" said Saul, without; "'tis I Meg—thy poor Zaul."

Braintree was soon by his own hearth, with his wife and daughter weeping and hanging round his neck.

"Well, and how is it, Saul?" inquired Meg, as soon as she could find utterance.

"Art discharged, father," said Peggy.

"No, child," replied Saul; "I be 'scaped! I shouldn't ha' zeen thee, wench, nor thy mother neither, but whoam laid in my road. I be zafe yet till day-light, if Ponto's as true as I've a' zeen un avore now; but I shouldn't zay, if, vor I be zure ov un."

In reply to the inquiries of his wife, Saul briefly related the result of his conversation with Martin, the manner of his escape from old Abel, and his intention to fly the country for ever, if he could. "Not," added he, "that I think they could bring aught whoam to me, upon trial, though I did'n't think zo, when I were tied up by a rope to a chimney-bar, in the Hall; but now it ztrikes I, there wouldn't be much danger ov my getting acquitted—and vor why? It's clear the man were killed by *one*—not *two*. Now, if Bob's vound guilty, I must be turned out innocent; and guilty a' will be vound, or else I've blundered blessedly."

"Heavens above us, Saul! what d'y'e mean?" cried Meg.

Braintree now frankly told his wife the circumstances relative to Robert's shoes; and concluded, with a forced smile, sighing deeply as he spoke—"And zo, the young un be nicked for noman's-land, wi'out a bit of a doubt—that be certain, I reckon."

"Oh! Saul!" cried Meg, "Saul Braintree, what hast thee done?—thou hast murdered thy son!"

"Murdered my viddlestick! He's the 'zquire's—Jemmy Ztapleton's buoy—Martin be mine."

"Martin Stapleton, father!" almost shrieked Peggy.

"Ay, wench, and he cut the cord vor me, like a Briton."

"Saul! Saul!" replied Meg, "doan't thee smile; my poor heart be bursting. I never thought I should see this night!"

"Woe's me, mother; I was almost killed wi' trouble before, and now such news as this!" sobbed Peggy, pressing her hands to her eyes.

"What be the matter, missus?—All's right;—doan't be dashed."

"If thou didst kill Govier, Saul," said Meg, "thou bee'st a vather vor all that; and I do pity thee;—thou hast laid a trap vor thy own son.

When thou wen'st away a smuggling that time, just after the squire had discharged thee, and when we knowed he was looking out for another nurse—"

"Well, what then?" interrupted Saul.

"Why, Saul, thou didst tempt me to change the children. I promised thee I would:—I tried, and I couldn't! Thee thought'st to deceive 'Squire Stapleton, but I deceived thee, Saul. I couldn't send away my own boy—my virst-born—my darling. If thee wert a mother, thee wouldst vorgive me. Oh! that I had done as thee told me! Saul, Saul, thee hast murdered thy child! Bob's thy own vlesh and blood—and Martin Stapleton be no kin to thee."

"Oh! mother!" said Peggy, dropping on her knees, "I am almost ashamed to say how I thank you for those words; they have a'most saved my life;—but then, my brother—my poor, poor brother!"

"Bob my own vlesh and blood!" said Saul, turning pale as a dying man while he spoke, "Bob my zon, a'ter all!—Tell'ee he ant! I won't believe thee:—dost hear?"

"As I hope to be vorgiven for all I've done here below, he is," replied his wife.

"Meg, Meg!" said Saul, dropping on a bench, and throwing himself back against the wall, "you ha' turned me ~~zick~~ as a dog."

Margaret and her daughter now threw themselves about Braintree's neck again, and began to weep and wail in the most violent and passionate manner. Saul remained motionless only for a few moments. "Gi'e me air," said he, suddenly pushing them aside and leaping up, "I be choking! I'd gi'e the world now, if I had it, that instead o' zbooting Phil, Phil had zhot!—Deceived! bevooled! in this vashion!—Meg, doan't thee bide near me, or I shall lay hands on thee presently, I do know I shall."

"I don't vear thee, Saul," said Meg, "thee never didst lay a vinger in wrath on me yet. If thee'rt a minded to kill me, do't!—I won't vly vrom the blow. My Bobby in gaol, accused of murder, and my husband guilty of doing it!"

"You lie, you vool!" vociferated Saul, "'twere no murder! We vought, hand to hand, vor life or vor death, and I got the best o't. If I hadn't a' killed he, he'd ha' killed I; zo how can 'ee make it murder?"

"The lord judge will make it out so, I fear," said Peggy, "won't he, think you, mother?"

"No doubt on't; and Saul knows it," replied Meg. "Oh! Bob, my child—my dear, dear boy!"

"Good night, Meg!" interrupted Saul. "I be off;—you do know I can't abide to hear a woman howl."

"But where art gwain, Saul?"

"No matter;—thou'lt hear time enough o' me:—good night!"

"Nay, but what'll thee do!—Peggy, down on thy knees wi' me girl, and beg him to tell us, what we be to do!—Oh! Saul—bide a bit; I won't let thee see a tear—look, they be all scorched up. I won't vex thee, any way, if thou'lt but bide and comfort us."

"Doan't cling to me zo," said Saul, struggling to rid himself of the embraces of his wife and daughter, who clung about his knees—"it be no use; let go, or I'll hurt 'ee! There now," continued he, as he freed himself, "once vor all, good night. It won't do vor I to bide here another minute."

Braintree now rushed out of the cottage, leaving his wife and daughter on their knees: each of them clasped the other to her breast, and listened, without a sob, until the receding footsteps of Saul were no longer audible. They then attempted alternately to solace each other; but the comforter of the moment was so violent in her own sorrow as to increase that of her whose grief she tried to allay; and thus the hours passed on with them till dawn. They felt the misery of seeing the sun rise and chace away the morning mists as usual; the autumnal song-bird—the robin—much loved of men, chirruped merrily on their cottage-roof as he did a week before, when they were comparatively happy; and the sleek old cat, brushed his glossy sides against their garments, as if nothing was the matter. There are few persons in existence, whose lot it has been to pass a night of such extreme mental agony, as that was with Margaret Braintree and her daughter; and yet, strange to say, at six o'clock in the morning, Meg was raking together the embers of the turf fire, and piling fresh fuel on the hearth;—the kettle was, soon after, singing merrily above the blaze; and before the church bells had chimed seven, Meg and her pretty daughter, miserable as they were, with swollen eyes and aching hearts, sat down to that womanly comfort—a cup—or as it is still called in the west—a *dish* of tea.

We must now return to the Hall, which, before day-break, became a scene of uproar and alarm. Every body seemed to be in a bustle, but no pursuit was made, or plan of action determined on. The 'squire had sent for a neighbouring justice of the peace, who was so far stricken in years, that it was necessary for one of his own men, assisted by Stapleton's messenger, to lift him on horseback, and hold him on the saddle, the whole distance between his house and the Hall. The old man, although of a remarkably irritable disposition, was scarcely wide awake when he arrived. The 'squire, however, without waiting to inquire whether or no his auditor was in a proper state to receive his communications, began to give a minute history of the capture, brief imprisonment, and escape of Braintree. He had gone as far as Saul's seizing the constable, when old Justice Borfield, for the first time, interrupted him, by inquiring, with warmth, what they all meant by using him as they had done? "Here have I been," added he—"Ay, now, I recollect—Yes—the scoundrels broke into my bed-room;—so I suppose, at least;—dragged me out of bed; and when I awoke—for, odd! sir, and as I'm a gentleman, all this was hurry-scurry, and passed on like a dream—but when I awoke, I found myself in my best wig on the back of a high-trotting horse; and lo, and be-

hold! I saw—for my miscreant of a man had fastened on my spectacles, though, as you see, he forgot my left shoe—I saw one of them on each side, holding me down to the saddle by my waist-band. I struggled and exclaimed; but the villains heeded me not! Now, sir, what the devil does all this mean? What am I accused of? I insist upon being answered."

"My dear neighbour, my very worthy friend Borfield," said Stapleton, "I need your assistance—your presence—your advice in this matter."

"You're very complimentary, indeed! What! now you've made a blunder, you drag me into your counsels to bear half the blame! Neighbour Stapleton, I'm a very ill-used man, and I won't put up with it. Talk of the liberty of the subject, and the power of a justice of the peace! Why, I've been treated like a tetotum! At this rate, a magistrate's an old woman; or worse—worse by this hand! Brute force beats the King's commission! I'm dragged out of my bed at midnight, by lawless ruffians—lifted into a saddle, when I haven't set foot in a stirrup these twenty years—and brought here on the back of a rough-trotting galloway, close prisoner, to sign some documents, I suppose, which wouldn't be legal, without the formality of a second magistrate's name. I'll tell you what, James Stapleton, I don't like it.—If I'm an old man, I'm not a machine. Your satellites have brought the horse to the brook, but you can't make him drink. I'll sign nothing;—I'll die first:—for I'm hurt and insulted."

The old man now grew exhausted, and Stapleton once more attempted to pacify him. By dint of excuses and a few flattering compliments on the freshness and vigour of his intellectual powers, and the value of the advice of a man who had so much experience, Stapleton, at length, prevailed upon him to hear the end of the statement, relative to Saul's escape.

"Well, well! then order coffee and dry toast," said Borfield, "for if you need advice, I lack refreshment. Order coffee, and let the toast be cut thin, and baked by a steady hand—by-the-by, let my own miscreant do it—and then we'll see what can be done."

It appeared that Braintree's escape had been discovered sooner than he expected. The old earth-stopper, on his return from Gorbury, where he had been following his vocation, saw somebody cross a field, at full speed, on a horse which he well knew to be Martin Stapleton's pie-bald hunter. He fancied, too, that the rider bore some resemblance to Braintree. But whether the man were Braintree or another, it was clear that all was not right. The earth-stopper, therefore, thought proper to put spurs to his poney, and, instead of turning down the next lane toward his own cottage, to push for the main road, and trot up to Stapleton Hall. As he passed the paddock he looked round it; but saw no horse. When he reached the gate-way leading to the house, he raised such a clatter, by ringing the bell and beating against the door,

that several of the servants, and Stapleton himself, were soon roused from their beds. Before the earth-stopper was admitted, Stapleton inquired from the window, what had occurred. "I beg your honour's pardon," replied the old man, "I reckon I ha' zeed Zaul Braintree; or, iv 'tean't he, 'tis a man like un, riding athirt tailor Mudford's 'tatee-patch, in Misletoe-lane, zaving your worship's presence, upon a zpringy switch-tailed, pie-bald, a blood-like weed ov a thing, zo var as I could zee; but I'll zwear he were a zwitch-tailed pie-bald; and the young 'zquire's yean't in the paddock."

Stapleton threw on his dressing-coat, and hurried up stairs to the room where Saul had been confined. The lamp was still burning; and, by its light, he discovered at a glance, that the prisoner had effected his escape. Abel's staff lay upon the mattress, and, at a little distance from it, Stapleton beheld the constable on the floor, apparently lifeless. "The villain has murdered him!" thought he; but his fears were instantly dispelled, and his indignation roused by a sonorous snore, which evidently proceeded from the nostrils of Abel.

Stapleton took up the staff of office, and turned the constable over with it two or three times, before he could wake him. In reply to the questions put to him by the 'squire, Abel gave a tolerably clear account of what had taken place: the last thing he recollected was seeing the eyes of Ponto glaring at him, as he lay on the floor. Search was immediately made for the dog, but without success: he had either effectually concealed himself in some part of the house, or made his escape. Abel begged for a warrant from his worship to apprehend and hang the animal, "he aided and abetted the prisoner," said he, "in getting his liberty; and I am ready to swear, and what is more, with your worship's leave, I do insist upon swearing, that I lay in bodily fear o' the beast. But Ponto," continued he, "was not the sole and only one that lent the delinquent a helping hand; he hath a friend in court: the rope was cut for him, that's clear; for he never could have done it himself. Your worship, this looks awkward against somebody."

The morning dawned through the eastern window of the library, as Stapleton finished his statement, and old Borfield his second cup of coffee. The latter now suggested that all the persons in the house should be rigidly examined, and the depositions of Abel and the earth-stopper formally prepared. The whole of the household, as well as the two last-mentioned worthies, were then called in; and after a few questions had been put to the domestics in a body, it came out that somebody had heard Sam say, before he went to bed, that the poacher's dog had burst into the Wainscot-room when he (Sam) went up to call the young 'squire down to supper. Sam, upon being questioned, prevaricated and became confused. Perceiving this, Stapleton inquired for Martin. "He ha'n't left his room yet, sir," said Sam; "I'll step and call him."

"No, no!" exclaimed Borfield, "by no means:

stay you there, and let the constable go for him."

"I forgot to say," said Abel, "that Master Martin did certainly condescend to be beadle over the prisoner, while I took needful refreshment."

"Then you ought to be whipped for suffering him to do so," quoth Borfield. "Mr. Stapleton, this begins to be serious," continued he;—Stapleton turned pale as he proceeded, and now wished he had not sent for his brother magistrate;—"the youth's your son; but it is our duty, in such an investigation as this, to pay no respect to persons. And so, when you returned," he added, turning to the constable, "the bird was flown, was he?"

"I will be judged by any man here if I said so!" replied Abel. "Saul and I had some chat after my return; he was there, and, seemingly, safe enough; but the cord must have been cut by somebody while I was away."

"And who did you find in the room besides Saul?" was the next question put by old Borfield.

"Sam ran against me, as I went up over the stairs, and the young 'squire did the like, more disagreeably, just after I had crossed the threshold."

Borfield shook his head, and said to Sam—"Young man, consider yourself in custody; and constable, fetch down Master Martin Stapleton; it is strange, amidst all this uproar, he has not made his appearance!"

"Has no one seen him?" inquired Stapleton, in a tone of unusual solemnity: he looked anxiously round the circle, but no reply was made. "Open that window," continued he, pointing to one near him, in the recess of which stood the earth-stopper, who obeyed him, as fast as his stiff joints would permit. A perfect silence reigned through the room for nearly a minute, after Abel had quitted it, in obedience to Borfield's commands, when the old earth-stopper said that he heard a tired horse galloping up the high road, about a mile distant, and he thought it was the young 'squire's pie-bald. Upon being asked what induced him to think so, he replied, "why, your honour, Master Martin's horse were lame vrom a zand-crack in the near vore-voot, and the horse, I do hear, don't strike the ground even; I be zure he's lame;—and az I do think—"

The earth-stopper would have proceeded, but Abel and Martin now entered the room. The young man's dress was in disorder; his hair was matted; his eyes were swollen; and his whole appearance indicated that he had not passed the night asleep in his bed. "I understand," said he, addressing himself to Stapleton and Borfield, "I understand that—"

"You have but one question to answer, Martin," interrupted Stapleton.

"And answer it or not, as you think fit," said Borfield; "recollect, young gentleman, that you are not compelled to implicate yourself:—be careful!"

"The caution, sir," said Stapleton, "is kind and well-meant, but, I am sure, needless. Mar-

tin—did you, or did you not, aid Saul Braintree in his escape?"

Martin was silent.

"Don't press him," said Borfield, forgetting to whom he was speaking; "we have quite sufficient, without his own acknowledgment, to warrant us in concluding that he did. The constable's evidence—"

"Borfield! Borfield!" cried Stapleton casting on the old man a look of reproach that silenced him, "let him answer for himself. What say you, Martin? Acquit yourself, I insist—I entreat!—Did you cut the rope for Braintree?"

"All that I have to say, sir," replied Martin, firmly—but his voice faltered, and he burst into tears, and hid his face in his hands, as he concluded—"All that I have to say, sir, is, that the man proved to me he was my own father!"

"Martin, you're mad!" exclaimed Stapleton, starting from his seat.

"Braintree your father!" said Borfield removing his spectacles, but speaking in a calm and unconcerned tone; "how's this?—Then where's Mr. Stapleton's son?"

"In the county gaol, abiding his trial for murder!" replied the young man.

"Martin, your wits are wandering!" almost shrieked old Stapleton; "What do you mean?"

"It is but too true, sir, I fear. Meg Braintree changed us when children at her breast."

"No, zhe didn't, Master Martin," said some one at the lower end of the room; "No, zhe didn't; worse luck!"

To the amazement of all present, Saul Braintree, who had just entered, now walked up towards the justices, and stood within three paces of the table, behind which their chairs were placed. Old Stapleton was still on his legs; and, with a vacant and almost idiotic stare, turned from Martin, on whom he had been gazing, to the weather-beaten face of Saul.

"'Tis you ha' done all this mischief, 'zquire," pursued Braintree; "Oh! you used I—but it don't matter: Meg, too, to play zuch a trick, and not tell me o't!—Master Martin, she didn't do as I told her; but never, afore this night, did I know I'd been made such a vool ov!—Your horse volled lame as a cat wi' me, coming back, but you'll vorge'e me, I do know, vor bringing ee' zuch news. I bean't your vather; there—there, it do zeem, he stands: 'zquire, this be, truly, your zou—mine be in irons; but I'll vree un! I'll vree un!" repeated he, raising his voice suddenly to a high pitch; "he sha'n't bide there long! I be bad enough, vor zure and zartin, but I can't let un die vor I!—Oh! I be beat out und out!—Tell'ee I can't ztand it; zo, justice, take my convession!"

Borfield touched the elbows of Stapleton, who was now totally inattentive to the scene before him, and affectionately embracing Martin.—"Take the pen, sir," said Borfield; "and, prisoner, reflect a moment on what you are about to do: you are in a state of great excitement; we are willing to hear you; but, I repeat—be cautious!"

"Cautious—cautious! d'ye zay?—No, I won't! Caution's been the ruin o' me. Caution doan't zeem to I to be any use in these parts. I ha' zced men wi' no more forecast than chilver hogs—do well all their lives, and keep out o' harm's way, vlourishing like trees:—now, I ha' been as cautious as a cat, and you do zee what I be come to."

"I cannot write, indeed, Mr. Borfield; I cannot write a word: you must excuse me," said Stapleton, throwing down the pen.

"Well, well, then, as we've no clerk, and I have written nothing but my name these seven years," said Borfield, offering the pen to young Stapleton; "suppose, Master Martin, you take down the prisoner's confession?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Martin, "that I never will do."

"Then we must adjourn the examination for an hour," said Borfield, "let the prisoner be searched, and conveyed to a place of security. I will especially swear in the earth-stopper and my man to assist you, Abel; my man shall remain in the room with you, and the earth-stopper may watch outside the door: be attentive earth-stopper."

"And, above all things," added Abel, "take care that his dog don't get in."

"Doan't ee be aveard o' he, Yeabel," said Saul, "I ha' killed un, poor blade!—It were the last zhot I shall zhoot. He ha' done much mischief for I, poor dumb beast, and he might ha' done more vor a worsor man;—vor I reckon I bean't zo bad az zome be, and that's a convort. I knocked up varmer Zalter, and borrowed his double-barrelled gun, to gi'e the dog his dose. Ponto knowed what a gun were, well enough; but he zeemed to vancy I were in vun like, when I pointed the muzzle o't to un; vor a' wagged his tail and looked as pleasant uv in my vace, that be dashed iv I weren't vorced to shut my eyes, avore I could pull the trigger. But, oh! Master Martin, iv you had but heard his one zhort deep howl, you'd ha' gone 'mazed—that is—if you were I. Truly, I do think, I zould ha' zhoot myself iv 'tweren't vor two things:—Virst, I couldn't ha' vreed poor dear Bob, bless un! iv I had; and next, I'd a' given my word and hand to varmer Zalter, I wouldn't harm myzself, avore he'd lend me his gun."

Martin now asked his father's permission to offer Saul a little refreshment; the 'squire immediately acceded to his request, and the kind hearted young gentleman whispered Sam, in Saul's hearing, to get a little brandy from the housekeeper. Braintree, however, much to Martin's surprise, requested that no liquor might be brought for his use. "Master Martin," said he, "it yean't wi' me, as 'twere last night. I be past the help o' brandy, now:—I be done vor. Ponto's gone, and I shall zoon vollow un; he did'n't deserve it—nor I neither, may be;—but I shall h'at though, vor all that. But Bob shall be vreed—no offence, justices; but, d'ye hear?—Bob shall be vree! My buoy zhan't never zuffer for I. No, no, that wouldn't be like Zaul.

Braintree;—eh! Master Martin?—would it, neighbours?—My wife zhan't zay to I again, as zhe did, poor zoul, last night, 'Zaul, thee hast murdered my zon!'—'tean't pleasant. Your zervant, Justice Borfield: you ha' been my ruin, 'zquire Ztapleton; but I doan't bear malice; I do vorgive 'ec wi' all my heart. Will'ee be zo good as to make vriends, zir, and think o' Meg, if aught should happen to me?—will'ee, zir—will'ee—will'ec?"

Saul stretched forth his hand across the table, and Stapleton, apparently without knowing what he did, or, possibly, actuated by a return of those kind feelings which he had entertained for Saul, twenty years before, so far forgot his own character and situation, and those of the prisoner, that he put forth his hand towards that of Braintree: a short but hearty mutual squeeze ensued, and Braintree immediately left the room, closely followed by Abel Harris, the earth-stopper, and Justice Borfield's man. He had scarcely proceeded a dozen steps from the door, when, as if something of importance had suddenly occurred to him, he turned about, and earnestly inquired for the young 'squire. Martin was soon by his side. "Master Martin," said Saul, "there be one thing I've a' got to zay to 'ee—"

"Your wife, I suppose, Braintree—"

"No, no, not zhe; I zpoke to 'zquire about zhe: besides, Bob will be vree, and won't zee poor Meg lack;—pine zhe will—but he can't help that."

"Can I do any thing for you?" inquired Martin.

"Not vor I—not vor I," replied Saul. "I ha' got but a vew words to zay to thee, lad, and I'll zpeak 'em vreeley. Peggy yean't your zister, now:—when I be gone, iv you can't do her no good, doan't do her no harm, vor my zake, lad; doan't, pr'ythee, now!"

"I never will, you may depend, Saul."

"Then God bless thee, and good bye!—Now, Yeabel!"

Saul now followed Abel into the Wainscot-room again, and resumed his handcuffs. Old Borfield, who had been roused to unusual energy, and even displayed a portion of that acuteness, for which he had been famed in the county twenty or thirty years before, sank into a doze. Long before he opened his eyes again, Stapleton had received Saul Braintree's confession, which, coupled with other circumstances, while it convicted Saul, clearly exculpated his son from any participation in the offence. The father and son were tried together; the former was found guilty, and the latter acquitted. Saul, however, evaded the execution of the law: a strong fear of death came over him, after his conviction; he made a bold attempt to escape—the particulars, of which it would be needless to enumerate: suffice it to say, that he was not only unsuccessful, but perished in a most resolute struggle with some of the gaoler's attendants, who intercepted his progress. Another paragraph will finish our tale.

Old Stapleton, who had long been in a declin-

ing state, died within a few days after Martin came of age: the young 'squire shortly after sold off his estates, and, it was confidently said by some, but disbelieved by others, dwelt happy and contented, as it falls to the lot of most men to be, in a distant part of England, with his old nurse under his roof: Robert Braintree, the tenant of a capital farm, within a morning's ride of his mansion; and pretty Peggy, his wife.

For the Lady's Book.

THE MOOR'S LAMENT.

On the silent shore an old man stood,
His locks were white and spare—
And he gaz'd upon the sullen flood,
With a melancholy air.

Deep plung'd in reverie, he seem'd
That sad and lonely one—
As if of days gone by, he dream'd
Of joys decay'd and flown.

And ever and anon he would
Lift up his hollow eye,
And peer as if beyond the flood
Some far-off land to spy.

Vainly his vision wander'd wide,
Tho' bright the heaven's hue,
And calm and smooth the ocean tide,
Nought met his searching view.

The tear-drops gather'd in his eye,
And roll'd his cheek adown,
And his bosom heav'd an aching sigh,
And sad he stood and lone,

'And, ah!' he cried, 'shall I ne'er again
Thy lovely shores behold,
Delightful Spain! delightful Spain!
Where my fathers dwelt of old?'

Thine is the land wherein beauteous glow—
The flower and fruit unite—
O'er beds of gold thy rivers flow,
And thy heaven is pure and bright.

My joyous days of youth were sped,
'Mid thy fountains cool, and bow'rs,
Ere the sons of the prophet, sorrowing fled,
From the sword of the haughty Gidours.

Grenada! Grenada! thy lofty walls
Are levell'd to the ground—
The maidens and swains, that danc'd in thy halls,
Are there no longer found.

The stranger has made the Alhambra his home—
Each beauteous grove, and bow'r,
And fountain, reflecting the orange tree's bloom,
Hath pass'd to the infidel's pow'r.

The sons of the prophet are scatter'd wide—
In distant realms they stray;
They weep when they think of their fallen pride,
And their splendour past away.

And with constant pray'r their hearts implore
The God who reigns above,
That again to their hopes he would restore
The country of their love.

And shall not mine aged eyes again
Thy lovely shores behold—
Delightful Spain! delightful Spain!
Where my fathers dwelt of old?

J. L. M.

SEPULCHRES OF THEBES.

THE whole side of the Lybinian mountain, near Thebes, is pierced even from its base to three quarters of its elevation with sepulchral grottos. Those nearest the base are the most elevated and spacious; those which are found in the most elevated part of the mountain are the poorest and most badly executed. The grottos between these two extremes hold a middle rank, in execution as well as position, which last indicates order and richness; and in examining them, the poor offer the most interest, because here can be seen the advancement of the arts and trades at this period. A door opening to the east conducts to a gallery about twenty paces long; this is sustained by columns or plasters, which vary in number, from four to ten. At the extremity of this gallery is a pit which conducts to the catacombs, where the mummies are deposited.—The depth of these pits is from forty to sixty feet. They meet long subterranean alleys, roughly hollowed from the rock, and which terminate in a hall about thirty feet square. This hall is supported by pillars and still contains many remains of mummies. There are also found a great number of subterranean passages, which probably lead to other halls more concealed from view.

In the upper gallery are carved in bas relief, or impressed upon the plastering of the walls, while fresh and moist, a crowd of subjects, relative to the female ceremonies.—The most interesting pictures there found are those which offer the details which appertain to the arts of the ancient inhabitants of the country. There may be discovered their first occupation, such as hunting and fishing; there the progress of civilization may be traced; there may be seen the arts of the saddler, of the wheelwright and of the potter; pictures of their *exchange* and of commerce, rustic scenes, marches of troops, and a cause of the punishments in usage among them. Each grotto is ornamented with ceilings, upon which are painted subjects of fancy, the design of which is exactly the same as that of the papers which fashion has caused to be adopted in France for the last thirty years.

The tombs of the kings are more than a mile from the river. They have been dug in the side, straight to the centre of the Lybinian mountain, the path which conducts to them is frequently unknown, and they can be entered only by a forced passage. The plan of one of the tombs is sufficient to indicate the general dispositions of the others. Each grotto communicates with the side of the mountain by a large gate, this conducts to a gallery hollowed in the rock. The breadth and height of this is generally twelve feet, its length to the second gate twenty paces. The second gate conducts to a second gallery of the same breadth, and twenty-four paces long. To the right and left of this are chambers, five feet broad by six deep. Here are found designs

of arms, such as hatchets, poignards, carved sabres, short swords, lancers, javelins, bows, arrows, quivers, coats of mail, bucklers, instruments of labour, vases, trinkets of all kinds, and the details of preparing food are also there represented. A third gallery follows this—its height and breadth are the same. It conducts to a hall on the level of the other apartments, which are eighteen feet square. This has a fifth gallery, the length of which is twenty-eight paces. At the extremity, there is a corridor of sixteen feet, it conducts to a saloon eleven feet square. From this there is a passage into a second hall of the same size, from which it is separated by a gallery of six feet. This ends in a saloon sustained by eight pillars, length twenty-five, breadth twenty paces. This hall contains the sarcophagus, which encloses the mummy of the king. The Romans made attempts to bear away the sarcophagus from the grotto where it was deposited. They had begun to level the earth to facilitate the attempt, but they very soon gave up the enterprise. Near the hall of the sarcophagus, there is a second, twenty-five paces in breadth, by forty in length. The height of the tomb is seven feet, its length eight, and its breadth six. The total of the gallery is two hundred and twenty-five paces. The tombs of the kings are covered, in their whole extent, by pictures and hieroglyphics. The greatest part are represented in the fresh plastering. These pictures represent subjects and objects of the greatest oddness and fantasticalness, of which no idea could be obtained, except by observing the drawings of them.

It appears here the Romans derived the idea of the grotesque, which their artists and painters endeavoured to imitate during the second and third centuries of this empire. The researches in Herculaneum have discovered a great number of pictures executed in this style. The most interesting grotto is that which contains the sarcophagus, still entire and in its place; its length is sixteen feet, its height twelve, and its breadth six; it preserves the covering upon which is the effigy of the king; it is of a single block of granite.

The surprise occasioned by beholding this enormous mass at the extremity of a lane two hundred paces in length, can no longer be limited, when it is considered that this block could not have been wrought on the spot. What difficulties must have opposed the transportation of a mass weighing many hundreds of thousands, through the almost impenetrable passages of the mountain. Many human sacrifices are here observed. Two pictures were discovered representing a man sowing seed, and children instantly springing up from this seed.

There is a tomb near Memnon, excavated at the base of a mountain, in the enclosure of which a number are found. The entrance to many is concealed; almost all have been. The Egyptians,

who were faithful to worship, endeavoured to conceal the knowledge of their tombs from conquerors, and from those who professed a different religion from their own. Two grottos had never been finished. A third has been utterly deprived of its sepulchres, and some others still offer imperfect things. Here the magnificence of the Egyptian is displayed with the greatest grandeur. It must require not less than the duration of the region of one man, to undertake and accomplish a work of this kind, where only a very limited number of workmen could be employed at a time.

All the Egyptians, from the monarch to the subject, took the greatest care of the sepulchres, in the belief that their souls would, after many thousand years, come to re-inhabit the body, in case it should be preserved untroubled and entire; hence embalmments, and the position of sepulchres in places inaccessible to the inundations of the river. When the Arabs, who regarded the grottos as the property of each family, discover that they can be visited by strangers, they put fire to the mummies which they contain, to save them from the gaze of the curious. A few caverns remain untouched, but they are generally unknown to travellers;

" Their doors sealed up and silent as night,
The dwellings of the illustrious dead."

THE ELOQUENCE OF MUSIC.

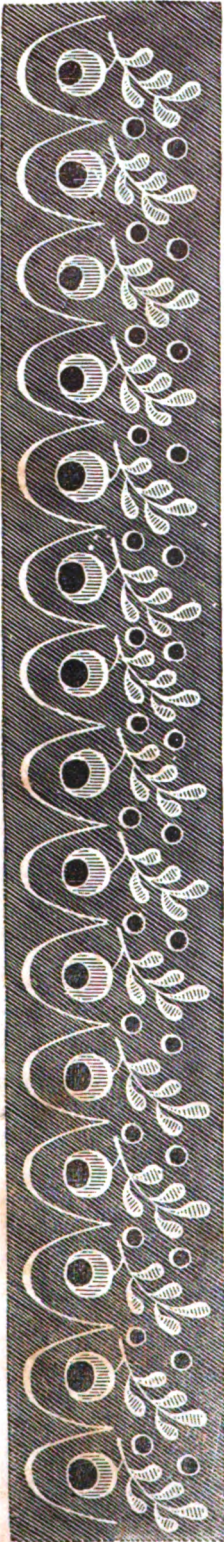
" Music resembles Poetry : In each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach."

THE eloquence of music is seldom more forcible than in Weber's Overture to *Der Freischütz*; it is in itself a tale of romance and horror; supernatural creatures are leaping from every chord; tones combat tones, and the sense becomes conscious of a complete history in sound; we may even give a character and motive to every instrument. Thus, the bass startles us into a recognition of Zamiel, in all his wildness and devilish attributes; Caspar has the deep and sullen purposes of the bassoon; the fitful starts of Rodolph are in the clarionet, and the gentle Linda breathes her timid love in the plaintive notes of the flute; the whole purpose of the opera is told before the curtain rises. A composer should ever make this his principal object; to raise, and at the same time to gratify anticipation—but this is rarely achieved; "the sound" is not "an echo to the sense;" a mystical succession of never-ending cadences is made the chief care, and when music should interpret the emotions of the heart, when it ought to be the only means of expressing the sweetest affections of our nature, it is made subservient to a useless flourish of science, without carrying the simple

expression of the mind or breast. It may be said, that of all compositions, the music to *Der Freischütz* has the least of this—to which may be replied, that Weber gives the music of dæmons, and of men under dæmonic agency, and thus considered, does not the overture to *Der Freischütz* fearfully accord, as far as sound and personation can be associated with our imaginings of spectral potency, and whether did it really and avowedly exist, would it not yield such music? Doctor Johnson, speaking of the contempt with which some people affect to treat the reality of a supernatural world, says, "it is useless to deny with the tongue, that which man gives credence to with the heart." On this argument it would be vain to deny the superior power of the overture in question, as yielding to one sense those perfect sounds, of which a few fitful vibrations have trembled through our brain, as associated with the thought of supernatural beings. Weber conveys us into the kingdom of spirits, all function is spell-bound, and we witness the mirth, madness and despair of wicked spirits, and of wicked men; our imagination is, for a time, frightfully appalled, and it is not until the orgies have for some time ceased, that we are reinstated in our every day existence; and this is the composer's triumph; the curtain draws up, and we instantly recognize those with whom the overture has so magically united us; we know their feelings and their motives; nothing is new; all has been anticipated. This may truly be called "the eloquence of music." A few words may here be said of our modern English composers. All opinion of native talent should not be sacrificed at the shrine of foreign genius; there is, probably, too much of this injustice; but it is the misapplication of this talent which should be deprecated. What Weber has so greatly triumphed in is the cause of many of his contemporaries' disgrace. Weber composes for a romance, his music is of the land of fiends, and we have owls, spectres, skeleton hunts, &c.; but other composers are fain to indulge in the same monstrosity of sound, when there is no subsequent endeavour to warrant it. Hence, we hear drums roll, trumpets sound, and the combined clashing of a whole orchestra; by this we are taught to expect mighty deeds; the piece commences, which probably contains the important loves of a metropolitan tradesman, and the ward of a stock broker; a storm of music but precedes the pert dicta of girlish disobedience, and an elopement to *Gretna Green* is heralded by an effect, which, by its clamorous attempt at loftiness, is fitter for a jubilee at the "pit of Acheron," or the triumphal entry of a Cæsar. In these things, we want simplicity without monotony, or if elevation, divested of much tumult. Weber gains his fame by the gratification he gives to the mind, when vividly elevated by supernatural imagining; he has, in a great degree, produced a new sphere of enjoyment for the imagination; the starting tones of fancy find a pealing echo in his strains, and the heart and mind own the eloquence of music.

EMBROIDERY FOR HEAD DRESSES.

FRONT AND SIDE PATTERNS.



ROUND MY OWN PRETTY ROSE.

THE POETRY BY T. H. BAYLY, ESQ.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY ALEXANDER LEE.

LARGHETTO.

Round my own pret - ty Rose I have ho - - - ver'd all day,
I have seen its sweet leaves, one by one, fall a - - - way;
They are gone! they are gone! but I go not with them—
No, I lin - ger to weep o'er the de - - - - - solate stem:
They say, if I rove to the south, I shall meet
With hun-dreds of ro-ses more fair and more sweet;
But my heart, when I'm tempt ed to wan - - - der, re - - - plies,
Here my first love, my last love, my on - - - - ly love lies.

2.

When I sprang from the home where my plumage was nurs't,
'Twas my own pretty rose that attracted me first;
We have lov'd all the summer—and now that the chill
Of the winter comes o'er us, I'm true to thee still;
When the last leaf is wither'd, and falls to the earth,
The false one to southerly climes may fly forth,
But Truth cannot fly from his sorrow—he dies
Where his first love—his last love—his only love lies!

NO ONE IS MISSED.

The world is fair and gay to us,
As now we journey on;
Yet still 'tis sad to think 'twill be
The same when we are gone:
Some few, perchance, may mourn for us—
But soon the transient gloom,
Like shadows of a summer cloud,
Shall leave the narrow tomb.

For men are like the waves that roll
Along the mighty deep—
That lift their crests awhile and frown,
And then are lulled to sleep;
While other billows swelling come,
Amid the foam and spray,
And, as we view their furrow track,
Sink down and—where are they?

And ever thus the waves shall roll,
Like those but now gone past—
The offspring of the depths beneath,
The children of the blast,
And ever thus shall men arise,
And be like those that be,
And man no more be missed on land,
Than wave upon the sea.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping:
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while relieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

O let me lie and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will
To close these eyes for ever—
For how can maid's affections dear
Recall her love mistaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should vows so fondly made
Be broken ere the morrow,
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor Pity's eye more dreary,
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!

THE GATHERER.

"A snapper up of unconsidered trifles."

Shakespeare.

He who has genius and eloquence sufficient to cover or excuse his errors, yet extenuates not, but rather accuses himself, and unequivocally confesses guilt, approaches the circle of immortals.—*Lavater.*

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man, in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.—*Johnson.*

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.—*Chesterfield.*

From social intercourse are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life—where there is a free interchange of sentiments, the mind acquires new ideas: and by a frequent exercise of its powers, the understanding gains fresh vigour.

In the whole course of my life, said Montesquieu, I have never known any persons completely despised, except those who keep bad company.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretension to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we would gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

There is a period in the *moral*, as in the natural life, which may emphatically be called *criti-*

cal. Character, as well as existence, seems sometimes trembling in the balance; and the mind of the spectator is suspended in anxious uncertainty, between the fluctuations of hope and fear.

When Antigonus, the conqueror, followed his rival, Cassander, into Asia, he exacted enormous tribute: and, on the inhabitants reminding him that Alexander did not behave so oppressively, he replied—"that may be, for Alexander *reaped* Asia, and I am only *gleaning* after him."

Faction is a combination of a few to oppress the liberties of the many: the love of freedom is the impulse of an enlightened and presiding spirit, ever intent upon the welfare of the community, or body to which it belongs, and ready to give the alarm, when it beholds an unlawful conspiracy formed, whether it be of rulers or subjects, with a design to oppress it.

The most secret crimes are discovered so easily, notwithstanding all the care that has been taken to prevent their being brought to light; and such discoveries seem to result so naturally, even from the darkest plots that the authors of those crimes could invent to hide their guilt, that one would think nothing but God could have produced those unexpected events; the number of these discoveries is so great, that those who are pleased to attribute them to chance, must own, at least, that from all ages the effects of chance have been most wonderful.

Nothing can more highly contribute to the fixing of right apprehensions, and a sound judgment or sense of right or wrong, than to believe a God, who is ever represented such as to be exactly a model and example of the most exact justice, and highest goodness and worth. Such a view of divine Providence and bounty, and extended to all, and expressed in a constant good affection towards the whole, must of necessity engage us, within our compass and sphere, to act by a like principle and affection. And having once the good of our species or public in view, as our end or aim, 'tis impossible we should be misguided by any means to a false apprehension, or sense of right or wrong.—*Shaftesbury.*

To JOURNAL—*A Thought at Night.*—

“In yonder taper’s waning light,
An image of my heart I see;
It burns amid a lonely night—
Its life the love of thee.
The steadfast light its passion takes,
But slowly wastes while it illumines;
And while my very life it makes,
My life itself consumes.”

Laughter is the vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor, when they describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely, as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.—*Steele.*

As in agriculture, he that can produce the greatest crop is not the best farmer, but he that can effect it with the least expense, so in society he is not the most valuable member, who can bring about the most good, but he that can accomplish it with the least admixture of concomitant ill. For let no man presume to think that he can devise any plan of extensive good, unalloyed and unadulterated with evil. This is the prerogative of the Godhead alone!

Courtship is a species of deception, in which either party feels at liberty to practise upon the other, knowing that the same is done towards himself. Were lovers to meet on more open ground, frankly reveal their faults of mind, person, and disposition—or at least not so sedulously conceal them—there would be fewer unhappy marriages by far than at present. As it is, each party exercises a system of espionage over the other, without being any the wiser for it. Does not the marriage ritual seem to recognize something of this deception, when it says “for better or worse?”

It is almost impossible for a nation long to retain its power and independence, without possessing the respect of its neighbours. A good name is quite as valuable to the community as to an individual, and is equally a shield against insult or oppression. A profligate or quarrelsome nation is like a mad dog, every body makes war against it.

One of the greatest pests of society is an ignorant and corrupt magistrate—who poisons justice at its very fountain head—who considers his office merely as a source of emolument—and whose heart, having no connexion with the public good, is fixed in hopeless and immovable selfishness.

In Egypt, a physician, according to Herodotus, never attempted the cure of but one malady. Every disease had its especial doctor, who devoted himself to that alone. What a contrast to our “universal doctors!” In China, a physician receives no fee until the patient is cured. If such a rule were followed here, how many of our doctors would be out of the hospital in a few years!

Free writing and despotism are such implacable foes, that we hardly think of blaming a tyrant for not keeping on terms with the press. He cannot do it. He might as reasonably choose a volcano for the foundation of his throne. Necessity is laid upon him, unless he is in love with ruin, to check the bold and honest expression of thought. But the necessity is his own choice: and let infamy be that man’s portion, who seizes a power which he cannot sustain, but by dooming the mind, through a vast empire, to slavery, and by turning the press, that great organ of truth, into an instrument of public delusion and debasement.—*Channing.*

With respect to the authority of great names, it should be remembered, that he alone deserves to have any weight or influence with posterity, who has shown himself superior to the particular and predominant error of his own times; who, like the peak of Teneriffe, has hailed the intellectual sun, before its beams have reached the horizon of common minds; who, standing like Socrates, on the apex of wisdom, has removed from his eyes all film of earthly dross, and has foreseen a purer law, a nobler system, a brighter order of things; in short, a *promised land!* which, like Moses on the top of Pisgah, he is permitted to survey and anticipate for others, without being himself allowed either to enter, or to enjoy.

In the Cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the lightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of two hundred and fifty feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors, and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point—which seems to have been discovered accidentally—till at length one listener, having had this curiosity somewhat over gratified, this tell tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed.—*Herschel’s Treatise on Sound.*

The best government in the world is that where the labourers receive high wages, and the public officers low salaries.

For the Lady's Book.
THE CHARGE.

HARK! 'tis the bugle's pealing note,
Arm and to horse! to horse! ye brave—
While Freedom's banners o'er you float,
And on the breeze majestic wave.
Draw the keen sabre's mirror'd blade—
Flash in the sun the glittering steel—
With hand and heart, and heav'n to aid,
Dash on the foe ye true and leal.
With spur to steed, and hope in heav'n—
With sabre gleaming high in air—
Your war-note to the wild wind giv'n,
From the loud bugle stern and clear—
On! on! ye brave—your swords are true—
Your cause is good, your courage high,
Charge! sacred Freedom strikes with you,
And Vict'ry watches from the sky.

S.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS FOR MAY.

MORNING DRESS.—Pelisse of rose colored satin, richly trimmed down the front of the skirt with a garniture *a la tulippe*, gradually becoming smaller towards the top. The body is made plain, and finished with a cape *a la Louise*. Sleeve divided into three parts at the top, which are united by rounded leaflets interlacing each other. The lower sleeve is made close to the arm, and cut so as to fall over in two points at the elbow.—*Royal Lady's Magazine*.

EVENING DRESS.—A dress of Canary-colored *gaza Clementine* satin to correspond; the *corsage* cut low, draped in light folds, and crossing on the bosom. A narrow *blonde de Cambrey* tucker stands up round the bust. *Beret* sleeve, with *blond manchons* of the whig form. The skirt is trimmed with gauze ribbons to correspond with the dress; the ribbons disposed in waves, intermixed with *nauds*; a *bouquet* of violets placed in each *naud*. A braid of hair, entwined with pearls, is brought round the head. The hind hair is arranged on the summit of the head in bows; the bows crossed by a band of white ribbon, which connects two *bouquets* of white roses, the one placed on the left side in front, the other on the right towards the back of the head. Pearl necklace, gold bracelets, with pearl clasps.—*La Belle Assemblée*.

BALL DRESS.—Evening dress of jonquil-colored erophane crape, over a white satin slip. The dress made full, and trimmed at the bottom with a scroll trimming, mixed with stars and ends of sapphire-blue satin ribbon. The body plaited, and laced on each side with a rich cordon of silk, and finished at the bust with a bias cut falling, edged with blue satin, braced over the shoulders, and ornamented with stars of ribbon. The sleeves are cut *a la couronne*, and trimmed with ribbon.—*Royal Lady's Magazine*.

PARISIAN FASHIONS IN APRIL.

The promenade de Longchamps, which is understood to cast the die of fashion in equipage and morning dress for three months to come, has not been productive this year of any very striking novelties; but several Summer costumes have been derived from its influence, which will probably find imitation in the London world.

Among the bonnets, the most fashionable assumed a very simple style, between the capote and the cottage-bonnet, and are already much in vogue in Paris; they are called *chapeaux à la modest woman* and are supposed to be of English origin. Some of those we saw at Longchamps were of lilac watered silk, with a single small bunch of Parma violets; but the most elegant was formed of straw-colored satin with no other ornament than a half handkerchief of tulle, edged with blonde, which, being fastened to the crown was brought under the chin instead of strings. The greater number, however, had small under caps, with a plaited tulle border, also said to be *à l'Anglaise*. An entirely new material for bonnets has been introduced, called *Sylvestrine*. It is a stuff resembling silk, made in every fashionable colour, but in reality formed of wood. This new tissue is said to be very durable, and has already superseded those embossed in straw, which were so

much worn last season. Another Longchamps novelty is the *chapeau amianté*, said to be composed of amianthus, but the peculiar merit of this non-combustible certainly does not lie on the surface. Evening hats are chiefly of white crape, with a single bunch of curled ostrich feathers placed high on the crown, but rather on one side. Turbans are also much worn of merino gauze, embroidered in gold with Indian patterns; these have a largetwisted roll encircling the head, the end of which is finished with a rich embroidery. The last few days of fine weather have caused the appearance of a vast number of white chip hats, or *paille de riz*, lined with white crape and trimmed with a bunch of lilac or larch, or a bunch of lilies of the valley, but without riband. The strings of these are plaited with blonde, to supersede a cap. The most fashionable colors for silk or satin bonnets are lilac, sea-green, or jonquil, but white is generally preferred.

It is supposed that the present form of long sleeves will be retained during the summer; namely, that of an immense width at the top, while the arm is closely fitted to the shape. They are never made large near the wrist, except in blonde or gauze, for very full dress. Mantillas, or a falling cape richly trimmed, are universally adopted when the body is made plain; divided on the shoulders by a bow or ornament of jewellery, so as to form points on the sleeve.

The hair is usually dressed with two large soft bows on the summit of the head, or with a crown of braids. In either case, they are surrounded with a sort of half-garland of flowers; while for half dress, a bunch of clipped gauze ribbons in the form of an artichoke is placed in the centre.—The manufacture of these cockades, which are usually of gauze riband, shaded in the same color, forms just now a favorite amusement for the fair Parisians. Each bow is mounted on a wire or long pin. Gold *bandeaux à la Ferronnière* are much worn across the forehead, with the hair in bands, even under bonnets, for visiting.

RECIPES.**ARTIFICIAL PORT WINE.**

The Russians make their port wine thus:—Cider three quarts, French brandy one quart, gum kino one drachm. And the French restaurateurs imitate successfully old hock, by the following mixture: Cider three quarts, French brandy one quart, alcolized nitric ether one drachm.

FRENCH CAKE.

Take five common-sized tumblers full of sifted flour, three tumblers of powdered white sugar, half a tumbler of butter, one tumbler of rich milk or cream, and a tea-spoonful of pearl-ash dissolved in as much lukewarm water as will cover it. Mix all well together in a pan. Beat three eggs till very light, and then add them to the mixture. Throw in a tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon or nutmeg, and beat the whole very hard about ten minutes. Butter a deep pan, put in the mixture, and bake it in a moderate oven.

FEDERAL CAKE.

Mix together one pound of sifted flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of powdered sugar, two eggs, well beaten, half a glass of rose-water, and a tea-spoonful of mixed spice. Make these ingredients into a dough, with a little cold water. When thoroughly mixed, spread it out on your paste-board, and cut it into cakes, with diamond or heart-shaped tins. Lay them in buttered pans, and bake them a few minutes in a moderate oven.

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